

# Selected Poetry

## Home Bound

The moon is a wavering rim where one fish slips,  
The water makes a quietness of sound;  
Night is an anchoring of many ships  
Home-bound.

There are strange tunnelers in the dark, and whirs  
Of wings that die, and hairy spiders spin  
The silence into nets, and tenants  
Move softly in.

I step on shadows riding through the grass,  
And feel the night lean cool against my face;  
And challenged by the sentinel of space,  
I pass.

—JOSEPH AUSLANDER, in *Current Opinion*.

## In the Tender Irish Weather

Oh! the calm, brown mountain and the endless miles of  
heather,  
And the rugged, grave horizon where the white clouds  
roll;  
And my cheek against the soft cheek of the tender Irish  
weather,  
And in all the space around me not a soul—not a soul!

There the skylark and the blackbird and the linnet sing  
together,  
With ne'er a one to still them nor human voice to speak—  
Oh! 'tis long since I have lulled me in the tender Irish  
weather,  
And my heart is hot within me for the touch of her  
cheek!

But they say that on the mountain where I've lain among  
the heather,  
With the plover's note a-mourning thro' the haze of  
blue,  
That the cold and dead are lying in the soft cheeked Irish  
weather.  
And oh! my heart is breaking for the mountain that I  
knew!

—LILLIAN MIDDLETON, in the *New York Times*.

## A Lover Since Childhood

Tangled in thought am I,  
Stumble in speech do I?  
Do I blunder and blush for the reason why?  
Wander aloof do I,  
Lean over gates and sigh,  
Making friends with the bee and butterfly.

If thus and thus I do,  
Dazed by the thought of you,  
Walking my sorrowful way in the early dew,  
My heart cut through and through  
In this despair of you,  
Starved for a word or a look will my hope renew,

Give then a thought for me  
Walking so miserably,  
Wanting relief in the friendship of flower or tree,

Do but remember, we  
Once could in love agree,  
Swallow your pride, let us be as we used to be.

—ROBERT GRAVES, in the *London Mercury*.

## No Compromise

What! come ye at the eleventh hour?  
You trembling for your shaking power  
You Wolf, that would our Land devour  
If you were strong,  
But now God's wrath is out at last,  
But now your day is slipping past,  
Afar the thunder bolt is cast  
Oh, fierce sweet song!  
And now comes retribution fast  
'Twas prayed for long.

And now you offer terms of peace,  
You see the clouds above increase,  
You cannot make the thunders cease  
Your sun has set.  
But still you make a show of state  
To prove your condescension great  
But, oh! remember we can wait  
A little yet;  
And why you condescend thus late  
We don't forget.

Remember in our bitter woe,  
As we did feel it lying low  
That all the world our shame did know  
Our cup was full.  
God! all the agony of shame!  
It scorched us more than any flame  
For, oh, some souls were still untame!  
Not dead nor dull.  
But you, you ever were the same  
Unpitiful.

But now, but now the hour is changed,  
Your foes against you all are ranged,  
Your frown is for a smile exchanged,  
You speak of peace.  
But we can read behind a part  
You fain would hide your trembling heart  
Oh! is it strange fierce joy should start?  
'Tis our release.  
While all wild terrors thro' you dart  
Our hopes increase.

And now 'tis fitter we should write  
The terms of peace; we dread no night;  
You've spent your strength; you made the fight,  
You have not won.  
Take hence your weak half measures now,  
When strong, our hearts you could not cow.  
Then to the inevitable bow  
Your race is run.  
Behold us—read it on each brow  
Your day is done.

So take our terms, you'll find them well,  
God guarded us what e'er befell  
And now our hearts can even quell  
What vengeance cries.  
We will not reckon tears and blood,  
God! could we count all if we would?  
But THIS, THIS must be understood—  
Our flag here flies.  
Your power entire ends, ends for good.  
NO COMPROMISE!

—TERENCE MCSWEENEY, in the *Irish World*.

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