TRANSLATIONS
AND OTHER VERSES
NOTE.—The verses which are dated appeared in Kottabos, Trinity College, Dublin, second series, 1888-1895.

TO
MY MOTHER

"Caduce sunt haec dona non item fides"
—LANDOR
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## CORRIGENDA

P. 3, Title—-*Fasientis* read *Fallentia*.

P. 140, l. 3—*read* "Assam hic bubulam edit felix." &c.
TIBULLUS I. i. 41–78

Non ego divitias patrum fructusque requiro,
   Quos tuliit antiquo condita messis avo.
Parva seges satis est; satis est, requiescere lecto
   Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.
Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
   Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu,
Aut gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
   Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!
Hoc mihi contingat: sit dives jure, furorem
   Qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias.
O quantum est auri potius pereatque smaragdi,
   Quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.

FALSE SEMITA VITAE

AND OTHER VERSES

THINK not I sorrow for my fathers' gold,
Or garnered harvests of my sires of old,
Content though poor to lay my weary head,
If bed be mine, upon my boyhood's bed.
When surly winds are loud, how sweet to rest
And fold my darling to my longing breast,
When cold rains thicken in the wintry sky,
To steal to dreamland mid their lullaby!
This be my lot, and wealth ungrudged of me
Be his who braves the rain-vexed ruffian sea:
Ah, what were emerald or gold if weighed
Against one tear of a forsaken maid?
TRANSLATIONS

Te bellare decet terra, Messala, marique,
Ut domus hostiles praeserat exuvias.
Me retinent vinctum formasae vincla puellae,
Et sedeo duras janitor ante fores.
Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia, tecum
Dummodo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer.
Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
Flebis et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,
Tristibus et lacrymis oscula mixta dabis.
Flebis; non tua sunt duro praccordia ferro
Vineta, nec in tencro stat tibi corde silex.
Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quisquam
Lumina, non virgo, sicca referre domum.
Tu Manes ne laede meos; sed parce solutis
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis.
Interea, dum fata sinunt, jungamus amores.
Jam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput.

AND OTHER VERSES

War thou, Messala, that thy home may show
From field and wave the trophies of the foe;
But here I linger in a beauty’s thrall,
Most like the bondsman shackled in her hall.
Fame me no fame. If, Delia, thou art near,
“Poor thriftless dreamer,” let the cold world sneer.
Thee may I watch when my last hour shall be,
May my last touch though nerveless rest on thee.
Thy tears will fall o’er my unkindled bier,
Thy kisses mingle with the salt salt tear.
Thy tears will fall. Not thine a breast of steel,
Nor thine the heart of flint that scorns to feel.
Yea, youths and maidens all will homeward turn
With lids a-tremble from my funeral urn.
Vex not my ghost, but, O my Delia, spare
Thy cheek’s soft blossom and thy streaming hair,
And while fate wills it, yield me vow for vow,
Near draws the shadow of Death’s muffled brow,
Jam subrepit inera aetas, nec amare decebit
   Dicere nec cano blanditiis capite.
Nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum frangere
   postes
Non pudet et rixas insersuisse juvat.
Hic ego dux milesque bonus: vos, signa tubaeque,
   Ite procul; cupidis vulnera ferte viris.
Ferte et opes; ego composito securus acervo
   Despician dites, despicianque famem.

AND OTHER VERSES

Cold age creeps on, and love must quench his flame:
Sweet love's fond language is a graybeard's shame.
Youth wins light kisses, bursts the portal bar,
Pursues unshamed love's mimicry of war,
Love's soldier I. Deal wounds to hearts of greed,
Trumpet and banner, so from me you speed,
Or deal them treasure, while at ease I vaunt
A scorn of riches and a scorn of want.
TIBULLUS I. ii. 3-24

Neu quisquam multo perfusum tempora Baccho
Excitct, infelix dum requiescit amor.
Nam posita est nostrae custodia saeva puellae,
Clauditur et dura janua firma sera.
Janua difficilis dominae, te verberet imber,
Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant.
Janua, jam pateas uni mihi, victa querellis,
Neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones.
Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoseas: capiti sint precor illa meo.
Te meminisse decet quae plurima voce peregi
Supplice, cum posti florea serta darem.

AND OTHER VERSES

THE BROKEN TRYST

Here untroubled let me slumber while, through all my fevered brain,
Streaming, yields the vine a respite ere I wake to love and pain;
For my lady’s bower is guarded and my lady bides within,
Doors of oak and bars of iron must she pass ere here she win.
Shudder to the scourging tempest, O thou prison-gate of love,
Scorched and riven be thy timbers by the rushing bolt of Jove.
Nay, but hearken, soundless, breathless, opening to no man but me,
Turn upon thy yielding hinges vanquished of my misery.
Idle fury of a lover—whatsoe’er my frenzy said—Ah, forgive it. Be my curses on my own devoted head.
It were well thou shouldst remember all my deeds of happier days,
Roses wreathed about thy portal, and the pleadings and the praise.
Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle.

Audendum est: fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus.

Illa favet, seu quis juvenis nova limina tentat,

Seu reserat fixo dente puella fores:

Illa docet furtim molli derepere lecto,

Illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono,

Illa viro coram nutus conferre loquaces,

Blandaque compositis abdere verba notis.

Yea, and Delia, mock thy jailors, get thee from the guarded hold.

O, be strong, be strong, my darling! Doth not Venus love the bold,

Love the brave lad by the lintel, though a stranger's house it be,

Love the set face of the maiden, and the soft hand on the key?

Winged of Venus is the loved one as she steals into the night,

And her hurrying footstep ever, hushed of Venus, falleth light.

Venus lends the eyes a language of the jealous ear unheard,

Lends unmarked a sweeter meaning to the preconcerted word.

1891.
TIBULLUS I. iii. 53-70

Quod si fatales jam nunc explevimus annos,
Fac lapis inscriptis stet super ossa notis:
"Hic jacet immitt consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam terra dum sequiturque mari."

Sed me quod facilis tenero sum semper Amori,
Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios.
Hic choreae cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes
Dulce sonant tenui guttura carmen aves,
Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis:

THE PARADISE OF LOVERS

If, but ah too soon, I perish, and the numbered years are flown,
Rear a stone to mark my ashes, carve its record on the stone:—
"To the memory of Tibullus, the untimely slain, who died,
While o'er earth he toiled and ocean, ever at Messala's side."
But because I now as ever bear a heart that throbs to love,
She, Love's Queen herself, will lead me to the happy homes above,
To a land of songs and dances where the wild birds hover free,
And the air fills with the music of their shrill throats' minstrelsy.
There the cassia springs unbidden, and unsown, on either hand,
Is the wealth of blowing roses that are fragrant in the land;
There the younglings—soft among them are the maidens—move, arrayed,
Strifeless, save that never ending is the strife of man with maid;
And among them is the lover torn from love and life, but now
Garlanded with leaves of myrtle is the bright hair of his brow.
But there lies a land of horror for the sinner, far from sight
Sunk, in coils of pitchy torrents, thundering through a starless night,
And her locks, live snakes that struggle, swarm around Tisiphone,
And the tribes of the accursèd break before her wrath and flee.

1894.
AD ALCIMUM

Alcime, quem raptum domino crescentibus annis
Labicana levi cespite velat humus,
Accipe non Pario nutantia pondera saxo,
Quae cineri vanus dat ruitura labor,
Sed fragiles buxos et opacas palmitis umbras,
Quaeque virent lacrymis humida prata meis.
Accipe, care puer, nostri monumenta doloris:
Hic tibi perpetuo tempore vivet honor.
Cum mihi supremos Lachesis perneverit annos,
Non aliter cineres mando jacere meos.
—Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 89.

TO ALCIMUS

Alcimus, blighted ere thy bud could bloom,
Here earth's green robe lies soft above thy tomb,
Where springs no miracle of art to be
A frail memorial of my love for thee;
But the box shivers and the vine uprears
Her gloom in meadows dewy with my tears.
Take then, dear child, a record that will live,
Such ageless honour as my grief can give,
And when no more my sands of life shall run,
Be mine none other rest than thou hast won.

