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By the Aurelian Wall



1410

By the Aurelian Wall  
*And Other Elegies*

By BLISS CARMAN

*Author of*

*Low Tide on Grand Pré, Behind the Arras,  
Ballads of Lost Haven, &c.*



Lamson, Wolfe and Company

Boston, New York and London

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## CONTENTS

- BY THE AURELIAN WALL, 9  
THE WHITE GULL, 15  
THE COUNTRY OF HAR, 32  
TO RICHARD LOVELACE, 42  
A SEAMARK, 44  
THE WORD OF THE WATER, 57  
PHILLIPS BROOKS, 59  
JOHN ELIOT BOWEN, 64  
HENRY GEORGE, 67  
ILICET, 70  
TO RAPHAEL, 76  
TO P. V., 82  
A NORSE CHILD'S REQUIEM, 87  
IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS, 91  
AN AFTERWORD, 96  
SEVEN WIND SONGS, 102  
ANDREW STRATON, 112  
THE GRAVE-TREE, 127

1  
2  
3

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## BY THE AURELIAN WALL

*In Memory of John Keats*

By the Aurelian Wall,  
Where the long shadows of the centuries fall  
From Caius Cestius' tomb,  
A weary mortal seeking rest found room  
For quiet burial,

Leaving among his friends  
A book of lyrics.  
Such untold amends  
A traveller might make  
In a strange country, bidden to partake  
Before he farther wends;

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Who shyly should bestow  
The foreign reed-flute they had seen him blow  
And finger cunningly,  
On one of the dark children standing by,  
Then lift his cloak and go.

The years pass. And the child  
Thoughtful beyond his fellows, grave and mild,  
Treasures the rough-made toy,  
Until one day he blows it for clear joy,  
And wakes the music wild.

His fondness makes it seem  
A thing first fashioned in delirious dream,  
Some god had cut and tried,  
And filled with yearning passion, and cast aside  
On some far woodland stream,—

*By the Aurelian Wall*

After long years to be  
Found by the stranger and brought over sea,  
A marvel and delight  
To ease the noon and pierce the dark blue night,  
For children such as he.

He learns the silver strain  
Wherewith the ghostly houses of gray rain  
And lonely valleys ring,  
When the untroubled whitethroats make the spring  
A world without a stain;

Then on his river reed,  
With strange and unsuspected notes that plead  
Of their own wild accord  
For utterances no bird's throat could afford,  
Lifts it to human need.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

His comrades leave their play,  
When calling and compelling far away  
By river-slope and hill,  
He pipes their wayward footsteps where he will,  
All the long lovely day.

Even his elders come.  
"Surely the child is elvish," murmur some,  
And shake the knowing head;  
"Give us the good old simple things instead,  
Our fathers used to hum."

Others at the open door  
Smile when they hear what they have hearkened for  
These many summers now,  
Believing they should live to learn somehow  
Things never known before.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

But he can only tell  
How the flute's whisper lures him with a spell,  
Yet always just eludes  
The lost perfection over which he broods;  
And how he loves it well.

Till all the country-side,  
Familiar with his piping far and wide,  
Has taken for its own  
That weird enchantment down the evening blown, —  
Its glory and its pride.

And so his splendid name,  
Who left the book of lyrics and small fame  
Among his fellows then,  
Spreads through the world like autumn — who  
knows when? —  
Till all the hillsides flame.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Grand Pré and Margaree  
Hear it upbrought from the unresting sea;  
And the small Gaspareau,  
Whose yellow leaves repeat it, seems to know  
A new felicity.

Even the shadows tall,  
Walking at sundown through the plain, recall  
A mound the grasses keep,  
Where once a mortal came and found long sleep  
By the Aurelian Wall.

THE WHITE GULL

*For the Centenary of the Birth of Shelley*

I

UP by the idling reef-set bell  
The tide comes in;  
And to the idle heart to-day  
The wind has many things to say;  
The sea has many a tale to tell  
His younger kin.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

For we are his, bone of his bone,  
Breath of his breath;  
The doom tides sway us at their will;  
The sky of being rounds us still;  
And over us at last is blown  
The wind of death.

II

A hundred years ago to-day  
There came a soul,  
A pilgrim of the perilous light,  
Treading the spheral paths of night,  
On whom the word and vision lay  
With dread control.



