

DOUGLAS HYDE

Let us roam, O my darling, afar thro' the mountains,
Drink milk of the goat, wine and bulcaun in fountains ;
With music and play every day from my lyre,
And leave to come rest on my breast when you tire.

MAURICE HEWLETT

b. 1861

629.

Rosa Nascosa

MORE than those
Enfranchised beauties her perfection shows,
Like a concealèd rose,
But to the thickets where she lieth close.

These libertines
Encompass her with hardy-visaged spines ;
She frets not nor repines,
But does their bidding meekly, and resigns

Herself to be
Their bond-servant, who shall be more than free
Having a liberty
There where her soul can fear no enemy.

There she doth find
All broad dominion and a heaven all kind,
In her unravisht mind
Whereto her brute possessioners are blind.

Possession goes
No deeper than the surface ; there are mines
Far down, whose sacred fee
And golden hold no trammelling can bind.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

630.

Of an Orchard

GOOD is an Orchard, the Saint saith,
To meditate on life and death,
With a cool well, a hive of bees,
A hermit's grot below the trees.

Good is an Orchard : very good,
Though one should wear no monkish hood ;
Right good when Spring awakes her flute,
And good in yellowing time of fruit :

Very good in the grass to lie
And see the network 'gainst the sky,
A living lace of blue and green
And boughs that let the gold between.

The bees are types of souls that dwell
With honey in a quiet cell ;
The ripe fruit figures goldenly
The soul's perfection in God's eye.

Prayer and praise in a country home
Honey and fruit : a man might come
Fed on such meats to walk abroad
And in his Orchard talk with God.

631.

Sheep and Lambs

ALL in the April morning,
April airs were abroad ;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road ;
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet :
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad ;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

HAROLD MONRO

b. 1879

724.

The Wind

SO wayward is the wind to-night
'Twill send the planets tumbling down ;
And all the waving trees are dight
In gauzes wafted from the moon.

Faint streaky wisps of roaming cloud
Are swiftly from the mountains swirl'd ;
The wind is like a floating shroud
Wound light about the shivering world.

I think I see a little star
Entangled in a knotty tree,
As trembling fishes captured are
In nets from the eternal sea.

There seems a bevy in the air
Of spirits from the sparkling skies :
There seems a maiden with her hair
All tumbled in my blinded eyes.

O, how they whisper, how conspire,
And shrill to one another call !
I fear that, if they cannot tire,
The moon, her shining self, will fall.

HAROLD MONRO

Blow ! Scatter even if you will
Like spray the stars about mine eyes !
Wind, overturn the goblet, spill
On me the everlasting skies !

725. *At a Country Dance in Provence*

COMRADES, when the air is sweet,
It is fair, in stately measure,
With a sound of gliding feet,
It is fair and very meet
To be join'd in pleasure.
Listen to the rhythmic beat :
Let us mingle, move and sway
Solemnly as at some rite
Of a festive mystic god,
While the sunlight holds the day.
Comrades, is it not delight
To be govern'd by the rod
Of the music, and to go
Moving, moving, moving slow ?
Very stately are your ways,
Stately—and the southern glow
Of the sun is in your eyes :
Under lids inclining low
All the light of harvest days,
And the gleam of summer skies
Tenderly reflected lies.
May I not be one of you
Even for this little space ?
Humbly I am fain to sue
That our arms may interlace.
I am otherwise I know ;
Many books have made me sad :

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

635.

In Leinster

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
O, I long to be alone and walk abroad a mile !
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that 's young should the wild tears fall ?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colour'd streams,
They breathe on me awake and moan to me in dreams ;
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still ;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall.

636.

Carol

VINES branching stilly
Shade the open door
In the house of Sion's lily
Cleanly and poor.
O, brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand !
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling band,
Who sees her heavenlier smiling than
Stars in his command.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Soon mystic changes
Part Him from her breast :
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest,
Yea, she the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall,
Against that only tender
Love loyal heart of all !

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
The thief blaspheme ?
And Scribe and Soldier jostle
About the shameful Tree,
When even the Apostle
Demands to touch and see ?
But she hath kiss'd her Flower
Where the wounds are to be.

637.

Tryste Noel

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne ;
And he hath seen her smile therefore,
Our Ladye without sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde ;
Amen, Amen ;
But O the Place co'd I but finde !

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

The Ox hath husht his Voyce and bent
Trew eye of Pitty ore the Mow ;
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent
 The Blessèd lays her Browe.
 Around her feet
 Full warme and sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell ;
 Amen, Amen ;
But sore am I with Vaine Travel !

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onely one ;
For close she gathereth withal
 Our Lorde, her little Sonne.
 Glad Hinde and King
 Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there ;
 Amen, Amen ;
Between her Bosome and His hayre !

ALICE MEYNELL

638. *The Shepherdess*

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;
 She guards them from the steep ;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep.

ALICE MEYNELL

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right ;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

639.

Renouncement

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
The love of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the dearest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright ;
But it must never, never come in sight ;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart.

640.

The Two Poets

WHOSE is the speech
 That moves the voices of this lonely beech ?
 Out of the long west did this wild wind come—
 Oh strong and silent ! And the tree was dumb,
 Ready and dumb, until
 The dumb gale struck it on the darken'd hill.

Two memories,
 Two powers, two promises, two silences
 Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves
 Articulate. This sudden hour retrieves
 The purpose of the past,
 Separate, apart—embraced, embraced at last.

' Whose is the word ?
 Is it I that spake ? Is it thou ? Is it I that heard ?'
 ' Thine earth was solitary, yet I found thee !'
 ' Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee,
 Thou visitant divine.'
 ' O thou my Voice, the word was thine.' ' Was thine.'

641.

At Night

HOME, home from the horizon far and clear,
 Hither the soft wings sweep ;
 Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
 The dovecote doors of sleep.

O, which are they that come through sweetest light
 Of all these homing birds ?
 Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?
 Your words to me, your words !

HENRY NEWBOLT

b. 1862

642.

Drake's Drum

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

' Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them
long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago !

643. *He fell among Thieves*

'YE have robb'd,' said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and
made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead :
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend ?'
'Blood for our blood,' they said.

He laugh'd : 'If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready ; but let the reckoning stand till day :
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive.'
'You shall die at dawn,' said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge of the trees ;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows ;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide ;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the loved and honour'd dead ;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

HENRY NEWBOLT

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timber'd roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw ;
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood ;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a dazzling white ;
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

' O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.'

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

644. *Commemoration*

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell
 Where the sunlight fell of old,
 And the hour was the hour my heart remember'd well,
 And the sermon roll'd and roll'd
 As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,
 And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
 That I so clearly heard,
 The green young forest of saplings cluster'd round
 Was heeding not one word :
 Their heads were bow'd in a still serried patience
 Such as an angel's breath could never have stirr'd.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,
 Or lining the parapet wall,
 And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich,
 Or throned in a college hall :
 And among the rest was one like my own young phantom,
 Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

' O Youth,' the preacher was crying, ' deem not thou
 Thy life is thine alone ;
 Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
 They built thee bone by bone,
 And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
 Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

' Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn
 With passion whitely hot ;
 Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall spurn

HENRY NEWBOLT

All that thy hand hath got ;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee
 swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not.'

And the School pass'd ; and I saw the living and dead
 Set in their seats again,
And I long'd to hear them speak of the word that was said,
 But I knew that I long'd in vain.
And they stretch'd forth their hands, and the wind of the
 spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

645. *Clifton Chapel*

THIS is the Chapel : here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turn'd to truth.
Here in a day that is not far
 You too may speak with noble ghosts,
Of manhood and the vows of war
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes :
To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth.—

HENRY NEWBOLT

My son, the oath is yours : the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight 's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free ;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune : yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass :
' *Qui procul hinc,* ' the legend 's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
' *Qui ante diem perit :*
Sed miles, sed pro patria.'

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

b. 1862

646.

Prelude

HUSH'D is each busy shout :
The reverent people wait,
To see the sacred pomp stream out
Beside the temple-gate.

The bull with garlands hung,
Stern priests in vesture grim :
With rolling voices swiftly sung
Peals out the jocund hymn.

In front, behind, beside,
Beneath the chiming towers,
Pass boys that fling the censer wide,
And striplings scattering flowers.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Victim or minister
I dare not claim to be,
But in the concourse and the stir,
There shall be room for me.

The victim feels the stroke :
The priests are bow'd in prayer :—
I feed the porch with fragrant smoke,
Strew roses on the stair.

647.

Lord Vyet

WHAT, must my lord be gone ?
Command his horse, and call
The servants, one and all.
'Nay, nay, I go alone.'

