

GILD NO GOLDEN MEMORY

(“A movement has been inaugurated to erect a monument at Rheims in commemoration of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.” *Yale Daily Press*, September, 1914.)

I pray you let me wend—
Stay not my spirit with your outstretched hands,
Loving, but over-fond; no fumbling bands
May staunch this ebbing tide;
Alone save for my pride
And God—leave me with Him to make the end.

These fifteen reeking hours,
With those my fifteen storied centuries
Gorged and bloated, squat beneath your eyes,
Which yesterday in vain
Sought to embrace my fane
In one long rapture, crying, “This is ours!”

Of Our Liege Lady's grace
My kings have craved their crowning at my gift.
O untoward fate! that I, with scanty shrift,
Must don this withering crown
Of death, unknighly thrown
By yon base churl, who fouls a king's high place!

The faggot and the flame—
Whence soared to Heaven the soul of La Pucelle,
She whom my cloistered spirit loved so well,
And in due season saw
France to her Lord restore—
Were sister spawn of Hell to this my shame.

Where rest my martyr-saints;
Where my apostles and my virgins; all
That gentle fellowship of niche and stall
And gilded canopy?
In fuller panoply
Find they a sanctuary from man-made straits?

For now that fair demesne
Of vaulted choir, groined roof and pinnacle,
Crocket and cusp, stone steeped in miracle,
Where they were wont to cry,
Silent, unceasingly,
The Master-Builder's praise, is riven in twain.