*The White Gull*

Now the pale Summer lingers near,  
And talks to me  
Of all her wayward journeyings,  
And the old, sweet, forgotten things  
She loved and lost and dreamed of here  
By the blue sea.

The great cloud-navies, one by one,  
Bend sails and fill  
From ports below the round sea-verge;  
I watch them gather and emerge,  
And steer for havens of the sun  
Beyond the hill.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

The gray sea-horses troop and roam;  
The shadows fly  
Along the wind-floor at their heels;  
And where the golden daylight wheels,  
A white gull searches the blue dome  
With keening cry.

And something, Shelley, like thy fame  
Dares the wide morn  
In that sea-rover's glimmering flight,  
As if the Northland and the night  
Should hear thy splendid valiant name  
Put scorn to scorn.

*The White Gull*

III

Thou heart of all the hearts of men,  
Tameless and free,  
And vague as that marsh-wandering fire,  
Leading the world's outworn desire  
A night march down this ghostly fen  
From sea to sea!

Through this divided camp of dream  
Thy feet have passed,  
As one who should set hand to rouse  
His comrades from their heavy drowse;  
For only their own deeds redeem  
God's sons at last.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

But the dim world will dream and sleep  
Beneath thy hand,  
As poppies in the windy morn,  
Or valleys where the standing corn  
Whispers when One goes forth to reap  
The weary land.

O captain of the rebel host,  
Lead forth and far!  
Thy toiling troopers of the night  
Press on the unavailing fight;  
The sombre field is not yet lost,  
With thee for star.

*The White Gull*

Thy lips have set the hail and haste  
Of clarions free  
To bugle down the wintry verge  
Of time forever, where the surge  
Thunders and crumbles on a waste  
And open sea.

IV

Did the cold Norns who pattern life  
With haste and rest  
Take thought to cheer their pilgrims on  
Through trackless twilights vast and wan,  
Across the failure and the strife,  
From quest to quest, —

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Set their last kiss upon thy face,  
And let thee go  
To tell the haunted whisperings  
Of unimaginable things,  
Which plague thy fellows with a trace  
They cannot know?

So they might fashion and send forth  
Their house of doom,  
Through the pale splendor of the night,  
In vibrant, hurled, impetuous flight,  
A resonant meteor of the North  
From gloom to gloom.

*The White Gull*

V

I think thou must have wandered far  
With Spring for guide,  
And heard the shy-born forest flowers  
Talk to the wind among the showers,  
Through sudden doorways left ajar  
When the wind sighed;

Thou must have heard the marching sweep  
Of blown white rain  
Go volleying up the icy kills, —  
And watched with Summer when the hills  
Muttered of freedom in their sleep  
And slept again.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Surely thou wert a lonely one,  
Gentle and wild;  
And the round sun delayed for thee  
In the red moorlands by the sea,  
When Tyrian Autumn lured thee on,  
A wistful child,

To rove the tranquil, vacant year,  
From dale to dale;  
And the great Mother took thy face  
Between her hands for one long gaze,  
And bade thee follow without fear  
The endless trail.



*The White Gull*

And thy clear spirit, half forlorn,  
Seeking its own,  
Dwelt with the nomad tents of rain,  
Marched with the gold-red ranks of grain,  
Or ranged the frontiers of the morn,  
And was alone.

VI

One brief perturbed and glorious day!  
How couldst thou learn  
The quiet of the forest sun,  
Where the dark, whispering rivers run  
The journey that hath no delay  
And no return?

*By the Aurelian Wall*

And yet within thee flamed and sang  
The dauntless heart,  
Knowing all passion and the pain  
On man's imperious disdain,  
Since God's great part in thee gave pang  
To earth's frail part.

It held the voices of the hills  
Deep in its core;  
The wandering shadows of the sea  
Called to it, — would not let it be;  
The harvest of those barren rills  
Was in its store.

*The White Gull*

Thine was a love that strives and calls  
Outcast from home,  
Burning to free the soul of man  
With some new life. How strange, a ban  
Should set thy sleep beneath the walls  
Of changeless Rome!