My Lord, I shall unfold
Thy cloak of sables rare
To shield thee from the air :
'Nay, nay, I must be cold.'

At least thy leech I'll tell
Some drowsy draught to make,
Less thou should toss awake.
'Nay, nay, I shall sleep well.'

My lady keeps her bower :—
I hear the lute delight
The dark and frozen night,
High up within the tower.

Wilt thou that she descend ?
Thy son is in the hall,
Tossing his golden ball,
Shall he my lord attend ?

‘Nay, sirs, unbar the door,
The broken lute shall fall;
My son will leave his ball
To tarnish on the floor.’

Yon bell to triumph rings!
To greet thee, monarchs wait
Beside their palace gate.

‘Yes, I shall sleep with kings.’

My lord will soon alight
With some rich prince, his friend,
Who shall his ease attend.

‘I shall lodge low to-night.’

My lord hath lodging nigh?

‘Yes, yes, I go not far,—
And yet the furthest star
Is not so far as I.’

648.

The Phoenix

I

BY feathers green, across Casbeen
The pilgrims track the Phoenix flown,
By gems he strew'd in waste and wood,
And jewell'd plumes at random thrown.

Till wandering far, by moon and star,
They stand beside the fruitful pyre,
Where breaking bright with sanguine light
The impulsive bird forgets his sire.

Those ashes shine like ruby wine,
Like bag of Tyrian murex spilt,
The claw, the jowl of the flying fowl
Are with the glorious anguish gilt.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

So rare the light, so rich the sight,
Those pilgrim men, on profit bent,
Drop hands and eyes and merchandise,
And are with gazing most content.

649.

Amen

RETURN, sad sister, Faith ;
Dim, unsubstantial wraith !
Return, thy votary saith
 He needs thee now :
Thou wert serenely fair !
But some diviner air
Gleams on thy silver'd hair,
 And crowns thy brow ;

Thou wilt return, and I
Shall rather sing than sigh,
In that great company
 Of souls forlorn :
One with all hearts that break
For some belovèd's sake,
The hopeless hearts, that ache
 And dare not mourn.

Wherefore, since pain and pride
Must sleep unsatisfied,—
Because Thy heart is wide,
 And dim our ken,—
To that vast prayer that rolls
Beyond the frozen poles,
With all desirous souls
 I cry, Amen.

650.

The Country Faith

HERE in the country's heart
 Where the grass is green,
 Life is the same sweet life
 As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
 And the bell at morn
 Floats with a thought of God
 O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
 And the crop grows tall—
 This is the country faith,
 And the best of all.

651.

The Shaded Pool

A LAUGHING knot of village maids
 Goes gaily tripping to the brook,
 For water-nymphs they mean to be,
 And seek some still, secluded nook.
 Here Laura goes, my own delight,
 And Colin's love, the madcap Jane,
 And half a score of goddesses
 Trip over daisies in the plain :
 Already now they loose their hair
 And peep from out the tangled gold,
 Or speed the flying foot to reach
 The brook that's only summer-cold ;
 The lovely locks stream out behind
 The shepherdesses on the wing,
 And Laura's is the wealth I love,
 And Laura's is the gold I sing.

NORMAN GALE

A-row upon the bank they pant,
And all unlace the country shoe ;
Their fingers tug the garter-knots
To loose the hose of varied hue.
The flashing knee at last appears,
The lower curves of youth and grace,
Whereat the maidens' eyes do scan
The mazy thickets of the place.
But who 's to see besides the thrush
Upon the wild crab-apple tree ?
Within his branchy haunt he sits—
A very Peeping Tom is he !
Now music bubbles in his throat,
And now he pipes the scene in song—
The virgins slipping from their robes,
The cheated stockings lean and long,
The swift-descending petticoat,
The breasts that heave because they ran,
The rounded arms, the brilliant limbs,
The pretty necklaces of tan.
Did ever amorous god in Greece,
In search of some young mouth to kiss,
By any river chance upon
A sylvan scene as bright as this ?
But though each maid is pure and fair,
For one alone my heart I bring,
And Laura's is the shape I love,
And Laura's is the snow I sing.

And now upon the brook's green brink,
A milk-white bevy, lo, they stand,
Half shy, half frighten'd, reaching back
The beauty of a poising hand !
How musical their little screams

NORMAN GALE

When ripples kiss their shrinking feet !
And then the brook embraces all
Till gold and white and water meet !
Within the streamlet's soft cool arms
Delight and love and gracefulness
Sport till a horde of tiny waves
Swamps all the beds of floating cress :
And on his shining face are seen
Great yellow lilies drifting down
Beyond the ringing apple-tree,
Beyond the empty homespun gown.
Did ever Orpheus with his lute,
When making melody of old,
E'er find a stream in Attica
So ripely full of pink and gold ?
At last they climb the sloping bank
And shake upon the thirsty soil
A treasury of diamond-drops
Not gain'd by aught of grimy toil.
Again the garters clasp the hose,
Again the polish'd knee is hid,
Again the breathless babble tells
What Colin said, what Colin did.
In grace upon the grass they lie
And spread their tresses to the sun,
And rival, musical as they,
The blackbird's alto shake and run.
Did ever Love, on hunting bent,
Come idly humming through the hay,
And, to his sudden joyfulness,
Find fairer game at close of day ?
Though every maid 's a lily-rose,
And meet to sway a sceptred king,
Yet Laura's is the face I love,
And Laura's are the lips I sing.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

b. 1862

652. *Man's Days*

A SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin',
 A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin' ;
 A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
 Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
 One glorious day as'll never fade ;
 Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
 And a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,
 Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e ;
 A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin' :
 A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

b. 1862

653. *Reunited*

WHEN you and I have play'd the little hour,
 Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
 Yield up his sword ; and, smiling, draw the breath,
 The first long breath of freedom ; when the flower
 Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,
 As to an actor's ; and, the curtain down,
 We turn to face each other all alone—
 Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
 Alone, and absolute, and free : O then,
 O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale ?
 Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again ;
 No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
 My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
 Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

654. *A South Coast Idyll*

BENEATH these sun-warm'd pines among the
heather,
A white goat, bleating, strains his hempen tether,
A purple stain dreams on the broad blue plain,
The waters and the west wind sing together.

The soft grey lichen creeps o'er ridge and hollow,
Where swift and sudden skims the slim sea swallow ;
The hid cicadas play their viols all the day,
Merry of heart, although they may not follow.

Beyond yon slope, out-wearied with his reaping,
With vine-bound brows, young Daphnis lies a-sleeping ;
Stolen from the sea on feet of ivory,
The white nymphs whisper, through the pine stems
peeping.

We hear their steps, yet turn to seek them never,
Nor scale the sunny slope in fond endeavour ;
It may not be, too swiftly would they flee
Our world-stain'd gaze and come no more for ever.

Pan, Pan is piping in the noontide golden,
Let us lie still, as in a dream enfolden,
Hear by the sea the airs of Arcady,
And feel the wind of tresses un beholden.

655. *The Farm on the Links*

GREY o'er the pallid links, haggard and forsaken,
Still the old roof-tree hangs rotting overhead,
Still the black windows stare sullenly to seaward,
Still the blank doorway gapes, open to the dead.

What is it cries with the crying of the curlews ?
What comes apace on those fearful, stealthy feet,
Back from the chill sea-deeps, gliding o'er the sand-dunes,
Home to the old home, once again to meet ?

What is to say as they gather round the hearth-stone,
Flameless and dull as the feuds and fears of old ?
Laughing and fleering still, menacing and mocking,
Sadder than death itself, harsher than the cold.

Woe for the ruin'd hearth, black with dule and evil,
Woe for the wrong and the hate too deep to die !
Woe for the deeds of the dreary days past over,
Woe for the grief of the gloomy days gone by !

Where do they come from ? furtive and despairing,
Where are they bound for ? those that gather there,
Slow, with the sea-wind sobbing through the chambers,
Soft, with the salt mist stealing up the stair ?

Names that are nameless now, names of dread and
loathing,
Bann'd and forbidden yet, dark with spot and stain :
Only the old house watches and remembers,
Only the old home welcomes them again.

656.

The Last Fairy

UNDER the yellow moon, when the young men and
 maidens pass in the lanes,
 Outcast I flit, looking down through the leaves of the
 elm-trees,
 Peering out over the fields as their voices grow fainter ;
 Furtive and lone
 Sometimes I steal through the green rushes down by the
 river,
 Hearing shrill laughter and song while the rosy-limb'd
 bathers
 Gleam in the dusk.
 Seen, they would pass me disdainful, or stone me un-
 witting ;
 No room is left in their hearts for my kinsfolk or me.
 Fain would I, too, fading out like a moth in the twilight,
 Follow my kin,
 Whither I know not, and ever I seek but I find not—
 Whither I know not, nor knoweth the wandering swallow ;
 ' Where are they, where ? '
 Oft-times I cry ; but I hearken in vain for their footsteps,
 Always in vain.

