

Russet and gray and gold,
 Russet of bare damp trees,
 Russet of empty flower beds,
 The world's less gray for these !

Gold and russet and gray,
 Gold of the poplar's leaves,
 Gold of the street lamps' glitter,
 Surely the gray deceives !

THE BALLAD OF PHELM THE BLIND

" A chieftain whose eye shames the eagle's '
 (Thus doth the legend run),
 " And with scorn hears a thrice-given warning,
 Darkened shall walk in the sun."

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This is the ballad of Phelim,
 The son of O'Connor Dhu.
 In wrestling, or racing, or sword-play,
 The vanquished his prowess rue.

" Phelim, son of O'Connor !
 What if the weird be thine ?
 Shun thou the pass of Glencullen,
 Last of an ancient line ! "