VII

More soft, I deem, from spring to spring,  
Thy sleep would be  
Where this far western headland lies  
With its imperial azure skies,  
Under thee hearing beat and swing  
The eternal sea.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Where all the livelong brooding day  
And all night long,  
The far sea-journeying wind should come  
Down to the doorway of thy home,  
To lure thee ever the old way  
With the old song.

But the dim forest would so house  
Thy heart so dear,  
Even the low surf of the rain,  
Where ghostly centuries complain,  
Might beat against thy door and rouse  
No heartache here.

*The White Gull*

For here the thrushes, calm, supreme,  
Forever reign,  
Whose gloriously kingly golden throats  
Regather their forgotten notes  
In keys where lurk no ruin of dream,  
No tinge of pain.

And here the ruthless noisy sea,  
With the tide's will,  
The strong gray wrestler, should in vain  
Put forth his hand on thee again—  
Lift up his voice and call to thee,  
And thou be still.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

For thou hast overcome at last;  
And fate and fear  
And strife and rumor now no more  
Vex thee by any wind-vexed shore,  
Down the strewn ways thy feet have passed  
Far, far from here.

VIII

Up by the idling, idling bell  
The tide comes in;  
And to the restless heart to-day  
The wind has many things to say;  
The sea has many a tale to tell  
His younger kin.

*The White Gull*

The gray sea-horses troop and roam;  
The shadows fly  
Along the wind-floor at their heels;  
And where the golden daylight wheels,  
A white gull searches the blue dome  
With keening cry.

## THE COUNTRY OF HAR

*For the Centenary of Blake's "Songs of Innocence"*

ONCE a hundred years ago  
There was a light in London town,  
For an angel of the snow  
Walked her street sides up and down.

As a visionary boy  
He put forth his hand to smite  
Songs of innocence and joy  
From the crying chords of night,



*The Country of Har*

Like a muttering of thunder  
Heard beneath the polar star;  
For his soul was all a-wonder  
At the calling vales of Har.

He, a traveller by day  
And a pilgrim of the sun,  
Took his unaccompanied way  
Where the journey is not done.

Where no mortal might aspire  
His clear heart was set to climb,  
To the uplands of desire  
And the river wells of time.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Home he wandered to the valley  
Where the springs of morning are,  
And the sea-bright cohorts rally  
On the twilit plains of Har.

There he found the Book of Thel  
In the lily-garth of bliss,  
Fashioned, how no man can tell,  
As a white windflower is:

Like the lulling of a sigh  
Uttered in the trembling grass,  
When a shower is gone by,  
And the sweeping shadows pass, —

*The Country of Har*

Through the hyacinthine weather,  
Wheel them down without a jar, —  
Heaving all the dappled heather  
In the streaming vales of Har.

There was manna in the rain;  
And above the rills, a voice:  
“Son of mine, dost thou complain?  
I will make thee to rejoice.

“Thou shalt be a child to men,  
With confusion on thy speech;  
And the worlds within thy ken  
Shall not lie within thy reach.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

“But the rainbirds shall discover,  
And the daffodils unbar,  
Quiet waters for their lover  
On the shining plains of Har.

“April rain and iron frost  
Shall make flowers to thy hand;  
Every field thy feet have crossed  
Shall revive from death's command.

“Hunting with a leash of wind  
Through the corners of the earth,  
Take the hounds of Spring to find  
The forgotten trails of mirth;

*The Country of Har*

“For the lone child-heart is dying  
Of a love no time can mar,  
Hearing not a voice replying  
From the gladder vales of Har.

“Flame thy heart forth! Yet, no haste:  
Have not I prepared for thee  
The king’s chambers of the East  
And the wind halls of the sea?

“Be a gosseller of things  
Nowhere written through the wild,  
With that gloaming call of Spring’s,  
When old secrets haunt the child.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

“Let the bugler of my going  
Wake no clarion of war;  
For the paper reeds are blowing  
On the river plains of Har.”

Centuries of soiled renown  
To the roaring dark have gone:  
There is woe in London town,  
And a crying for the dawn.

April frost and iron rain  
Ripen the dead fruit of lust,  
And the sons of God remain  
The dream children of the dust,

*The Country of Har*

For their heart hath in derision,  
And their jeers have mocked afar,  
The delirium of vision  
From the holy vales of Har.

