

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

The air is full of music none knows what,
Or half-forgot ;
The living echo of dead voices fills
The unseen hills.

I hear the song
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long ;
And know not if it be my inward sprite
For my delight
Making remember'd poetry appear
As sound in the ear :
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep ;
And Quiet very large and manifold
About me roll'd ;
Satiety, that momentary flower,
Stretch'd to an hour :
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,
And all refuse.

WALTER DE LA MARE

b. 1873

722.

An Epitaph

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she :
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;
However rare, rare it be ;
And when I crumble who shall remember
This lady of the West Country ?

723.

The Listeners

' **I**S there anybody there ? ' said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door ;
 And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor :
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,
 Above the Traveller's head :
 And he smote upon the door again a second time ;
 ' Is there anybody there ? ' he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller ;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill
 Lean'd over and look'd into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplex'd and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
 To that voice from the world of men :
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirr'd and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call.
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 ' Neath the starr'd and leafy sky ;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even
 Louder, and lifted his head :—
 ' Tell them I came, and no one answer'd,
 That I kept my word,' he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake :

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 :

HAROLD MONRO

Yet indeed your stately slow
Motion and its rhythmic flow
Drive me, drive me, drive me mad.
Must I now, as always, gaze
Patiently from far away
At the pageant of the days?—
Only let me live to-day!
For your hair is ebon black,
And your eyes celestial blue;
For your measure is so true,
Slowly forward, slowly back—
I would fain be one of you.
Comrades, comrades!—but the sound
Of the music with a start
Ceases, and you pass me by.
Slowly from the dancing-ground
To the tavern you depart.
All the earth is silent grown
After so much joy, and I
Suddenly am quite alone
With the beating of my heart.

ALFRED NOYES

726. *The World's May-Queen*

WHEN Spring comes back to England
And crowns her brows with May,
Round the merry moonlit world
She goes the greenwood way:
She throws a rose to Italy,
A fleur-de-lys to France;
But round her regal morris-ring
The seas of England dance.

ALFRED NOYES

When Spring comes back to England
And dons her robe of green,
There's many a nation garlanded,
But England is the Queen ;
She's Queen, she's Queen of all the world
Beneath the laughing sky,
For the nations go a-Maying
When they hear the New Year cry—

'Come over the water to England,
My old love, my new love,
Come over the water to England
In showers of flowery rain ;
Come over the water to England,
April, my true love,
And tell the heart of England
The Spring is here again !'

727.

Our Lady of the Sea

QUEEN VENUS wander'd away with a cry,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—
For the purple wound in Adon's thigh ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
With a bitter farewell from sky to sky,
And a moan, a moan from sea to sea ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?

The soft Aegean heard her sigh,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—
Heard the Spartan hills reply
Je vous en prie, pity me ;

ALFRED NOYES

Spain was aware of her drawing nigh
Foot-gilt from the blossoms of Italy ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?

In France they heard her voice go by,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—
And on the May-wind droop and die,
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
Your maidens choose their loves, but I—
White as I came from the foam-white sea,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?

The warm red-meal-wing'd butterfly,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—
Beat on her breast in the golden rye,—
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
Stain'd her breast with a dusty dye
Red as the print of a kiss might be !
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?

Is there no land, afar or nigh,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—
But dreads the kiss o' the sea ? Ah, why—
Je vous en prie, pity me !—
Why will ye cling to the loves that die ?
Is earth all Adon to my plea ?
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?

Under the warm blue summer sky,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami ?—

ALFRED NOYES

With outstretch'd arms and a low long sigh,—
Je vous en prie, pity me!—
Over the Channel they saw her fly
To the white-cliff'd island that crowns the sea—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

England laugh'd as her queen drew nigh,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—
To the white-wall'd cottages gleaming high;
Je vous en prie, pity me!
They drew her in with a joyful cry
To the hearth where she sits with a babe on her knee,
She has turn'd her moan to a lullaby,
She is nursing a son to the kings of the sea—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

728. *A Japanese Love-Song*

THE young moon is white,
But the willows are blue:
Your small lips are red,
But the great clouds are gray:
The waves are so many
That whisper to you;
But my love is only
One flight of spray.

The bright drops are many,
The dark wave is one:
The dark wave subsides,
And the bright sea remains!

ALFRED NOYES

And wherever, O singing
Maid, you may run,
You are one with the world
For all your pains.

Tho' the great skies are dark,
And your small feet are white,
Tho' your wide eyes are blue
And the closed poppies red,
Tho' the kisses are many
That colour the night,
They are linkèd like pearls
On one golden thread.

Were the gray clouds not made
For the red of your mouth ;
The ages for flight
Of the butterfly years ;
The sweet of the peach
For the pale lips of drouth,
The sunlight of smiles
For the shadow of tears ?

Love, Love is the thread
That has pierced them with bliss !
All their hues are but notes
In one world-wide tune :
Lips, willows and waves,
We are one as we kiss,
And your face and the flowers
Faint away in the moon.

729. *On the Death of Francis Thompson*

HOW grandly glow the bays
 Purpureally enwound
 With those rich thorns, the brows
 How infinitely crown'd
 That now thro' Death's dark house
 Have pass'd with royal gaze :
 Purpureally enwound
 How grandly glow the bays !

Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet,
 Pulsing with three-fold pain,
 Where the lark fails of flight
 Soar'd the celestial strain ;
 Beyond the sapphire height
 Flew the gold-wingèd feet
 Beautiful, pierced with pain,
 Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet ;

And where *Is not* and *Is*
 Are wed in one sweet name,
 And the world's rootless vine
 With dew of stars aflame
 Laughs, from those deep divine
 Impossibilities,
 Our reason all to shame—
This cannot be, but is ;

Into the Vast, the Deep
 Beyond all mortal sight,
 The Nothingness that conceived
 The worlds of day and night,

ALFRED NOYES

The Nothingness that heaved
Pure sides in virgin sleep,
Brought out of darkness, light ;
And man from out the Deep.

Into that Mystery
Let not thine hand be thrust :
Nothingness is a world
Thy science well may trust . . .
But lo, a leaf unfurl'd,
Nay, a cry mocking thee
From the first grain of dust—
I am, yet cannot be !

Adventuring unafraid
Into that last deep shrine,
Must not the child-heart see
Its deepest symbol shine—
The world's Birth-mystery,
Whereto the suns are shade ?
Lo, the white breast divine—
The Holy Mother-maid !

