

Selected Poetry

[Note.—The poems we give this week may be deemed appropriate to the Silver Jubilee celebrations now being held in connection with Holy Cross College, Mosgiel.]

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon,

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon,
Try to do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still
Soggarth Aroon?

Equal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,
Oh! out of fear to you,
Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Why, as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon?
And, when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon:
In love they'll never shake,
When for old Ireland's sake,
Was a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

—JOHN BAXBY, in *Irish Minstrelsy*.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVERENDISSIMI DOMINI MICHAELIS VERDON.
Not in commotion, Lord, swept by no storm
or strife,
From dawn to evening star he lived his
peaceful life.

Never the vain applause, never the garish
light
Stifled the inner call, clouded the inner sight.

Prayer was his lamp of life, Duty his guiding
law,
Clear through the mists below the Sun of
Heaven he saw.

Sweeter than incense rose the worship of his
days;
Moving amongst us here, with God he walked
always.

The work of his hands we know: its record
is writ in stone;
But the temple of God within was his and
God's alone.

Ah! but we saw the glow and the gleam that
winpled through
The body that veiled a shrine too sacred for
men to view.

Not in commotion, Lord, peaceful and calm
he died,
Sleeping a little while to rise with the Cru-
cified.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVEREND JAMES MACMENAHE.

Somewhere in France
A little wooden cross will mark your tomb,
And men who loved you in these awful
years
Will kneel beside it with eyes wet with
tears.

Somewhere in France
When night has veiled the stricken fields
in gloom,
And wondering stars are shining in the
sky,
They'll speak of you and tell how heroes
die.

Somewhere in France
Where the Wild Geese found many a lonely
grave,
The land they loved has caught you to her
breast
And given you with them unending rest.

Somewhere in France
Our island heroes whom you died to save,
When the swift summons called you to
your crown,
With loving hands have laid their Padre
down,
Somewhere in France.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

REVERENDI PATRITII DORE.

Sagart a run! Your work is o'er,
And you have now unending rest;
The chalice you will raise no more
Is clasped in cold hands on your breast.

Short was your day! But who shall tell
How great your merit in God's sight?
From dawn to dusk you labored well,
And heavy were your sheaves ere night.

In perfect peace, and far from pain,,
The cross for ever laid away,
Your losses are eternal gain
In the clear dawn of Heaven's day.

We bend above your silent bier,
Where in your sleep you now lie down,
And pray, God rest you, *Phadraig*, dear!
Who pass to wear your shining crown.

—J.K.

IN MEMORIAM.

FATHER JOHN O'DONNELL.

In the lap of the lonely mountains,
I Sagart, we laid you down;
For the long, long day is ended
And your own the victor's crown.

The deep lake lies below you,
And the strong hills vigil keep,
Sentinels serried guarding
You, *Sagart*, in your sleep.

Mo bhron! With God you were walking
And never your feet grew tired:
Strong heart, that never faltered,
By Christ's own Heart inspired!

Sleep, mid your own loved mountains
With the garnered peace you won—
Sleep, *Sagart*, your toil is over:
O faithful soul, Well Done!

—J.K.

FAREWELLS!

They are so sad to say: no poem tells
The agony of hearts that dwells
In lone and last farewells.

They are like deaths: they bring a wintry
chill
To Summer's roses, and to Summer's rill;
And yet we breathe them still.

For pure as altar-lights hearts pass away;
Hearts! we said to them, "Stay with us!
Stay!"
And they said, sighing as they said it,
"Nay."

The sunniest days are shortest; darkness
tells
The starless story of the night that dwells
In lone and last farewells.

Two faces meet here, there, or anywhere:
Each wears the thoughts the other face may
wear;
Their hearts may break, breathing 'farewell
for'er.

—(Father) ABRAM J. RYAN, in *Poems*.