Once in Autumn came a dream;  
The white Herald of the North,  
Faring West to ford my stream,  
Passed my lodge and bade me forth;

Glad I rose and went with him,  
With my shoulder in his hand;  
The auroral world grew dim,  
And the idle harvest land.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Then I saw the warder lifting  
From its berg the Northern bar,  
And eternal snows were drifting  
On the wind-bleak plains of Har.

"Listen humbly," said my guide.  
"I am drear, for I am death,"  
Whispered Snow; but Wind replied,  
"I outlive thee by a breath,

I am Time." And then I heard,  
Dearer than all wells of dew,  
One gray golden-shafted bird  
Hail the uplands; so I knew



*The Country of Har*

Spring, the angel of our sorrow,  
Tarrying so seeming far,  
Should return with some long morrow  
In the calling vales of Har.

TO RICHARD LOVELACE

AH, Lovelace, what desires have sway  
In the white shadow of your heart,  
Which no more measures day by day,  
Nor sets the years apart?

How many seasons for your sake  
Have taught men over, age by age,  
"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage!"—

*To Richard Lovelace*

Since that first April when you fared  
Into the Gatehouse, well content,  
Caring for nothing so you cared  
For honor and for Kent.

How many, since the April rain  
Beat drear and blossomless and hoar  
Through London, when you left Shoe Lane,  
A-marching to no war!

Till now, with April on the sea,  
And sunshine in the woven year,  
The rain-winds loose from reverie  
A lyric and a cheer.

## A SEAMARK

*A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson*

COLD, the dull cold! What ails the sun,  
And takes the heart out of the day?  
What makes the morning look so mean,  
The Common so forlorn and gray?

The wintry city's granite heart  
Beats on in iron mockery,  
And like the roaming mountain rains,  
I hear the thresh of feet go by.

*A Seamark*

It is the lonely human surf  
Surging through alleys chill with grime,  
The muttering churning ceaseless foe  
Adrift out of the North of time.

Fades, it all fades! I only see  
The poster with its reds and blues  
Bidding the heart stand still to take  
Its desolating stab of news.

That intimate and magic name:  
"Dead in Samoa." . . . Cry your cries,  
O city of the golden dome,  
Under the gray Atlantic skies!

*By the Aurelian Wall*

But I have wander-biddings now.  
Far down the latitudes of sun,  
An island mountain of the sea,  
Piercing the green and rosy zone,

Goes up into the wondrous day.  
And there the brown-limbed island men  
Are bearing up for burial,  
Within the sun's departing ken,

The master of the roving kind.  
And there where time will set no mark  
For his irrevocable rest,  
Under the spacious melting dark,

*A Seamark*

With all the nomad tented stars  
About him, they have laid him down  
Above the crumbling of the sea,  
Beyond the turmoil of renown.

O all you hearts about the world  
In whom the truant gipsy blood,  
Under the frost of this pale time,  
Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dream of April and reprieve!  
You whom the haunted vision drives,  
Incredulous of home and ease,  
Perfection's lovers all your lives!

*By the Aurelian Wall*

You whom the wander-spirit loves  
To lead by some forgotten clue  
Forever vanishing beyond  
Horizon brinks forever new;

The road, unmarked, ordained, whereby  
Your brothers of the field and air  
Before you, faithful, blind and glad,  
Emerged from chaos pair by pair;

The road whereby you too must come,  
In the unvexed and fabled years  
Into the country of your dream,  
With all your knowledge in arrears!



*A Seamark*

You who can never quite forget  
Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,  
The well-head where her knee was pressed,  
The dew wherein her foot was cast;

O you who bid the paint and clay  
Be glorious when you are dead,  
And fit the plangent words in rhyme  
Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild,  
The mystic fellowcraft of joy,  
Who tarry for the news of truth,  
And listen for some vast ahoy

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves  
With eager eyes that wait the ship  
Whose foreign tongue may fill the world  
With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer,  
On secret orders come to him,  
Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef,  
And melted on the white sea-rim.

O granite hills, go down in blue!  
And like green clouds in opal calms,  
You anchored islands of the main,  
Float up your loom of feathery palms!