High in a last year's nest, in the boughs of the pine-tree,
 Musing I sit, looking up to the deeps of the sky,
 Clasping my knees as I watch there and wonder, forsaken ;
 Ever the hollow sky
 Voiceless and vast, and the golden moon silently sailing,
 Look on my pain and they care not,
 There is none that remembers :
 Only the nightingale knows me—she knows and remem-
 bers—
 Deep in the dusk of the thicket she sorrows for me.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

Yet, on the wings of the wind sweeping over the uplands,
Fitfully borne,
Murmuring echoes remember'd—the ghosts of old voices
Faint as a dream, and uncertain as cloud-shadow'd sun-
light,
Fall on mine ear.
Whence do they call me? From golden-dew'd valleys
forgotten?
Or from the strongholds of eld, where red banners of
sunset
Flame o'er the sea?
Or from anear, on the dim airy slopes of the dawn-world,
Over light-flowering meads between daybreak and sun-
rise
Level and grey?
Truly I know not, but steadfast and longing I listen,
Straining mine ears for the lilt of their tinkling laughter
Sweeter than sheep-bells at even;—I watch and I hearken
O for the summons to sound!—for the pipes plaining
shrilly,
Calling me home!

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

b. 1863

657. *Upon New Year's Eve*

NOW winds of winter glue
Their tears upon the thorn,
And earth has voices few,
And those forlorn.

And 'tis our solemn night
When maidens sand the porch
And play at *Jack's Alight*
With burning torch,

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Or cards, or *Kiss i' the Ring*—
While ashen faggots blaze,
And late wassailers sing
In miry ways.

Then, dear my wife, be blithe
To bid the New Year hail
And welcome—plough, drill, scythe,
And jolly flail.

For though the snows he'll shake
Of winter from his head,
To settle, flake by flake,
On ours instead ;

Yet we be wreathèd green
Beyond his blight or chill,
Who kiss'd at seventeen,
And worship still.

We know not what he'll bring ;
But this we know to-night—
He doth prepare the Spring
For our delight.

With birds he'll comfort us,
With blossoms, balms, and bees,
With brooks, and odorous
Wild breath o' the breeze.

Come then, O festal prime !
With sweets thy bosom fill
And dance it, dripping thyme,
On Lantick hill.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

West wind awake ! and comb
Our garden blade from blade—
We, in our little home,
Sit unafraid.

658. *Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon*

O PASTORAL heart of England ! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !
O tired lark descending on the wheat !
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold
Yon cloud with prophecies of linked ease—
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,
To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme.
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,
Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap
Like a repentant child at length he hies,
Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap
Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,
With still, small voice divinelier whispering
—Lifting the green head of the aconite,
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—
She feels God's finger active at the root,
'Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

659.

Alma Mater

KNOW you her secret none can utter ?
—Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown ?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter ;
Still by the gateway haunts the gown ;
Still on the street from corbel and gutter,
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and other faces—
Some from library windows wan
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces,
Peer and turn to their books anon.
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases
Gather the tent, begone !

Nay, should she by the pavement linger
Under the rooms where once she play'd,
Who from the feast would rise and fling her
One poor *sou* for her serenade ?
One poor laugh for the antic finger
Thrumming a lute-string fray'd ?

Once, my dear,—but the world was young, then—
Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Lissom the blades and the backs that swung then,
Eight good men in the good old times—
Careless we, and the chorus flung then
Under St. Mary's chimes!

Reins lay loose and the ways led random—
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track—
'Idleness horrid and dogcart' (tandem)—
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack—
Pleasant our lines, and faith! we scann'd 'em;
Having that artless knack.

Come, old limmer, the times grow colder:
Leaves of the creeper redden and fall.
Was it a hand then clapp'd my shoulder?
—Only the wind by the chapel wall.
Dead leaves drift on the lute: so . . . fold her
Under the faded shawl.

Never we wince, though none deplore us,
We, who go reaping that we sow'd;
Cities at cock-crow wake before us—
Hey, for the lilt of the London road!
One look back and a rousing chorus!
Never a palinode!

Still on her spire the pigeons hover;
Still by her gateway haunts the gown.
Ah, but her secret? You, young lover,
Drumming her old ones forth from town,
Know you the secret none discover?
Tell it—when *you* go down.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

Yet if at length you seek her, prove her,
Lean to her whispers never so nigh ;
Yet if at last not less her lover
You in your hansom leave the High ;
Down from her towers a ray shall hover,
Touch you—a passer-by !

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

b. 1864

660. *The Apparition*

MY dead Love came to me, and said :
' God gives me one hour's rest
To spend upon the earth with thee :
How shall we spend it best ?

' Why, as of old,' I said, and so
We quarrell'd as of old.
But when I turn'd to make my peace
That one short hour was told.

NEIL MUNRO

b. 1864

661. *The Heather*

IF I were King of France, that noble fine land,
And the gold was elbow deep within my chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the wine-land
With towers as high as where the eagle nests ;
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting,—
The heather at my door.

NEIL MUNRO

My galleys might be sailing every ocean,
Robbing the isles, and sacking hold and keep,
My chevaliers go prancing at my notion,
To bring me back of cattle, horse and sheep ;
Fond arms be round my neck, the young heart's tether,
And true love-kisses all the night might fill,
But oh ! *mochree*, if I had not the heather,
 Before me on the hill !

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them where the heather, waving,
Gave fragrance to the day.
The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still content, I'd find a bedding cheery
 Where'er the heather grew !

HERBERT TRENCH

662.

A Charge

b. 1865

IF thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem
Commission'd by thy absent Lord, and while
 'Tis incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
Dismiss them to the street !

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
 But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
Turn at her bidding back.

HERBERT TRENCH

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last; if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,
Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey!

663. *Come, let us make Love deathless*

COME, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief—
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
Mocking at all that passes our belief.
For standard of our love not theirs we take:
If we go hence to-day,
Fill the high cup that is so soon to break
With richer wine than they!

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,
Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee,
Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.
Great be the love, if with the lover dies
Our greatness past recall,
And nobler for the fading of those eyes
The world seen once for all.

HERBERT TRENCH

664. *She comes not when Noon is on
the Roses*

SHE comes not when Noon is on the roses—
Too bright is Day.
She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
Roll in from Sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
She comes to me.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

665. *Where My Books go*

b. 1865

ALL the words that I utter,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm-darken'd or starry bright.

666. *The Rose of the World*

WHO dream'd that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy pass'd away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

We and the labouring world are passing by :
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale waters in their wintry race
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode :
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one linger'd by His seat ;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

667. *The Rose of Peace*

IF Michael, leader of God's host
When Heaven and Hell are met,
Look'd down on you from Heaven's door-post
He would his deeds forget.

Brooding no more upon God's wars
In his Divine homestead,
He would go weave out of the stars
A chaplet for your head.

And all folk seeing him bow down,
And white stars tell your praise,
Would come at last to God's great town,
Led on by gentle ways ;

And God would bid his warfare cease.
Saying all things were well ;
And softly make a rosy peace,
A peace of Heaven with Hell.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

668. *Aedb wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*

HAD I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet :
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

669. *Down by the Salley Gardens*

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ;
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white
feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree ;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs ;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

670. *The Cap and Bells*

AJESTER walk'd in the garden :
The garden had fallen still ;
He bade his soul rise upward
And stand on her window-sill.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

It rose in a straight blue garment,
When owls began to call :
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
Of a quiet and light footfall ;

But the young queen would not listen ;
She rose in her pale night gown ;
She drew in the heavy casement
And push'd the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls call'd out no more :
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming
Of a flutter of flower-like hair ;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air.

' I have cap and bells,' he ponder'd,
' I will send them to her and die ' ;
And when the morning whiten'd
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love song,
Till stars grew out of the air.

She open'd her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through,
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower,
And the quiet of love in her feet.

671. *The Fiddler of Dooney*

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuicee.

I pass'd my brother and cousin :
They read in their books of prayers ;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance ;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance :

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With ' Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! '
And dance like a wave of the sea.

672. *When You are Old*

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep
 And, nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;
 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
 And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead,
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

673. *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles
 made ;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
 And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
 dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
 cricket sings ;
 There midnight 's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.
 I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

RUDYARD KIPLING

b. 1865

674.