1891.
**DE EXQUISITIONE NATORUM**

Juppiter in toto quondam quaesiverat orbe,
Munera natorum quis meliora daret.
Certatim ad regem currat genus omne ferarum
Permixtumque homini cogitum ire pecus.
Sed nec squamigeri desunt ad jurgia pisces,
Vel quicquid volucrum purior aura vehit.
Inter quos trepidae duebant pignora matres,
Judicio tanti discutienda dei.
Tunc brevis informem traheret cum simia natum,
Ipsum etiam in risum compulsit ire Jovem.
Hanc tamen ante alios rupit turpissima vocem,
Dum generis crimine sic abolere cupit.
"Juppiter hoc norit, maneat victoria si quem,
Judicio super est omnibus iste meo."
—Avianus, Fab. xiv.

**A BABY SHOW**

When Jupiter would learn, of all below
What creature would present the finest child,
Swift to the King all hasten from the wild,
And all that dwell with men-folk needs must go,
Nor do the scaly fishes fail the show,
Or birds that float in ether undefiled.
Midmost, each dam her darling’s steps beguiled,
Anxious if hers should have the prize or no.
But when a stunted ape came dragging out
Her hideous bantling, even Jove must grin;
Yet, before all, this Fright began to shout,
Keen to erase the blot upon her kin:—
"To name the victor is for Jove, no doubt,
But, to my thinking, here’s the boy to win!"
Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu et caeca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
Ut tamen et poscas aliquid voveasque sacellis
Exta et candiduli divina tomacula porci,
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano,
Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem,

AND shall men ask for nought? I can but say:—
Leave rather to the very Gods, to weigh
The blessings fittest for our lives who live.
Best but not sweetest are the gifts They give,
Dearer to Them than to ourselves are we;
For borne by passion, where, can no man see,
We yearn for wife or child: The Gods forecast
What bliss or sorrow these will bring at last.
If thou must pray, and tender at its shrine,
Heaven's portion, offal of thy whiter swine,
Pray that sound mind in body sound may reign,
Pray for a spirit brave in death's disdain,
Qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
Naturae, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores,
Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil, et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saevosque labores
Et Venere et cenis et pluma Sardanapali.
Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare. Semita certe
Tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

Deeming life's bourne God's gift, enduring all—
Calm and ungrudging—whatsoe'er befall,
Turning from loves and feasts and beds of down
To toil and suffer for the martyr's crown.
Lo, 'tis thyself must bid thy sorrow cease,
None but the brave can tread the paths of peace.
Thou, Fortune, wert no goddess, were we wise,
We and our folly raised thee to the skies.
VALENTINIANA I

Festa Valentino reedit lux: frigora languent,
Et liquat horrentes mitior aura nives.
Jam proprior propriorque novo se lumine vestit
Phoebus et aurato purior axe micat.
Findere jam tenero meditatur cuspide tenam
Gramen, et in virides luxuriare comas.
Cortice laxato gemmas jam parturit arbos:
Mitis in it regnum jam Cytherea suum.
Pabula persultant laetæ pecudæisque feraeque,
Quisque sibi sociam jam legit ales avem.

A VALENTINE

Over the wasted snows, with a welcome of soft
winds streaming,
Dawns St. Valentine's Day. Winter is waning
afar;
Far, but here is the sun, for the light of his vesture
is gleaming
Nearer, as nearer he wheels, throned in the gold
of his car.
Germs in their slumber stirred by a sense, new‐
born, of awaking,
Feel, ere the first green blade, flaunting, its
fellows of green.
Sap that was frozen is free; on the boughs are the
emeralds breaking;
Mild to her own once more comes Cytherea,
the queen.
Glad are the cattle afield, in the forest the wild
feet roving,
Glad are the fowls of the air, mating and mated
again.
Inde sibi dominam per sortes quaerere in annum
Mansit ab antiquis mos repetitus avis:
Quisque legitim dominam quam casto observet amore,
Quam nitidis sertis obsequioque colat:
Mittere cui possit blandi munuscula veris
Pallentes violas purpureamque rosam:
Quaeque suis vicibus nascentia sufficit annus
Munera temporibus non aliena suis.
Nos quibus et jam flos melioris decidit aevi,
Nec niteant horti, nec renovetur ager,
Serta tamen dominae nostro ex Helicone petamus,
Frigoribus nullam depositura comam:
Et Veneri castae castum libemus honorem,
Et veteres repetat sobria Musa jocos.

—GEORGIUS BUCHANANUS
(1506–1582).

Yeae, to our fathers of old gave Spring for a season
of loving,
Love, whereof we—as of old fain were our
fathers—are fain.
Still hath the youngling a maid, in his heart of
hearts to enthrone her,
Still will he twine for her brow blossom with
blossom and woo;
Still are the bounties of Spring free-strewn for
the hand of the donor,
Red sweet roses, dim violets sadder of hue.
Kind are the months to the lover, and kindly the
gifts of their giving,
Each in the season of each, firstlings of blossom
they yield.
Ah, my summer is flown: its flowers are lost to
the living,
Bare is the garth of bloom, fruitless and fallow
the field,
Yet have I dwelt with the Muses, and lo, their
boon to my queen is—
Woven of song—one wreath, safe from the
ravage of time;
Pure, I pour for the pure one late libation to
Venus;
Faintly the lyre of eld echoes the tones of the
prime.

1892.
VERSUS

Vita quae tandem magis est jucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
Semper amare?

Vita quae tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda quam quae
Falso suspecta probitate amicae
Tollit amorem?

Nulla cam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmura, emplastrum, vel imago sagae,
Astra nec curant, magicae nec artes
Zelotypiam.1

— ROBERTUS GREENE
(1560–1592).

1 Greene seems to have had no authority for lengthening the i.

VERSES

What sweeter lot may man betide,
Or, Wisdom, worthier thee,
Than that the years of wedlock glide
In love and purity?

What sadder lot hath man to mourn,
What sadder lot to flee,
Than from his lady-love to turn
In causeless jealousy?

Nor drug, nor leechcraft’s utmost aid,
Nor charm shall ease that pain;
The witch-spells of the gipsy maid,
Chaldaea’s stars are vain.
AD PUELLAM IN HISPANIA

O quaeunque vocanda sis,
Quam mecum celeri rate
Dum Gallos fugeres heri
Vexit navita Cantiber;
Cui, blanda prece Virginem
Caram caelicolum choro
Laudanti modulamine
Quali caelicolae canunt,
Substravi tunicae manum;
Quae, dum fretus acumine
Subtilis digiti noto
Acrem sive gravem sonum

TO A SPANISH GIRL

Thy name I know not,
But, yesterday,
From France to Spain
As we bore away,
Thy voice rose soft
To the Queen of Heaven
In notes that to angels
On high are given;
Thy robe hid nought
From my finger fine
Of the sweet tones' rise
Or their sweet decline;
Observandaque tempora,
Versares proprius femur,
Me presso increpitans pede
Ne mater tua cerneret
Neu sidens genibus soror;
Quae . . . sed quid loquar amplius?
En grates tibi maximas
Pro tantis meritis ago!
Sis felix ubicunque sis,
Et quandoque memor mei.

—Savagius Landor
(Minora Varia, lxxvii.).

AND OTHER VERSES

Yea, pause and measure
I marked with care,
And thy foot stole nearer
And said: "Beware!"
Lest Madame, thy mother,
Should chance to see,
Or thy little sister
Upon her knee;
And——Nay, it were endless
To speak thy praise,
All thanks have thou
For thy gracious ways:
Sweet thoughts be with thee
Where'er thou be,
And, sometimes, may they
Be thoughts of me.
THE TWO FOXES

(FROM THE GAELIC)

The old Shan Shionnach, the Shionnach Oge,
From their earth on the bleak hill side,
By the linn and the laenna, the glen and the dune,
They are trotting at eventide.

And the Shionnach Oge, he has much to ask,
And ever he says, says he:

"Did you see that sight?" "Did you hear that sound?"

"Now, I'm won'ring what that would be."

But the old Shan Shionnach grew tired of the talk,
And the sorra a word let fall,
Till the awfullest clampar ever was heard
Rose sudden beyond a wall.

And the Shionnach Oge with the fright he got
Flew up like a bumble-bee,
And "mo scowra!" he cried, as he came to the ground,

"What's that, that is after me?"

But the old Shan Shionnach has answered back:

"Whisht ye, and give us peace,
Sure, it might be a pair of women,
And it might be a dozen geese."