How miss that Sacrifice,
That cross of Yea and Nay,
That paradox of heaven
Whose palms point either way,
Thro' each a nail being driven
That the arms outspan the skies
And our earth-dust this day
Out-sweeten Paradise !

We part the seamless robe,
Our wisdom would divide

ALFRED NOYES

The raiment of the King,
Our spear is in His side,
Even while the angels sing
Around our perishing globe,
And Death re-knits in pride
The seamless purple robe . . .

And grandly glow the bays
Purpureally enwound
With those rich thorns, the brows
How infinitely crown'd
That now thro' Death's dark house
Have pass'd with royal gaze :
Purpureally crown'd
How grandly glow the bays !

730.

Creation

magnificent.

IN the beginning, there was nought
But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
Consummate heaven, the first and last,
Enfolding in its perfect prime
No future rushing to the past,
But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
And void—but with that complete Life
Where music could no wings unfold
Till lo, God smote the strings of strife !
'Myself unto Myself am Throne,
Myself unto Myself am Thrall !
I that am All am all alone,'
He said, 'Yea, I have nothing, having all.'

ALFRED NOYES

And, gathering round His mount of bliss
The angel-squadrons of His will,
He said, 'One battle yet there is
To win, one vision to fulfil!
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,
And power that knows no strife or cry,
Weakness shall bind and pierce my hands
And make a world for Me wherein to die.

All might, all vastness and all glory
Being mine, I must descend and make
Out of my heart a song, a story
Of little hearts that burn and break;
Out of my passion without end
I will make little azure seas,
And into small sad fields descend
And make green grass, white daisies, rustling trees.'

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
His arms out East and West and gave
For every little dream of dust
Part of his Life as to a grave!
'Enough, O Father, for thy words
Have pierced thy hands!' But low and sweet,
He said 'Sunsets and streams and birds,
And drifting clouds!'—The purple stain'd his feet.—

'Enough!' His angels moan'd in fear,
'Father, thy words have pierced thy side!'
He whisper'd 'Roses shall grow there,
And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
And ferns, dewy at dawn,' and still
They moan'd—*Enough, the red drops bleed!*
'And,' sweet and low, 'on every hill,
He said, 'I will have flocks and lambs to lead.'

ALFRED NOYES

His angels bow'd their heads beneath.

Their wings till that great pang was gone :
Pour not thy soul out unto Death !

They moan'd, and still his Love flow'd on,
' There shall be small white wings to stray
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
And blue flowers in the wheat ; and—' *Stay !*
Speak not,' they cried, *' the word that seals thy tomb !'*

He spake—' I have thought of a little child
That I will have there to embark
On small adventures in the wild,
And front slight perils in the dark ;
And I will hide from him and lure
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
And rainbows that shall not endure ;
And—when he is weary sing him drowsy tunes.'

His angels fell before Him weeping,
' *Enough ! Tempt not the Gates of Hell !'*
He said ' His soul is in his keeping
That we may love each other well,
And lest the dark too much affright him,
I will strew countless little stars
Across his childish skies to light him
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars

And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandise,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies ;
Or builds his castles by the deep,
Or tunnels through the rocks, and then—
Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

ALFRED NOYES

And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side ;
Or—when he wills—grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death.'

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

731. *The Knights to Chrysola*

WE crazed for you, aspired and fell for you ;
Over us trod Desire, with feet of fire.
Ah ! the sad stories we would tell for you,
Full of dark nights and sighing
While—you were dying,
Chrysola !

Roundels and all rich rimes we rang for you ;
How from the plangent lyre pled our Desire !
But the musicians vainly sang for you ;—
Through the dear music, crying
That—you were dying,
Chrysola !

High on the golden throne love wrought for you
With eyes enthrall'd of rest, tired of our best ;
You sat unheeding while we fought for you
Glaive unto glaive replying ;
For—you were dying,
Chrysola !

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

Frenzied from out the jousts we came to you ;
‘ Can we love more, Dream-fast ? Crown, then, at
last.’

But love and hate were one dim flame to you ;
Strange things you smiled us—dying,
O ! You were dying,
Chrysola !

Great spoils of frankincense we burn’d for you,
Round your death-chamber proud—then cursed aloud
Christian or Pagan god that yearn’d for you,
Till you were undenying.—
O Dream undying,
Chrysola !

732.

The Joys of Art

AS a dancer dancing in a shower of roses before her King
(A dreamer dark, the King)
Throws back her head like a wind-loved flower, and makes
her cymbals ring
(O’er her lit eyes they ring) ;
As a fair white dancer strange of heart, and crown’d and
shod with gold,
My soul exults before the Art, the magian Art of old.

HENRY CUST

733.

Non Nobis

NOT unto us, O Lord,
Not unto us the rapture of the day,
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes ;
For at Thy word
All these are taken away.

Not unto us, O Lord :
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,
The insufferable sufficiency of breath ;
And with Thy sword
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord :
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—
May light and life and earth and sky be blasted—
But let not all that wealth of love be wasted :
Let Hell afford
The pavement of her Heaven !

CHARLES GRANVILLE

734.

Traveller's Hope

LAY me to rest in some fair spot
Where sound of waters near,
And songs of sailors in their ships
Shall reach my waiting ear :

CHARLES GRANVILLE

Where I shall catch the Captain's call :
 ' All hands again to sea !'
When swift embarking, I may fare
 To founts of life to be ;

Fare to the dream'd-of lands that lie
 Beyond the Port of Death ;
Fare to the Dawn of whose glad realms
 God sometimes whispereth ;

With hope of flowers that lift their heads
 After the night is past,
And joy of sailors in their ships
 When home 's in sight at last.

H. C. COMPTON MACKENZIE

735. *A Song of Parting*

MY dear, the time has come to say
Farewell to London town,
Farewell to each familiar street,
 The room where we look'd down
Upon the people going by,
 The river flowing fast :
The innumerable shine of lamps,
 The bridges and—our past.

Our past of London days and nights,
 When every night we dream'd
Of Love and Art and Happiness,
 And every day it seem'd

H. C. COMPTON MACKENZIE

Ah ! little room, you held my life,
In you I found my all ;
A white hand on the mantelpiece,
A shadow on the wall.

My dear, what dinners we have had,
What cigarettes and wine
In faded corners of Soho,
Your fingers touching mine !
And now the time has come to say
Farewell to London town ;
The prologue of our play is done,
So ring the curtain down.

