

Sohrab, Rameses, Roland,
Ramothe, Napoleon, Tyre,
And the Romeward Huns of Attila —
Alas, for their desire !

*The
Marching
Morrows.*

By April and by autumn
They perish in their pride,
And still they close and gather
Out of the mountain-side.

The tanned and tameless children
Of the wild elder earth,
With stature of the northlights,
They have the stars for girth.

There's not a hand to stay them,
Of all the hearts that brave;
No captain to undo them,
No cunning to off-stave.

Yet fear thou not ! If haply
Thou be the kingly one,
They'll set thee in their vanguard
To lead them round the sun.

IN THE WORKSHOP.

ONCE in the Workshop, ages ago,
The clay was wet and the fire was low.

And He who was bent on fashioning man
Moulded a shape from a clod,
And put the loyal heart therein;
While another stood watching by.