

Two Songs

By Nora Hopper

I—Ma Creevin O !

MA CREEVIN O, with your breast of snow,
Why would you go through the convent door ?
Why stand apart with a folded heart,
Feeding the hungry poor ?

Let others kneel and give milk and meal,
While the grey hours steal their youth away,
What grief have you known that you leave us, lone,
Gra, to a sunless day ?

Your hands like silk gave meal and milk
To all the ilk of the wandering shee :
Stay here and learn how your own fires burn
And let the grey nuns be.

Kind loves to your door we'll bring galore,
And the best love, ashore, that is not kind :
No blast shall wither your quicken-tree
So you leave cold saints for the kindly shee,
And the nunnery door behind !

II—Phyllis and Damon

PHYLLIS and Damon met one day :
(Heigho !)
Phyllis was sad and Damon grey,
Tired with treading a separate way.

Damon sighed for his broken flute :
(Heigho !)
Phyllis went with a noiseless foot,
Under the olives stripped of fruit.

Met they, parted they, all unsaid ?
(Heigho !)
Ah, but a ghost's lips are not red :
Damon was old, and Phyllis dead—
(Heigho, heigho !)