There lies a crowded life ahead
In field and sleepy lane,
A fairer picture than we saw
Framed in our window-pane.
There'll be the stars on summer nights,
The white moon thro' the trees,
Moths, and the song of nightingales
To float along the breeze.

And in the morning we shall see
The swallows in the sun,
And hear the cuckoo on the hill
Welcome a day begun.
And life will open with the rose
For me, sweet, and for you,
And on our life and on the rose
How soft the falling dew !

So let us take this tranquil path,
But drop a parting tear
For town, whose greatest gift to us
Was to be lovers here.

736. *The Lilies of the Field*

To F. L. U.

THY soul is not enchanted by the moon ;
No influential comet draws thy mind
To steeps intolerable where all behind
Is dark, and many ruin'd stars are strewn.
But thou, contented, canst enthrall the tune
That haunts each wood and every singing wind ;
Thou, fortunate philosopher, canst find
The dreams of Earth in every drowsy noon.

Match not thy soul against the seraphim :
They are no more than moths blown to and fro .
About the tempest of the eternal Will.
Rest undismay'd in field and forest dim
And, childlike, on some morning thou shalt know
The certain faith of a March daffodil.

FRANCES CORNFORD

737. *Autumn Morning at Cambridge*

I RAN out in the morning when the air was clean and
new,
And all the grass was glittering and grey with autumn
dew ;
I ran out to the apple-tree and pull'd an apple down,
And all the bells were ringing in the grey old town.

Down in the town off the bridges and the grass
They are sweeping up the leaves to let the people pass,—
Sweeping up the old leaves, golden-reds and browns,
Whilst the men go to lecture with the wind in their
gowns.

738.

Aspiration

MY friend conceived the soul hereafter dwells
 In any heaven the inmost heart desires,
 The heart, which craves delight, at pain rebels,
 And balks, or obeys the soul till life expires.

He deem'd that all the eternal Force contrives
 Is wrought to revigorate its own control,
 And that its alchemy some strength derives
 From every tested and unflagging soul.

He deem'd a spirit which avails to guide
 A human heart, gives proof of energy
 To be received in That which never bides,
 But ever toils for what can never be—

A perfect All—toward which the Eternal strives
 To urge for ever every atom's range,
 The Ideal, which never unto Form arrives,
 Because new concept emanates from change.

He deem'd the inmost heart is what aligns
 Man's aspiration, noble or impure,
 And that immortal Tolerance assigns
 Each soul what Aspiration would secure.

And if it choose what highest souls would rue—
 Some endless round of mortal joys inane—
 Such fate befits what souls could not subdue
 The heart's poor shrinking from the chrism of pain.

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EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

My friend review'd, nigh death, how staunch the soul
Had waged in him a conflict, never done,
To rule the dual self that fought control,
Spirit and flesh inextricably one.

His passionless judgement ponder'd well the past,
Patient, relentless, ere he spoke sincere,—
'Through all the strife my soul prevail'd at last,
It rules my inmost heart's desire here ;

'My Will craves not some paradise of zest
Where mortal joys eternally renew,
Nor blank nirvana, nor elysian rest,
Nor palaced pomp to bombast fancy true ;

'It yearns no whit to swell some choiring strain
In endless amplitudes of useless praise ;
It dares to aspire to share the immortal pain
Of toil in moulding Form from phase to phase.

'To me, of old, such fate some terror bore,
But now great gladness in my spirit glows,
While death clings round me friendlier than before,
To loose the soul that mounts beyond repose.'

.
Yet, at the end, from seeming death he stirr'd
As one whose sleep is broke by sudden shine,
And whisper'd *Christ*, as if the soul had heard
Tidings of some exceeding sweet design.

JAMES STEPHENS

739. *The Red-Haired Man's Wife*

I HAVE taken that vow—
And you were my friend
But yesterday—now
All that 's at an end,
And you are my husband, and claim me, and I must
depend.

Yesterday I was free,
Now you, as I stand,
Walk over to me
And take hold of my hand.
You look at my lips, your eyes are too bold, your smile
is too bland.

My old name is lost,
My distinction of race :
Now the line has been cross'd,
Must I step to your pace ?
Must I walk as you list, and obey, and smile up in your
face ?

All the white and the red
Of my cheeks you have won ;
All the hair of my head,
And my feet, tho' they run,
Are yours, and you own me and end me just as I begun.

JAMES STEPHENS

Must I bow when you speak,
Be silent and hear,
Inclining my cheek
And incredulous ear
To your voice, and command, and behest, hold your
lightest wish dear ?

I am woman, but still
Am alive, and can feel
Every intimate thrill
That is woe or is weal.
I, aloof, and divided, apart, standing far, can I kneel ?

O, if kneeling were right,
I should kneel nor be sad,
And abase in your sight
All the pride that I had,
I should come to you, hold to you, cling to you, call to
you, glad.

If not, I shall know,
I shall surely find out,
And your world will throw
In disaster and rout ;
I am woman and glory and beauty, I mystery, terror, and
doubt.

I am separate still,
I am I and not you :
And my mind and my will,
As in secret they grew,
Still are secret, unreach'd and untouch'd and not subject
to you.

740.

Hate

MY enemy came nigh,
 And I
 Stared fiercely in his face.
 My lips went writhing back in a grimace,
 And stern I watch'd him with a narrow eye.
 Then, as I turn'd away, my enemy,
 That bitter heart and savage, said to me :
 ' Some day, when this is past,
 When all the arrows that we have are cast,
 We may ask one another why we hate,
 And fail to find a story to relate.
 It may seem to us then a mystery
 That we could hate each other.'

Thus said he,

And did not turn away,
 Waiting to hear what I might have to say,
 But I fled quickly, fearing if I stay'd
 I might have kiss'd him as I would a maid.

741.

The Watcher

AROSE for a young head,
 A ring for a bride,
 Joy for the homestead
 Clean and wide—

Who 's that waiting
 In the rain outside ?

A heart for an old friend,
 A hand for the new :
 Love can to earth lend
 Heaven's hue—

Who 's that standing
 In the silver dew ?

JAMES STEPHENS

A smile for the parting,
A tear as they go,
God's sweethearting
Ends just so—
Who 's that watching
Where the black winds blow ?

He who is waiting
In the rain outside,
He who is standing
Where the dew drops wide,
He who is watching
In the wind must ride
(Tho' the pale hands cling)
With the rose
And the ring
And the bride,
Must ride
With the red of the rose,
And the gold of the ring,
And the lips and the hair of the bride.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

742.

