

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

b. 1837

438.

Earliest Spring

TOSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies and
tangles,
Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous
breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and 'thwart all the
hollows and angles
Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and
death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that
lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable
shadow,
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream,
or desire
(How shall I name it aright ?) comes for a moment and
goes—

(Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the brier,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

DAVID GRAY

1838-1861

439.

My Epitaph

BELOW lies one whose name was traced in sand :
He died, not knowing what it was to live :
Died, while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
To maiden thoughts electrified his soul,
Faint heatings in the calyx of the rose.

Bewilder'd reader, pass without a sigh
In a proud sorrow ! There is life with God
In other kingdom of a sweeter air.
In Eden every flower is blown : Amen.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

b. 1838

Two Songs from the Sanskrit

440.

i. Apprehension

BEFORE that my loved one
Has come within sight,
Run quickly and tell him :
‘ She ’s angry to-night,
Your darling ’—run quickly,
For ah ! if I see
That ill-behaved dear one,
I know how ’twill be :
My face will grow smiling,
Though struggling with tears—
He is so beguiling,
That dearest of dears.

441.

ii. The Archer

THE Archer, the Archer !
 Though formless, alive ;
 His bow is of blossoms,
 His arrows but five.
 So mobile the mask and
 So formless his mind :
 How then can he harm me,
 The Archer that 's blind ?
 But the pain that I suffer
 All doubting removes,
 And the truth of this nonsense
 'Tis loving that proves.

BRET HARTE

1839-1902

442.

What the Bullet Sang

O JOY of creation,
 To be !
 O rapture, to fly
 And be free !
 Be the battle lost or won,
 Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
 I shall find my love—the one
 Born for me !

I shall know him where he stands
 All alone,
 With the power in his hands
 Not o'erthrown ;

BRET HARTE

I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace,
I shall hold him for a space
All my own !

It is he—O my love !
So bold !
It is I—all thy love
Foretold !
It is I—O love, what bliss !
Dost thou answer to my kiss ?
O sweetheart ! what is this
Lieth there so cold ?

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE

b. 1839

443.

Ætate xix

NINETEEN ! of years a pleasant number ;
And it were well
If on his post old Time would slumber
For Isabel :

If he would leave her, fair and girlish,
Untouch'd of him,
Forgetting once his fashions churlish
Just for a whim !

But no, not he ; ashore, aboard ship,
Sleep we, or wake,
He lays aside his right of lordship
For no man's sake ;

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE

But all untiring girds his loins up
For great and small ;
And as a miser sums his coins up,
Still counts us all.

As jealous as a nine-days' lover,
He will not spare,
'Spite of the wealth his presses cover,
One silver hair ;

But writes his wrinkles far and near in
Life's every page,
With ink invisible, made clear in
The fire of age.

Child ! while the treacherous flame yet shines not
On thy smooth brow,
Where even Envy's eye divines not
That writing now,

In this brief homily I read you
There should be found
Some wholesome moral, that might lead you
To look around,

And think how swift, as sunlight passes
Into the shade,
The pretty picture in your glass is
Foredoomed to fade.

But, 'faith, the birthday genius quarrels
With moral rhyme,
And I was never good at morals
At any time ;

HERMAN CHARLES MERIVALE

While with ill omens to alarm you
 'Twere vain to try ;
'To show how little mine should harm you,
 Your mother 's by !

And what can Time hurt me, I pray, with,
 If he insures
Such friends to laugh regrets away with
 As you—and yours ?

JOHN TODHUNTER

b. 1839

444.

Song

BRING from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
 Thou wild wind, bring
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
 Upon thy wing !

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
 Blow through me, blow
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
 From long ago.

445.

The Black Knight

ABEATEN and a baffled man,
My life drags lamely day by day,
Too young to die, too old to plan,
 In failure grey.

The knights ride east, the knights ride west,
For ladies' tokens blithe of cheer,
Each bound upon some gallant quest ;
 While I rust here.

JOHN TODHUNTER

446.

Maureen

O, YOU plant the pain in my heart with your wistful
eyes,

Girl of my choice, Maureen !

Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy, sweet
mouth denies,

Maureen ?

Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo,

White rose of the West, Maureen :

For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over
me too,

Maureen !

Sure it's one complaint that's on us, asthore, this day,

Bride of my dreams, Maureen :

The smart of the bee that stung us his honey must cure,
they say,

Maureen !

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face,

Mavourneen, my own Maureen !

When I feel the warmth of your breast, and your nest is
my arm's embrace,

Maureen !

O where was the King o' the World that day ?—only me,

My one true love, Maureen !

And you the Queen with me there, and your throne in
my heart, machree,

Maureen !

447.

Aghadoe

THERE 's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There 's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
 Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the
 sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There 's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There 's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
 Where I hid from the eyes of the red-coats and their
 spies,
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Ahgadoe,
 On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe !
 When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be
 in your mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe !

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe :
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him
 with food,
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of
 where 'twould rest,
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe !

JOHN TODHUNTER

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe ;
Then I cover'd him with fern, and I piled on him the
cairn,
Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe !
There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe !
Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840-1893

448. *Le Jeune Homme Caressant Sa Chimère*

FOR AN INTAGLIO

A BOY of eighteen years mid myrtle-boughs
Lying love-languid on a morn of May,
Watch'd half-asleep his goats insatiate browse
Thin shoots of thyme and lentisk, by the spray
Of biting sea-winds bitter made and grey :
Therewith when shadows fell, his waking thought
Of love into a wondrous dream was wrought.

A woman lay beside him,—so it seem'd ;
For on her marble shoulders, like a mist
Irradiate with tawny moonrise, gleam'd
Thick silken tresses ; her white woman's wrist,
Glittering with snaky gold and amethyst,
Upheld a dainty chin ; and there beneath,
Her twin breasts shone like pinks that lilies wreathe.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

What colour were her eyes I cannot tell ;
For as he gazed thereon, at times they darted
Dun rays like water in a dusky well ;
Then turn'd to topaz : then like rubies smarted
With smouldering flames of passion tiger-hearted ;
Then 'neath blue-veinèd lids swam soft and tender
With pleadings and shy timorous surrender.

Thus far a woman : but the breath that lifted
Her panting breast with long melodious sighs,
Stirr'd o'er her neck and hair broad wings that sifted
The perfumes of meridian Paradise ;
Dusk were they, furr'd like velvet, gemm'd with eyes
Of such dull lustre as in isles afar
Night-flying moths spread to the summer star.

Music these pinions made—a sound and surge
Of pines innumerable near lispings waves—
Rustling of reeds and rushes on the verge
Of level lakes and naiad-haunted caves—
Drown'd whispers of a wandering stream that laves
Deep alder-boughs and tracts of ferny grass
Border'd with azure-bell'd campanulas.

Potent they were : for never since her birth
With feet of woman this fair siren press'd
Sleek meadow swards or stony ways of earth ;
But 'neath the silken marvel of her breast,
Display'd in sinuous length of coil and crest,
Glitter'd a serpent's tail, fold over fold,
In massy labyrinths of languor roll'd.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Ah, me ! what fascination ! what faint stars
Of emerald and opal, with the shine
Of rubies intermingled, and dim bars
Of twisting turquoise and pale coralline !
What rings and rounds ! what thin streaks sapphirine
Freckled that gleaming glory, like the bed
Of Eden streams with gems enamellèd !

There lurk'd no loathing, no soul-freezing fear,
But luxury and love these coils between :
Faint grew the boy ; the siren fill'd his ear
With singing sweet as when the village-green
Re-echoes to the tinkling tambourine,
And feet of girls aglow with laughter glance
In myriad mazy errors of the dance.

How long he dallied with delusive joy
I know not ; but thereafter never more
The peace of passionless slumber soothed the boy ;
For he was stricken to the very core
With sickness of desire exceeding sore,
And through the radiance of his eyes there shone
Consuming fire too fierce to gaze upon.

He, ere he died—and they whom lips divine
Have touch'd, fade flower-like and cease to be—
Bade Charicles on agate carve a sign
Of his strange slumber : therefore can we see
Here in the ruddy gem's transparency
The boy, the myrtle boughs, the triple spell
Of moth and snake and white witch terrible.

449.

Κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων

GIVE freely to the friend thou hast ;
Unto thyself thou givest :
On barren soil thou canst not cast,
For by his life thou livest.

Nay, this alone doth trouble me—
That I should still be giving
Through him unto myself, when he
Is love within me living.

I fain would give to him alone,
Nor let him guess the giver ;
Like dews that drop on hills unknown,
To feed a lordly river.

450.

Farewell

IT is buried and done with,
The love that we knew :
Those cobwebs we spun with
Are beaded with dew.

I loved thee ; I leave thee :
To love thee was pain :
I dare not believe thee
To love thee again.

Like spectres unshriven
Are the years that I lost ;
To thee they were given
Without count of cost.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

I cannot revive them
By penance or prayer ;
Hell's tempest must drive them
Thro' turbulent air.

Farewell, and forget me ;
For I too am free
From the shame that beset me,
The sorrow of thee.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER

1840-1894

451.

Seeds

SEEDS with wings, between earth and sky
Fluttering, flying ;
Seeds of a lily with blood-red core
Breathing of myrrh and of giroflore :
Where winds drop them, there must they lie,
Living or dying.