### *A Seamark*

For deep within your dales, where lies  
A valiant earthling stark and dumb,  
This savage undiscerning heart  
Is with the silent chiefs who come

To mourn their kin and bear him gifts, —  
Who kiss his hand, and take their place,  
This last night he receives his friends,  
The journey-wonder on his face.

He "was not born for age." Ah no,  
For everlasting youth is his!  
Part of the lyric of the earth  
With spring and leaf and blade he is.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

'Twill nevermore be April now  
But there will lurk a thought of him  
At the street corners, gay with flowers  
From rainy valleys purple-dim.

O chiefs, you do not mourn alone!  
In that stern North where mystery broods,  
Our mother grief has many sons  
Bred in those iron solitudes.

It does not help them, to have laid  
Their coil of lightning under seas;  
They are as impotent as you  
To mend the loosened wrists and knees.

*A Seamark*

And yet how many a harvest night,  
When the great luminous meteors flare  
Along the trenches of the dusk,  
The men who dwell beneath the Bear,

Seeing those vagrants of the sky  
Float through the deep beyond their hark,  
Like Arabs through the wastes of air, —  
A flash, a dream, from dark to dark, —

Must feel the solemn large surmise:  
By a dim vast and perilous way  
We sweep through undetermined time,  
Illumining this quench of clay,

*By the Aurelian Wall*

A moment stauched, then forth again.  
Ah, not alone you climb the steep  
To set your loving burden down  
Against the mighty knees of sleep.

With you we hold the sombre faith  
Where creeds are sown like rain at sea;  
And leave the loveliest child of earth  
To slumber where he longed to be.

His fathers lit the dangerous coast  
To steer the daring merchant home;  
His courage lights the dark'ning port  
Where every sea-worn sail must come.

*A Seamark*

And since he was the type of all  
That strain in us which still must fare,  
The fleeting migrant of a day,  
Heart-high, outbound for elsewhere,

Now therefore, where the passing ships  
Hang on the edges of the noon,  
And Northern liners trail their smoke  
Across the rising yellow moon,

Bound for his home, with shuddering screw  
That beats its strength out into speed,  
Until the pacing watch descries  
On the sea-line a scarlet seed

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Smolder and kindle and set fire  
To the dark selvedge of the night,  
The deep blue tapestry of stars,  
Then sheet the dome in pearly light,

There in perpetual tides of day,  
Where men may praise him and deplore,  
The place of his lone grave shall be  
A seamark set forevermore,

High on a peak adrift with mist,  
And round whose bases, far beneath  
The snow-white wheeling tropic birds,  
The emerald dragon breaks his teeth.



## THE WORD OF THE WATER

*For the Unveiling of the Stevenson Fountain in San Francisco*

GOD made me simple from the first,  
And good to quench your body's thirst.  
Think you he has no ministers  
To glad that wayworn soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate  
For thousands and for you I wait,  
Seeing adventurous sails unfurled  
For the four corners of the world.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Here passed one day, nor came again,  
A prince among the tribes of men.  
(For man, like me, is from his birth  
A vagabond upon this earth.)

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,  
And pray for Louis Stevenson,  
That by whatever trail he fare  
He be refreshed in God's great care!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THIS is the white winter day of his burial.  
Time has set here of his toiling the span  
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through  
the portal,  
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

Out in the broad open sun be his funeral,  
Under the blue for the city to see.  
Over the grieving crowd mourn for him, bugle!  
Churches are narrow to hold such as he.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Here on the steps of the temple he builded,  
Rest him a space, while the great city square  
Throngs with his people, his thousands, his  
mourners;  
Tears for his peace and a multitude's prayer.

How comes it, think you, the town's traffic pauses  
Thus at high noon? Can we wealthmongers grieve?  
Here in the sad surprise greatest America  
Shows for a moment her heart on her sleeve.

She who is said to give life-blood for silver,  
Proves, without show, she sets higher than gold  
Just the straight manhood, clean, gentle, and  
fearless,  
Made in God's likeness once more as of old.

*Phillips Brooks*

Once more the crude makeshift law overproven, —  
Soul pent from sin will seek God in despite;  
Once more the gladder way wins revelation, —  
Soul bent on God forgets evil outright.