Pagan Epitaph

SERVANT of the eternal Must
I lie here, here let me lie,
In the ashes and the dust,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.
When I lived I sought no wings,
Schemed no heaven, plann'd no hell,
But, content with little things,
Made an earth, and it was well.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

Song and laughter, food and wine,
Roses, roses red and white,
And a star or two to shine
On my dewy world at night.
Lord, what more could I desire ?
With my little heart of clay
I have lit no eternal fire
To burn my dreams on Judgement Day !

Well I loved, but they who knew
What my laughing heart could be,
What my singing lips could do,
Lie a-dreaming here with me.
I can feel their finger-tips
Stroke the darkness from my face,
And the music of their lips
Fills my pleasant resting-place
In the ashes and the dust,
Where I wonder as I lie,
Servant of the eternal Must,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.

743. *Any Lover, Any Lass*

WHY are her eyes so bright, so bright,
Why do her lips control
The kisses of a summer night,
When I would love her soul ?

God set her brave eyes wide apart
And painted them with fire ;
They stir the ashes of my heart
To embers of desire.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

Her lips so tenderly are wrought
In so divine a shape,
That I am servant to my thought
And can no wise escape.

Her body is a flower, her hair
About her neck doth play ;
I find her colours everywhere,
They are the pride of day.

Her little hands are soft, and when
I see her fingers move
I know in very truth that men
Have died for less than love.

Ah, dear, live, lovely thing ! my eyes
Have sought her like a prayer ;
It is my better self that cries
' Would she were not so fair ! '

Would I might forfeit ecstasy
And find a calmer place,
Where I might undesirous see
Her too desired face :

Nor find her eyes so bright, so bright,
Nor hear her lips unroll
Dream after dream the lifelong night,
When I would love her soul.

744.

On a Dead Child

MAN proposes, God in His time disposes,
And so I wander'd up to where you lay,
A little rose among the little roses,
And no more dead than they.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

It seem'd your childish feet were tired of straying,
You did not greet me from your flower-strewn bed,
Yet still I knew that you were only playing—
Playing at being dead.

I might have thought that you were really sleeping,
So quiet lay your eyelids to the sky,
So still your hair, but surely you were peeping;
And so I did not cry.

God knows, and in His proper time disposes,
And so I smiled and gently called your name,
Added my rose to your sweet heap of roses,
And left you to your game.

JOHN MASEFIELD

745.

Cargoes

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD

746.

Sea Fever

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-
gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's
like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

747.

To his Mother, C. L. M.

I N the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave.

JOHN MASEFIELD

For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,
Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet,
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind?
What woman's happier life repays
Her for those months of wretched days?
For all my mouthless body leech'd
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reach'd?

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

.
O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed!

WILFRID THORLEY

748.

Buttercups

THERE must be fairy miners
Just underneath the mould,
Such wondrous quaint designers
Who live in caves of gold.

WILFRID THORLEY

They take the shining metals,
And beat them into shreds ;
And mould them into petals,
To make the flowers' heads.

Sometimes they melt the flowers,
To tiny seeds like pearls,
And store them up in bowers
For little boys and girls.

And still a tiny fan turns
Above a forge of gold ;
To keep with fairy lanterns,
The world from growing old.

749.

Chant for Reapers

WHY do you hide, O dryads ! when we seek
Your healing hands in solace ?
Who shall soften like you the places rough ?
Who shall hasten the harvest ?

Why do you fly, O dryads ! when we pray
For laden boughs and blossom ?
Who shall quicken like you the sapling trees ?
Who shall ripen the orchards ?

Bare in the wind the branches wave and break,
The hazel nuts are hollow.
Who shall garner the wheat if you be gone ?
Who shall sharpen his sickle ?

Wine have we spilt, O dryads ! on our knees
Have made you our oblation.
Who shall save us from dearth if you be fled ?
Who shall comfort and kindle ?

WILFRID THORLEY

Sadly we delve the furrows, string the vine
Whose flimsy burden topples.
Downward tumble the woods if you be dumb,
Stript of honey and garland.

Why do you hide, O dryads! when we call,
With pleading hands up-lifted?
Smile and bless us again that all be well;
Smile again on your children.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

750. *Rioupéroux*

HIGH and solemn mountains guard Rioupéroux
—Small untidy village where the river drives a mill—
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

O I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and
corduroy,
And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

751. *War Song of the Saracens*

WE are they who come faster than fate: we are they
who ride early or late:
We storm at your ivory gate: Pale Kings of the Sunset,
beware!
Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtain'd solemnity
die

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Among women who chatter and cry, and children who
mumble a prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with
a shout, and we tramp

With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of
the wind in our hair.

From the lands where the elephants are, to the forts of
Merou and Balghar,

Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the
ruins of Rûm.

We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God
we will go there again ;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters
of Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were
afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker
of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not
a few of ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter
and strong :

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as
a desolate pool,

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their
cavalry thunder'd along :

For the coward was drown'd with the brave when our
battle sheer'd up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to
God in our song.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT

752.

First Pathways

WHERE were the pathways that your childhood
knew?—

In mountain glens? or by the ocean strands?
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest lands,
The distant hills were blue?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze
Over a mellow city's walls and towers?
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with flowers,
In quiet woodland ways?

And whether here or there, or east or west,
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground;
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire
I doubt not that a golden light was shed
On those first paths, and that they also led
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penn'd,
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,
Or where they damm'd the muddy gutter rills,
Or made a dog their friend;

Or where they gather'd, dancing hand in hand,
About the organ man, for them, too, lay
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,
The gates of wonderland.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are sweet
To all her children,—never a rebuff;
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,
The flowers about our feet.

RUPERT BROOKE

753.

Dust

WHEN the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night;

When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has still'd the labour of my breath—
When we are dust, when we are dust!—

Not dead, not undesirous yet,
Still sentient, still unsatisfied,
We'll ride the air, and shine, and flit,
Around the places where we died,

And dance as dust before the sun,
And light of foot and unconfined,
Hurry from road to road, and run
About the errands of the wind.

And every mote, on earth or air,
Will speed and gleam, down later days,
And like a secret pilgrim fare
By eager and invisible ways,

RUPERT BROOKE

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,
One mote of all the dust that 's I
Shall meet one atom that was you.

Then in some garden hush'd from wind,
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace ; and, past desiring,
So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quiring,
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it 's fire, or dew,
Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher. . . .
But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering ecstasy of our fire,
And the weak passionless hearts will burn

And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above ;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know !—
One moment, what it is to love.