Some to the garden, some to the wall,
Fluttering, falling,
Some to the river, some to earth :
Those that reach the right soil get birth :
None of the rest have lived at all.
Whose voice is calling ?—

' Here is soil for wing'd seeds that near,
Fluttering, fearing,
Where they shall root and burgeon and spread.
Lacking the heart-room the Song lies dead :
Half is the Song that reaches the ear,
Half is the hearing.

THOMAS HARDY

b. 1840

452.

The Darkling Thrush

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seem'd to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seem'd fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited ;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

THOMAS HARDY

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessèd Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

453.

She, to Him

i

WHEN you shall see me in the toils of Time,
My lauded beauties carried off from me,
My eyes no longer stars as in their prime,
My name forgot of Maiden Fair and Free ;

When in your being heart concedes to mind,
And judgement, though you scarce its process know,
Recalls the excellences I once enshrined,
And you are irk'd that they have wither'd so ;

Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame,
That Sportsman Time but rears his brood to kill,
Knowing me in my soul the very same—
One who would die to spare you touch of ill !—
Will you not grant to old affection's claim
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill ?

ii

PERHAPS, long hence, when I have pass'd away,
Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine,
Will carry you back to what I used to say,
And bring some memory of your love's decline.

THOMAS HARDY

Then you may pause awhile and think, 'Poor jade !'
And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,
Not as the tittle of a debt unpaid
To one who could resign her all to you—

And thus reflecting, you will never see
That your thin thought, in two small words convey'd,
Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,
But the Whole Life wherein my part was play'd ;
And you amid its fitful masquerade
A Thought—as I in yours but seem to be.

454

'I need not go'

I NEED not go
Through sleet and snow
To where I know
She waits for me ;
She will tarry me there
Till I find it fair,
And have time to spare
From company.

When I've overgot
The world somewhat,
When things cost not
Such stress and strain,
Is soon enough
By cypress sough
To tell my Love
I am come again.

THOMAS HARDY

And if some day,
When none cries nay,
I still delay
To seek her side,
(Though ample measure
Of fitting leisure
Await my pleasure)
She will not chide.

What—not upbraid me
That I delay'd me,
Nor ask what stay'd me
So long? Ah, no!—
New cares may claim me.
New loves inflame me,
She will not blame me,
But suffer it so.

455.

Friends Beyond

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer
Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock
churchyard now!

'Gone,' I call them, gone for good, that group of
local hearts and heads;
Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it
back from walls and leads,

THOMAS HARDY

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight
who yet abide—

In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide :

'We have triumph'd : this achievement turns the
bane to antidote,
Unsuccesses to success,
Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow
free of thought.

'No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old
terrestrial stress ;
Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;
Fear of death has even bygone us : death gave all
that we possess.'

W. D.—'Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that set I such
value by.'

Squire.—'You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, may let my children's
memory of me die.'

Lady.—'You may have my rich brocades, my laces ; take
each household key ;
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters
kept by me.'

Far.—'Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the
charlock grow,
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.'

Wife.—'If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan't
care or ho.'

THOMAS HARDY

All.—‘We’ve no wish to hear the tidings, how the people’s
fortunes shift ;

What your daily doings are ;
Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your lives beat
slow or swift.

‘ Curious not the least are we if our intents you make
or mar,

If you quire to our old tune,
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar
afar.’

—Thus, with very gods’ composure, freed those
crosses late and soon

Which, in life, the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps
beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late
at plough,

Robert’s kin, and John’s, and Ned’s,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to
me now.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

b. 1840

456.

Song

O FLY not, Pleasure, pleasant-hearted Pleasure ;
Fold me thy wings, I prithee, yet and stay :
For my heart no measure
Knows, nor other treasure
To buy a garland for my love to-day.

633

And

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

And thou, too, Sorrow, tender-hearted Sorrow,
Thou gray-eyed mourner, fly not yet away :
For I fain would borrow
Thy sad weeds to-morrow,
To make a mourning for love's yesterday.

The voice of Pity, Time's divine dear Pity,
Moved me to tears : I dared not say them nay,
But pass'd forth from the city,
Making thus my ditty
Of fair love lost for ever and a day.

457. *The Desolate City*

DARK to me is the earth. Dark to me are the heavens.
Where is she that I loved, the woman with eyes like
stars ?

Desolate are the streets. Desolate is the city.
A city taken by storm, where none are left but the slain.

Sadly I rose at dawn, undid the latch of my shutters,
Thinking to let in light, but I only let in love.
Birds in the boughs were awake ; I listen'd to their
chaunting ;
Each one sang to his love ; only I was alone.

This, I said in my heart, is the hour of life and of pleasure.
Now each creature on earth has his joy, and lives in the
sun,
Each in another's eyes finds light, the light of compassion,
This is the moment of pity, this is the moment of love.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

Speak, O desolate city ! Speak, O silence in sadness !
Where is she that I loved in my strength, that spoke
to my soul ?
Where are those passionate eyes that appeal'd to my eyes
in passion ?
Where is the mouth that kiss'd me, the breast I laid
to my own ?

Speak, thou soul of my soul, for rage in my heart is kindled.
Tell me, where didst thou flee in the day of destruction
and fear ?
See, my arms still enfold thee, enfolding thus all heaven,
See, my desire is fulfill'd in thee, for it fills the earth.

Thus in my grief I lamented. Then turn'd I from the
window,
Turn'd to the stair, and the open door, and the empty
street,
Crying aloud in my grief, for there was none to chide me,
None to mock my weakness, none to behold my tears.

Groping I went, as blind. I sought her house, my
belovèd's.
There I stopp'd at the silent door, and listen'd and
tried the latch.
Love, I cried, dost thou slumber ? This is no hour for
slumber,
This is the hour of love, and love I bring in my hand.

I knew the house, with its windows barr'd, and its leafless
fig-tree,
Climbing round by the doorstep, the only one in the
street ;

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

I knew where my hope had climb'd to its goal and there
 encircled
All that those desolate walls once held, my beloved's
 heart.

There in my grief she consoled me. She loved me when
 I loved not.
She put her hand in my hand, and set her lips to my
 lips.
She told me all her pain and show'd me all her trouble.
I, like a fool, scarce heard, hardly return'd her kiss.

Love, thy eyes were like torches. They changed as I
 beheld them.
Love, thy lips were like gems, the seal thou sett'st on
 my life.
Love, if I loved not then, behold this hour thy vengeance ;
This is the fruit of thy love and thee, the unwise grown
 wise.

Weeping strangled my voice. I call'd out, but none
 answer'd ;
Blindly the windows gazed back at me, dumbly the
 door ;
She whom I love, who loved me, look'd not on my
 yearning,
Gave me no more her hands to kiss, show'd me no more
 her soul.

Therefore the earth is dark to me, the sunlight blackness,
Therefore I go in tears and alone, by night and day ;
Therefore I find no love in heaven, no light, no beauty,
A heaven taken by storm, where none are left but the
 slain !

458.

With Esther

HE who has once been happy is for aye
 Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
 Holds nothing secret ; and Eternity,
 Which is a mystery to other men,
 Has like a woman given him its joy.
 Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
 Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die,
 He who has once been happy ! When I set
 The world before me and survey its range,
 Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
 The shreds of pleasure which for lack of change
 Men wrap around them and call happiness,
 The poor delights which are the tale and sum
 Of the world's courage in its martyrdom ;

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,
 When I see crowds agape and in the rain
 Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
 To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
 When misers handle gold, when orators
 Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,
 When cities deck their streets for barren wars
 Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep
 Calmly the count of my own life and see
 On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed
 Till I too learn'd what dole of vanity
 Will serve a human soul for daily bread,
 —Then I remember that I once was young
 And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

459. *To Manon, Comparing her to a Falcon*

BRAVE as a falcon and as merciless,
 With bright eyes watching still the world, thy prey,
 I saw thee pass in thy lone majesty,
 Untamed, unmated, high above the press.
 The dull crowd gazed at thee. It could not guess
 The secret of thy proud aërial way,
 Or read in thy mute face the soul which lay
 A prisoner there in chains of tenderness.
 Lo, thou art captured. In my hand to-day
 I hold thee, and awhile thou deignest to be
 Pleased with my jesses. I would fain beguile
 My foolish heart to think thou lovest me. See,
 I dare not love thee quite. A little while
 And thou shalt sail back heavenwards. Woe is me !

460. *St. Valentine's Day*

TO-DAY, all day, I rode upon the down,
 With hounds and horsemen, a brave company,
 On this side in its glory lay the sea,
 On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.
 The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
 And still we gallop'd on from gorse to gorse :
 And once, when check'd, a thrush sang, and my horse
 Prick'd his quick ears as to a sound unknown.

I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even
 Better than all by this, that through my chase
 In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
 I seem'd to see and follow still your face.
 Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
 My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

461.

Gibraltar

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
 Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
 We ride into still water and the calm
 Of a sweet evening, screen'd by either shore
 Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
 Our exile is accomplish'd. Once again
 We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
 Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
 And Goth and Moor bequeath'd us. At this door
 England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
 Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
 And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
 To see her red coats marching from the hill!

462.

Written at Florence

O WORLD, in very truth thou art too young;
 When wilt thou learn to wear the garb of age?
 World, with thy covering of yellow flowers,
 Hast thou forgot what generations sprung
 Out of thy loins and loved thee and are gone?
 Hast thou no place in all their heritage
 Where thou dost only weep, that I may come
 Nor fear the mockery of thy yellow flowers?

