

THE WEE GOOD PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

I sot a couple o' score o' gins
For to catch moles, an' dress the skins;
Between the farmers and the shops,
For sellin' skins an' savin' crops,
Just one an' fippence I could make
By every mortal mole I'd take.

I sot the snare for every one
Within the openin' of the run:
The tunneled halls an' branchin' paths
Put me in mind of fairy raths: —
'Bad cess!' laughs I, 'to them that
kills
The wee Good People of these Hills!'

I sot the traps at dusty noon,
An' found 'em by an orange moon.
The cornerake rottled in the grass;
I heard a squeakin' weasel pass.
I stirred the campion's scented breath;
The sleepin' poppies smelt o' Death.

I took the snare, an' raised the spring,
An' loosed the decent furry Thing;
For, though I seen dead moles galore,
I never seen one close before.
An' in me fingers, stained with clay,
The craythur's little fingers lay: —
God! — you would fancy they could
play
The pipes that led the sowsl astray!
Ah, wirra! I could take no pay
For trappin' baby-hands that way!

Small blame to them that call me
quare! —
All in the clover-scented air,
I gave each mole a funer'l, where
He raised his own unthinkin' mound
To be his private buryin'-ground.
Maybe, 't was makin' mountains out
Of mole-heaps, as I've read about,
But since them little Christian hands
Lay in me own — I understands
In me own mind — them furry
moles
Must have good Christian little souls!

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AFTERMATH

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BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Have you forgotten yet?
For the world's events have rumbled
on, since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the
crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has
filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life;
and you 're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of time,
with joy to spare.
*But the past is just the same — and
war 's a bloody game.*
Have you forgotten yet?
*Look down, and swear by the slain of the
war that you 'll never forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you
held the sector at Mametz —
The nights you watched and wired and
dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the
stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-
line trench —
And dawn coming, dirty white, and
chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, 'Is it all
going to happen again?'

Do you remember that hour of din
before the attack —
And the anger, the blind compassion
that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and
haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases
lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads —
those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen
and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?
*Look up, and swear by the green of the
spring that you 'll never forget.*

The Nation