

ALL SOULS' DAY

(November the First.)

MY grief, my grief for Una bawn,
My grief for Mairgread Rue,
Who danced to right and left of me
In last night's dew.
I kissed your gold cool, Una bawn,
Your cool with sagans set,
But I kissed you not, my sorrow,
Red Margaret.

Long since I gave you, Una bawn,
A gift of yellow flowers.
Now your grave's gold with goldilocks
In sun and showers.
I never gave you any gift,
Yet, Mairgread, back with you
To your grave when you tired of dancing
My heart went too.

I did not hear my father call,
Nor see my mother's eyes,
As we danced down by the river
Where the mists rise.
I held the hand of Una bawn,
And yet I only knew
That your white soul was holding mine,
My Mairgread Rue!

O light's my grief that Una bawn
Sleeps soundly night and day,
Until the Eve of Apples calls
The ghosts away
To dance amid the gentle folk
And all ill dreams forget.
And dear do I find the dancing,
Yet on me lies the fret
That I may not sleep beside you,
Red Margaret!

NORA HOPPER.