O world, in very truth thou art too young.
 The heroic wealth of passionate emprise
 Built thee fair cities for thy naked plains:
 How hast thou set thy summer growth among
 The broken stones which were their palaces!
 Hast thou forgot the darkness where *he* lies
 Who made thee beautiful, or have thy bees
 Found out his grave to build their honeycombs?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

O world, in very truth thou art too young :
They gave thee love who measured out thy skies,
And, when they found for thee another star,
Who made a festival and straightway hung
The jewel on thy neck. O merry world,
Hast thou forgot the glory of those eyes
Which first look'd love in thine ? Thou hast not furl'd
One banner of thy bridal car for them.

O world, in very truth thou art too young.
There was a voice which sang about thy spring,
Till winter froze the sweetness of his lips,
And lo, the worms had hardly left his tongue
Before thy nightingales were come again.
O world, what courage hast thou thus to sing ?
Say, has thy merriment no secret pain,
No sudden weariness that thou art young ?

463.

The Old Squire

I LIKE the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspecting morn ;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me ;
There 's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,
The names my childhood knew ;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox ;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give ;
I take my pleasures without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought ;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low ;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply
And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;
New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days e'er I was born.

AUSTIN DOBSON

b. 1840

464.

A Garden Song

HERE in this sequester'd close
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock ;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place ;
Peach and apricot and fig
Here will ripen and grow big ;
Here is store and overplus,—
More had not Alcinous !

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen ;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival ;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long ;
Here be spaces meet for song ;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,—
Now that mood and moment please,—
Find the fair Pierides !

465. *A Fancy from Fontenelle*

'De mémoires de Rose on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier.'

THE Rose in the garden slipp'd her bud,
And she laugh'd in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
'He is old,—so old! And he soon must die!'

The full Rose wax'd in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laugh'd once more as she heard his tread—
'He is older now! He will soon be dead!'

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strew'd the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.*

466. *'Good Night, Babette!'*

'Si vieillesse pouvait!—'

SCENE.—*A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits
a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS BABETTE

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*)

DAY of my life! Where *can* she get?
BABETTE! I say! BABETTE!—BABETTE!!

AUSTIN DOBSON

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*)

Coming, M'sieu ! If M'sieu speaks
So loud he won't be well for weeks !

M. VIEUXBOIS

Where have you been ?

BABETTE

Why, M'sieu knows :—
April ! . . . Ville-d'Avray ! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose !

M. VIEUXBOIS

Ah ! I am old,—and I forget.
Was the place growing green, BABETTE ?

BABETTE

But of a greenness !—yes, M'sieu !
And then the sky so blue !—so blue !
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang !

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes*)
This poor Ma'am'selle !

M. VIEUXBOIS

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she,—
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet ;
And once, I know, she peep'd and laugh'd
Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where 's the draught ?

(*She gives him a cup*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE ;—
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

AUSTIN DOBSON

BABETTE (*sings*)

'Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed;—
Angels in blue and white
Crown'd on the Head.'

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*)

'She was an Angel' . . . 'Once she laugh'd' . . .
What, was I dreaming?
Where's the draught?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*)

The draught, M'sieu?

M. VIEUXBOIS

How I forget!

I am so old! But sing, BABETTE!

BABETTE (*sings*)

'One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long,—long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?'

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*)

Ah, PAUL! . . . old PAUL! . . . EULALIE too!
And ROSE! . . . And O! 'the sky so blue!'

AUSTIN DOBSON

BABETTE (*sings*)

' *One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild ;
One had my Father's face ;
One was a Child :
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled !*

(He is asleep !)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*)

How I forget !

I am so old ! . . . Good night, BABETTE !

467. *A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth*

OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims ;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us ;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main ;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christen'd of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us :
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

AUSTIN DOBSON

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
Alas that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

Envoy

GLORIANA !—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

468. *On a Fan that belonged to the
Marquise de Pompadour*

CHICKEN-SKIN, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue ;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou* !
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan !

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,

AUSTIN DOBSON

Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah! but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez vous*!
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Envoy

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's Fan!

469.

In After Days

I N after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honour'd dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

AUSTIN DOBSON

But yet, now living, fain would I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—' He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none ?—Then let my memory die
In after days !

WILLIAM COSMO MONKHOUSE

1840-1901

470.

In Arcady

IN yon hollow Damon lies,
Lost in slumber deep.
(Hush, hush, ye shepherd girls,
Break not his sleep.)

Phyllis passes tiptoe by ;
Whither is she hieing ?
(Peep, peep, ye shepherd girls,
He for her is dying.)

Now she pauses, now she bends,
Ah, she kiss'd him purely.
(Look away, ye shepherd girls,
Frown, frown demurely.)

See he clips her in his arms,
She who was the proudest.
(Laugh, laugh, ye shepherd girls,
Laugh, laugh your loudest.)

471. *From 'A Dead March'*

PLAY me a march lowtoned and slow—a march for
a silent tread,
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the
silent dead,
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls that are
overhead.

Here for awhile they smiled and sang, alive in the inter-
space ;
Here with the grass beneath the foot, and the stars above
the face,
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has
flown their grace ?

Who shall assure us whence they come or tell us the way
they go ?
Verily, life with them was joy, and now they have left
us, woe ;
Once they were not, and now they are not, and this is
the sum we know. . . .

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun
shines each day,
Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her
may—
Sweet as the rose that died last year, is the rose that is
born to-day.

Do we not too return, we men, as ever the round earth
whirls ?
Never a head is dimm'd with gray, but another is sunn'd
with curls,
She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys
and girls.

WILLIAM COSMO MONKHOUSE

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one
face wore !

Ah for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an
unseen shore !

Ah for the face—the flower of flowers—that blossoms on
earth no more !

472. *The Night Express*

WITH three great snorts of strength,
Stretching my mighty length,
Like some long dragon stirring in his sleep,
Out from the glare of gas
Into the night I pass,
And plunge alone into the silence deep.

Little I know or care
What be the load I bear,
Why thus compell'd, I seek not to divine ;
At man's command I stir,
I, his stern messenger !
Does he his duty well as I do mine ?

Straight on my silent road,
Flank'd by no man's abode,
No foe I parley with, no friend I greet ;
On like a bolt I fly
Under the starry sky,
Scorning the current of the sluggish street.

Onward from South to North,
Onward from Thames to Forth,
On—like a comet—on, unceasingly ;
Faster and faster yet
On—where far boughs of jet
Stretch their wild woof against the pearly sky.

WILLIAM COSMO MONKHOUSE

Faster and faster still—
Dive I through rock and hill,
Starting the echoes with my shrill alarms ;
Swiftly I curve and bend ;
While, like an eager friend,
The distance runs to clasp me in its arms.

Ne'er from my path I swerve
Rattling around a curve
Not vainly trusting to my trusty bars ;
On through the hollow night,
While, or to left or right,
A city glistens like a clump of stars.

On through the night I steer ;
Never a sound I hear
Save the strong beating of my steady stroke—
Save when the circling owl
Hoots, or the screaming fowl
Rise from the marshes like a sudden smoke.

Now o'er a gulf I go :
Dark is the depth below,
Smites the slant beam the shoulder of the height—
Now through a lane of trees—
Past sleeping villages,
Their white walls whiter in the silver light.

Be the night foul or fair,
Little I reck or care,
Bandy with storms, and with the tempests jest ;
Little I care or know
What winds may rage or blow,
But charge the whirlwind with a dauntless breast.

WILLIAM COSMO MONKHOUSE

Now through the level plain,
While, like a mighty mane,
Stretches my endless breath in cloudy miles ;
Now o'er a dull lagoon,
While the broad beamèd moon
Lights up its sadness into sickly smiles.

O, 'tis a race sublime !
I, neck and neck with Time,—
I, with my thews of iron and heart of fire,—
Run without pause for breath,
While all the earth beneath
Shakes with the shocks of my tremendous ire !

On—till the race be won ;
On—till the coming sun
Blinds moon and stars with his excessive light ;
On—till the earth be green,
And the first lark be seen
Shaking away with songs the dews of night.

Sudden my speed I slack—
Sudden all force I lack—
Without a struggle yield I up my breath ;
Numb'd are my thews of steel,
Wearily rolls each wheel,
My heart cools slowly to the sleep of death.

Why for so brief a length
Dower'd with such mighty strength ?
Man is my God—I seek not to divine :
At his command I stir,
I, his stern messenger ;—
Does he his duty well as I do mine ?

SARAH WILLIAMS

1841-1868

473. *Youth and Maidenhood*

LIKE a drop of water is my heart
Laid upon her soft and rosy palm,
Turn'd whichever way her hand doth turn,
Trembling in an ecstasy of calm.

Like a broken rose-leaf is my heart,
Held within her close and burning clasp,
Breathing only dying sweetness out,
Withering beneath the fatal grasp.

Like a vapoury cloudlet is my heart,
Growing into beauty near the sun,
Gaining rainbow hues in her embrace,
Melting into tears when it is done.

Like mine own dear harp is this my heart,
Dumb without the hand that sweeps its strings ;
Tho' the hand be careless or be cruel,
When it comes my heart breaks forth and sings.

474. *September in Australia*

GREY winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the west,
And the spring in her raiment !
The ways of the frost have been fill'd of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces.
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion ;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The west, when it blows at the fall of the noon,
And beats on the beaches,

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

Is fill'd with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches ;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown
In the cool mountain mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours ;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of morning,
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning !
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud,
Thro' its echoing gorges ;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges !

On the top of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild to the forelands ;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

O, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
September the splendid !
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended ;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

475.

Mooni

HE that is by Mooni now
Sees the water-sapphires gleaming
Where the River Spirit, dreaming,
Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming
Under lute of leaf and bough !—
Hears what stamp of Storm with stress is,
Psalms from unseen wildernesses
Deep amongst far hill-recesses—
He that is by Mooni now.

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge
Sings the yellow-hair'd September,
With the face the gods remember,
When the ridge is burnt to ember,
And the dumb sea chains the barge !
Where the mount like molten brass is,
Down beneath fern-feather'd passes
Noonday dew in cool green grasses
Gleams on him by Mooni's marge.

Who that dwells by Mooni yet,
Feels in flowerful forest arches
Smiting wings and breath that parches
Where strong Summer's path of march is,
And the suns in thunder set !

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

Housed beneath the gracious kirtle
Of the shadowy water-myrtle—
Winds may kiss with heat and hurtle,
He is safe by Mooni yet !

Days there were when he who sings
(Dumb so long through passion's losses)
Stood where Mooni's water crosses
Shining tracks of green-hair'd mosses,
Like a soul with radiant wings :
Then the psalm the wind rehearses—
Then the song the stream disperses—
Lent a beauty to his verses,
Who to-night of Mooni sings.

Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme !
Certain days are not above me,
Certain hearts have ceased to love me,
Certain fancies fail to move me,
Like the effluent morning dream.
Head whereon the white is stealing,
Heart whose hurts are past all healing,
Where is now the first, pure feeling ?
Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme !

Still to be by Mooni cool—
Where the water-blossoms glister,
And by gleaming vale and vista
Sits the English April's sister,
Soft and sweet and wonderful !
Just to rest beneath the burning
Outer world—its sneers and spurning ;
Ah, my heart—my heart is yearning
Still to be by Mooni cool !

476.

Hymn to Horus

HAIL, God revived in glory !
The night is over and done ;
Far mountains wrinkled and hoary,
Fair cities great in story,
Flash in the rising sun.

The young-eyed Day uncloses
Curtains of filmy lawn,
And blossoming like roses
The Wilderness reposes
Beneath the Rose of Dawn.

Hail, golden House of Horus,
Lap of heav'n's holiest God !
From lotus-banks before us
Birds in ecstatic chorus
Fly, singing, from the sod.

Up, up, into the shining
Translucent morning sky,
No longer dull and pining,
With drooping wings declining,
The storks and eagles fly.

The Nile amid his rushes
Reflects thy risen disk ;
A light of gladness gushes
Thro' kindling halls, and flushes
Each flaming Obelisk.

MATHILDE BLIND

Vast temples catch thy splendour ;
Vistas of columns shine
Celestial, with a tender
Rose-bloom on every slender
Papyrus-pillar'd shrine.

In manifold disguises
And under many names,
Thrice-holy son of Isis,
We worship him who rises
A Child-god fledged in flames.

Hail, sacred Hawk, who winging
Crossest the heavenly sea !
With harp-playing, with singing,
With linen robes white-clinging,
We come, fair God, to thee.

Thou, whom our soul espouses,
When weary of the way,
Enter our golden houses,
And with thy mystic spouses
Rest from the long, long way !

477

Dare Quam Accipere

AH! yesterday was dark and drear,
My heart was deadly sore ;
Without thy love it seem'd, my Dear,
That I could live no more.

And yet I laugh and sing to-day ;
Care or care not for me,
Thou canst not take the love away
Wherewith I worship thee.

MATHILDE BLIND

And if to-morrow, Dear, I live,
My heart I shall not break :
For still I hold it that to give
Is sweeter than to take.

478.

The Dead

THE dead abide with us. Though stark and cold
Earth seem to grip them, they are with us still :
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill,
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.
Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star !
So may we hold our lives that, when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar
And curse the heritage that we bequeath.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

1841-1901

479.

The Faëry Reaper

'TIS on Eilanowen,
There's laughter nightly !
For the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain :
It springs by moonlight
So stilly and brightly,
And it drinks no sunlight,
Or silver rain ;—

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Tho' the shoots upcreeping
No man may see,
When men are reaping
It reapt must be ;
But to reap it rightly,
With sickle keen,
They must lead there nightly
A pure colleen !

Yes, pure completely
Must be that maiden.
Just feeling sweetly
Her love's first dream.,
Should one steal thither
With evil laden,
The crop would wither
In the pale moon's beam !
For midnights seven,
While all men sleep,
'Neath the silent heaven
The maid must reap ;
And the sweeter and whiter
Of soul is she,
The better and brighter
Will that harvest be !

. . . In Lough Bawn's bosom
The isle is lying,
Like a bright green blossom
On a maiden's breast—
There the water-eagle
O'erhead is flying,
And beneath the sea-gull
Doth build its nest.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

And across the water
A farm gleams fair,
And the farmer's daughter
Dwelt lonely there :—
And on Eilanowen
She'd sit and sing,
When the Fays were sowing
Their seeds in spring,

She could not hear them,
Nor see them peeping ;
Tho' she wander'd near them
The spring-tide thro',
When the grouse was crowing,
The trout was leaping,
And with hare-bells blowing
The banks were blue.
But not by moonlight
She dared to stay,
Only by sunlight
She went that way.
And on Eilanowen
They walk'd each night,
Her footprints sowing
With lilies white !

When the sun above her
Was brightly blazing,
She'd bare (God love her!)
Each round white limb.
Unseen, unnoted,
Save fay-folk gazing,
Dark hair'd, white throated,
She'd strip to swim !

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Out yonder blushing
A space she'd stand,
Then falter flushing
Across the strand,—
Till the bright still water
Would sparkle sweet,
As it kiss'd and caught her
From neck to feet !

There, sparkling round her
With fond caresses,
It clasp'd her, crown'd her,
My maiden fair !
Then, brighter glowing
From its crystal kisses,
The bright drops flowing
From her dripping hair,
Outleaping, running
Beneath the sky,
The bright light sunning
Her limbs, she'd fly,—
And 'mid tinkling laughter
Of elfin bowers,
The Fays ran after
With leaves and flowers !

Could the Fays behold her,
Nor long to gain her ?
From foot to shoulder
None pure as she !
They cried ' God keep her,
No sorrow stain her !
The Faëry Reaper
In troth she'll be ! ' . . .

ROBERT BUCHANAN

With stalks of amber
And silvern ears,
From earth's dark chamber
The grain appears.
'Tis harvest weather !
The moon swims high :
And they flock together
With elfin cry !

Now long and truly
I'd loved that maiden ;
And served her duly
With kiss and sign ;
And that same season
My soul love-laden
Had found new reason
To wish her mine.
For her cheek grew paler,
Her laughter less,
And what might ail her
I could not guess.
Each harvest morrow
We kissing met,
And with weary sorrow
Her eyes seem'd wet.

' Oh, speak, *Mavourneen*,
What ails ye nightly ?
For sure each morning
'Tis sad ye seem !'
Her eyes not weeping
Looked on me brightly :—
' Each night when sleeping
I dream a Dream.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

'Tis on Eilanowen
I seem to be,
And bright grain growing
I surely see ;
A golden sickle
My fingers keep,
And my slow tears trickle
On what I reap !

' The moon is gleaming,
The faeries gather,
Like glow-worms gleaming,
Their eyes flash quick ;
I try while reaping
To name ' Our Father ! '
But round me leaping
They pinch and prick—
On the stalks of amber,
On the silvern ears,
They cling, they clamber,
Till day appears !
And here I'm waking
In bed, once more,
My bones all aching,
My heart full sore ! '

I kiss'd her, crying
' God bless your reaping !
For sure no sighing
Can set you free.
They'll bless your wedding
Who vex your sleeping ;
So do their bidding,
Ma cushla chree !

ROBERT BUCHANAN

But O, remember !
Your fate is cast,
And ere December
Hath fairly past,
The Faëry Reaper
Must be a Bride,
Or a sad cold sleeper
On the green hill-side !

‘ Sure wedding ’s better
Than dying sadly ! ’
She smiled, and set her
Soft hand in mine.
For three nights after
She labour’d gladly,
’Mid fairy laughter,
And did not pine ;
And when the seven
Long nights were run,
Full well ’neath Heaven
That work was done :
Their sheaves were slanted,
Their harvest made,
And no more they wanted
A mortal’s aid.

’Tis on Eilanowen
There ’s laughter nightly,
When the Fays are sowing
Their golden grain !
God bless that laughter
That grain blow brightly !
For luck came after
My Mary’s pain.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

And when sweet Mary
Was wed to me,
Sure the folk of faëry
Were there to see :—
The white board spreading,
Unheard, unseen,
They blest the wedding
Of a pure colleen !

480. *The Pilgrim and the Herdboy*

Pilgrim :

LITTLE Herdboy, sitting there,
With the sunshine on thy hair,
And thy flocks so white and still
Spilt around thee on the hill,
Tell me true, in thy sweet speech,
Of the City I would reach.

'Tis a City of God's Light
Most imperishably bright,
And its gates are golden all,—
And at dawn and evenfall
They grow ruby-bright and blest
To the east and to the west.

