

Aftersong

These are the ever-songs
The heart of the sea will sing,
When ash-coloured birds are building,
And lilac thickets ring;

When June is an open road
For every soul that stirs;
When scarlet voices summon,
And not a foot defers.

These are the twilight songs
Out of the simple North,
Where the marchers of the night
In silent troops go forth;

Where Alioth sails and sails
Forever round the Pole,
And wonder brings no sad
Disquietude of soul.

And all their bodily beauty
Must flower a moment and die,
As the rain goes down the sea-rim,
The streamers up the sky;

Till time as a falling echo
Shall sift them over and o'er,
And the wind between the stars
Can tell their words no more.

Yet the lyric beat and cry
Which frets the poor frail things
Shall pass from joy to joy
Up through a thousand springs,

Teasing the sullen years
Out of monotony,
As reedbirds pour their rapture
By the unwintered sea.

END OF VOL. I.