Gaelic words—
clampar, wrangling
leunna, a meadow
mo scanradh! my terror!
og, young
sean, old
sionnach, a fox
THE MILK-WHITE ROE

(from the German of Uhland)

Three hunters away to the hunting go,
They are boun to follow the milk-white roe.

They laid them to rest by the pine-wood tree,
Strange was the dream that they dreamt all three.

1st Hunter.

I dreamt, and lo, as I beat the bush,
Out burst the roe with a rush-oosh-oosh!

2nd Hunter.

And as mid the cry of the hounds he sprang,
My good shot tore through his hide, puff-bang!

3rd Hunter.

And I, when the roe on the earth I saw,
Lustily blew on my horn, tra-ra!

Talking together as thus they lie,
The milk-white roe like a flash went by,

And ere the three hunters had seen him aright,
He was off and away over hollow and height.

     Oosh-oosh! puff-bang! tra-ra!
Hail to thee, Urania's son,
Thou whose home is Helicon,
Thou whose might, though all-afraid,
Hales to man the zonèd maid,
Hymenaeus, hither hie,
God of Bridals, hear our cry.

Round thy temples, breathing balm,
Bloom the woven marjoram,
Don the veil of saffron dye,
Brimmed with laughter hither hie,

Julia, fair as earthward come
Shone thy queen, Idalium,
While the Trojan's wistful eyes
Gazing doomed her beauty's prize,
Fair, whom fates as fair betide,
Comes to Manlius, comes a bride.
Come, ye maidens fancy-free,
Yours the same song soon shall be,
Wherefore chant the measured strain,
Chorusing the sweet refrain,
Hymenaeus, hither hie,
God of Bridals, hear our cry.

Spread thy folded pinions wide,
Slumbering portal. Comes the bride.
See, the flaunting torches flare,
Loose they shake their gleaming hair,
Yet she lingers. Wanes the day.
Forth, O bride, upon thy way!

Maiden pride and maiden fears
Stay her footfall, speed her tears;

Dews of idle sorrow flow,
Ah, she hears and needs must go,
Yet she lingers. Wanes the day.
Forth, O bride, upon thy way!

Child of Cotta, cease to weep,
Ne’er shall rival haunt thy sleep,
Day that leaps from Ocean’s bed
Ne’er shall bring thee cause of dread;
Ne’er his radiant shape shall rise
Glassed in lovelier lady’s eyes.

Queenly fair the Iris stands
For some lord of many lands;
Sister flowers rainbow-dyed
Fade before her. Such the bride.
Yet she lingers. Wanes the day
Forth, O bride, upon thy way!
Wife and maiden, wend thy way,
Hark, we raise the nuptial lay,
See, the flashing torches flare,
See, they toss their golden hair.
Maid and wife, for this is she,
Hear the song we sing for thee.
OTHER VERSES

THE EVENING CAMPION

Thy form will lure no maiden's eye,
White flower that flowerest free,
Nor here will flaunt the butterfly,
Nor hither stoop the bee,
And faintest airs of the blue sky
Unsweetened float by thee.

Yet lips unknown to morning's light
Drink here beneath the moon;
Scarce mark our eyes the glimmering flight
Scarce heed our ears the tune,
Of softer winglets of the night
Than any wings of noon.

1891.
THE BLOSSOM OF TO-DAY

Mors aurem vellens, 'vivite; ait, 'venio.'—COPA.

Here one sweet river takes its way
Through fields of summer, night and day,
But eastward of the pleasant land
A wall of rock the gaunt hills stand.

And happy dreams will come to him
Who lingers by the river's brim,
Whose glad hands gather here and there
Meet flowerets for a maiden's hair.

But set thy face against the night,
And win with toil that eastern height,
At dawn beneath thy feet shall be
The sunlight on a shining sea.

AND OTHER VERSES

Alas, for me how vainly runs
The sequence of the golden suns,
If Death will find my feet astray
Mid flowers that fade while yet 'tis day.

1895.
DISCORDIA CONCORS

They meet and pass with a word at best,
She to eastward as he to west.

Name her name, and he smiles to say:
"There is many another as sweet a may."

And she where girls are together saith:
"To live with him were a living death."

Yet will he sigh that hers must seem
The brown kind eyes that blessed his dream,

And she in a vision of love's own land
Hath felt his lips upon her hand.

1894.

SOLES OCCIDERE ET REDIRE POSSUNT

In that near time wherein no word
Of slanderous tongue shall e'er be heard
To mar our pleasance or bid rise
Quick tears to tear-bewildered eyes;

When nought of all our hands have done
Shall meet unchanged the changeless sun;
Reigning unhindered Death, the king,
Will take, as now, no thought of Spring;

And Spring—that takes no thought of Death,
But sweetening with the sweeter breath
Of flowers and freshening winds and light
Of earlier dawning, wars with night;
That gives for night increasing day,
New births of bloom for drear decay,
Nor grieves that days and births of old
Should moulder as the churchyard mould—

Will strew where falls the stranger's tread
Soft grasses o'er the heedless head,
And fill with song the kindling skies
O'er ears made dull and darkened eyes.

1893.

Call me, Dear, if a spider crawl,
Call if a beetle or mouse appear,
Only thee will I heed though all
Call me, Dear.

Beetle and spider and mouse I fear,
Crawler and creeper alike appal,
Yet if these or their kind be near,

Sun may lighten or shadow fall,
Late as early, my heart will hear;
Call me but often, and when you call,
Call me—"dear."

1895.
THE WANDERER

He passed through storm in a wintry land,
The pines swung wild on either hand,
And his foot went light and his heart waxed hot
For joy of a strength that subdued him not,

Of a sound of wind as a sound of war
When the music of bugles is blown afar,
And the tramp goes up and the shouts of men
Who march to battle nor turn again.

But ill dreams found him where he lay,
When earth was hushed at the death of day:

A cold voice whispered no word of cheer:
"Why strive forever? Peace is here."

Dead griefs came risen, warm faith, chilled,
Wan came the spectres of hopes fulfilled,
On days that were yet to dawn, was cast
The shadow of a cloudy past.

At morn he rose, his foot fell free,
He saw the face of the sleepless sea,
Waves changed and lightened, foam flew far,
The sound of the sea was a sound of war.

Merry he went till the day was done,
And he came to an hostel at set of sun.

There dreamed he; there were the forms he knew,
The mingling visions of false and true.
TRANSLATIONS

And cold was a hidden voice and clear:
"Why toil forever? Rest is here."

Nought have we heard of the years to be
For the soul of the toiler by land or sea,

Who know he holdeth awhile at bay
Such shapes as gather when sinks the day.

AND OTHER VERSES

HOME

A FAIRY land of clouds above,
Around, all birds that sing,
And climbing in the climbing grove
A foot that feels the Spring,
And O, the window where my Love
Waiteth my home-coming.

A heart at home, a holier range
Of thought, for doubt no place,
But equal eyes to all things strange,
Feet surer in the race,
Lest shame for'ught of mine should change
The quiet of her face.
Day ended and night followed after,
Year waned upon year to a close
As with buttress and cornice and rafter
The Temple of Silence arose.
No hand but it shared in the duty,
No heart of the builders but knew
That theirs was the life of its beauty
That lived not if they were untrue.

No discord in labour or revel
Went up from the multitude there
Where they met as we meet on the Level,
To part, as we part, on the Square.

And such has been ever the story,
While centuries rolled to their doom,
Of the toil of our Craft, and its glory—
To join and exalt and illume;
A star in the night of the ages,
A calm in the turmoil of fears,
A page that is stainless in pages
The stains of whose records are tears.

No discord in labour or revel
Was heard from the multitudes there
Where they met as we meet on the Level,
To part, as we part, on the Square.

So ever world-wide as it ranges,
May our Craft be unchanged as the sun;
And unchanged of the years and their changes,
Our brethren and we be as one,
In a bond that no time overpowers,
    Of a love that no distance impairs,
While the Points that they rise on, are ours,
    And the Lights that we live by, are theirs.

No discord in labour or revel
    Be heard from the Porch to the Chair
Where they meet as we meet on the Level,
    To part, as we part, on the Square.

A GREEK FABLE

There came together in days of want,
The Bat and the Briar and the Cormorant.

Three wrinkled foreheads, they pondered then
The prosperous ways of the merchant men.