Here, among the hills it lies,
Like a lamb with lustrous eyes
Lying at the Shepherd's feet ;
And the breath of it is sweet,
As it rises from the sward
To the nostrils of the Lord !

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Little Herdboy, tell me right,
Hast thou seen it from thy height ?
For it lieth up this way,
And at dawn or death of day
Thou hast surely seen it shine
With the light that is divine ?

The little Herdboy :

Where the buttercups so sweet
Dust with gold my naked feet,
Where the grass grows green and long,
Sit I here and sing my song,
And the brown bird cries ' Cuckoo '
Under skies for ever blue !

Now and then, while I sing loud,
Flits a little fleecy cloud,
And uplooking I behold
How it turns to rain of gold,
Falling lightly, while around
Comes the stir of its soft sound !

Bright above and dim below
Is the many-colour'd Bow ;
'Tis the only light I mark,
Till the mountain-tops grow dark,
And uplooking I espy
Shining glowworms in the sky ;

Then I hear the runlet's call,
And the voice o' the waterfall
Growing louder, and 'tis cold
As I guide my flocks to fold ;
But no City, great or small,
Have I ever seen at all !

481.

Judas Iscariot

'TWAS the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern Moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow ;
'TWas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

. . . 'TWas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear—
'Oh, who is that,' the Bridegroom said,
'Whose weary feet I hear ?'

ROBERT BUCHANAN

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answer'd soft and slow,
'It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow.'

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
'Oh, who is that who moans without ?'
The blessèd Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low,
''Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro.'

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see—
'What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins ?' said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare—
'I have wander'd many nights and days ;
There is no light elsewhere.'

ROBERT BUCHANAN

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
'Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night !'

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

'The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I pour'd the wine !'

The supper wine is pour'd at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

482.

Rococo

STRAIGHT and swift the swallows fly
 To the sojourn of the sun ;
 All the golden year is done,
 All the flower-time flitted by ;
 Thro' the boughs the witch-winds sigh ;
 But heart's summer is begun ;
 Life and love at last are one ;
 Love-lights glitter in the sky.
 Summer days were soon outrun
 With the setting of the sun ;
 Love's delight is never done.
 Let the turn-coat roses die ;
 We are lovers, Love and I ;
 In Love's lips my roses lie.

483. *Of Three Damsels in a Meadow*

ABOUT a well-spring, in a little mead,
 Of tender grasses full and flow'rets fair,
 There sat three youngling angels as it were
 Their loves recounting ; and for each, indeed,
 Her sweet face shaded, 'gainst the noonday need,
 A spray of green, that bound her golden hair ;
 Whilst, in and out by turns, a frolic air
 The two clear colours blended at its heed.

And one, after a little, thus heard I
 Say to her mates, ' Lo, if by chance there lit
 The lovers of each one of us hereby,
 Should we flee hence for fear or quiet sit ? '
 Whereto the twain made answer, ' Who should fly
 From such a fortune sure were scant of wit.'

ARTHUR GREY BUTLER

1831-1909

484.

Edith and Harold

I KNOW it will not ease the smart ;
I know it will increase the pain ;
'Tis torture to a wounded heart ;
Yet, O ! to see him once again.

Tho' other lips be press'd to his,
And other arms about him twine,
And tho' another reign in bliss
In that true heart that once was mine ;

Yet, O ! I cry it in my grief,
I cry it blindly in my pain,
I know it will not bring relief,
Yet O ! to see him once again.

485.

Two Long Vacations : Grasmere

SEVEN we were, and two are gone :
Two ! What are those remaining ?
Ghosts of the Past, with cloud o'ercast,
Cloud that is always raining !

Ah me ! Last year, when I came back,
Like faithful hound returning
For old sake's sake to each loved track,
With heart and memory burning ;

ARTHUR GREY BUTLER

There was the knoll, there was the road,
There was our humble dwelling ;
There o'er the Raise of Dunmail showed
The shoulder of Helvellyn ;

And there the great heights black with cloud,
Whence flow'd the white stream under ;
And glens with echoing torrent loud,
And cataracts' distant thunder ;

And seven men's eyes looked dimly out
Beneath our old house rafter ;
And seven men's forms crept round about
With peals of ghostly laughter ;

And sad yews dripp'd on the mossy stone ;
And fuchsia and rose grew rank ;
And the woodbine wept as the rain pour'd on ;
And ferns spread over the bank ;

And trees o'ergrown shut out the light
Of Easedale's cascade falling ;
And hearing, after-born of sight,
No longer heard it calling.

And no one cared : save only there
Where flowers make silence sweet,
By pilgrims worn, that rocky stair !
Look up ! It is Wordsworth's seat.

Where glass'd in those far-reaching eyes
He read all nature plain ;
And saw more things in earth and skies
Than will ever be seen again.

ARTHUR GREY BUTLER

There found he wealth, to others dearth,
And peace, from a world's wild din ;
And, would we know the soul of earth,
He bade us look within.

All else is changed. Yet rain may pour,
Weeds spread, and all grow rotten ;
But something lives from days of yore,
Still fresh, still unforgotten :

The lamp of truth we lit in youth,
The dreams of life's young morning :
In that dark hour I found their power
Still in the embers burning.

O vows, I cried, so oft denied,
And you resolves forsaken,
Befriend me still ! A new-born will
Trusts in you newly taken.

But, how to live, O, tell me, friend,
In age still wisdom gaining ?
The clouds descend ; ah, bid them blend
With fires of youth remaining !

GEORGE HOOKHAM

b. 1842

486.

Chamonix

VOICE of the river running through Chamonix,
Long had I heard it, running through Chamonix,
With ears that heard not rivers and rivulets
Close to me running, calling or whispering,
For the voice of the river running through Chamonix.

677

To-day

GEORGE HOOKHAM

To-day I hear it with ears that dream not :
Even as I listen 'tis Arve no longer,
But the voice of the mountain, the voice of M^ont-Blanc.

Mountain of mountains, Europe's mystery,
Brow of Minos calm and terrible,
Brow of Minos giving judgement,
Calm and white and smooth and terrible.

The voice of M^ont-Blanc :—' They struggle upwards,
Reaching up, the other mountains,
Up and up they strain around me,
Up with horn and peak and needle,
Storm'd round by hurricane, splinter'd by lightning,
Split by the deadly assiduous ice-wedge,
The riving, rending, cleaving crystal,
The diamond fang no rock can mollify,
That loosens block and crumbles surface,
Till the mountain-tops bow and bend and thunder,
Or, atom by atom drawn down, to the valleys,
Are the sands of Time's hour-glass and steal with the
centuries,

And ever I watch them sharpening and dwindling,
Changing in aeons as clouds in minutes.

Ages and ages, millions of ages
Ago, I sign'd to the snow to cover me ;
Drew my soft snow-armour about me ;
Struck a league with the ice for ever ;
Made my friend of the foe of the mountains.

Therefore I change not : sword of sunlight,
Arrow of moonlight, reach me never ;
I change not ever : calm my forehead,
Smooth my brow as the brow of ocean ;
Therefore as ocean I change not and change not,
'Till heaven above or earth change beneath me.'

GEORGE HOOKHAM

(Not the iron, the steel, the adamant,
Not the rock or whatever is harder,
Not these are strong to face eternity,
But the soft, soft snow and the fleeting water.

Not iron will, steel-temper of intellect
Shall endure and dominate saved humanity,
But weakest forms and gentlest essences,
Looks of kindness, touches of tenderness,
And the soft, soft fall of loving syllables.)

The voice of M^ont-Blanc :—‘ Of those the atomies,
Mites and motes and specks of mortality,
That crawl up snow and writhe up precipice,
Intruding life on my lifeless solitudes—
Some I accept to kiss my forehead,
Some I let fall from knee or shoulder—
Footslip or spit of stone or avalanche,
They are quiet at last and life ceases to cumber me ;
Or wandering the snow-field in darkness and doubting,
Will sapp’d and joint and sinew melting,
They despair of the way and will wait for the morning ;
And they breathe the drowsy breath of the ice-wind,—
And long-forgotten dreams entangle them,
And far-off long-lost scenes bewilder them,
Field and hedge-row, wood and watercourse—
And they pace and tramp and circle a little,
Then sleep a little, then sleep for ever.

Lo, I deliver a Minos judgement :
I am death ; life never had part or lot in me.’

Voice of the river running through Chamonix,
Mountain that useth the voice of the river,
Through life I have heard you, in death I shall hear.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

1843-1901

487.

From 'Teneriffe'

ATLANTID islands, phantom-fair,
Throned on the solitary seas,
Immersed in amethystine air,
Haunt of Hesperides !
Farewell ! I leave Madeira thus
Drowned in a sunset glorious,
The Holy Harbour fading far
Beneath a blaze of cinnabar.

Then all is twilight ; pile on pile
The scattered flocks of cloudland close,
An alabaster wall, erewhile
Much redder than the rose !—
Falls like a sleep on souls forspent
Majestic Night's abandonment ;
Wakes like a waking life afar
Hung o'er the sea one eastern star.

O Nature's glory, Nature's youth,
Perfected sempiternal whole !
And is the World's in very truth
An impercipient Soul ?
Or doth that Spirit, past our ken,
Live a profounder life than men,
Awaits our passing days, and thus
In secret places calls to us ?

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

O fear not thou, whate'er befall
Thy transient individual breath ;—
Behold, thou knowest not at all
What kind of thing is Death :
And here indeed might Death be fair,
If Death be dying into air,—
If souls evanish'd mix with thee,
Illumined Heaven, eternal Sea.

