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IRISHRY.

By SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL

The Labourer

Shouts loud and drunken break the mood
Of a June night—the solitude,
The smell, the mystery; and soon
Their cause staggers against the moon.

Who, then, or what? A labourer:
Delver in earth, but now on air
Treading, as if the sky was his,
Zeus and his starry mistresses!

Clodhopper, hireling; not content
With the bothy built by Government—
Two rooms, a sty—but he must drown
All memory of it in the town.

Ploughed earth is drab, but Camden Street
Is drabber: nothing clean or sweet:
No stars, no silences, no dews,
But pubs, and tick-shops run by Jews.

Here the strong man on holiday—
'Tis Corpus Christi—drinks his pay
With spungers at a spewy bar,
The cattle-man, the tramp, the tar.

And late returning, halo-crowned,
With empty purse and sorrow drowned,
Bawls to the stars that silently
Spin in the shining Milky Way.

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The Old-Age Pensioner

He sits over the glimmering coal.
 With ancient face and folded hands :
His eye glasses his quiet soul,
 He blinks and nods and understands.
In dew wetted, in tempest blown,
 A Lear at last comes to his own.

For fifty years he trenched his field
 That he might eat a pauper's bread :
The seasons balked him of their yield,
 His children's children wished him dead.
But ransom came to him at length
 At the ebb-tide of life and strength.

And so he sits with folded hands
 Over the flag of amber fire :
He blinks and nods and understands,
 He has his very soul's desire.
In dew wetted, in tempest blown,
 A Lear at last comes to his own.