754. *The One Before the Last*

I DREAMT I was in love again
With the One Before the Last,
And smiled to greet the pleasant pain
Of that innocent young past.

RUPERT BROOKE

But I jump'd to feel how sharp had been
The pain when it did live,
How the faded dreams of Nineteen-ten
Were Hell in Nineteen-five.

The boy's woe was as keen and clear,
The boy's love just as true,
And the One Before the Last, my dear,
Hurt quite as much as you.

.

Sickly I ponder'd how the lover
Wrongs the unanswering tomb,
And sentimentalizes over
What earn'd a better doom.

Gently he tombs the poor dim last time,
Strews pinkish dust above,
And sighs, 'The dear dead boyish pastime ;
But *this*—ah, God!—is Love!'

—Better oblivion hide dead true loves,
Better the night enfold,
Than men, to eke the praise of new loves,
Should lie about the old!

.

Oh! bitter thoughts I had in plenty.
But here's the worst of it—
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty,
You ever hurt a bit!

755.

Second Best

HERE in the dark, O heart ;
 Alone with the enduring Earth, and Night,
 And Silence, and the warm strange smell of clover ;
 Clear-vision'd, though it break you ; far apart
 From the dead best, the dear and old delight ;
 Throw down your dreams of immortality,
 O faithful, O foolish lover !

Here 's peace for you, and surety ; here the one
 Wisdom—the truth !—‘ All day the good glad sun
 Showers love and labour on you, wine and song ;
 The greenwood laughs, the wind blows, all day long
 Till night.’ And night ends all things.

Then shall be

No lamp relumed in heaven, no voices crying,
 Or changing lights, or dreams and forms that hover !
 (And, heart, for all your sighing,
 That gladness and those tears are over, over. . . .)

And has the truth brought no new hope at all,
 Heart, that you're weeping yet for Paradise ?
 Do they still whisper, the old weary cries ?
 ‘ *Mid youth and song, feasting and carnival,
 Through laughter, through the roses, as of old
 Comes Death, on shadowy and relentless feet,
 Death, unappeasable by prayer or gold ;
 Death is the end, the end !*

Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to greet
 Death as a friend !

Exile of immortality, strongly wise,
 Strain through the dark with undesirous eyes

RUPERT BROOKE

To what may lie beyond it. Sets your star,
O heart, for ever? Yet, behind the night,
Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,
Some white tremendous daybreak. And the light,
Returning, shall give back the golden hours,
Ocean a windless level, Earth a lawn
Spacious and full of sunlit dancing-places,
And laughter, and music, and, among the flowers,
The gay child-hearts of men, and the child-faces,
O heart, in the great dawn!

THE HON. MAURICE BARING

756. ΛΕΙΠΙΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΛΥΞ

SHE listen'd to the music of the spheres;
We thought she did not hear our happy strings;
Stars diadem'd her hair in misty rings,
And all too late we knew those stars were tears.
Without she was a temple of pure snow,
Within were piteous flames of sacrifice;
And underneath the dazzling mask of ice
A heart of swiftest fire was dying slow.

She in herself, as lonely lilies fold
Stiff silver petals over secret gold,
Shielded her passion and remain'd afar
From pity. Cast red roses on the pyre!
She that was snow shall rise to Heaven as fire
In the still glory of the morning star.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

757.

Songs of Joy

SING out, my Soul, thy songs of joy ;
Such as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Think not of Death in thy young days ;
—Why shouldst thou that grim tyrant fear ?
And fear him not when thou art old,
And he is near.

Strive not for gold, for greedy fools
Measure themselves by poor men never ;
Their standard, still being richer men,
Makes them poor ever.

Train up thy mind to feel content ;
What matters then how low thy store ?
What we enjoy, and not possess,
Makes rich or poor.

Fill'd with sweet thought, then happy I
Take not my state from others' eyes ;
What 's in my mind—not on my flesh
Or theirs—I prize.

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy ;
Such as a Brook sings in the wood,
That all night has been strengthen'd by
Heaven's purer flood.

758.

Truly Great

MY walls outside must have some flowers,
 My walls within must have some books ;
 A house that 's small ; a garden large,
 And in it leafy nooks :

A little gold that 's sure each week ;
 That comes not from my living kind,
 But from a dead man in his grave,
 Who cannot change his mind :

A lovely wife, and gentle too ;
 Contented that no eyes but mine
 Can see her many charms, nor voice
 To call her beauty fine :

Where she would in that stone cage live,
 A self-made prisoner, with me ;
 While many a wild bird sang around,
 On gate, on bush, on tree :

And she sometimes to answer them,
 In her far sweeter voice than all ;
 Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
 Will doat on a stone wall.

—With this small house, this garden large,
 This little gold, this lovely mate,
 With health in body, peace at heart—
 Show me a man more great.

759.

Money

WHEN I had money, money, O!
 I knew no joy till I went poor;
 For many a false man as a friend
 Came knocking all day at my door.

Then felt I like a child that holds
 A trumpet that he must not blow
 Because a man is dead; I dared
 Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen
 How poor men's hearts are ever light;
 And how their wives do hum like bees
 About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,
 And see the rich ones coldly frown—
 Poor men, think I, need not go up
 So much as rich men should come down.

When I had money, money, O!
 My many friends proved all untrue;
 But now I have no money, O!
 My friends are real, though very few.

760.

In May

YES, I will spend the livelong day
 With Nature in this month of May;
 And sit beneath the trees, and share
 My bread with birds whose homes are there;
 While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
 Stand to their necks in grass so deep;

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

While birds do sing with all their might,
As though they felt the earth in flight.
This is the hour I dream'd of, when
I sat surrounded by poor men ;
And thought of how the Arab sat
Alone at evening, gazing at
The stars that bubbled in clear skies ;
And of young dreamers, when their eyes
Enjoy'd methought a precious boon
In the adventures of the Moon
Whose light, behind the Clouds' dark bars,
Search'd for her stolen flocks of stars.
When I, hemm'd in by wrecks of men,
Thought of some lonely cottage then,
Full of sweet books ; and miles of sea,
With passing ships, in front of me ;
And having, on the other hand,
A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

761.

Leisure

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare ?—

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows :

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass :

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night :

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance :

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

(No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began ?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

762.

The Elements

NO house of stone
Was built for me ;
When the Sun shines—
I am a bee.

No sooner comes
The Rain so warm,
I come to light—
I am a worm.

When the Winds blow,
I do not strip,
But set my sails—
I am a ship.