488.

Evanescence

I SAW, I saw the lovely child
I watch'd her by the way,
I learnt her gestures sweet and wild,
Her loving eyes and gay.

Her name ?—I heard not, nay, nor care ;
Enough it was for me
To find her innocently fair
And delicately free.

O cease and go ere dreams be done,
Nor trace the angel's birth,
Nor find the Paradisal one
A blossom of the earth !

Thus is it with our subtlest joys,—
How quick the soul's alarm !
How lightly deed or word destroys
That evanescent charm !

It comes unbidden, comes unbought,
Unfetter'd flees away ;
His swiftest and his sweetest thought
Can never poet say.

MARY MONTGOMERIE, LADY CURRIE

1843-1905

489.

A May Song

ALITTLE while my love and I,
Before the mowing of the hay,
Twined daisy-chains and cowslip-balls,
And caroll'd glees and madrigals,
Before the hay, beneath the may,
My love (who loved me then) and I.

For long years now my love and I
Tread sever'd paths to varied ends ;
We sometimes meet, and sometimes say
The trivial things of every day,
And meet as comrades, meet as friends,
My love (who loved me once) and I.

But never more my love and I
Will wander forth, as once, together,
Or sing the songs we used to sing
In spring-time, in the cloudless weather :
Some chord is mute that used to ring,
Some word forgot we used to say
Amongst the may, before the hay,
My love (who loves me not) and I.

490.

Afterwards

I KNOW that these poor rags of womanhood—
This oaten pipe whereon the wild winds play'd
Making sad music,—tatter'd and outfray'd,
Cast off, play'd out—can hold no more of good,
Of love or song, or sense of sun and shade.

What homely neighbours elbow me (hard by
'Neath the black yews) I know I shall not know,
Nor take account of changing winds that blow
Shifting the golden arrow, set on high
On the gray spire, nor mark who come and go.

Yet would I lie in some familiar place,
Nor share my rest with uncongenial dead,—
Somewhere, may be, where friendly feet will tread,—
As if from out some little chink of space
Mine eyes might see them tripping overhead.

And tho' too sweet to deck a sepulchre
Seem twinkling daisy-buds and meadow grass;
And so would more than serve me, lest they pass
Who fain would know what woman rested there,
What her demeanour or her story was,—

For there I would that on a sculptured stone
(Fenced round with iron-work to keep secure)
Should sleep a form with folded palms demure,
In aspect like the dreamer that was gone,
With these words carved, '*I hoped, but was not sure.*'

491.

Renunciants

SEEMS not our breathing light ?
Sound not our voices free ?
Bid to Life's festal bright
No gladder guests there be.

Ah stranger, lay aside
Cold prudence ! I divine
The secret you would hide,
And you conjecture mine.

You too have temperate eyes,
Have put your heart to school,
Are proved. I recognize
A brother of the rule.

I knew it by your lip,
A something when you smiled,
Which meant 'close scholarship,
A master of the guild'.

Well, and how good is life !
Good to be born, have breath,
The calms good, and the strife,
Good life, and perfect death.

Come, for the dancers wheel,
Join we the pleasant din
—Comrade, it serves to feel
The sackcloth next the skin.

492.

In the Cathedral Close

IN the Dean's porch a nest of clay
 With five small tenants may be seen ;
 Five solemn faces, each as wise
 As if its owner were a Dean ;

Five downy fledglings in a row,
 Pack'd close, as in the antique pew
 The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
 At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
 With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
 But dreaming and digesting much
 They grow thus wise and soft and round :

They watch the Canons come to dine,
 And hear, the mullion-bars across,
 Over the fragrant fruit and wine
 Deep talk of rood-screen and reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
 Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
 The swallows turn their heads askew—
 Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
 Straightway they recognize the sign,
 And, blandly nodding, they approve
 The minuet of Rubinstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk,
 (Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
 And blink at each broad term of art,
 Binomial or bicycle.

EDWARD DOWDEN

Ah ! downy young ones, soft and warm,
Doth such a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness ? can such peace conceal
Passion and ecstasy of flight ?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave
At morn, or when the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world embower'd and close,
Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes
Your joy unhuman shall control,
And in your wings a light and wind
Shall move from the Maestro's soul.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

1844-1881

493.

Ode

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory :
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself with our mirth ;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth ;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

494.

Song

I MADE another garden, yea,
 For my new Love :
 I left the dead rose where it lay
 And set the new above.
 Why did my Summer not begin ?
 Why did my heart not haste ?
 My old Love came and walk'd therein,
 And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,
 Just as of old ;
 She look'd around a little while
 And shiver'd with the cold :
 Her passing touch was death to all,
 Her passing look a blight ;

She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
Seem'd like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas !
And a sad trail did make.

She went up slowly to the gate,
And then, just as of yore,
She turn'd back at the last to wait
And say farewell once more.

495. *The Fountain of Tears*

IF you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of Sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years ;
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is
And statues that cover their faces :
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffer'd and hears—

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking ;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears :
Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,
Reach'd after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then alas ! while you lie there a season
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears ;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you,
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears—
O perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place Grief hath found you—
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kiss'd you ;
Or think at least some one who miss'd you
Had sent you a thought,—if that cheers ;

Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
 May pass for a tender word spoken :
 —Enough, while around you there rushes
 That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
 Brim over and baffle resistance,
 And roll down blear'd roads to each distance
 Of past desolation and years ;
 Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
 And leave you no past and no morrow :
 For what man is able to master
 And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods and the tears meet and gather ;
 The sound of them all grows like thunder :
 —O into what bosom, I wonder,
 Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years ?
 For Eternity only seems keeping
 Account of the great human weeping :
 May God, then, the Maker and Father—
 May He find a place for the tears !

496.

Doom

IN either mood, to bless or curse
 God bringeth forth the breath of man ;
 No angel sire, no woman nurse
 Shall change the work that God began.

One spirit shall be like a star,
 He shall delight to honour one :
 Another spirit he shall mar :
 None shall undo what God hath done.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1889

497. *The Starlight Night*

LOOK at the stars ! look, look up at the skies !
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air !

The bright boroughs, the quivering citadels there !
The dim woods quick with diamond wells ; the elf-eyes !
The grey lawns cold where quaking gold-dew lies !

Wind-beat white-beam ; airy abeles all on flare !

Flake-doves sent floating out at a farmyard scare !—
Ah well ! it is a purchase and a prize.

Buy then ! Bid then !—What ?—Prayer, patience, alms,
vows.—

Look, look ! a May-mess, like on orchard boughs ;

Look ! March-bloom, like on meal'd-with-yellow
sallows.—

These are indeed the barn : within-doors house

The shocks. This piece-bright paling hides the Spouse
Christ, and the mother of Christ and all his hallows.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844-1890

498. *A White Rose*

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love ;
O, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips ;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

499.

Experience

THE world was made when a man was born,
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs ;
He can never take warning from old-fashion'd things ;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul ; he must laugh to scorn
The hints of deceit in a woman's eyes—
They are clear as the wells of Paradise.

And so he goes on till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown
cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth, till the ring leaves his
laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff.
He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.
Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure,—and 'tis time he was dead.

ANDREW LANG

1844-1912

500.

Heliodore

POUR wine, and cry, again, again, again,
To Heliodore !
And mingle the sweet word ye call in vain
With that ye pour :
And bring to me her wreath of yesterday
That 's dark with myrrh ;
Hesternae Rosae, ah, my friends, but they
Remember her.

ANDREW LANG

Lo ! the kind roses, loved of lovers, weep,
As who repine ;
For if on any breast they see her sleep,
It is not mine.

501.

The Odyssey

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on the western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

502.

Almae Matres

(*St. Andrews* 1862—*Oxford* 1865)

ST. ANDREWS by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me !
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.

ANDREW LANG

And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Clear mirror'd in the wet sea-sand.

O, ruin'd chapel, long ago
We loiter'd idly where the tall
Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall :
The tough roots broke the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous,
We did not dream, we could not know
How soon the Fates would sunder us !

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touch'd his hand !
And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O, little city, gray and sere,
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And in the Spring-time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,

ANDREW LANG

And Pleasure quick to come at call ;
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And Autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen roll'd :
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast
The flying terms with bands of gold,—
All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

503. *Twilight on Tweed*

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remember'd melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land ;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow ;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

ANDREW LANG

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Flash'd in the golden stream.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be ;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

ERNEST MYERS

b. 1844

504.

Fiorentina

O SURELY surely life is fair,
And surely surely hearts are true ;
Be witness, balm of April air,
And boundless depth of midnight blue.

The trouble of an hour ago,
That seem'd to gather round our way,
Is vanish'd as the last-year snow
That hid the hills of Fesole.

And softly still the moonlight falls,
O love, and makes for thee and me
An Eden 'mid the bay-leaf walls,
The fragrant bowers of Boboli.

How gently o'er our spirits move
The golden hours we fear'd would die !
The very flame that threaten'd Love
Has lent us light to see him by.

ERNEST MYERS

505.

Achilles

ATHWART the sunrise of our western day
The form of great Achilles, high and clear,
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian spear.
The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,
Swept on by Gods, around him surge and sway,
Wherethrough the helms of many a warrior peer,
Strong men and swift, their tossing plumes uprear.
But stronger, swifter, goodlier he than they,
More awful, more divine. Yet mark anigh ;
Some fiery pang hath rent his soul within,
Some hovering shade his brows encompasseth.
What gifts hath Fate for all his chivalry ?
Even such as hearts heroic oftenest win ;
Honour, a friend, anguish, untimely death.