A Dedication

MY new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare ;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compell'd it, Master, Thine ;
Where I have fail'd to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence ;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Take not that vision from my ken ;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need !

675. *The Last Chantey*

THUS said The Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree :
' Lo ! Earth has pass'd away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That Our word may be establish'd shall We gather up
the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :
' Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee !
But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may
sink the sea ! '

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayéd Him :
' Lord, hast Thou forgotten thy covenant with me ?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe ?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea ! '

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind :
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouth'd
breakers flee) :
' I have watch and ward to keep
O'er thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away
the sea ! '

RUDYARD KIPLING

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

‘ Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we !
If we work’d the ship together
Till she founder’d in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance
on the sea ? ’

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw over-
board :

‘ Kennell’d in the picaroon a weary band were we ;
But thy arm was strong to save,
And it touch’d us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till thy Trumpets
tore the sea.’

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God :

‘ Once we frapp’d a ship, and she labour’d woundily.
There were fourteen score of these,
And they bless’d Thee on their knees,
When they learn’d thy Grace and Glory under Malta
by the sea ! ’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,

Plucking at their harps, and they pluck’d unhandily :

‘ Our thumbs are rough and tarr’d,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at
sea ? ’

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers—

Fetter’d wrist to bar all for red iniquity :

‘ Ho, we revel in our chains
O’er the sorrow that was Spain’s ;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of
the sea ! ’

RUDYARD KIPLING

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner—
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee) :
 ' O, the ice-blink white and near,
 And the bowhead breaching clear !
Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in
 the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying : ' Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea !
 Must we sing for evermore
 On the windless, glassy floor ?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open
 sea ! '

Then stoop'd the Lord, and He call'd the good sea up
 to Him,
And 'stablish'd his borders unto all eternity,
 That such as have no pleasure
 For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

*Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free ;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their
sea !*

676.

The Flowers

*BUY my English posies !
Kent and Surrey May—
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray ;*

RUDYARD KIPLING

*Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies
And I'll sell your heart's desire!*

Buy my English posies!
You that scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed:
Robin down the logging-road whistles, 'Come to me!'
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running
free;
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

Buy my English posies!
Here's to match your need—
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorn'd the aching berg props the speckless
sky—
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

RUDYARD KIPLING

Buy my English posies !
You that will not turn—
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gather'd where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born !
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great
South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again !

Buy my English posies !
Here 's your choice unsold !
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home !
Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again !

Buy my English posies !
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
O, she calls his dead to him!
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, O, love and understand!

677. *The Way Through the Woods*

THEY shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.

Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a path through the woods
Before they planted the trees:
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ring'd pools
Where the otter whistles his mate
(They fear not men in the woods
Because they see so few),
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,

RUDYARD KIPLING

Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods . . .
But there is no road through the woods.

678.

L'Envoi

THERE 's a whisper down the field where the year
Has shot her yield
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing :—' Over then, come over, for the bee has quit
the clover
And your English summer 's done.'
You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ;
You have heard the song—how long ! how long !
Pull out on the trail again !

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it 's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

It 's North you may run to the rime-ring'd sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate ;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate ;

RUDYARD KIPLING

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp ;
And I'd sell my tirèd soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp ;
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid ;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the
crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave ;

RUDYARD KIPLING

It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,
It's 'Hawsers warp her through!'
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us
tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
deep
To the sob of the questing lead!
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of
light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
powder'd floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!
Her plates are scarr'd by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers
comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel
and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high !
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow !
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain ;
You have heard the song—how long ! how long !
Pull out on the trail again !

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

RUDYARD KIPLING

679.

Recessional

June 22, 1897.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-call'd our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

680.

Rain on the Down

NIGHT, and the down by the sea,
 And the veil of rain on the down ;
 And she came through the mist and the rain to me
 From the safe warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,
 And her face gleam'd in the rain ;
 And only the night and the rain were there
 As she came to me out of the rain.

681.

Emmy

EMMY'S exquisite youth and her virginal air,
 Eyes and teeth in the flash of a musical smile,
 Come to me out of the past, and I see her there
 As I saw her once for a while.

Emmy's laughter rings in my ears, as bright,
 Fresh and sweet as the voice of a mountain brook,
 And still I hear her telling us tales that night,
 Out of Boccaccio's book.

There, in the midst of the villainous dancing-hall,
 Leaning across the table, over the beer,
 While the music madden'd the whirling skirts of the ball,
 As the midnight hour drew near,

There with the women, haggard, painted and old,
 One fresh bud in a garland wither'd and stale,
 She, with her innocent voice and her clear eyes, told
 Tale after shameless tale.

ARTHUR SYMONS

And ever the witching smile, to her face beguiled,
Paused and broaden'd, and broke in a ripple of fun,
And the soul of a child look'd out of the eyes of a child,
Or ever the tale was done.

O my child, who wrong'd you first, and began
First the dance of death that you dance so well ?
Soul for soul : and I think the soul of a man
Shall answer for yours in hell.

682.

The Shadow

WHEN I am walking sadly or triumphantly,
With eyes that brood upon the smould'ring thought
of you,

And long desire and brief delight leap up anew,
Why is it that the eyes of all men turn to me ?

There's pity in the eyes of women as they turn,
And in the eyes of men self-pity, fear, desire :
As those who see the far-off shadow of a fire
Gaze earnestly, and wonder if their roof-trees burn.

683.

Credo

EACH, in himself, his hour to be and cease
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,
Sole with himself, his single burden bear,
All the long day until the night's release ?
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,
This labour of himself is each man's lot ;
All he has gain'd of earth shall be forgot,
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.

ARTHUR SYMONS

If he has any valiancy within,
If he has made his life his very own,
If he has loved or labour'd, and has known
A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin ;
Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,
For he has saved what most desire to lose,
And he has chosen what the few must choose,
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.
For of our time we lose so large a part
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip
The wine of every moment, at the lip
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.
We are awake so little on the earth,
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late,
If there is any knocking at that gate
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

b. 1866

684.

Song

SHE 's somewhere in the sunlight strong,
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car.
Yea ! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.

685.

All Sung

WHAT shall I sing when all is sung
And every tale is told,
And in the world is nothing young
That was not long since old ?

Why should I fret unwilling ears
With old things sung anew
While voices from the old dead year
Still go on singing too ?

A dead man singing of his maid
Makes all my rhymes in vain,
Yet his poor lips must fade and fade,
And mine shall sing again.

Why should I strive thro' weary moons
To make my music true ?
Only the dead men know the tunes
The live world dances to.

686.

The Second Crucifixion

LLOUD mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again :
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear :
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimæus still go blind ;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touch'd by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say :
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

687. *Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae*
Sub Regno Cynarae

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
L There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine ;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bow'd my head :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay ;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finish'd and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is thine ;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

LIONEL JOHNSON

When thine honour'd city saw
Thy young beauty without flaw,
Born within her water-flowing
Ancient hollows, by wind-blowing
Hills enfolded evermore.
Thee, that lord of splendid lore,
Orient from old Hellas' shore,
Grocyn, had to mother : thee,
Monumental majesty
Of most high philosophy
Honours, in thy wizard Browne :
Tender Otway's dear renown,
Mover of a perfect pity,
Victim of the iron city,
Thine to cherish is : and thee,
Laureate of Liberty ;
Harper of the Highland faith,
Elf, and faëry, and wan wraith ;
Chaunting softly, chaunting slowly,
Minstrel of all melancholy ;
Master of all melody,
Made to cling round memory ;
Passion's poet, Evening's voice,
Collins glorified. Rejoice,
Mother ! in thy sons : for all
Love thine immemorial
Name, august and musical.
Not least he, who left thy side,
For his sire's, thine earlier pride,
Arnold : whom we mourn to-day,
Prince of song, and gone away
To his brothers of the bay :
Thine the love of all his years ;
His be now thy praising tears.

LIONEL JOHNSON

To the dearest !

Ah, to thee !

Hast thou not in all to me
Mother, more than mother, been ?
Well t'ward thee may Mary Queen
Bend her with a mother's mien ;
Who so rarely dost express
An inspiring tenderness,
Woven with thy sterner strain,
Prelude of the world's true pain.
But two years, and still my feet
Found thy very stones more sweet
Than the richest fields elsewhere :
Two years, and thy sacred air
Still pour'd balm upon me, when
Nearer drew the world of men ;
When the passions, one by one,
All sprang upward to the sun ;
Two years have I lived, still thine :
Lost, thy presence ! gone, that shrine,
Where six years, what years ! were mine.
Music is the thought of thee ;
Fragrance all thy memory.
Those thy rugged Chambers old,
In their gloom and rudeness, hold
Dear remembrances of gold.
Some first blossoming of flowers
Made delight of all the hours ;
Greatness, beauty, all things fair
Made the spirit of thine air :
Old years live with thee ; thy sons
Walk with high companions.
Then, the natural joy of earth,
Joy of very health and birth !