When Lightning comes,
It plays with me
And I with it—
I am a tree.

When drown'd men rise
At Thunder's word,
Sings Nightingale—
I am a bird.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

763.

Song

IF once I could gather in song
A flower from my garden of dreams—
The dew from its petals unshaken,
When starry and bright they awaken—
All men to the wonder would throng.

Though ever at dawning I go
By the marge of the life-giving streams
That, shadow'd by blossoms upspringing,
Remember the hills in their singing,
The fells of their birth in their flow ;

Or early or late though I fare
To gather my garden of dreams
For the barren, forsaken and lonely ;
I bring from the shadow-world only
Pale blossoms that perish in air.

764.

Flannan Isle

THOUGH three men dwell on Flannan Isle
To keep the lamp alight,
As we steer'd under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night.'

A passing ship at dawn had brought
The news ; and quickly we set sail,
To find out what strange thing might ail
The keepers of the deep-sea light.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

The winter day broke blue and bright,
With glancing sun and glancing spray,
As o'er the swell our boat made way,
As gallant as a gull in flight.

But, as we near'd the lonely Isle ;
And look'd up at the naked height ;
And saw the lighthouse towering white,
With blinded lantern, that all night
Had never shot a spark
Of comfort through the dark,
So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seem'd, that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.

And, as into the tiny creek
We stole beneath the hanging crag,
We saw three queer, black, ugly birds—
Too big, by far, in my belief,
For guillemot or shag—
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright
Upon a half-tide reef :
But, as we near'd, they plunged from sight,
Without a sound, or spurt of white.

And still too mazed to speak,
We landed ; and made fast the boat ;
And climb'd the track in single file,
Each wishing he was safe afloat,
On any sea, however far,
So it be far from Flannan Isle :
And still we seem'd to climb, and climb,
As though we'd lost all count of time,

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

And so must climb for evermore.
Yet, all too soon, we reached the door—
The black, sun-blister'd lighthouse-door,
That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell,
We paused, we seem'd to breathe the smell
Of limewash and of tar,
Familiar as our daily breath,
As though 'twere some strange scent of death :
And so, yet wondering, side by side,
We stood a moment, still tongue-tied :
And each with black foreboding eyed
The door, ere we should fling it wide,
To leave the sunlight for the gloom :
Till, plucking courage up, at last,
Hard on each other's heels we pass'd
Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door,
We only saw a table, spread
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread ;
But all untouch'd ; and no one there :
As though, when they sat down to eat,
Ere they could even taste,
Alarm had come ; and they in haste
Had risen and left the bread and meat :
For at the table-head a chair
Lay tumbled on the floor.

We listen'd ; but we only heard
The feeble cheeping of a bird
That starved upon its perch :
And, listening still, without a word,
We set about our hopeless search.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

We hunted high, we hunted low ;
And soon ransack'd the empty house ;
Then o'er the Island, to and fro,
We ranged, to listen and to look
In every cranny, cleft or nook
That might have hid a bird or mouse :
But, though we search'd from shore to shore,
We found no sign in any place :
And soon again stood face to face
Before the gaping door :
And stole into the room once more
As frighten'd children steal.

Aye : though we hunted high and low,
And hunted everywhere,
Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind in any place,
But a door ajar, and an untouch'd meal,
And an overtoppled chair.

And, as we listen'd in the gloom
Of that forsaken living-room—
A chill clutch on our breath—
We thought how ill-chance came to all
Who kept the Flannan Light :
And how the rock had been the death
Of many a likely lad :
How six had come to a sudden end,
And three had gone stark mad :
And one whom we'd all known as friend
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall :
And long we thought
On the three we sought,
And of what might yet befall.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Like curs, a glance has brought to heel,
We listen'd, flinching there :
And look'd, and look'd, on the untouch'd meal,
And the overtoppled chair.

We seem'd to stand for an endless while,
Though still no word was said,
Three men alive on Flannan Isle,
Who thought, on three men dead.

ALICE FURLONG

765. *My Share of the World*

I AM jealous : I am true :
Sick at heart for love of you,
O my share of the world !
I am cold, O, cold as stone
To all men save you alone.

Seven times slower creeps the day
When your face is far away,
O my share of the world !
Seven times darker falls the night
When you gladden not my sight.

Measureless my joy and pride
Would you choose me for your bride,
O my share of the world !
For your face is my delight,
Morn and even, noon and night.

ALICE FURLONG

To the dance and to the wake
Still I go but for your sake,
 O my share of the world !
Just to see your face awhile,
Meet your eyes and win your smile.

And the gay word on my lip
Never lets my secret slip
 To my share of the world !
Light my feet trip over the green—
But my heart cries in the keen !

My poor mother sighs anew
When my looks go after you,
 O my share of the world !
And my father's brow grows black
When you smile and turn your back.

I would part with wealth and ease,
I would go beyond the seas,
 For my share of the world !
I would leave my hearth and home
If he only whisper'd ' Come ! '

Houseless under sun and dew,
I would beg my bread with you,
 O my share of the world !
Houseless in the snow and storm,
Your heart's love would keep me warm.

I would pray and I would crave
To be with you in the grave,
 O my share of the world !
I would go through fire and flood,
I would give up all but God
 For my share of the world !

MICHAEL FIELD

766. *The Woods are Still*

THE woods are still that were so gay at primrose-
springing,
Through the dry woods the brown field-fares are winging,
And I alone of love, of love am singing.

I sing of love to the haggard palmer-worm,
Of love 'mid the crumpled oak-leaves that once were firm,
Laughing, I sing of love at the summer's term.

Of love, on a path where the snake's cast skin is lying,
Blue feathers on the floor, and no cuckoo flying ;
I sing to the echo of my own voice crying.

767. *Renewal*

AS the young phoenix, duteous to his sire,
Lifts in his beak the creature he has been,
And, lifting o'er the corse broad vans for screen,
Bears it to solitudes, erects a pyre,
And, soon as it is wasted by the fire,
Grids with disdainful claw the ashes clean ;
Then spreading unencumber'd wings serene
Mounts to the aether with renew'd desire :

So joyously I lift myself above
The life I buried in hot flames to-day.
The flames themselves are dead : and I can range
Alone through the untarnish'd sky I love,
And I trust myself, as from the grave I may,
To the enchanting miracles of change.

JAMES JOYCE

768.

Song

O IT was out by Donnycarney,
When the bat flew from tree to tree,
My love and I did walk together ;
And sweet were the words she said to me !

Along with us the summer wind
Went murmuring—O, happily !—
But softer than the breath of summer
Was the kiss she gave to me.

EZRA POUND

769.

Portrait

NOW would I weave her portrait out of all dim
splendour.
Of Provence and far halls of memory,
Lo, there come echoes, faint diversity
Of blended bells at even's end, or
As the distant seas should send her
The tribute of their trembling, ceaselessly
Resonant. Out of all dreams that be,
Say, shall I bid the deepest dreams attend her ?

Nay ! For I have seen the purplest shadows stand
Always with reverent cheer that look'd on her,
Silence himself is grown her worshipper
And ever doth attend her in that land
Wherein she reigneth, wherefore let there stir
Naught but the softest voices, praising her.

EZRA POUND

770.

Ballad for Gloom

FOR God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
I have loved my God as maid to man,
But lo, this thing is best :

To love your God as a gallant foe
 that plays behind the veil,
To meet your God as the night winds meet
 beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have play'd with God for a woman,
I have staked with my God for truth,
I have lost to my God as a man, clear eyed,
 His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,
 But hear ye this thing in sooth :

Who loseth to God as man to man
 Shall win at the turn of the game.
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet,
 But the ending is the same :
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
 Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
 that playeth behind the veil,
Whom God deigns not to overthrow
 Hath need of triple mail.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

771. *To Iron-Founders and Others*

WHEN you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots :
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high
Where your unnatural vapours creep :
Surely the living rocks shall die
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament
And yet no heaven is more near ;
You shape huge deeds without event,
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels ; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust ;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
But plants that spring in ruins and shards
Attend until your dream is done :
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

The generations of the worm
Know not your loads piled on their soil ;
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd,
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

772.

The Apple

EVE, smiling, pluck'd the apple, then
Laugh'd, sigh'd—and tasted it again :
' Strange such a pleasant, juicy thing
On a forbidden tree should spring !'

But had she seen with clearer eyes,
Or had the serpent been less wise,
She'd scarce have shown such little wit
As to let Adam taste of it !

ELINOR SWEETMAN

773. *The Orchard by the Shore: a Pastoral*

COLIN

HOW look'd your love, sweet Shepherd, yestereven,
When under apple-boughs ye stole a tryst,
While Hesper held the glowing gates of heaven
Ere colder stars besprent its amethyst?
Ah! happy one, how look'd those lids ye kiss'd,
And seem'd her blush of half its rose bereaven
By wan green glimmer and by meadow mist,
From grassy floor, with leaves enshadow'd o'er,
Dim filtering through the seven-score trees and seven
Of the orchard by the shore?

SHEPHERD

Colin, the grass was grey and wet the sod
O'er which I heard her velvet footfall come;
But heaven, where yet no pallid crescent rode
Flower'd in fire behind the bloomless plum;
There stirr'd no wing nor wind, the wood was dumb,
Only blown roses shook their leaves abroad
On stems more tender than an infant's thumb—
Soft leaves, soft hued, and curl'd like Cupid's lip;
And each dim tree shed sweetness over me,
From honey-dews that breathless boughs let slip
In the orchard by the sea.

ELINOR SWEETMAN

COLIN

Yea, Shepherd, I have seen how blossoms fold,
And waded deep, where deep an orchard grows ;
But what of her whose sweet ye leave untold,
Whose step fell softer than a south-wind blows ?
What of her beauty ?—saw ye not unroll'd
O'er little ears and throat a twine of gold ?
And wore her lip the blown or budded rose ?
O did she reach through balmy pear and peach
White arms for greeting—did ye heaven hold
In the orchard by the beach ?

SHEPHERD

Nay, Colin, but I heard through walls of laurel
A tide impassion'd brimming silent spaces,
Guess'd its soft weight, and knew its hoarded coral
Given and withdrawn to shyer farther places ;
Methought each wave shook loose in long embraces
Wild trees and tangle over shells auroral,
And never wave but held all heaven's faces,
And seem'd to sweep a mirror'd moon asleep,
To break and blanch among the wet wood-sorrel,
In the orchard by the deep.

COLIN

O Shepherd, leave to speak of ocean-brede,
And crescents gliding o'er the cold sea-floor ;
All men may watch a risen tide recede,
And scarlet secrets of the deep explore.
Were not your nymph's fair face and footstep more
Than foam and flake within a garden weed ?
More sweet than hymning seas her sweet love-lore ?
Her hair, her hand, more soft than feathers fann'd
From sleeping doves, by small winds newly freed
In the orchard by the strand ?

ELINOR SWEETMAN

SHEPHERD

O dull of soul and senseless ! get thee gone !
What though the lyre of him who loves be strung
To deep of heaven and deep of sea—alone
The deep of love is evermore unsung !
Such music lieth hush upon the tongue.
No, by the gods ! not thou, nor any one
Shall force these stammering lips to do it wrong,
Nor babble o'er from common door to door
What I, by favour of my gods, have known
In the orchard by the shore !

GEORGE SANTAYANA

774. *The Rustic at the Play*

OUR youth is like a rustic at the play
That cries aloud in simple-hearted fear,
Curses the villain, shudders at the fray,
And weeps before the maiden's wreathèd bier.

Yet once familiar with the changing show,
He starts no longer at a brandished knife ;
But, his heart chasten'd at the sight of woe,
Ponders the mirror'd sorrows of his life.

So tutor'd too, I watch the moving art
Of all this magic and impassion'd pain
That tells the story of the human heart
In a false instance, such as poets feign.

I smile, and keep within the parchment furl'd
That prompts the passions of this strutting world.

ERNEST RADFORD

775.

Quiet

T IRED brain, there is a place of rest
On the broad bosom of the land
Where quiet will reward the quest.
The dinning of the iron hand
Will be unheard ; ah ! there shall we
Have with the noise of tumbling rills,
And with the music of the sea,
The quiet that my dream fulfils
Of Quiet, aching tho' it be.

JOHN DRINKWATER

776.

A Prayer

L ORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for the remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us ; we shall climb
Unfetter'd to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast reveal'd,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stain'd, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees :
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

777. *Hymn to Love*

WE are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,
As thóu, Lóve, were the déep thought
And we the speech of the thought ; yea, spoken are we,
Thy fires of thought out-spoken :

But burn'd not through us thy imagining
Like fiérce móod in a sóng cáught,
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—
The lives travelling dark fears,
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool
Thrown down abysmal places ?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth
And our journeying time theirs ;
As words of air, life makes of starry earth
Sweet soul-delighted faces ;

As voices are we in the worldly wind ;
The great wind of the world's fate
Is turned, as air to a shapen sound, to mind
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,
Not borne down by the wind's weight ;
The rushing time rings with our splendid word
Like darkness fill'd with fires.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,
And Love's meaning our life wields,
Making our souls like syllables to throng
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,
As rain blown along earth's fields ;
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,
Sung joys of adoration ;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,
We go charged with a strong flame ;
For as a language Love hath seized on life
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
Thy thought's golden and glad name,
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

778.

Epilogue

WHAT shall we do for Love these days?
How shall we make an altar-blaze
To smite the horny eyes of men
With the renown of our Heaven,
And to the unbelievers prove
Our service to our dear god, Love?
What torches shall we lift above
The crowd that pushes through the mire,
To amaze the dark heads with strange fire?
I should think I were much to blame,
If never I held some fragrant flame

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

Above the noises of the world,
And openly 'mid men's hurrying stares,
Worshipt before the sacred fears
That are like flashing curtains furl'd
Across the presence of our Lord Love.

Nay, would that I could fill the gaze
Of the whole earth with some great praise
Made in a marvel for men's eyes,
Some tower of glittering masonries,
Therein such a spirit flourishing
Men should see what my heart can sing :
All that Love hath done to me
Built into stone, a visible glee ;
Marble carried to gleaming height
As moved aloft by inward delight ;
Not as with toil of chisels hewn,
But seeming poised in a mighty tune.
For of all those who have been known
To lodge with our kind host, the sun,
I envy one for just one thing :

In Cordova of the Moors
There dwelt a passion-minded King,
Who set great bands of marble-hewers
To fashion his heart's thanksgiving
In a tall palace, shapen so
All the wondering world might know
The joy he had of his Moorish lass,
His love, that brighter and larger was
Than the starry places, into firm stone
He sent, as if the stone were glass
Fired and into beauty blown.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

Solemn and invented gravely
In its bulk the fabric stood,
Even as Love, that trusteth bravely
In its own exceeding good
To be better than the waste
Of time's devices ; grandly spaced,
Seriously the fabric stood.
But over it all a pleasure went
Of carven delicate ornament,
Wreathing up like ravishment,
Mentioning in sculptures twined
The blitheness Love hath in his mind ;
And like delighted senses were
The windows, and the columns there
Made the following sight to ache
As the heart that did them make.
Well I can see that shining song
Flowering there, the upward throng
Of porches, pillars and window'd walls,
Spires like piercing panpipe calls,
Up to the roof's snow-cloud flight ;
All glancing in the Spanish light
White as water of arctic tides,
Save an amber dazzle on sunny sides.
You had said, the radiant sheen
Of that palace might have been
A young god's fantasy, ere he came
His serious worlds and suns to frame ;
Such an immortal passion
Quiver'd among the slim hewn stone.
And in the nights it seem'd a jar
Cut in the substance of a star,
Wherein a wine, that will be pour'd
Some time for feasting Heaven, was stored.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

But within this fretted shell,
The wonder of Love made visible,
The King a private gentle mood
There placed, of pleasant quietude.
For right amidst there was a court,
Where always muskèd silences
Listen'd to water and to trees ;
And herbage of all fragrant sort,—
Lavender, lad's-love, rosemary,
Basil, tansy, centaury,—
Was the grass of that orchard, hid
Love's amazements all amid.
Jarring the air with rumour cool,
Small fountains play'd into a pool
With sound as soft as the barley's hiss
When its beard just sprouting is ;
Whence a young stream, that trod on moss,
Prettily rimped the court across.
And in the pool's clear idleness,
Moving like dreams through happiness,
Shoals of small bright fishes were ;
In and out weed-thickets bent
Perch and carp, and sauntering went
With mounching jaws and eyes a-stare ;
Or on a lotus leaf would crawl
A brinded loach to bask and sprawl,
Tasting the warm sun ere it dipt
Into the water ; but quick as fear
Back his shining brown head slipt
To crouch on the gravel of his lair,
Where the cool'd sunbeams broke in wrack,
Spilt shatter'd gold about his back.

So within that green-veil'd air,

Within

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

Within that white-wall'd quiet, where
Innocent water thought aloud,—
Childish prattle that must make
The wise sunlight with laughter shake
On the leafage overbow'd,—
Often the King and his love-lass
Let the delicious hours pass.
All the outer world could see
Graved and sawn amazingly
Their love's delighted riotise,
Fixt in marble for all men's eyes;
But only these twain could abide
In the cool peace that withinside
Thrilling desire and passion dwelt;
They only knew the still meaning spelt
By Love's flaming script, which is
God's word written in ecstasies.

And where is now that palace gone,
All the magical skill'd stone,
All the dreaming towers wrought
By Love as if no more than thought
The unresisting marble was?
How could such a wonder pass?
Ah, it was but built in vain
Against the stupid horns of Rome,
That pusht down into the common loam
The loveliness that shone in Spain.
But we have raised it up again!
A loftier palace, fairer far,
Is ours, and one that fears no war.
Safe in marvellous walls we are;
Wondering sense like builded fires,
High amazement of desires,

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

Delight and certainty of love,
Closing around, roofing above
Our unapproacht and perfect hour
Within the splendours of love's power.

779. *Ceremonial Ode Intended for
a University*

WHEN from Eternity were separate
The curdled element
And gathered forces, and the world began,—
The Spirit that was shut and darkly blent
Within this being, did the whole distress
With a blind hanker after spaciousness.
Into its wrestle, strictly tied up in Fate
And closely natured, came like an open'd grate
At last the Mind of Man,
Letting the sky in, and a faculty
To light the cell with lost Eternity.

So commerce with the Infinite was regain'd :
For upward grew Man's ken
And trode with founded footsteps the grievous fen
Where other life festering and prone remain'd.
With knowledge painfully quarried and hewn fair,
Platforms of lore, and many a hanging stair
Of strong imagination Man has raised
His Wisdom like the watch-towers of a town ;
That he, though fasten'd down
In law, be with its cruelty not amazed,
But be of outer vastness greatly aware.

This

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

This, then, is yours : to build exultingly
High, and yet more high,
The knowledgeable towers above base wars
And sinful surges reaching up to lay
Dishonouring hands upon your work, and drag
From their uprightness your desires to lag
Among low places with a common gait.
That so Man's mind, not conquer'd by his clay,
May sit above his fate,
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,
And trade with his Eternity.



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