

Two Songs

TWO SONGS

I

WHAT counsel has the hooded moon
Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,
Of Love in ancient plenilune,
Glory and stars beneath his feet—
A sage that is but kith and kin
With the comedian Capuchin?

Believe me rather that am wise;
In disregard of the divine
A glory kindles in these eyes,
Trembles to starlight. . . . Thine, O mine!
No more be tears in moon or mist
For thee, sweet sentimentalist.

II

Thou leanest to the shell of night,
Dear lady, a divining ear.
In that soft quiring of delight
What sound hath made thy heart to fear?
Seemed it of rivers rushing forth
From the grey deserts of the North?

That mood of thine, O timorous,
Is his, if thou but scan it well,
Who a mad tale bequeaths to us
At ghosting hour conjurable,
And all for some strange name he read
In Purchas or in Holinshed.

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