They too would be merry as chapmen bold;
The Bat he borrows a store of gold.

With silver the Cormorant seeks the sea,
The Briar will deal with draperie.

Their keel lay rocking at dawn of day,
A fair wind followed them out away.
But or ever the home-land sank from sight,
Up sprang the billows plumed with white;

Or ever they won to the middle sea,
Their ship was full as a ship might be;

When they came to a land was far away,
Beggars and broken men were they.

Now, softly the sea's broad breast will rise,
And the moon bend o'er him with loving eyes;

The surf will sport as it sinks or swells
With tangled sea-weed and tinted shells;

But the Cormorant, weary of watching vain,
Wings sullenly over his foe the main.

Harsh of speech is the angry bird,
For the hope at his heart is a hope deferred,

That one day surely his weary eyes
Will see roll shoreward his merchandise.

The Briar sits by the highway bare,
He reaches his hands to the wayfarer;

He grips the ragged and saith: "The sea
Dealt hardly, belike, with my draperie."

And the Bat, while others are fain of light,
The name of the Bat is the Flit-by-Night;

For he flits alone in the twilight cold
Lest his limbs be gyved for the borrowed gold.

And their hearts grow sick, as the days go by,
With empty terrors and hopes that lie.
IN ARCADY

Farewell the tainted city,
We set unfettered feet
Anigh the harebells pretty,
The scented meadow-sweet,
Where of a million daisies
To shield its dew-drops bright
A tiny targe each raises
Against the shafts of light.

Ah, beaten by the shower
And tortured by the heat,
The city yields no flower
To grace the barren street,

AND OTHER VERSES

Nor knows the waving grasses,
The sunshine and the rains,
Of windy mountain passes,
Of undulating plains.

Here, whispering lovers linger
Mid whisperings of the leaves,
And fear no dial's finger
Through dreamy summer eves;
For Night makes soft her paces,
She biddeth Time begone,
And with fond hand effaces
His record from the stone.
IDYLLS OF ULSTER

Δωρίσθην δ' ἔξεστι, δοκώ, τοῖς Δωρίσσεσι.
—Theocritus, xv. 93.

Written in a very variable dialect, once Scotch, now spoken in parts of the North of Ireland. The same man will say go, gang, and gae; from, frae, and even fae; fly and flee; gone, gahn, and gane, &c. T and d are often pronounced with the tongue touching the teeth; I as ah, but short; my as me. A few words have been borrowed from Gaelic.
THE JUMPER

Never seen a jumper? You that's been tae school!
An' ye thocht it was a body? Weel, it's no.
An' ye thocht it lept an' happit! Man, ony parish fool
Cud ha' larnt ye it was naethin' but a crow.

Crows ye hae seen—fleein'. Lord regard yer wit,
Trained ye hae an' travelled near an' far,
Train ye may till Heevin gin ye deuks the Pit,
But ye'll niver meet a fleein' ae-ern bar.

Noo, ye haud yer jumper steady, when ye're gaun till hole a rock,
An' anither man lays on it wi' a sledge;
An' ye'll mebbe ken what ails ye, if ye come tae get a knock
Wi' the hammer slitherin' ower aff the edge.

Yin day, Joe Bent was haudin', an' aye the sledge cam' doon,
An' aye he birls his thoomb oot ower the tap,
Fair atwixt sledge an' jumper. Quo' I: "Ye eediot loon,
It's a meeracle ye haeney got a chap."

Man dear, but he was flattered, "I'm handy, I'll allow,"
Quo' he, "but, sure, I'm at it fae a wean."
An' quo' he: "Hae ye yer spleuchan? for I'm loassin' for a chow,
An' I canna lay my han' upon my ain."

I reached him plug for cuttin', but he rams it in his muth,
An' he's nipped the big en' aff it in a crack.
It was three guid inch I gien him, an' that's the gospel truth,
Weel, a dottel wad be mair nor he gien back.

I tell ye I was ang-ered, an' it wasney for the price,
An' quo' I: "Ye hae a muth, an' it has room;
But fornenst yer play, ye'll quit it if ye'll tak' a fool's advice,
Or ye'll leeve tae see the flittin' o' yer thoomb."

For I thocht he'd hae a notion he'd as lee ha' let it stan',
If the sledge 'ud chance tae happen on the nail;
But quo' he: "If it's for flittin' an' it flits without the han',
It 'ill no be you 'ill thole it, I'll gang bail."

An' quo' he: "Ye're no for stappin'?" An' the jumper it played dirl,
An' he gien a kin' o' nicher o' a laugh,
An' he gien the chow a rummel, an' he gien the thoomb a birl,—
Weel, I comes back, an' (mind ye) it was aff.

An' ye haeney seen a jumper, an' ye haeney seen a crow,
Guid save us, but it's better nor a play.
I was nayther schooled nor colleged, an' the deil a haet I know,
An' I see them, barrin' sabbaths, ivery day.

A WIDOW'S ANSWER

Neighbours, who think to comfort me
With "Trouble is wearing, let bygones be,"

"My man was easy to lead," you say.
Who led him? Who led him? 'Twas sore astray.

It was homely and pleasant for friends to meet,
The jokes were tasty, the songs were sweet;

A hearty laugh for a ready wit,
A verse and a chorus to follow it.

For his an-cient ways, for the songs he sung,
You dilled his senses, you clogged his tongue.
TRANSLATIONS

It's bitter wages that friendship earns,
A lip that whitens, a brow that burns.

Would he have known you the weeks he lay,
Wasting and waited on day by day?

Have thanked you? Raised himself up to see
His tempters' faces? He knew not me.

AND OTHER VERSES

THE WEAVER

A sair-wrought man. Pit that upon the stane
Abune his heid.
He's mebbe better thocht o' whaur he's gaen,
For here he's deid.

Awhile his life was like a lucky dream,
But no for lang,
The very rattle o' his loom wad seem
A cheery sang.

Sure, weavin's but a sunshine! when it went,
Wad he complain?
Want scarce cud rab him o' the hours he spent
Wi' wife an' wean.
Behint the want, the fever raised the latch,
  They left him bare
Wi' willin' hands on idle knees to watch
  Her empty chair.

The warst o' memories lays us at the last,
  Death's shaddas fa';
The traveller eyes the hills that he has passed,
  An' thinks them sma'.
I was chappin' sticks in the hag-yerd an' jist as 
I gien the chap,
I hears a roar o' language wad ha' made a clargy 
drap,
An' the masther it was, be the powers, an' he in,
an' he fair let fly,
An' the een in his heid was stannin', an': "Man, ye're sweerin'!" says I.
"But, Tammy," says he, an' I answers: "Weel, Rab," an' I straights my back.
"Man, Tammy, the prittas is hokit," an' says I:
"It 'ill be Sam Black."
Noo, I fair jaloozed it was Sammy, for he never was but a scut,
An' he'd ca'd yer granda "Stick-leg," that had loast fae the knee tae the fut;
An' whiles he ang-sered mysel, for he'd rin, an' yap, an' stan',

But the cur was bigger nor me, sae I niver lifted my han',
Nor yer granda was niver the man for tae even his wit tae a wean,
Forbye no bein' souple, him scarce cud walk his lane,
Though Sammy was turned o' ten, but mockers an' catchers is one,
Afore he was forty oot, he was hirplin' hissel, my son.
Weel, we lay a night in the byre, an' we lay a night on the green,
An' we lay a night in the loanin', an' divil a soowl we seen.
They talk agen even numbers, but, heth! 'twas the fourthmost night,
We heerd him cussin' the brammels afore he come tae wer sight.
Noo, the way we'd it manned tae trap him, was this—it was me had the gun.
An' the masther was up agen me, for he wadna loas the fun.
But he felt her wi' naethin' ava, but the fu' o' yer han' o' hail,
An' poother tae match, for I spok', an' strang, agen button or nail.
Sae he mixes the hail wi' a spittle tae keep them frae spreadin' wide,
An' tae no set the docthor a gropin' a' ower him, hair an' hide.
But I'm sayin', the boy comes deukin', an' the masther he whispers: "Noo!"
But, "Whisht till he's aff us a bit," says I, "an' his job's put through."
For he hadna lifted a haet, an' the Law wadna coont it right