ROBERT BRIDGES

b. 1844

506. *Awake, my heart, to be loved*

A WAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !
She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake :
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

ROBERT BRIDGES

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake ;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, ' O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! '

507.

Spirits

ANGEL spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair,
In your meadows fair,
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scatter'd dream :

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep ;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no more
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play ;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light ?

508.

A Passer-By

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowd-
ing,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd,
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

509. *Elegy: On a Lady, whom Grief
for the Death of her Betrothed killed*

ASSEMBLE, all ye maidens, at the door,
And all ye loves, assemble; far and wide
Proclaim the bridal, that proclaim'd before
Has been deferr'd to this late eventide:

For on this night the bride,
The days of her betrothal over,
Leaves the parental hearth for evermore;
To-night the bride goes forth to meet her lover.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown:

Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain
Her dearer friends provided: sere and brown

Bring out the festal crown,
And set it on her forehead lightly:
Though it be wither'd, twine no wreath again;
This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold,
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long,
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,
While her attendants, chosen from among

Her faithful virgin throng,
May lay her in her cedar litter,
Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be
Not without music, nor with these alone;

ROBERT BRIDGES

But let the viol lead the melody,
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan
 Of sinking semitone ;
 And, all in choir, the virgin voices
 Rest not from singing in skill'd harmony
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, array'd in white,
And let the dark-stoled minstrels follow slow,
Next they that bear her, honour'd on this night,
And then the maidens, in a double row,
 Each singing soft and low,
 And each on high a torch upstaying :
 Unto her lover lead her forth with light,
With music, and with singing, and with praying.

'Twas at this sheltering hour he nightly came,
And found her trusty window open wide,
And knew the signal of the timorous flame,
That long the restless curtain would not hide
 Her form that stood beside ;
 As scarce she dared to be delighted,
 Listening to that sweet tale, that is no shame
To faithful lovers, that their hearts have plighted.

But now for many days the dewy grass
Has shown no markings of his feet at morn :
And watching she has seen no shadow pass
The moonlit walk, and heard no music borne
 Upon her ear forlorn.
 In vain has she looked out to greet him ;
 He has not come, he will not come, alas !
So let us bear her out where she must meet him.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Now to the river bank the priests are come :
The bark is ready to receive its freight :
Let some prepare her place therein, and some
Embark the litter with its slender weight :

The rest stand by in state,
And sing her a safe passage over ;
While she is oar'd across to her new home,
Into the arms of her expectant lover.

And thou, O lover, that art on the watch,
Where, on the banks of the forgetful streams,
The pale indifferent ghosts wander, and snatch
The sweeter moments of their broken dreams,—

Thou, when the torchlight gleams,
When thou shalt see the slow procession,
And when thine ears the fitful music catch,
Rejoice, for thou art near to thy possession.

510.

Pater Filio

SENSE with keenest edge unused,
Yet unsteel'd by scathing fire ;
Lovely feet as yet unbruised

On the ways of dark desire ;
Sweetest hope that lookest smiling
O'er the wilderness defiling !

Why such beauty, to be blighted
By the swarm of foul destruction ?
Why such innocence delighted,
When sin stalks to thy seduction ?
All the litanies e'er chaunted
Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

ROBERT BRIDGES

I have pray'd the sainted Morning
To unclasp her hands to hold thee ;
From resignful Eve's adorning
Stol'n a robe of peace to enfold thee ;
With all charms of man's contriving
Arm'd thee for thy lonely striving.

Me too once unthinking Nature,
—Whence Love's timeless mockery took me,—
Fashion'd so divine a creature,
Yea, and like a beast forsook me.
I forgave, but tell the measure
Of her crime in thee, my treasure.

511. *Weep not To-day*

WEEP not to-day : why should this sadness be ?
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhinder'd conquer thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise :
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye ;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting : nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

512.

Founder's Day

A SECULAR ODE ON THE NINTH JUBILEE OF
ETON COLLEGE

CHRIST and his Mother, heavenly maid,
Mary, in whose fair name was laid
Eton's corner, bless our youth
With Truth, and Purity, mother of truth !

O ye, 'neath breezy skies of June,
By silver Thames's lulling tune,
In shade of willow or oak, who try
The golden gates of poesy ;

Or on the tabled sward all day
Match your strength in England's play,
Scholars of Henry, giving grace
To toil and force in game or race ;

Exceed the prayer and keep the fame
Of him, the sorrowful king, who came
Here in his realm a realm to found,
Where he might stand for ever crown'd.

Or whether with naked bodies flashing
Ye plunge in the lashing weir ; or dashing
The oars of cedar skiffs, ye strain
Round the rushes and home again ;—

Or what pursuit soe'er it be
That makes your mingled presence free,
When by the school gate 'neath the limes
Ye muster, waiting the lazy chimes ;

ROBERT BRIDGES

May Peace, that conquereth sin and death,
Temper for you her sword of faith ;
Crown with honour the loving eyes,
And touch with mirth the mouth of the wise.

Here is eternal spring : for you
The very stars of heaven are new ;
And aged Fame again is born,
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravish'd soul,
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best ;
Each in one thing excel the rest :
Strive ; and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given.

Slow on your dial the shadows creep,
So many hours for food and sleep,
So many hours till study tire,
So many hours for heart's desire.

These suns and moons shall memory save,
Mirrors bright for her magic cave ;
Wherein may steadfast eyes behold
A self that groweth never old.

O in such prime enjoy your lot,
And when ye leave regret it not ;
With wishing gifts in festal state
Pass ye the angel-sworded gate.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Then to the world let shine your light,
Children in play be lions in fight,
And match with red immortal deeds
The victory that made ring the meads :

Or by firm wisdom save your land
From giddy head and grasping hand :
IMPROVE THE BEST ; so shall your sons
Better what ye have better'd once.

Send them here to the court of grace
Bearing your name to fill your place :
Ye in their time shall live again
The happy dream of Henry's reign :

And on his day your steps be bent
Where, saint and king, crown'd with content,
He biddeth a prayer to bless his youth
With Truth, and Purity, mother of Truth.

513.

Nightingales

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye
come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, where-
from

Ye learn your song :
Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,

ROBERT BRIDGES

Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs
of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

514.

The Inn of Care

b. 1844

AT Nebra, by the Unstrut,—
So travellers declare,—
There stands an ancient tavern,
It is the ' Inn of Care '.
To all the world 'tis open ;
It sets a goodly fare ;
And every soul is welcome
That deigns to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers,
(He is a stalwart host,)
To please his guest still labours
With ' bouilli ' and with ' roast ' ;—
And ho ! he laughs so roundly,
He laughs, and loves to boast
That he who bears the beaker
May live to share the ' toast '

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

Lucus a non lucendo—

Thus named might seem the inn,
So careless is its laughter,
So loud its merry din ;
Yet ere to doubt its title
You do, in sooth, begin,
Go, watch the pallid faces
Approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut,
May all the world repair,
And meet a hearty welcome,
And share a goodly fare ;
The world ! 'tis worn and weary—
'Tis tired of guilt and glare !
The inn ! 'tis named full wisely,
It is the ' Inn of Care '.

515.

Morning

NOW o'er the topmost pine,
The distant pine-clad peak,
There dawns a golden streak
Of light, an orient line :—
Phoebus, the light is thine,
Thine is the glory,—seek
Each dale and dewy creek,
And in full splendour shine !

Thy steeds now chafe and fret
To scour the dusky plain :
Speed forth with flashing rein,
Speed o'er the land,—and yet,
Ah ! linger in this lane,
Kissing each violet.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

516.

Soul and Body

WHERE wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY

b. 1845

517.

Song

BELOVÈD, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born:
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is day!
And lovers work, as children play,
With heart and brain untired alway:

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY

Dear love, look up and pray.
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Belovèd, it is night !
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white,—
God keep thee in his sight!
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

WALTER CRANE

b. 1845

518. *A Seat for Three: written on a Settle*

A SEAT for three, where host and guest
May side-by-side pass toast or jest ;
And be their number two or three,
With elbow-room and liberty,
What need to wander east or west ?

A book for thought, a nook for rest,
And, meet for fasting or for fest,
In fair and equal parts to be
A seat for three.

Then give you pleasant company,
For youth or elder shady tree ;
A roof for council or sequest,
A corner in a homely nest ;
Free, equal, and fraternally,
A seat for three.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

1845-1907

519.

Song

UNDER the Winter, dear,
Summer's note lieth :
If it be sweet to hear,
Song never dieth.

Soon in the forest, love,
Breezes shall bear it ;
There, in the bough above,
Lo, thou shalt hear it.

520.

Fairy Godmothers

I THINK the fairies to my christening came ;
But they were wicked sprites and envious elves,
Who brought me gall, as bitter as themselves,
In tiny tankards wrought with fairy flame.
They wish'd me love of books—each little dame—
With power to read no book upon my shelves ;
Fair limbs for numbness ; Dead-Sea fruits by twelves,
And every bitter blessing you can name.

But one good elf there was, and she let fall
A single drop of Poesy's wine of gold
In every little tankard full of gall.
So, year by year, as woes and pains grow old,
The little golden drop is in them all ;
But bitterer is the cup than can be told.

