

Passing the door where an old wind-harp
swings,
With its five strings,
Contrived long years ago
By my first predecessor bent to show
His handcraft so,

He lays his fingers on the æolian wire,
As a core of fire
Is laid upon the blast
To kindle and glow and fill the purple vast
Of dark at last.

Weird wise and low, piercing and keen and
glad,
Or dim and sad
As a forgotten strain
Born when the broken legions of the rain
Swept through the plain —

He plays, like some dread veiled mysteri-
arch,
Lighting the dark,
Bidding the spring grow warm,
The gendering merge and loosing of spirit in
form,
Peace out of storm.

Behind
The
Arras