For tae pit a chairge in a man might be takin' a danner at night.
An' the hail, that near, wad ha' kilt him an' sure whatever he stole,
Tae hang for the likes o' thon wad be mair nor a man cud thole.
Weel, he hunkers doon tae the hokin' fornenst us, him an' his sack,
An' he's lifted the prittas an' filt it an' hoised it ontil his back;
An' the masther was aye for shootin' an' aye kep' joggin' my knee,
An' me sayin': "Na, no yit!" an' "Whisht ye, an' lay it tae me!">
Hooaniver, at long an' at last, we seen him oot o' the gate,
Stoopin' near-han' twa-dooble, an' pechin' unner the weight.
Sae we follows him guy an' canny, an' doon in
the loanin' he stapt,
An' he stud, an' he shifted the load, an' I let her
aff, an' he drapt;
An' the master he lifted mysel, for she'd bucked
me ower complete,
But the boyo was up an' awa, ye cud hear the
scud o' his feet
An' the screighs fleein' oot o' his muth wad ha'
turned ye cauld an' hot,
An' a' his hin' settlements brusted an' riddled an'
chairged wi' shot!
Hoo dae I ken they were brusted?—He lay for
mony's the day,
An' his mistress ca'd it the fever, jaloozin' what
folk wad say.
But I axed for his health, mysel, for I up tae the
very hoose,
BOURKE

He was buried mair nor dacint, for he lived true blue,
So the drums beat steady, an’ we followed two an’ two,
But they come when we were sleepin’, an’ they bared him to the view.
It was picks at the grave when his friends was far from sight,
It was picks through the boards till they trailt him out at night,
An’ they tore the shroud to flitters that we found when it was light,
An’ him mother-naked in the mornin’. 

AND OTHER VERSES

For we seen somethin’ shinin’, an’ I says: “Lift yer feet,
Yon’s a new place for whitewash, an’ it cudn’t be a sheet,
It’s the corp, an’ flies upon it.”—An’ I run till I was beat.
Flies on the carkish we had hidden out o’ sight,
No, but nails through the dead man driv’ in him at night,
Tacked like a carpet, an’ hangin’ to the light,
He was worse to see nor whitewash in the mornin’.

Then the boys come tearin’, an’ one give a shout:
“O, the ill-done deed! for it’s Bourke, I doubt,
There’s skivers in his feet, an’ his knees is stickin’ out.”
Poor old Bourke, we had covered out o' sight,
An' the clay-cold corp they had massycreed at night,
It was stript an' it was skivered when we saw it in the light,
It was hangin' for a scar-crow in the mornin'.

For when all's done an' said, it was Bourke that we found,
Nailt till a tree an' the feet off the ground,
An' the mouth a-lyin' oppen that would never give a sound.
Dead flesh tore we had buried out o' sight,
Big black nails there was driv' in it at night,

AND OTHER VERSES

Skivers in the wrists, an' hangin' to the light,
It's crucee-fied we found him in the mornin'.

Then his son tuk a lep, an' he s'orc he'd have their blood
For his owld Da skivered an' his hair full o' mud,
An' up come the Widda, an' she dropt where she stud,
By the clay-cold corp she had cried out o' sight,
By her owld dead man she would look for day an' night,
Skivered like a chicken, hangin' to the light,
Crueee-fied an' mother-naked in the mornin'. 
TRANSLATIONS

But two stooped down an’ they lifted her aside,
She tuk hearty to the laughin’ an’ then she tuk
 an’ cried,
An’ she never got her reason till the day that she
died.
For she’d met it unexpected that was covered
out o’ sight,
An’ the thrawn white corp that was massy­
creed at night,
Sure, she met it stript an’ hangin’ for a scar­
crow to the light,
Full o’ nails an’ full o’ skivers in the mornin’.

So she tuk to seein’ sights, an’ she’d sit, an’ she’d
stare
At its legs nailt crooked an’ the mowld in its hair,
“O, it’s lone I was without ye, but I’m loner
with ye there,

AND OTHER VERSES

O, ye poor dumb carkish that I thought was
out o’ sight,
O, ye clay-cold corp, they mishannel’d ye at
night,
Ye were nailt an’ ye were skivered, ye were
hangin to the light,
Where I didn’t look to meet ye in the
mornin’.”
BEFORE THE STORM

(A STREET BALLAD)

The sky is clouding above our rest,
A storm in the south and a wind from the west,
And the reed may shiver, the sapling quail,
No heart have they for the rising gale.

But the oaks of the forest—they stood root-fast
Against the strain of a sterner blast.
Their strength is the strength that was proved
of yore
In the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar.

When dark doubts gather and faith grows cold,
And a slur is cast on the brave of old,

AND OTHER VERSES

May peace be ours; but if once more,
With trumpets calling from shore to shore,
The banners of Derry should float again
O'er the hearts of the sons of the kings of men,
Let the shame be theirs who have wrought the wrong,
The weak who revile and would rob the strong.

We ask but freedom. Be all men free,
The dupe—to crouch at the bigot's knee,
The lips of the Atheist free—to meet
The blood that cleaves to the Fenian's feet;
But when we are bidden by rogue and fool
To stoop strong necks to a felon's rule,
A sound that has been will be heard again,
A note of the bugle to marching men.
By the sign that opens the ready door
To the stranger brother unseen before,
By the love that stirs us and bids us speed
With a brother's aid in a brother's need,
By the faith that tells us that not in vain
Our sires swung sword on the trampled plain,
We stand together for hearth and throne,
Nor, if we fall, shall we fall alone.

G L O S S A R Y

AE-ERN, iron.
Agen', against; up agen', close to.
Allow, admit.
Ancient, antic, amusing.
Axed, asked, cf. se déma hyne axode, S. Matt. xxvii. 11.
Birl, to whirl or twirl; a whirling.
Breeks, trousers, cf. "I wad thae Borrowstounis barnis had breikkis" (Lindsay, "Ane Supplication against Syde Taillis")
Busted, burst.
Byre, cow-house.

Carkish, dead body.
Chap, chop.
Chow, to chew; a quid of tobacco.
Clergy, a clergyman.
Clipe, a blow or slap on the face.
Come till, happen to.
Crack, a moment.
Crow, a crowbar.
TRANSLATIONS

DANNER, a stroll.
Deukin, bending down to escape notice.
Diril, thrill, vibration; "to play diril" is to vibrate from a blow.
Dotter, remains of tobacco in a smoked pipe.
Even one's wit to, match one's wits against, condescend to notice.
Flitters, fluttering rags.
Flittin', a removal of furniture, &c.
Fornenst, opposite to; as regards.
Fool's advice, a modest way of speaking of one's own.
Fourthmost, fourth, or fourth and last; perhaps a combination of fourth and utmost on Humpty-Dumpty's principle.

Gang hail, pledge oneself.
'Gin, if.
Gropin', feeling with the fingers, as in the dark.
Guy an', very; so "brave an' honest" is very honest; "queer an' well," very well, &c.

Haet, a thing, anything; supposed to have originated in such phrases as dell haet, fient haet, i.e. devil have it, &c.
Hag-yerd, a compound of hedge and yard, a fenced yard.
Hail, shot, now used only of small shot, e.g. sparrow-hail.

AND OTHER VERSES

Haud, hold; cf. hauders, persons who hold the coats of men fighting.
Heth, faith, an exclamation.
Hirpin', limping. Kingsley used the word of a caterpillar: "This feckless, hairy outit cam' hirpling by the linn."
Hokin', digging, especially with the fingers; "to hoke prittas" is to remove the earth from them, to see if they are ready for use, or in stealing them from a "pritta-pit."
Hoise, hoist.
Hole, to make a hole. A.S. holian.
Hunkered, sitting on one's heels. Tennyson's Queen Mary "with both her knees drawn upward to her chin" was hunkered or nearly so.

Jaloozed, suspected.
Lay, leave; lay han' on, find; lay on, strike.
Lee, lief, opposed to loth. I'd as lee, I should as soon.
Lifting, stealing; cf. shop-lifting.
Loanin', lane.
Loas, lose; loassin' for, dying for want of.
Manned, planned or managed.
Mistress, wife.
Near-han', almost.
Nicher, "kin' o' keerless hoss-laugh."
TRANSLATIONS

Pechin', gasping audibly.
Play, probably for "ploy," i.e. employment.
Prittas, potatoes.