LIONEL JOHNSON

Hills, upon a summer noon :
Water Meads, on eves of June :
Chamber Court, beneath the moon :
Days of spring, on Twyford Down,
Or when autumn woods grew brown,
As they look'd when here came Keats,
Chaunting of autumnal sweets ;
Through this city of old haunts,
Murmuring immortal chaunts ;
As when Pope, art's earlier king,
Here, a child, did nought but sing,
Sang, a child, by nature's rule,
Round the trees of Twyford School :
Hours of sun beside Meads' Wall,
Ere the May began to fall ;
Watching the rooks rise and soar,
High from lime and sycamore :
Wanderings by old-world ways,
Walks and streets of ancient days ;
Closes, churches, arches, halls,
Vanish'd men's memorials.
There was beauty, there was grace,
Each place was an holy place :
There the kindly fates allow'd
Me too room ; and made me proud
(Prouder name I have not wist !)
With the name of Wykehamist.
These thy joys, and more than these :
Ah, to watch beneath thy trees,
Through long twilights linden-scented,
Sunsets, lingering, lamented,
In the purple west ; prevented,
Ere they fell, by evening star !
Ah, long nights of Winter ! far

LIONEL JOHNSON

Leaps and roars the faggot fire ;
Ruddy smoke rolls higher, higher,
Broken through by flame's desire ;
Circling faces glow, all eyes
Take the light ; deep radiance flies,
Merrily flushing overhead
Names of brothers, long since fled,
And fresh clusters in their stead,
Jubilant round fierce forest flame.
Friendship too must make her claim :
But what songs, what memories end,
When they tell of friend on friend ?
And for them I thank thy name.

Love alone of gifts, no shame
Lessens, and I love thee : yet
Sound it but of echoes, let
This my maiden music be
Of the love I bear to thee,
Witness and interpreter,
Mother mine : loved Winchester !

689.

Oxford

OVER, the four long years ! And now there rings
One voice of freedom and regret : *Farewell !*
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings :
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weather'd cloister and worn court ;
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires :
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort ;
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires !

LIONEL JOHNSON

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,
Grace touch'd with age; rise works of goodliest men :
Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,
A memory hath taken root in stone :
There, Raleigh shone ; there, toil'd Franciscan feet ;
There, Johnson flinch'd not, but endured alone.

There, Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams ;
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought ;
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes ;
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all !
Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light ;
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall ;
Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most right.

That is the Oxford strong to charm us yet :
Eternal in her beauty and her past.
What, though her soul be vex'd ? She can forget
Cares of an hour : only the great things last.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,
And ancient might of true humanities,
These nor assault of man, nor time, can harm :
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walk'd with willing feet
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn ;
Hills whither Arnold wander'd ; and all sweet
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn ;

LIONEL JOHNSON

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom
Pour'd from empurpled panes on either hand ;
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb ;
Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years ! And unknown powers
Call to us, going forth upon our way :
Ah ! Turn we, and look back upon the towers
That rose above our lives, and cheer'd the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky they gleam :
Proud and secure, upon the earth they stand.
Our city hath the air of a pure dream,
And hers indeed is a Hesperian land.

Think of her so ! The wonderful, the fair,
The immemorial, and the ever young :
The city sweet with our forefathers' care :
The city where the Muses all have sung.

Ill times may be ; she hath no thought of time :
She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.
Rude voices cry : but in her ears the chime
Of full sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears
The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.
Well fare she—well ! As perfect beauty fares,
And those high places that are beauty's home.

690. *By the Statue of King Charles
at Charing Cross*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies,
Great glooms, and starry plains ;
Gently the night wind sighs ;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me : and around
The saddest of all Kings,
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall.
Only the night wind glides :
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court : and yet,
The stars his courtiers are :
Stars in their stations set ;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal King :
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?
Which are more still and great :
Those brows, or the dark skies ?

LIONEL JOHNSON

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy,
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death
By beauty made amends :
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence ? Yea :
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom ;
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vex'd in the world's employ :
His soul was of the saints ;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !
Men hunger for thy grace :
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps,
When all the cries are still,
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

691.

Cadgwith

MY windows open to the autumn night,
 In vain I watch'd for sleep to visit me ;
 How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,
 Who saw the stars, and listen'd to the sea ?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair !
 If, without sea, and starless though it be,
 For joy of the majestic beauty there,
 Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('A. E.')

b. 1867

692.

The Man to the Angel

I HAVE wept a million tears ;
 Pure and proud one, where are thine ?
 What the gain tho' all thy years
 In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win
 Truth we learn in pain and sighs :
 You can never enter in
 To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light
 Who have never known the gloom,
 And between the dark and light
 Will'd in freedom their own doom.

Think not, in your pureness there,
 That our pain but follows sin ;
 There are fires for those who dare
 Seek the throne of might to win.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('A. E.')

Pure one, from your pride refrain :
Dark and lost amid the strife,
I am myriad years of pain
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown
At the God to whom you bow,
Rest the lips of the Unknown
Tenderest upon my brow.

693. *By the Margin of the Great Deep*

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame the
misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the
eyes ;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Stray'd away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or
dream,
Such primaeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

694. *A Farewell*

ONLY in my deep heart I love you, sweetest heart,
 Many another vesture hath the soul, I pray
 Call me not forth from this. If from the light I part
 Only with clay I cling unto the clay.

And ah! my bright companion, you and I must go
 Our ways, unfolding lonely glories, not our own,
 Not from each other gather'd, but an inward glow
 Breathed by the Lone One to the seeker lone.

If for the heart's own sake we break the heart, we may,
 When the last ruby drop dissolves in diamond light,
 Meet in a deeper vesture in another day;
 Until that dawn, dear heart, good-night, good-night!

695. *A Memory of Earth*

IN the wet dusk silver-sweet,
 Down the violet-scented ways,
 As I moved with quiet feet
 I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
 Glass'd the eve and stars and skies;
 While I gazed a madness grew
 Into thunder'd battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmer'd white,
 Flashed the spear and fell the stroke,
 Ah, what faces pale and bright
 Where the dazzling battle broke!

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('A. E.')

There a hero-hearted queen
With young beauty lit the van.
Gone! the darkness flow'd between
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,
Where the rabbits patter'd near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With a legend carven clear:

*Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory:
Death made wide a million gates
So to close her tragic story.*

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

b. 1867

696.

The Settlers

HOW green the earth, how blue the sky,
How pleasant all the days that pass,
Here where the British settlers lie
Beneath their cloaks of grass!

Here ancient peace resumes her round,
And rich from toil stand hill and plain;
Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,
The men who sow'd the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,
And wheresoe'er the soil had need
The furrow drave, and underfoot
They sow'd themselves for seed.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Ah ! not like him whose hand made yield
The brazen kine with fiery breath,
And over all the Colchian field
Strew'd far the seeds of death ;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war
The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,
And death ran multiplied once more
Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,
And fruitful be the fields which hide
Brave eyes that loved the light, and arms
That never clasp'd a bride !

O willing hearts turn'd quick to clay,
Glad lovers holding death in scorn,
Out of the lives ye cast away
The coming race is born.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

697.

Ireland

'T WAS the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last.

698. *A Bird from the West*

AT the grey dawn, amongst the falling leaves,
A little bird outside my window swung,
High on a topmost branch he trill'd his song,
And 'Ireland! Ireland! Ireland!' ever sung.

'Take me,' I cried, 'back to my island home;
Sweet bird, my soul shall ride between thy wings';
For my lone spirit wide his pinions spread,
And home and home and home he ever sings.

We linger'd over Ulster stern and wild.
I call'd: 'Arise! doth none remember me?'
One turnèd in the darkness murmuring,
'How loud upon the breakers sobs the sea!'

We rested over Connaught—whispering said:
'Awake, awake, and welcome! I am here.'
One woke and shiver'd at the morning grey;
'The trees, I never heard them sigh so drear.'

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

We flew low over Munster. Long I wept :
‘ You used to love me, love me once again ! ’
They spoke from out the shadows wondering ;
‘ You’d think of tears, so bitter falls the rain.’
Long over Leinster linger’d we. ‘ Good-bye !
My best beloved, good-bye for evermore.’
Sleepless they toss’d and whisper’d to the dawn ;
‘ So sad a wind was never heard before.’
Was it a dream I dreamt ? For yet there swings
In the grey morn a bird upon the bough,
And ‘ Ireland ! Ireland ! Ireland ! ’ ever sings.
O, fair the breaking day in Ireland now !