Once more the seraph voice sounding to beauty,  
Once more the trumpet tongue bidding, no fear!  
Once more the new, purer plan's vindication, —  
Man be God's forecast, and Heaven is here.

Bear him to burial, Harvard, thy hero!  
Not on thy shoulders alone is he borne;  
They of the burden go forth on the morrow,  
Heavy and slow, through a world left forlorn.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

No grief for him, for ourselves the lamenting;  
What giant arm to stay courage up now?  
March we a thousand file up to the City,  
Fellow with fellow linked, he taught us how!

Never dismayed at the dark nor the distance!  
Never deployed for the steep nor the storm!  
Hear him say, "Hold fast, the night wears to  
morning!  
This God of promise is God to perform."

Up with thee, heart of fear, high as the heaven!  
Thou hast known one wore this life without stain.  
What if for thee and me, — street, Yard, or  
Common, —  
Such a white captain appear not again!

*Phillips Brooks*

Fight on alone! Let the faltering spirit  
Within thee recall how he carried a host,  
Rearward and van, as Wind shoulders a dust-heap;  
One Way till strife be done, strive each his most.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,  
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim  
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,  
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known him."

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN

HERE at the desk where once you sat,  
Who wander now with poets dead  
And summers gone, afield so far,  
There sits a stranger in your stead.

Here day by day men come who knew  
Your steadfast ways and loved you well;  
And every comer with regret  
Has some new thing of praise to tell.



*John Eliot Bowen*

The poet old, whose lyric heart  
Is fresh as dew and bright as flame,  
Longs for "his boy," and finds you not,  
And goes the wistful way he came.

Here where you toiled without reproach,  
Builded and loved and dreamed and planned,  
At every door, on every page,  
Lurks the tradition of your hand.

And if to you, like reverie,  
There comes a thought of how they fare  
Whose footsteps go the round you went  
Of noisy street and narrow stair,

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Know they have learned a new desire,  
Which puts unfaith and faltering by;  
And triumph fills their dream because  
One life was leal, one hope was high.

HENRY GEORGE

WE are only common people,  
And he was a man like us.  
But he loved his fellows before himself;  
And he died for me and you,  
To redeem the world anew  
From cruelty and greed —  
For love the only creed,  
For honor the only law.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

There once was a man of the people,  
A man like you and me,  
Who worked for his daily bread,  
And he loved his fellows before nimsel.  
But he died at the hands of the throng  
To redeem the world from wrong,  
And we call him the Son of God,  
Because of the love he had.

And there was a man of the people,  
Who sat in the people's chair,  
And bade the slaves go free;  
For he loved his fellows before himself.  
They took his life; but his word  
They could not take. It was heard  
Over the beautiful earth,  
A thunder and whisper of love.

*Henry George*

And there is no other way,  
Since man of woman was born,  
Than the way of the rebels and saints,  
With loving and labor vast,  
To redeem the world at last  
From cruelty and greed;  
For love is the only creed,  
And honor the only law.

## ILICET

FRIENDS, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow;  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

*Ilicet*

With a boy's desire  
He set the cup  
To his lips to drink;  
The ruddy fire  
Was lifted up  
At day's cool brink,  
With a boy's desire.

The heart of a boy!  
He tasted life,  
And the bitter sting  
Of sorrow in joy,  
Failure in strife,  
Was pain to wring  
The heart of a boy.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

In a childish whim,  
He spilled the wine  
Upon the floor, —  
In beads on the brim  
Was a glitter of brine, —  
Then, out at the door  
In a childish whim!

Out of the storm,  
In the flickering light,  
A broken glass  
Lies on our warm  
Hearthstone to-night,  
While shadows pass  
Out of the storm.



*Ilicet*

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

In sorrow and shame  
For the craven heart,  
In manhood's breast  
With valor's name,  
Let him depart  
Unto his rest  
In sorrow and shame.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

In after years  
God, who bestows  
Or withholds the valor,  
Shall wipe all tears —  
Haply, who knows? —  
From his face's pallor  
In after years.

He could not learn  
To fight with his peers  
In sturdier fashion;  
Let him return  
Through the night with tears,  
Stung with the passion  
He could not learn.