Screigh, Gaelic *sgeach*, a screech, yell.
Scud, sound of hurrying feet. Caliban uses the verb of flying, "There scuds his raven," &c.
Skiver, skewer; to pierce with a skewer.
Spluchan, a pouch; Gaelic *spluchán*, a bag.
Sunshine, a glimpse of good fortune.

Thole, bear, endure.
Thon, that; a combination of *the* and *yon*, used contemptuously.
Train, travel by train.
Travel, go on foot.

Vit., veterinary surgeon.

Waited on, expected to die.
Wer, our.
Wrought tae, worked as a labourer for.

Yin, one.
OTHER VERSES

THE DRAUGHT

Ferishtah smiled: "I, poet and something more"—

Premise, the sage—merest hedge-schoolmaster—

Grew his own style though, forced i’ the hot-bed,

eh!

Heat's your true motive, care not for the source—

Weeping (his wont), verse mouthed, had paused abrupt.

Whereat some fool—the ass’s jaw, which late

Drove through the surreptitious apple, perked,

Scoffing his betters: "Explicate, Sir Sage,

Your verse—‘mixed nothings, clouds of fuzz’,

says one,

‘No Kosmos, chaos rather’—verse which helps,
No less, man’s life, probes sense, I grant, to heal,
How comes it halting, knotted, gnarled, confessed
Confusion of rough-strung parentheses?
Were not the higher art to triumph down
Just such obstructions, give us (Samson you),
As says the Jews’ book, sweetness from the strong?
Put case. Our Indian doctor—whirled in silk,
Four horses—proffers universal cure;
’Your mark’s a tonic,’ quotha, ‘steel’s the tip’?
Obtruding what?—a shovelful of nails?
Or, for a bolus, say—a cannon ball?
Nowise, I promise you; ensuring prompt
What answer? ‘Peptics that endure, survive,
Cast-iron, were they bettered by any leech?’
Put case once more, sir, You have nuts to give;
What! for the kernel? or to test the teeth,
Strengthen the cheek’s strap? Crack your proper jaw,

But do your guest the grace of leverage—
Resistance midmost—nut-crackers, in fine.”
Ferishtah smiled: “I, poet and something more,—
Witness that verse, ‘How twinks thine eye, my Love!’
(You know it and it takes you. Well! should take)—
In morals (mark you) easily allowed
Judge, jury, advocate, put case (conceive)
Or cases, such as serve; not yours i’ faith,
My John a Noakes or John o’ Stiles. For why?
A rustic—call him Noodle—Cupid’s fist
Thrust full i’ the throat of him—no word will come,—
Shuffling, or dangling wi’ the t’other heel,
Leers while his Dulcinea dusts a chair,
Snickers, the huzzy, sees her trick will bite.
Down plumps Sir Noodle—smothered expletives
Attest sense outraged—fumbles, finds, you ask?
What but a pin set fast i' the soft of him?
' Corker,' you call it—crooked a' purpose too!
But I, (Gadzooks, you thought you had me, sir)
Choose chair to suit, dust it myself (believe!).
No cloud to-day on neighbour Hafiz' brow;
Full sunshine there! Well, yesterday, his boy,
With hand—so to be graphic—placed athwart
Just where gripes thicken most i' the father's
husk,
Shins to the Hakim—asks advice, in brief;
What does Sir Leech—you've marked him, hand
on pen,
Airing his Latin. R for recipe;
Mag. Sulph., four ounces; Glycyrr. (Ext.) a half;
Tinct. Sennae, two-an'-a-half; Tinct. Card. Co. ten,
(Drams, mark you, these); Inf. Sennae ad a score.
M. F. M. Sumat cyatham, and the rest.
Has no Ferishtah-Fame-Society,
(My 'pothecaries) grip of tooth and claw
For disentanglement? My craft (perpend)
Is verse. 'Fit audience let me find, though few,'
Said Milton, so do I say. Great wits jump."

1889.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST
A BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD

I, the scorpion of the feeble, I, the champion of the strong,
I, the singer of the sinews and the heart,
Goes it blind on Mr. Atkins, 'ears a cry go hup:
"'ow long
Will you snigger at 'is notions of 'igh art?"

Chorus
But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up,
It's make the cinders fly,
The Colonel's gals are slingin' of your language on the sly;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.
When a beggar of a hill-man is a lancin' Tommy's jaw,
When 'e finds 'isself houtside a nigger's knife,
It's nasty, but it's nothin'. Wot gets 'im on the raw,
Is the thoughts 'e 'as, in clink, about his wife.

Chorus

But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up,
It's make the cinders fly,
The Colonel's gals is slingin' of your language on the sly;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.

AND OTHER VERSES

True, the canteen porter's bloomin' slops, the canteen butter's lard,
The Commissariat cam-u-el's a skunk;
But neither one nor other makes a Tommy sweat as 'ard
As treatin' 'im irreverent when 'e's drunk.

Chorus

But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up,
It's make the cinders fly,
The Colonel's gals is slingin' of your language on the sly;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.

Hark, the Moosik 'all's a-callin', an' the Western 'eart's aflame,
Fanned to fury by the spirit of the Heast;
TRANSLATIONS

With the grit and thews and passions that exalt
the larger game,
Man is struggling to the level of the beast.

Grand Chorus
So it's dame! dame! dame!
For the boys are raisin' Cain,
An' the bugle blows Revelly, an' the earth is
young again;
Keep a cleanin' rod for niggers,
When you're not upon the burst;
An' you're sure to dwell 'ereafter where you're
safe to raise a thirst.

1892.

AND OTHER VERSES

A PRAISE OF WORMS
INSCRIBED TO THE MANES OF NICHOLAS CULPEPPER

I
Mid ruins of life that is lifeless,
And scents that the sensitive shun,
Where hearts that have striven are strifeless,
And Time's sons are estranged from the sun,
The Wriggler, the Twister, the Twistless,
They roll in the refuse of earth,
Roll legless and limbless and listless
And blind from their birth.

They turn at our tread—and we sicken,
They touch—and fulfil us of squirms,
But the soul of the fisher they quicken,
And the pearl of his oyster is Worms.
He christens them blackhead and brandling,
He bears them about him as bait,
He handles the horrors, in handling
Transfigured, elate.

But dimmed are the days of their glory,
But changed with the changes of time,
And the sires of sons that are hoary
Have known not the pride of their prime,
When compounders of physic compounded
For patients to swallow or swill
Worm-lye in solution or rounded
As bolus and pill.

We living in years that are later,
"When the clarions of sunrise are heard,"
Know surely that only Piscator
Is foiled by that earliest bird,

But fisherman vailed to physician
Aforetime, and Walton out-vied
Saw sombre successors of Priscian
Glean worms at his side.

Then pulverised (after cremation)
And tombed in the tooth-stricken maw,
One worm, upon one application,
Ensured the repose of the jaw.
It was dentist with doctor united,
Elixir with forceps—and thinned
At its touch, were the teeth, where it
lighted,
As waifs on the wind.

Yea, but now are clearer voices sounding
Praise more perfect than the praise of old,
TRANSLATIONS

Now we know, where most are worms abounding
Most aboundeth vegetable mould—
Work of nature works of art impounding,
Celts of Celt, and coins of Roman gold.

Here, where wearily the worm uplifteth
Changed all forage fetched or found below,
North and North by East the slow land drifteth,
South and South by West as wet winds blow
All the soil of all wide England shifteth
Sure, but slowly sure, if aught be slow.

1893.

AND OTHER VERSES

SATURNIA REGNA

He cast his garland to earthward, but his voice rang clear as a bell,
And pealed for a Day that is coming when all shall be better than well.
I have seen (he sang) and behold, there perished a millionaire,
And I looked and saw and considered and lo, his child was his heir;
And I saw the dule of the Spendthrift, and the slow-foot hope of the Thief,
And the mill-wheel turned in the water for t e Owner of the Sheaf,
The Buyer guarded his jewel, and the Beggars, carle and quean,
Were the wilful, the weak, and the wanton. The evil were ill-beseen.
But too long hath the gold of the merchant been locked from the heart of greed,
Too long hath the harvest whitened for the hand that gave the seed;
Too long is the palace mosaic and its light of starry lamps
Blind to the Cadger and dumb to the honest shuffle of Tramps,
And the harp of the Singer of Sigurd wreathed green with the bay-leaves due
To "After the Ball," and "Daisy," and "Linger Longer, Loo,"
But O, for the Sun that we see not, and the Moon whereof none knows,
So all that is ours shall be all men’s—the heart and the hand and the brain,
When over the ghost of a nation shall the risen Balder reign.