699. *The Gypsies’ Road*

I SHALL go on the gypsies’ road,
The road that has no ending ;
For the sedge is brown on the lone lake side,
The wild geese eastward tending.
I shall go as the unfetter’d wave,
From shore to shore, forgetting
The grief that lies ’neath a roof-tree’s shade,
The years that bring regretting.
No law shall dare my wandering stay,
No man my acres measure ;
The world was made for the gypsies’ feet,
The winding road for pleasure.
And I shall drift as the pale leaf stray’d,
Whither the wild wind listed,
I shall sleep in the dark of the hedge,
’Neath rose and thorn entwisted.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

This was a call in the heart of the night,
A whispering dream's dear treasure :
'The world was made for the nomads' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.'

I stole at dawn from my roof-tree's shade,
And the cares that it did cover ;
I flew to the heart of the fierce north wind,
As a maid will greet her lover.

But a thousand hands did draw me back
And bid me to their tending ;
I may not go on the gypsies' road—
The road that has no ending.

MOIRA O'NEILL

700.

A Broken Song

*W*HERE am I from? From the green hills of Erin.
Have I no song then? My songs are all sung.
What o' my love? 'Tis alone I am farin',
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

If she was tall? Like a king's own daughter.
If she was fair? Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather,
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

Where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
Who loved her best? There's no one now will know.
Where is she gone? Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

701.

The Fairy Lough

LOUGHAREEMA! Loughareema
 Lies so high among the heather;
 A little lough, a dark lough,
 The wather 's black an' deep.
 Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
 An' seagulls all together
 Float roun' the one green island
 On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema! Loughareema!
 When the sun goes down at seven,
 When the hills are dark an' *airy*,
 'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
 Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
 That stand so thick and even;
 A little wave runs up the shore
 An' flees as if on feet.

Loughareema! Loughareema!
 Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
 The wather whispers on the stones,
 The flittherin' moths are free.
 One'st before the mornin' light
 The Horsemen will come ridin'
 Roun' and roun' the fairy lough,
 An' no one there to see!

HENRY DAWSON LOWRY

702.

Holiday

LAST night God barr'd the portals of the East,
And half-asleep I heard the sudden rain,
Most welcome, petulant at my window-pane :
And knew sweet Spring, Hell's prisoner, was released.

To-day the North-West comes across the hills,
Kindly but cold, and in the splendid bay
White are the waves, and white the flying spray,
More white the clouds wherewith the vast sky fills.

Sudden, the rain ! more swift, more icy cold
Than even hail : then, quick, the hearty sun !
And all day long, until the day is done,
Dance the gay daffodils in smocks of gold.

JANE BARLOW

703.

Christmas Rede

FULL clear and bright this Christmas night range
fields of Heaven fire-sown ;
But beam from star fled ne'er so far as mine Heart's Light
hath flown
Since kindest eyes beneath yon skies fell dark and left me
lone.

Ah, Mary blest ! on kingly quest wise men had miss'd
their way,
But evermore they saw before a star of soothfast ray,
And follow'd, till its lamp stood still where He who lit
it lay.

JANE BARLOW

Such light to friend their search had end, now mine doth
but begin,
Yet, mother sweet, may wand'ring feet anigh thy Mansion
win,
Above that roof no star for proof need shine to guide
them in.

If kindest eyes in olden wise smile soft to bid me learn
That Love, the flower of Earth's dim hour, hath found
a power eterne
Shall burn rose-red while stars be sped ; tho' stars dropt
dead could burn.

LAURENCE BINYON

b. 1869

704. *Invocation to Youth*

COME then, as ever, like the wind at morning !
Joyous, O Youth, in the agèd world renew
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,
Rain, stars and clouds, light and the sacred dew.
The strong sun shines above thee :
That strength, that radiance bring !
If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring ?

705. *The Little Dancers : a London Vision*

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;

LAURENCE BINYON

And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window : there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tatter'd frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

706.

The Statues

TARRY a moment, happy feet,
That to the sound of laughter glide !
O glad ones of the evening street,
Behold what forms are at your side !

You conquerors of the toilsome day
Pass by with laughter, labour done ;
But these within their durance stay ;
Their travail sleeps not with the sun.

They, like dim statues without end,
Their patient attitudes maintain ;
Your triumphing bright course attend,
But from your eager ways abstain.

Now, if you chafe in secret thought,
A moment turn from light distress,
And see how Fate on these hath wrought,
Who yet so deeply acquiesce.

LAURENCE BINYON

Behold them, stricken, silent, weak,
The maim'd, the mute, the halt, the blind,
Condemn'd in hopeless hope to seek
The thing which they shall never find.

They haunt the shadows of your ways
In masks of perishable mould :
Their souls a changing flesh arrays,
But they are changeless from of old.

Their lips repeat an empty call,
But silence wraps their thoughts around.
On them, like snow, the ages fall ;
Time muffles all this transient sound.

When Shalmaneser pitch'd his tent
By Tigris, and his flag unfurl'd,
And forth his summons proudly sent
Into the new unconquer'd world ;

Or when with spears Cambyses rode
Through Memphis and her bending slaves,
Or first the Tyrian gazed abroad
Upon the bright vast outer waves ;

When sages, star-instructed men,
To the young glory of Babylon
Foreknew no ending ; even then
Innumerable years had flown

Since first the chisel in her hand
Necessity, the sculptor, took,
And in her spacious meaning plann'd
These forms, and that eternal look ;

LAURENCE BINYON

These foreheads, moulded from afar,
These soft, unfathomable eyes,
Gazing from darkness, like a star ;
These lips, whose grief is to be wise.

As from the mountain marble rude
The growing statue rises fair,
She from immortal patience hew'd
The limbs of ever-young despair.

There is no bliss so new and dear,
It hath not them far-off allured.
All things that we have yet to fear
They have already long endured.

Nor is there any sorrow more
Than hath ere now befallen these,
Whose gaze is as an opening door
On wild interminable seas.

O Youth, run fast upon thy feet,
With full joy haste thee to be fill'd,
And out of moments brief and sweet
Thou shalt a power for ages build.

Does thy heart falter ? Here, then, seek
What strength is in thy kind ! With pain
Immortal bow'd, these mortals weak
Gentle and unsubdued remain.

I

O KING AMASIS, hail !
 News from thy friend, the King Polycrates !
 My oars have never rested on the seas
 From Samos, nor on land my horse's hoofs,
 Till I might tell my tale.
 Sais, the sacred city, bask'd her roofs
 And gardens whispering in the western light ;
 Men throng'd abroad to taste the coming cool of night :
 Only the palace closed
 Unechoing courts, where by the lake reposed,
 Wide-eyed, the enthronèd shapes of Memphian deities ;
 And King Amasis in the cloister'd shade,
 That guards them, of a giant colonnade,
 Paced musing ; there he ponder'd mysteries
 That are the veils of truth ;
 For mid those gods of grave, ignoring smile
 Large auguries he spell'd,
 Forgot the spears, the tumults of his youth,
 And strangled Apries, and the redden'd Nile.
 Now turning, he beheld,
 Half in a golden shadow and half touch'd with flame,
 The white-robed stranger from the Grecian isle,
 And heard pronounced his name.

II

' Welcome from Samos, friend !
 Good news, I think, thou bearest in thy mien,'
 The king spoke welcoming with voice serene.
 ' How is it with Polycrates, thy lord ?
 Peace on his name attend !

LAURENCE BINYON

Would he were here in Egypt, and his sword
Could sheathe, and we at god-like ease discourse
Of counsel no ignoble needs enforce,
And take august regale
Of wisdom from the Powers whose purpose cannot fail.
I, too, O man of Samos, bred to war,
Pass'd youth, pass'd manhood, in a life of blood ;
But many victories bring the heart no certain good.
Would that he too might tease his fate no more,
And I might see his face
In presence of my land's ancestral Powers,—
See, from their countenance, what a grandeur beams !
Thou know'st I love thy race ;
Bright wits ye have, skill in adventurous schemes ;
But deeper life is ours :
Fed by these springs, your strength might bless the
world. But lo !
The light begins to fade from the high towers.
Thy errand let me know.'

III

' Thus saith Polycrates :
The counsel which thou wrotest me is well ;
For, seeing how full crops my granaries swell,
How all winds waft me to prosperity,
How I gain all with ease,
And my raised banner pledges victory,
Thou didst advise me cast away what most
Brought pleasure to my eyes and seem'd of rarest cost.
And after heavy thought
I chose the ring which Theodorus wrought,
My famous emerald, where young Phaëthon
Shoots headlong with pale limbs through glowing air,
While green waves from beneath toss white drops to his
hair.

