

III THE KEYSTONE

Out of the quarry cut and laid,
Brother hands wrought me, unafraid;
And me with symbols that had
no name,

Set me to hold a high arch-frame.
Vanished are they with all their race,
Yet here I dwell in my given place;
Washed of the rain, burnt of the sun,
Waiting with God till the years be done.

IV THE DREAMER

He heard a distant anthem swim
Upon the swallows' twittered cries;
The bare brown hills became to him
A shimmer of sun-symphonies;
Across the ruined cloister-shade
An angel's wing limned lanes of light,
And from forgotten graves there strayed
Low whisperings upon the night.

With adze and plane and rugged beam
He fell to hewing out his dream.

From "San Juan Capistrano"