1894.

FROM THE ANATOMY OF METEMPSYCHOSIS

SPELLING MODERNISED

The Soul’s excellence and original.

The soul is Nature’s masterpiece, last of created things and chiefest, if it be not more than a creature, spiraculum vitae, divinae particula auriæ, of divine original and essence. His first home was heaven, propriam quamdam habitationem ac patriam, saith Austin, deum ipsum credo esse. His second home, man, which was therefore worshipped by the angels, praeter Eblisum, Eblis only excepted. Thence woman had it ex traduce. Though Rivulus held woman the masterpiece, and man but a
piece of prentice-work, a first draught, a rough model:

\[ \text{quae rudis Martem manus expelivit} \]
\[ \text{doctor quanto Venerem expelivit,} \]

and other such absurd tenets. For, indeed, Eve was a rib, \textit{unam de costis}, one of many, superfluous or it had been left. But I rove, I confess.

The Soul’s final cause.

Many, as well neotericks as ancients, liken the soul to the idolater’s timber, some curiously wrought for gods; other, rough-hewn for fuel, at whose burning the hewer rejoiceth, \textit{sibi gratulatur}, hugs himself, saying:—\textit{Vah! calcificatus sum, ignem vidi.} They think nature none other than themselves, \textit{deos esse sui similis putant}. ’Tis \textit{Plautus’} censure. There was one would set his eggs on slippery places, \textit{ventos adversa}, in the teeth of the wind. Fallen, he would dance on them, \textit{calcibus insultabat}. But save he were a man hard and heartless, \textit{ferus et vere ferreus}, he had not so set things sensible or passible, but it were an ape, a cat, a dove, which be fliers, climbers.

The body, what it is.

But to what end hath the soul a body? There be many answers. It is his gaol, his school, his instruments, his pitfall, for punishment, for discipline, for use, for temptation and trial. It is a walled town assailed without, betrayed within. It is I know not what. Doctors differ. \textit{Quot homines tot sententiae.}

Moreover, it is doubted if the soul gain by the body or be worsened; nay more, if it come slowly by his full growth as doth the body and his particulars, bones, teeth, \textit{pia mater}, &c.; or if it enter the body fully grown and complete, as
Austin thinks, *omnibus partibus absolutus*. But that it hath parts, is a sentence he improves, *improbat*, and depraves and vilifies him that holds it. *Naso suspendit adunco*, he scouts him with the nose of a rhinoceros.

Most will have the soul absolute at his entering, pure, clean, white, wotting of things diviner than some it is like to meet with here. As many streams do yield the best water at their fountains; amongst which the Liffey is notable, fabled to issue from a head of fair water, but in Dublin, *quantum mutatus*, a sewer. So the flesh subverts the good estate of the soul, hindering all his operations, maketh it blind and deaf, corrupting, defiling. It is soiled with pollution of the body, fouled with the filth it lives in, is pestered, stifled, having no free course. *Corrumpunt bonos mores mala colloquia*. The rain, they say, is from heaven, but the spout blacks it, fits it for the kennel.

*The soul a seed, &c.*

Others liken the soul to a seed implanted in the flesh to flower and give fragrance, watered and fostered from above, *quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber*. But not to stand on this, it keeps his state, *in aula sedet*, as in his audit—or council-chamber. His ministers come post, to wit, the five senses of hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, smelling, which bring each particular to be censured. These ministers or handmaids are not themselves provident, no moderators or judges, but meet for errands. If the soul listen to all indifferently, it is well; if it be captivated or overruled by one or other, ill. It becomes all eye, a spyer; all ear; *totus nasus*; &c., not complete and finished, *factus ad unguem, teres*.
atque rotundus, having no roughness whereby it may be laid hold on.

The death of the body.

When death comes, it is a plague, a blight, a murrain, fallen upon these his servants. Eye sees not for it, ear hears not, new knowledge findeth no place of entering, and if the old be remembered, who shall say? Yet this his seeming helplessness is foreknown and prevented; new ministers, aptiores fortasse plures, appointed and ordained, to wit, a changed and better body. Oportet hoc mortale induere immortalitatem. I make no doubt but 'tis for service, not to enthrall, enchain, cumber.

Source of the new body.

But whence comes this nobler body? Ab extra as a garment, or by inward growth and working, as a new shell to the snail, a skin to the sloughed snake? That it is fashioned by the soul itself, is most like, verisimile est, a thing scarce to be gainsayed, sith it will thus be the outcome of all that is gone by, and will be fair or foul as the wearer. Sapientia hominis lucet in vultu eius. But that the soul should no more grow, were pity. Martinus was seen after death changed in favour, vultu igneo, stellantibus oculis, crine purpureo. But he came, subridens, smirking, and, saith Sulpicius: librum quem de vita illius scripsersam dextera praeferebat. If he smiled on him that writ his life and kept the book by him, he was sadly to seek in humility, and had yet somewhat to learn.

The fashion of the new body.

Said the ancients: like to like, malus corvus malum ovum, cat will to kind, canis ad vomitum. They thought we should be changed to tigers, bears, dogs, hogs, as we fared or were inclined
in our lives. If we may believe the relations of Ovidius and others, the swallow was once Procne, wronged in her former life, and her breast now signed with blood; Philomela suffered and is the nightingale whose song is still plaining. Scylla is the Ciris and flees her father:

\[
\text{quacumque illa levem fugiens secat aethera pennis,}
\]
\[
\text{ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras}
\]
\[
\text{insequitur Nisus.}
\]

All prosecute or eschew the same things as erst. Caligula hath a crocodile's body, and the parasite that puffed him is his jackal to do him feigned obeisance. The fierce enter lions; the crafty, foxes; praters, geese; smell-feasts, swine; carpers, cimices, which be backbiters; and so of the rest. Nature, as Flaccus expresseth it, is proof against pitchforks, naturam expellas furca, put it out on a shovel and it is home before you. And save, it is thought, to house some we wot of, to what end be the many bodies of beasts ill-favoured, ill-shapen, as men deem them, matribus detestata, a scunner to women, cockroaches, coffin-cutters, centipedes, millipedes, slugs? But herein is no small fallax. They that so writ, would have the gods careless of man's amendment. Such were they who feigned that Apollo finding an ill judge of music, incontinently fitted him with ass's ears, which for their less service be filled with a natural wool, villis albentibus implet. It were wiser to believe that as the world groweth older and less evil, so the fair soul beyond us groweth fairer, and the foul, less foul; and that there the cruel are clothed upon with bodies of weakness, for pity dwelleth in a thin skin. As the huntsman Actaeon, though his fault was other, became a stag and was hunted of his own dogs,
famulos fugit ipse suos, so these are persecuted, 
put upon, unfriendly used; but it is well with 
them and with whatsoever suffers and learns to 
be pitiful. Thus Maro induces the queen of 
Carthage affirming: haud ignara mali miseris suc-
currere disco.

Yet all may be diversely and better ordered. 
There be other guides and teachers paedagogi,
praecptores, than pain and wrong. Time is the 
life of a kiss for shortness, and a hare’s for fears, 
but Eternity is not Time.