LAURENCE BINYON

A long time, very loth, I gazed thereon ;
For this cause, thought I, men most envy me ;
I took a ship, and fifty beating oars
Bore me far out to sea :
I stood upon the poop—but wherefore tell
What now is rumour'd round all Asian shores ?
Say only I did well,
Who the world's envy treasured yet in deep waves drown'd.
Homeward I came, and mourn'd within my doors
Three days, nor solace found.'

IV

Amasis without word
Listens, dark-brow'd : the Samian speaks anew :
' Let not the king this thing so deeply rue ;
Truly the gem was of imperial price,
Nay even, men averr'd,
Coveted more than wealthy satrapies,
Nor twenty talents could its loss redeem :
Yet hear ! the Gods are more benignant than men dream.
Thus saith my lord : The moon
Not once had waned, when as I sat at noon
Within my palace court above the Lydian bay,
They led before me with much wondering noise
A fisherman ; between two staggering boys
Slung heavily a fish he brought, that day
Caught in his bursting net,
A royal fish for royal destiny !
I marvell'd ; but amaze broke deeper yet
To recognise Heaven's hand,
When from its cloven belly (surely high
In that large grace I stand)
Dazzled my eyes with light, my heart with joy, the ring
Restored !—Why rendest thou thy robe, and why
Lamentest thou, O king ? '

LAURENCE BINYON

v

'O lamentable news!'

Amasis cried; 'now have the Gods indeed
Doom on thy head, Polycrates, decreed!
I fear'd already, when I heard thy joy
Must need stoop down to choose
For sacrifice, loss of a shining toy,
Searching the suburbs only of content,
Not thy heart's home: what God this blindness on thee
sent?

Gone was thy ring; yet how
Was thy soul clear'd, or thou more greatly thou?
Were vain things vainer, or the dear more dear?
Hast thou, bent gazing o'er thy child asleep,
Thoughts springing, tender as new leaves? Deep, deep,
Deep as thy inmost hope, as thy most sacred fear,
Thou shouldst have sought the pain
That changes earth's wide aspect in an hour,
Heaved by abysmal throes!
Ah, then our pleasant refuges are vain;
Yet, thrill'd, the soul assembles all her power,
And clear'd by peril glows,
Seeing immortal hosts array'd upon her side
Blind man, the scornful Gods thy offering slight:
My fears are certified.'

vi

Swift are the thoughts of fear.
But Fate at will rides swifter far; and lo!
Even as Amasis bows to boded woe,
Even as his robe, with a sad cry, he rends,
The accomplishment is here.
The sun that from the Egyptian plain descends,

LAURENCE BINYON

Blessing with holier shade
Those strange gods dreaming throned by the vast colon-
nade,
Burns o'er the northern sea,
Firing the peak of Asian Mycale,
Firing a cross raised on the mountain side !
Polycrates the Fortunate hangs there :
The false Oroetes hath him in a snare ;
Now with his quivering limbs his soul is crucified ;
And in his last hour first
He tastes the extremity of loss ; he burns
With ecstasy of thirst ;
Nought recks he even of his dearest now,
Moaning for breath ; no pity he discerns
On the dark Persian's brow.
Grave on his milk-white horse, in silks of Sidon shawl'd,
The Satrap smiles, and on his finger turns
The all-envied emerald.

708.

Day's End

WHEN I am weary, throng'd with the cares of the
vain day
That tease as harsh winds tease the unresting autumn
boughs,
I still my mind at evening and put all else away
But the image of my Love, where all my hopes I house.

The thoughts of her fall gently as the gentleness of snow
That after storm makes smoothness in the ways that are
rough ;
White with a hush of beauty over my heart they grow
To the peace of which my heart can never hold enough.

T. STURGE MOORE

709. *Sent from Egypt with a Fair Robe of
Tissue to a Sicilian Vinedresser.*

B. C. 276

PUT out to sea, if wine thou wouldest make
Such as is made in Cos : when open boat
May safely launch, advice of pilots take ;
And find the deepest bottom, most remote
From all encroachment of the crumbling shore,
Where no fresh stream tempers the rich salt wave,
Forcing rash sweetness on sage ocean's brine ;
As youthful shepherds pour
Their first love forth to Battos gnarl'd and grave,
Fooling shrewd age to bless some fond design.

Not after storm ! but when, for a long spell,
No white-maned horse has raced across the blue,
Put from the beach ! lest troubled be the well—
Less pure thy draught than from such depth were due.
Fast close thy largest jars, prepared and clean !
Next weight each buoyant womb down through the flood,
Far down ! when, with a cord the lid remove,
And it will fill unseen,
Swift as a heart Love smites sucks back the blood :—
This bubbles, deeper born than sighs, shall prove.

If thy bow'd shoulders ache, as thou dost haul—
Those groan who climb with rich ore from the mine ;
Labour untold round Iliion girt a wall ;
A god toil'd that Achilles' arms might shine ;

T. STURGE MOORE

Think of these things and double knit thy will !
Then, should the sun be hot on thy return,
Cover thy jars with piles of bladder weed,
Dripping, and fragrant still
From sea-wolds where it grows like bracken-fern :
A grapnel dragg'd will soon supply thy need.

Home to a tun convey thy precious freight !
Wherein, for thirty days, it should abide,
Closed, yet not quite closed from the air, and wait
While, through dim stillness, slowly doth subside
Thick sediment. The humour of a day,
Which has defeated youth and health and joy,
Down, through a dreamless sleep, will settle thus,
Till riseth maiden gay,
Set free from all glooms past—or else a boy
Once more a school-friend worthy Troilus.

Yet to such cool wood tank some dream might dip :
Vision of Aphrodite sunk to sleep,
Or of some sailor let down from a ship,
Young, dead, and lovely, while across the deep
Through the calm night his hoarse-voiced comrades
chant—
So far at sea, they cannot reach the land
To lay him perfect in the warm brown earth.
Pray that such dreams there haunt !
While, through damp darkness, where thy tun doth stand,
Cold salamanders sidle round its girth.

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet,
For other twenty days, in cedarn casks !
Where through trance, surely, prophecy will set
As, dedicated to light temple-tasks,

T. STURGE MOORE

The young priest dreams the unknown mystery.
Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate
In the sea's marge, so well'd back warmth which throbb'd
With nuptial promise : she
Turn'd ; and, half-choked through dewy glens, some
 great,
Some magic drone of revel coming sobb'd.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice !
Such as has fully ripen'd on the branch,
Such as due rain, then sunshine, made rejoice,
Which, pulp'd and colour'd, now deep bloom doth
 blanch !

Clusters like odes for victors in the games,
Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all !
Spread such to dry ! if Helios grant thee grace,
Exposed unto his flames
Two days, or, if not, three, or, should rain fall,
Stretch them on hurdles in the house four days !

Grapes are not sharded chestnuts, which the tree
Lets fall to burst them on the ground, where red
Rolls forth the fruit, from white-lined wards set free,
And all undamaged glows 'mid husks it shed ;
Nay, they are soft and should be singly stripp'd
From off the bunch, by maiden's dainty hand,
Then dropp'd through the cool silent depth to sink
(Coy, as herself hath slipp'd,
Bathing, from shelves in caves along the strand)
Till round each dark grape water barely wink ;

Since some nine measures of sea-water fill
A butt of fifty, ere the plump fruit peep,
Like sombre dolphin shoals when nights are still,
Which penn'd in Proteus' wizard circle sleep,

T. STURGE MOORE

And 'twixt them glinting curves of silver glance
If Zephyr, dimpling dark calm, counts them o'er.
Let soak thy fruit for two days thus, then tread!
While bare-legg'd bumpkins dance,
Bright from thy bursting press arch'd spouts shall pour,
And gurgling torrents towards thy vats run red.

Meanwhile the maidens, each with wooden rake,
Drag back the skins and laugh at aprons splash'd;
Or youths rest, boasting how their brown arms ache,
So fast their shovels for so long have flash'd,
Baffling their comrades' legs with mounting heaps.
Treble their labour! still the happier they,
Who, at this genial task, wear out long hours,
Till vast night round them creeps,
When soon the torch-light dance whirls them away;
For gods, who love wine, double all their powers.

Iacchus is the always grateful god!
His vineyards are more fair than gardens far;
Hanging, like those of Babylon, they nod
O'er each Ionian cliff and hill-side scar!
While Cypris lends him saltness, depth, and peace;
The brown earth yields him sap for richest green;
And he has borrow'd laughter from the sky;
Wildness from winds; and bees
Bring honey.—Then choose casks which thou hast seen
Are leakless, very wholesome, and quite dry!

