

THE SUMMONS

DEEPS of the wind-torn west,
 Flaming and desolate,
Upsprings my soul from his rest
 With your banners at the gate.

'Neath this o'ermastering sky
 How could the heart lie still,
 Or the sluggish will
Content in the old chains lie,
 When over the lonely hill
Your torn wild scarlets cry?

Up, Soul, and out
 Into the deeps alone,
To the long peal and the shout
 Of those trumpets blown and blown!