

treatment of it often recalls his earlier manner. There are so many kings! There are young kings and old kings, and a fool and a blind man, and there were "two dragons fighting in the foam of the sea, and their grandam was the moon, and nine Queens came along the shore," and "their right hands were all made of silver." We seem to have been wafted into the queer country of the Belgian Shakespeare, a very different country from that of the English. However, it is only Ireland; these things happen quite easily over there, and they happen to the accompaniment of far more musical words. We are baulked of the fight itself, which seems a pity. They will not like that in the Emerald Isle. The lines in which another, a more enduring conflict, is described, must be loved everywhere.

CUCHULLAIN : What manner of woman do you like the best ?

A gentle or a fierce ?

FIRST YOUNG KING : A gentle, surely.

CUCHULLAIN : I think that a fierce woman's better, a woman
That breaks away when you have thought her won,
For I'd be fed and hungry at one time.
I think that all deep passion is but a kiss
In the mid battle, and a difficult peace
'Twixt oil and water, candles and dark night,
Hill-side and hollow, the hot-footed sun,
And the cold sliding slippery-footed moon,
A brief forgiveness between opposites
That have been hatreds for three times the age
Of this long 'stablished ground . . .

One is content awhile

With a soft warm woman who folds up our lives
In silky network. Then, one knows not why,
But one's away after a flinty heart.

THE YOUNG KING : How long can the net keep us ?

CUCHULLAIN : All our lives

If there are children, and a dozen moons
If there are none, because a growing child
Has so much need of watching, it can make
A passion that's as changeable as the sea
Change till it holds the wide world to its heart.
At least I have heard a father say it, but I
Being childless do not know it.