§21. *Lost Years*

MY boyhood went : it went where went the trace
 Left by the pony's hoofs upon the sand ;
 It went where went the stream sought rod in hand ;
 It went where went the ice on the pond's face.
 Then went my youth : it went where Dawn doth chase
 The ballroom's lights away with pearly wand ;
 It went where went the echoes of the band ;
 It went where go the nights that steal Day's place.

And now my manhood goes where goes the song
 Of captive birds, the cry of crippled things ;
 It goes where goes the day that unused dies.
 The cage is narrow and the bars are strong
 In which my restless spirit beats its wings ;
 And round me stretch unfathomable skies.

§22. *To My Tortoise ANATKH*

SAY it were true that thou outliv'st us all,
 O footstool once of Venus ; come, renew
 Thy tale of old Greek isles, where thy youth grew
 In myrtle shadow, near her temple wall ;
 Or tell me how the eagle let thee fall
 Upon the Greek bard's head from heaven's blue,
 And Apathy killed Song. And is it true
 That thy domed shell would bear a huge stone ball ?

O Tortoise, Tortoise, there are weights, alack !
 Heavier than stone, and viewless as the air,
 Which none have ever tried upon thy back ;
 Which, ever and anon, we men must bear—
 Weights which would make thy solid cover crack
 And how we bear them, let those ask who care !

523.

*Elfin Skates**i*

THEY wheel'd me up the snow-clear'd garden way,
 And left me where the dazzling heaps were thrown ;
 And as I mused on winter sports once known,
 Up came a tiny man to where I lay.
 He was six inches high ; his beard was grey
 As silver frost ; his coat and cap were brown,
 Of mouse's fur ; while two wee skates hung down
 From his wee belt, and gleam'd in winter's ray.
 He clamber'd up my couch, and eyed me long.
 ' Show me thy skates,' said I ; ' for once, alas !
 I too could skate. What pixie mayst thou be ?'
 ' I am the king', he answered, ' of the throng
 Called Winter Elves. We live in roots, and pass
 The summer months asleep. Frost sets us free.'

ii

' WE find by moonlight little pools of ice,
 Just one yard wide,' the imp of winter said ;
 ' And skate all night, while mortals are in bed,
 In tiny circles of our elf device ;
 And when it snows we harness forest mice
 To wee bark sleighs, with lightest fibrous thread,
 And scour the woods ; or play all night instead
 With snowballs large as peas, well patted thrice.
 But is it true, as I have heard them say,
 That thou canst share in winter games no more,
 But liest motionless, year in, year out ?
 That must be hard. To-day I cannot stay,
 But I'll return each year, when all is hoar,
 And tell thee when the skaters are about.'

*The Death of Puck**i*

I FEAR that Puck is dead,—it is so long
 Since men last saw him ;—dead with all the rest
 Of that sweet elfin crew that made their nest
 In hollow nuts, where hazels sing their song ;
 Dead and for ever, like the antique throng
 The elves replaced : the Dryad that you guess'd
 Behind the leaves ; the Naiad weed-bedress'd ;
 The leaf-ear'd Faun that loved to lead you wrong.
 Tell me, thou hopping Robin, hast thou met
 A little man, no bigger than thyself,
 Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are wet ?
 Tell me, thou Wood-Mouse, hast thou seen an elf
 Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,
 Capp'd with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf ?

ii

THE Robin gave three hops, and chirp'd, and said :
 ' Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him ; though I trow
 He mimick'd oft my whistle, chuckling low ;
 Yes, I knew cousin Puck ; but he is dead.
 We found him lying on his mushroom bed—
 The Wren and I,—half cover'd up with snow,
 As we were hopping where the berries grow.
 We think he died of cold. Ay, Puck is fled.'
 And then the Wood-Mouse said : ' We made the Mole
 Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,
 And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.
 The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross ;
 Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul ;
 And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss.'

525.

Idle Charon

THE shores of Styx are lone for evermore,
 And not one shadowy form upon the steep
 Looms through the dusk, as far as eyes can sweep,
 To call the ferry over as of yore ;
 But tintless rushes, all about the shore,
 Have hemm'd the old boat in, where, lock'd in sleep,
 Hoar-bearded Charon lies ; while pale weeds creep
 With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.
 For in the world of Life strange rumours run
 That now the Soul departs not with the breath,
 But that the Body and the Soul are one ;
 And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
 The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
 To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

526.

What the Sonnet is

FOURTEEN small broider'd berries on the hem
 Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold ;
 Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
 Into the sea, for pearls to come to them ;
 Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
 With which Medea human fate foretold ;
 Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
 Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry stem.
 It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
 To Beatrice ; the sapphire Laura wore
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought ;
 The ruby Shakespeare hew'd from his heart's core ;
 The dark deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
 For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

527.

Wood-Song

WHEN we are gone, love,
Gone as the breeze,
Woods will be sweet, love,
Even as these.

Sunflecks will dance, love,
Even as now,
Here on the moss, love,
Under the bough.

Others unborn, love,
Maybe will sit
Here in the wood, love,
Leafily lit ;

Hearkening as now, love,
Treble of birds ;
Breathing as we, love,
Wondering words.

Others will sigh, love,
Even as we :
'Only a day, love,'
Murmurs the bee.

528. *Dirge of the Munster Forest.* 1581

BRING out the hemlock ! bring the funeral yew !
 The faithful ivy that doth all enfold ;
 Heap high the rocks, the patient brown earth strew,
 And cover them against the numbing cold.
 Marshal my retinue of bird and beast,
 Wren, titmouse, robin, birds of every hue ;
 Let none keep back, no, not the very least,
 Nor fox, nor deer, nor tiny nibbling crew,
 Only bid one of all my forest clan
 Keep far from us on this our funeral day.
 On the grey wolf I lay my sovereign ban,
 The great grey wolf who scrapes the earth away,
 Lest, with hook'd claw and furious hunger, he
 Lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see—
 Lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

For I must shortly die as they have died,
 And lo ! my doom stands yoked and link'd with theirs ;
 The axe is sharpen'd to cut down my pride :
 I pass, I die, and leave no natural heirs.
 Soon shall my sylvan coronals be cast ;
 My hidden sanctuaries, my secret ways,
 Naked must stand to the rebellious blast ;
 No Spring shall quicken what this Autumn slays.
 Therefore, while still I keep my russet crown,
 I summon all my lieges to the feast.
 Hither, ye flutterers ! black, or pied, or brown ;
 Hither, ye furr'd ones ! Hither every beast !

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS

Only to one of all my forest clan
I cry, 'Avaunt! Our mourning revels flee!'
On the grey wolf I lay my sovereign ban,
The great grey wolf with scraping claws, lest he
Lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see—
Lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

JAMES LOGIE ROBERTSON

(HUGH HALIBURTON)

b. 1846

529. *Spring on the Ochils*

FRA whaur in fragrant wuds ye bide
Secure fra winter care,
Come, gentle Spring, to Ochilside
And Ochil valleys fair.
For sweet as ony pagan spring
Are Devon's watters clear;
And life wad be a lovely thing
Gif ye were only here.

She comes! the waffin' o' her wings
Wi' music fills the air;
An' wintry thochts o' men an' things
Vex human hearts nae mair.
On Devon banks wi' me she strays,
Her poet for the while,
And Ochil brooks and Ochil braes
Grow classic in her smile!

530.

The Soul

THE Soul shall burst her fetters
At last, and shall be
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall struggle and stand
In the end swift and free
As the stars, as the wind, as the night,
As the sun, as the sea.

The Soul shall be crown'd and calm,
Eyes fearless—and she
Shall be queen of the wind and the night,
Stars, sun, and the sea.

531.

Spiritual Passion

I FEEL towards God just as a woman might
Who hears her lord praised by the adoring crowd :
Who hears them hymn his strength with paeon loud—
His glory in thought or speech, his force in fight.
She knows him better. Thro' the silent night
She has watch'd his face beneath keen sorrow bow'd ;
Him she has cherish'd with embraces white ;
She has kiss'd the lips that seem to men so proud.

She cannot fear : she loves. She can but smile
That men should dread like some disastrous wand
His sceptre wielded o'er the people, while
She knows the sea-deep love that lies beyond.
She trusts her lord without one thought of guile,
Knowing her union holier and more fond.

532.

The Dead Child

BUT yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars ! We ask. The stars are mute.

But yesterday her doll was all in all ;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call :
She dropp'd no toys to show the road she went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart !
• She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

533.

Collige Rosas

OGATHER me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever,
The worm Regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

So were it well to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow !

534. *On the Way to Kew*

ON the way to Kew,
By the river old and gray,
Where in the Long Ago
We laugh'd and loiter'd so,
I met a ghost to-day,
A ghost that told of you—
A ghost of low replies
And sweet inscrutable eyes
Coming up from Richmond
As you used to do.

By the river old and gray,
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmur'd and smiled anew.
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
The bare boughs look'd aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
Coming up from Richmond
As I used with you.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

With the life of Long Ago
Lived my thought of you.
By the river old and gray
Flowing his appointed way
As I watch'd I knew
What is so good to know :
Not in vain, not in vain,
I shall look for you again
 Coming up from Richmond
On the way to Kew.

535.

Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud :
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

536. *England, my England*

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
 When shall he rejoice agen
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :—
 'Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own !
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky :
 Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown !'