

IN ARCADIE

The sea is green, the sea is grey,
The tide winds blow, and shallows
chime;

Where earth is rife with bloom of May
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' elime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea,
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcadie.

Love fares to-day, and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves;
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and woodbird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eyes.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dream-held hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf;
No sapphire gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief;
No grey unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair,
Where veeries sing in secret bowers
And lindens blow and little flowers,
And bluebirds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
About a shadow-painted room
Built of many a bough and bloom—
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
And thou beside me in the dusk.



A HILL SONG

There is a little hint of spring,
A subtle, silent, unseen thing
By shadowed wall and open way,
And I, a gypsy for the day,
Go straying far beneath the sky,
And far into the windy hills,
Where distant, dim horizons lie,
And earth with gleams of heaven fills.

My quest is but a singing bird,
Whose voice on uplands lone is heard,
And this my path where none hath been,
And this my tent, an evergreen;

The hills are mine own open way—
I hate the smother of the town—
I love by breezy hills to stray,
Where thawing streams come leaping
down.

Oh, joy it is and free of care,
With the sun and the wind in my face and
my hair,

Alone with the shining clouds which trail
Silently each like a phantom sail,
Over the hills, on the blue of heaven;

Oh, joy it is to wander here,
Where the wilding heart of the young,
sweet year,

Quickens the earth, and spring is near!

And joy it is, the shorelark's cry—
Full well I know he walketh by;
A sudden winnow of grey wings,
And in the light he soars and sings,
And pausing in his heavenward flight,
A heart-beat, on from height to height,
He trails his silver strains of song
By paths eye may not follow long:
Grey glimpses in the azure fade,

I only hear sweet sounds in the skies
As if the soul of song had strayed
Invisible from paradise.



BLUEBIRDS

O magic music of the Spring,—
Across the morning's breezy meads
I hear the south wind in the reeds,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

O mellow music of the morn,—
Across the fading fields of Time
How many joyous songs are borne
From memory's enchanting elime.

I see the grasses shine with dew,
The cornflowers gleaming in the grain,
And, oh! the bluebirds sing—and you?
We fare together once again.

O haunting music of the dusk,
When silent birds are on the wing
And sweet is scent of pine and musk—
Oh! as we wander hand in hand
Across the shadow-painted land,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.