That Coan wine the very finest is,
I do assure thee, who have travell'd much
And learn'd to judge of diverse vintages.
Faint not before the toil! this wine is such

T. STURGE MOORE

As tempteth princes launch long pirate barks ;—
From which may Zeus protect Sicilian bays,
And, ere long, me safe home from Egypt bring,
Letting no black-sail'd sharks
Scent this king's gifts, for whom I sweeten praise
With those same songs thou didst to Chloë sing !

I wrote them 'neath the vine-cloak'd elm, for thee.
Recall those nights ! our couches were a load
Of scented lentisk ; upward, tree by tree,
Thy father's orchard sloped, and past us flow'd
A stream sluiced for his vineyards ; when, above,
The apples fell, they on to us were roll'd,
But kept us not awake,—O Laco, own
How thou didst rave of love !
Now art thou staid, thy son is three years old ;
But I, who made thee love-songs, live alone.

Muse thou at dawn o'er thy yet slumbering wife !—
Not chary of her best was Nature there,
Who, though a third of her full gift of life
Was spent, still added beauties still more rare ;
What calm slow days, what holy sleep at night,
Evolved her for long twilight trystings fraught
With panic blushes and tip-toe surmise :
And then, what mystic might—
All, with a crowning boon, through travail brought !
Consider this and give thy best likewise !

Ungrateful be not ! Laco, ne'er be that !
Well worth thy while to make such wine 'twould be :
I see thy red face 'neath thy broad straw hat,
I see thy house, thy vineyards, Sicily !—

T. STURGE MOORE

Thou dost demur, good, but too easy, friend :
Come put those doubts away ! thou hast strong lads,
Brave wenches ; on the steep beach lolls thy ship,
Where vine-clad slopes descend,
Sheltering our bay, that headlong rillet glads,
Like a stripp'd child fain in the sea to dip.

710.

A Duet

‘ FLOWERS nodding gaily, scent in air,
Flowers posied, flowers for the hair,
Sleepy flowers, flowers bold to stare——’
‘ O pick me some ! ’

‘ Shells with lip, or tooth, or bleeding gum,
Tell-tale shells, and shells that whisper *Come*,
Shells that stammer, blush, and yet are dumb——’
‘ O let me hear.’

‘ Eyes so black they draw one trembling near,
Brown eyes, caverns flooded with a tear,
Cloudless eyes, blue eyes so windy clear——’
‘ O look at me ! ’

‘ Kisses sadly blown across the sea,
Darkling kisses, kisses fair and free,
Bob-a-cherry kisses ’neath a tree——’
‘ O give me one ! ’

Thus sang a king and queen in Babylon.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

711. 'Les Belles Roses Sans Mercie' ^{b. 1869}

A. D. 1465

'O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither!

King Henry VI, Part III, Act ii, Sc. 5

HEIGH! brother mine, art a-waking or a-sleeping?
Mind'st that merry moon of roses a many summers
fled?

Mind'st thou the green and the dancing and the leaping?

Mind'st thou the haycocks and the moon above them
creeping?

Mind'st thou how soft were the pillows of our heaping?

Mind'st thou our dole when the merry day was sped?

I do mind how every night

Thou would'st pull me roses white,

Ancient sign of our proud line, argent rose on verdant
bough!

Heigh! sweetheart mine, art a-waking or a-sleeping?

See'st again the roses that blossom'd long ago?

See'st again the garden with its paths so still and shady?

See'st again the dew lie as beads for night's white lady?

See'st thou aught else but the blue eyne of thy maidie?

See'st thou their brimming in their pity of thy woe?

Sweet, I see thee offer up

Roses red as wine in cup,

Such befit (thou say'st it) golden head and lily brow!

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

Heigh ho ! ye twain, that should wake in lieu of sleeping !
Rue ye that rose-time when the roses all were reft ?
Ruest thou, sweet heart, that the favour red thou worest ?
Ruest thou, my brother, that the badge of snow thou
borest ?
Rue ye that noon when the fight flash'd thro' the forest ?
Rue ye the maid's tears so life-long lonely left ?
Rose of white, and rose of red,
That did each one claim her dead,
Twining be at amity round about my window now !

HILAIRE BELLOC

b. 1870

712.

The South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
My work is left behind ;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea ;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day :

HILAIRE BELLOC

Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey ;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

HILAIRE BELLOC

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be heal'd.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

713.

Song

INVITING THE INFLUENCE OF A YOUNG LADY UPON THE OPENING YEAR

YOU wear the morning like your dress
And are with mastery crown'd ;
When as you walk your loveliness
Goes shining all around :
Upon your secret, smiling way
Such new contents were found,
The Dancing Loves made holiday
On that delightful ground.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Then summon April forth, and send
Commandment through the flowers ;
About our woods your grace extend,
A queen of careless hours.

For O! not Vera veil'd in rain,
Nor Dian's sacred Ring,
With all her royal nymphs in train
Could so lead on the Spring.

714.

The Night

MOST Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most Holy Night.

715. *Impression de Nuit: London*

SEE what a mass of gems the city wears
 Upon her broad live bosom! row on row
 Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.
 See! that huge circle, like a necklace, stares
 With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares
 The golden stars to dim the lamps below,
 And in the mirror of the mire I know
 The moon has left her image unawares.

That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,
 Prick'd out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,
 I think they move! I hear her panting breath.
 And that's her head where the tiara rests.
 And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,
 Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale
 flowers.

716.

To Olive

I HAVE been profligate of happiness
 And reckless of the world's hostility,
 The blessèd part has not been given to me
 Gladly to suffer fools, I do confess
 I have enticed and merited distress,
 By this, that I have never bow'd the knee
 Before the shrine of wise Hypocrisy,
 Nor worn self-righteous anger like a dress.
 Yet write you this, sweet one, when I am dead:
 'Love like a lamp sway'd over all his days
 And all his life was like a lamp-lit chamber,
 Where is no nook, no chink unvisited
 By the soft affluence of golden rays,
 And all the room is bathed in liquid amber.'

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

717.

The Green River

I KNOW a green grass path that leaves the field,
And like a running river, winds along
Into a leafy wood where is no throng
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield
Their music to the moon. The place is seal'd,
An unclaim'd sovereignty of voiceless song,
And all the unravish'd silences belong
To some sweet singer lost or unreveal'd.

So is my soul become a silent place.

Oh may I wake from this uneasy night
To find a voice of music manifold.

Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

PERCY ADDLESHAW (HEMINGWAY)

b. 1870

718.

The Happy Wanderer

HE is the happy wanderer who goes
Singing upon his way, with eyes awake
To every scene, with ears alert to take
The sweetness of all sounds, who loves and knows
The secrets of the highway, holds the rose
Is fairer for the wounds the briars make ;
He welcomes rain that he his thirst may slake,
The sun because it dries his dripping clothes :
Treasures experience beyond all store,
Careless if pain or pleasure he shall win,
So that his knowledge widen more and more :
Ready each hour to worship or to sin,
Until tired, wise, content, he halts before
The sign o' The Grave, a cool and quiet inn.

JOHN M. SYNGE

1871-1909

719. *On an Island*

YOU'VE pluck'd a curlew, drawn a hen,
Wash'd the shirts of seven men,
You've stuff'd my pillow, stretch'd the sheet,
And fill'd the pan to wash your feet,
You've coop'd the pullets, wound the clock,
And rinsed the young men's drinking crock ;
And now we'll dance to jigs and reels,
Nail'd boots chasing girls' naked heels,
Until your father'll start to snore,
And Jude, now you're married, will stretch on the floor.

720. *A Question*

I ASK'D if I got sick and died, would you
With my black funeral go walking too,
If you'd stand close to hear them talk or pray
While I'm let down in that steep bank of clay.

And, No, you said, for if you saw a crew
Of living idiots pressing round that new
Oak coffin—they alive, I dead beneath
That board—you'd rave and rend them with your teeth.

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

721.

In a Meadow

b. 1873

THIS is the place
Where far from the unholy populace
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep
Her court doth keep,
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound
Hover around
The little amiable summer airs,
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil ;
The grasses sagely nodding overhead
Curtain her bed ;
And lest the feet of strangers overpass
Her walls of grass,
Gravely a little river goes his rounds
To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,
But such a stream as knows to go and come
Discreetly dumb.
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds
And screen'd with reeds ;
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye
Falls soberly upon me where I lie ;
For delicate webs of immaterial haze
Refine his rays.