

WINDLE-STRAWS

I. O'SULLIVAN RUA TO THE CURLEW



CURLEW, cry no more in the air,
Or only to waters in the west ;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast :
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

2. OUT OF THE OLD DAYS



BE you still, be you still, trembling heart ;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days :
*Who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds blowing through the starry ways,
And blowing us evil and good ;
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the lonely, proud, wingèd multitude.*

W. B. YEATS.