*Ilicet*

All-bountiful, calm,  
Where the great stars burn,  
And the spring bloom smothers  
The night with balm,  
Let him return  
To the silent Mother's  
All-bountiful calm.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

TO RAPHAEL

MASTER of adored Madonnas,  
What is this men say of thee?  
Thou wert something less than honor's  
Most exact epitome?

Yes, they say you loved too many,  
Loved too often, loved too well.  
Just as if there could be any  
Over-loving, Raphael!

*To Raphael*

Was it, "Sir, and how came this tress,  
Long and raven? Mine are gold!"  
You should have made Art your mistress,  
Lived an anchorite and old!

Ah, no doubt these dear good people  
On familiar terms with God,  
Could devise a parish steeple  
Built to heaven without a hod.

You and Solomon and Cæsar  
Were three fellows of a kind;  
Not a woman but to please her  
You would leave your soul behind.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Those dead women with their beauty,  
How they must have loved you well, —  
Dared to make desire a duty,  
With the heretics in hell!

And your brother, that Catullus,  
What a plight he must be in,  
If those silver songs that lull us  
Were result of mortal sin!

If the artist were ungodly,  
Prurient of mind and heart,  
I must think they argue oddly  
Who make shrines before his art.

*To Raphael*

Not the meanest aspiration  
Ever sprung from soul depraved  
Into art, but art's elation  
Was the sanctity it craved.

Oh, no doubt you had your troubles,  
Devils blue that blanched your hope.  
I dare say your fancy's bubbles,  
Breaking, had a taste of soap.

Did your lady-loves undo you  
In some mediæval way?  
Ah, my Raphael, here's to you!  
It is much the same to-day.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Did their tantalizing laughter  
Make your wisdom overbold?  
Were you fire at first; and after,  
Did their kisses leave you cold?

Did some fine perfidious Nancy,  
With the roses in her hair,  
Play the marsh-fire to your fancy  
Over quagmires of despair?

My poor boy, were there more flowers  
In your Florence and your Rome,  
Wasting through the gorgeous hours,  
Than your two hands could bring home?



*To Raphael*

Be content ; you have your glory ;  
Life was full and sleep is well.  
What the end is of the story,  
There's no paragraph to tell.

TO P. V.

So they would raise your monument,  
Old vagabond of lovely earth?  
Another answer without words  
To Humdrum's, "What are poets worth?"

Not much we gave you when alive,  
Whom now we lavishly deplore, —  
A little bread, a little wine,  
A little caporal — no more.

*To P. V.*

Here in our lodging of a day  
You roistered till we were appalled;  
Departing, in your room we found  
A string of golden verses scrawled.

The princely manor-house of art,  
A vagrant artist entertains;  
And when he gets him to the road,  
Behold, a princely gift remains.

Abashed, we set your name above  
The purse-full patrons of our board;  
Remind newcomers with a nudge,  
"Verlaine took once what we afford!"

*By the Aurelian Wall*

The gardens of the Luxembourg,  
Spreading beneath the brilliant sun,  
Shall be your haunt of leisure now  
When all your wander years are done.

There you shall stand, the very mien  
You wore in Paris streets of old,  
And ponder what a thing is life,  
Or watch the chestnut blooms unfold.

There you will find, I dare surmise,  
Another tolerance than ours,  
The loving-kindness of the grass,  
The tender patience of the flowers.

*To P. V.*

And every year, when May returns  
To bring the golden age again,  
And hope comes back with poetry  
In your loved land across the Seine,

Some youth will come with foreign speech,  
Bearing his dream from over sea,  
A lover of your flawless craft,  
Apprenticed to your poverty.

He will be mute before you there,  
And mark those lineaments which tell  
What stormy unrelenting fate  
Had one who served his art so well.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

And there be yours, the livelong day,  
Beyond the mordant reach of pain,  
The little gospel of the leaves,  
The *Nunc dimittis* of the rain!

## A NORSE CHILD'S REQUIEM

SLEEP soundly, little Thorlak,  
Where all thy peers have lain,  
A hero of no battle,  
A saint without a stain!

Thy courage be upon thee,  
Unblemished by regret,  
For that adventure whither  
Thy tiny march was set.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

The sunshine be above thee,  
With birds and winds and trees.  
Thy way-fellows inherit  
No better things than these.

