

where so long he has stirred the dead egotist
ashes, out into the bigger life, the life of his
fellows; he must live, with them, by them,
in them.

“ I am weary of deeds done inside myself,
I am weary of voyages inside myself,
And of heroism wrought by strokes of the
pen,
And of a beauty made up of formulæ.

“ I am ashamed of lying to my work,
Of my work lying to my life,
And of being able to content myself,
By burning sweet spices,
With the mouldering smell that is master
here.”

Again, in “ The Conquerors,” the poet
dreams of the Victorious One who has no army,
the Knight who rides afoot, the Crusader
without breviary or scrip, the Pilgrim of Love
who, by the shining in his eyes, draws all
men to him, and they in turn draw other men
until, at last :

“ The time came in the land,
The time of the Great Conquest,