Plato had an Imagination that the Soule hath 
the Flesh to prison. Certainly, hee that is layed 
by the Heeles joyeth to hear his Fellowes voice; 
and the Soule, saith one, to heare the Poetes 
Oath. But I cannot tell: this joy in strange 
oaths turneth to a wearinesse; neither, if that 
which heareth were the Soule, is it like a curse 
would move it. Others, speaking in a meane, 
say but this, that the Poete taketh here and there 
and fashioneth a perfect feature; and Men doe 
mavell and hold that Divine which, of them-
selves, they could not compasse. But leaving 
these curiosities, we will handle: First; What
Experience is fit for the Poete; Then, his Argument and Matter; and Thirdly, the Fall or Cadence. For the First; That the Poete be a Man of Bloud, I allow well. At the leaste, hee shall have scene it shed or smelled to it. For soe hee shall lively pourtraye the Reeke of Carnage. Let him use Swearing meerely. Not as doe some upon Occasion and for Dispatch; lest, when hee cometh to Indite, his Hand should be out of ure. For Arguments of State, they bee not amisse; soe the Qualitie of Great Persones bee obscured, as that a Queene be styled "The Widdowe at such-a-place." But the maine Argument shall bee of Men Tribunitious and Turbulent, Assassins, Swashbucklers, and them that goe upon the Shoute. And the words consonant and coming home to Mens Businesse and Bosomes. Namely, Frontier Mens; for they of the Citie and Closett noe shewe but a Civill Courage, and fall some thing short of the Blessing: In sudore vultus tui comedes panem. In thy Sweate thou shalt eat. And to sweate is well. Yet the Poete that beautifieth Tommy Atkins saith prettily: By ——, you must Lather with us. To wit, with Men Heroicall. For to Lather is the more Heroicall Virtue; as a thing of it selfe maribus proprium. They that will reade are two: the vulgar People and Men of Degree. Therefor let them be considered. Now it is scene of the vulgar People that they mainly delight in their own things; but contrariwise Men of Degree in things Strange and Newe. And what is stranger than the tongue of the Barracke, and the Kennell? Soe the Poete in pleasing the Vulgar shall please all. Yet the Contrarie holdeth not. For to aime at the Better Sort and hit the Baser, is but a Fume and the
Braverie of the Cheape-Reprint-Man. Onely, let
the grace of the Rhetor bee present. Which is
Action. I like well that the Figures move:

velut si
re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
arma viri.

It was said, as I think of a Portraiture, but had
done better of Poesie; And, indeede, the Poetes
have been busy with it. Action I meane—

'E s chawin' up the Grounde,
An' 'e's kicking all arounde.

It is worthy the observing that an Ape, which is
like to a Man, is the Glasse of Action. Nay, a
Dog suddainely flyeth for lifting of a Staffe. Yet,
percase, the same Beaste will abide Reproof;
though it bee Speech of Touch and the words
aculeate and proper. And soe of Men in a pro-
portion. In Action there is no Excesse. But the

Defect would be noted; which is, if a Man,
upon tidings of his Wifes murther, should but
drawe downe his Cappe, as was seene of Macduff
in the play. Touching the Cadence; it is good
that the Rhythm give the Meter leave to speak.
Soe shall the Fooles fingers tell the Feet, and a
Beggar with his staffe beat out the tune. Maro is
not for all companies. And there bee Mesures
that are but Caviare to the Generall. A veine
that would be brideled. Hee that will curiouslie
seeke after "Apt Numbers, Fitt Quantitie of
Syllables, and the Sense variouslie drawn out from
one Verse into another," shall seeme to call for
Broken Musique, where, belyke, there is but Bones
and Cleaver. Neither shall the Streame ascend
above his Fountaine; but of Musique, the Caput or
Prime Source is the Stithy. For Jubal was brother
to Tubal-Cain that was a Smith. Wherefor I hold
not with Euripides the Poete that the Cyclops Polyphemus was a Shephearde. For himself declareth what craftsman he was in slaying the Ithicans comrades ἰθικὸς τινὶ, having, indeede, come by this grace at the anvill. But these bee Toyes.

1895.
AD LILIAM

Lilia cum puérís sint grata et cara puellis,
Ex vero positum, Lilia, nomen habes.

INSCRIPTIO

Quicquid habet pulchri toto ex Heliacone petatur,
Sic ego tam culta virgine dignus ero.
Non aliter, mihi crede, nitebit pagina nostra
Grata simul dominae consimilisque suae.
AD ANNAM
VERSUS ACROSTICI

Anna, rite tuas referre laudes
Non nobis licet, hoc licet poetis,
Nec vero licet omnibus poetis,
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam,
Eheu! mors caput abstulit Catulli
Cantu qui superabat unus omnes
At si forte redux adesset ille,
Regno Persephones procul relictus,
Solam te caneret cupidinesque
Omnès unius aestimaret assis
Ni qui te comitantur, Annie Carson.

DE ELEPHANTO

Fertur in umbrosis elephantus femina silvis
Exemplum curae triste dedisse piae,
Namque ubi picta lares perdrix pullosque fovebat,
Illa pede extremo nescia calcat avem.
Quid faceret? Gemuit, desunt quoque verba gamenti:
Personat insolitis arva remota sonis.
Postquam ad se rediit: "non hanc," ait, "obruit ira,
Non rabies: animam nox rapuitque nemus.
Ast ego, quod possum, praebeto matris amorem,
Matris ego speciem, mater et ipsa fui.
Nunc ubi Romulidae si nutrix nulla fuisset?
Capra 'dati caelum praemia lactis habet.'"
Dixit, et aversa in mirum se colligit orbem,
Qua fuit ante caput pendula cauda micat.
(Curva retro cedens sic fert vestigia cancer,
Sic, memini, Cacum furta secuta domum.)
Et super implumes jamjam ruitura peependit,
Nec mora: (dent nobis di meliora!) ruit.
Nutrix optuma erat, sola et laudanda noverca,
Si bene velle satis comis et esse foret.
Sed vetuit, verum si dicat fabula nostra,
Omnipotens omnes omnia posse Pater.

DE MORTE HOMERI

ὅσον ἔλομεν, λυπόμενος ὁ Cae s, ὃσιν' οἰκ ἔλομεν, φερόμενος.

—PSEUDO-PLUTARCH,
De vita et poesi Homeri, I. iv.

IONIO in magnō stat Ios, nota insula fama,
Parva tamen, caccis nec bene visa viris.
Venerat huc quondam ventosa per aequora vectus
Maeonides, oculo captus utroque senex.
Mane erat: ecce cohors lasciva ad litus Ietae
Agmina squamigerum vique doloque petunt.
Piscibus at salvis moderantur harundine linum,
Pisce vacant longa retia ducta mora.
Egressis tandem saxisque sedentibus altis
Lassabat celeres praeda pudenda manus,
Rimabantur enim scabros sibi quisque capillos,
Taedia sic (credō) simia fallit anus.
Quid facitis juvenes? Unde est tam dira cupidus?

Crescit in inculto non bona messis agro.

Undique sed risus, sed plurima mortis imago,

Fervet opus, rapido tunditur ungue caput.

Innumerous sonitus perceperat aure Poeta,

Compellatque viros, quae capiantque rogat.

"Nostra manent quae non capimus, captisque caremus,"

Nescio quis blaesa navita voce refert.

Nec satis est audisse, amages volvit Homerus,

Verba iterat, curas dant iterata novas.

Anxia mens vigilem nocturnum somnia vexant,

Ægrum prima videt deficiensque dies.

Fertur ut Acliden imploravisse colonus,

Bestiola in nudum desiliente pedem,

Sic Acheronta movet, sic Mortem flagitat ille:

"Unica tu multis causa quietis, ades!"
DE PORCULIS

Truditur hic vincto querulus pede porcus ad urbem,
Hic securus haram desidiamque colit,
Hic felix bubulam est assam, miser esurit ille,
Quinto est quod faciat nil nisi triste queri.

1893.
Andrew N.Even, Galway, 15
The Fethard Schools
J.W. Montgomery, master, woodcutters
T.Lyle Donaghy had a period of
illness in D'Leitich Asylum
E.B. Dodds (B'nageare?)
woodcut, chimney, tinseller
seldom met with other boys.
played in 1st XV

C.R.P. once swam from Portaferry
to Strangford with his feet tied.
Once while reading a letter in church
he became so interested that he
continued until his wife dropped
her prayerbook with a thump.
on another occasion he forgot
to deliver his sermon.

memories of Mr. Parkinson
Down Society
D'Lachtig 4-5-1952
C.R.P.'s sister in law is still
living ages 80+, blind but clear
heeded. (D'Lachtig)
Charles Knox Pooker 1860-1927
M.A., B.D., D.Litt., T.C.D.
M.C.B. classics master 1888-96
1st Capr. Collegians XV 'The mad ball'
Ed. 4th Arden Shakespeare Titles
Canals d'Ards 1893-6
Carnmoney 1896-98
Dublin 1899-1902
Down 1902-1912
Lecturer Hebrew B'ham 1904-6
Eng. Lit. Bristol 1906-8
Son of Canon J.G.P. Rector d'Ards.

R. H. Blackwood alleges that this volume was suppressed.