

VICTORY

BECAUSE your strife and labour have been vain,
Ye who have striven, shall I forego, forget
The far-off goal where to my feet were set
In the old days when life was first made plain ?
Upward in April, who, meeting with the rain,
Did turn, the first shy mayflowers still ^{are} met ?
I who have sought, yea, who am seeking yet,
What pain have I like unto your sore pain ?
So let me go as one yearning, that braves,
With shipmen that have knowledge of the sea,
The wind disastrous and the ponderous waves
(Because his love dwells in some far countree),
Crying, " Not one of all your million graves
Is deep enough to keep my love from me ! "

THE LAST STORM

FROM north, from east, the strong wind hurries down ;
Against the window-pane the sleet rings fast ;
The moon hath hid her face away, aghast,
And darkness keeps each corner of the town.
The garden hedges wear a heavy crown,
And the old poplars shriek, as night drifts past,
That, leagues on desolate leagues away, at last
One comes to know he too must surely drown.
And yet at noon, to-morrow, when I go
Out to the white, white edges of the plain,
I shall not grieve for this night's hurricane,
Seeing how, in a little hollow, sinks the snow
Around the southmost tree, where a lean crow
Sits noisily impatient for the rain.