

The primrose stars are turned to frozen tears
 Wrung from wan eyes of mothers : the wide
 sky
 Yawns at the suppliant arm and yearning
 cry :
The unwavering mountains mock man's tremu-
 lous fears :
 And dull-eyed Sorrow and gaunt Famine
 tread
 The poor man's threshold for their dole of
 dead.

Some in red vintage seek forgetfulness,
 Some in a rapt devotion's solitudes,
 Others on mountain-pinnacles, where broods
The light of heaven : and some in Love's caress.
 Mahomet sought the desert's mystery,
 Jesus, the tranquil shores of Galilee.

Then shall I pray that darkness fall once more
 To hide from me the world's tremendous
 need ?
 Shall the false langour of some opiate creed
Dull my unthinking vision as of yore ?
 Shall I still cry " Peace ! Peace ! "—when
 Peace is not,
 And find my happiness in pain forgot ?