And silence be about thee,  
Turned back from this our war  
To front alone the valley  
Of night without a star.

The soul of love and valor,  
Indifferent to fame,  
Be with thee, heart of vikings,  
Beyond the breath of blame.



*A Norse Child's Requiem*

Thy moiety of manhood  
Unspent and fair, go down,  
And, unabashed, encounter  
Thy brothers of renown.

So modest in thy freehold  
And tenure of the earth,  
Thy needs, for all our meddling,  
Are few and little worth.

Content thee, not with pity;  
Be solaced, not with tears;  
But when the whitethroats waken  
Through the revolving years,

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Hereafter be that peerless  
And dirging cadence, child,  
Thy threnody unsullied,  
Melodious, and wild.

Then winter be thy housing,  
Thy lullaby the rain,  
Thou hero of no battle,  
Thou saint without a stain.

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS

In the warm blue heart of the hills  
My beautiful, beautiful one  
Sleeps where he laid him down  
Before the journey was done.

All the long summer day  
The ghosts of noon draw nigh,  
And the tremulous aspens hear  
The footing of winds go by.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Down to the gates of the sea,  
Out of the gates of the west,  
Journeys the whispering river  
Before the place of his rest.

The road he loved to follow  
When June came by his door,  
Out through the dim blue haze  
Leads, but allures no more.

The trailing shadows of clouds  
Steal from the slopes and are gone;  
The myriad life in the grass  
Stirs, but he slumbers on;

*In the Heart of the Hills*

The inland wandering tern  
Skreel as they forage and fly;  
His loons on the lonely reach  
Utter their querulous cry;

Over the floating lilies  
A dragon-fly tacks and steers;  
Far in the depth of the blue  
A martin settles and veers;

To every roadside thistle  
A gold-brown butterfly clings;  
But he no more companions  
All the dear vagrant things.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

The strong red journeying sun,  
The pale and wandering rain,  
Will roam on the hills forever  
And find him never again.

Then twilight falls with the touch  
Of a hand that soothes and stills,  
And a swamp-robin sings into light  
The lone white star of the hills.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And a burden of sorrow and wrong  
Is lifted up from the earth  
And carried away in his song.

*In the Heart of the Hills*

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And the joy of another day  
Is folded in peace and borne  
On the drift of years away.

But there in the heart of the hills  
My beautiful weary one  
Sleeps where he laid him down;  
And the large sweet night is begun.

## AN AFTERWORD

*To G. B. R.*

BROTHER, the world above you  
Is very fair to-day,  
And all things seem to love you  
The old accustomed way.

Here in the heavenly weather  
In June's white arms you sleep,  
Where once on the hills together  
Your haunts you used to keep.



*An Afterword*

The idling sun that lazes  
Along the open field  
And gossips to the daisies  
Of secrets unrevealed;

The wind that stirs the grasses  
A moment, and then stills  
Their trouble as he passes  
Up to the darkling hills,—

And to the breezy clover  
Has many things to say  
Of that unwearied rover  
Who once went by this way;

*By the Aurelian Wall*

The miles of elm-treed meadows;  
The clouds that voyage on,  
Streeling their noiseless shadows  
From countries of the sun;

The tranquil river reaches  
And the pale stars of dawn;  
The thrushes in their beeches  
For reverie withdrawn;

With all your forest fellows  
In whom the blind heart calls,  
For whom the green leaf yellows,  
On whom the red leaf falls;

*An Afterword*

The dumb and tiny creatures  
Of flower and blade and sod,  
That dimly wear the features  
And attributes of God;

The airy migrant comers  
On gauzy wings of fire,  
Those wanderers and roamers  
Of indefinite desire;

The rainbirds and all dwellers  
In solitude and peace,  
Those lingerers and foretellers  
Of infinite release;

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Yea, all the dear things living  
That rove or bask or swim,  
Remembering and misgiving,  
Have felt the day grow dim.

Even the glad things growing,  
Blossom and fruit and stem,  
Are poorer for your going  
Because you were of them.

Yet since you loved to cherish  
Their pleading beauty here,  
Your heart shall not quite perish  
In all the golden year;

*An Afterword*

But God's great dream above them  
Must be a tinge less pale,  
Because you lived to love them  
And make their joy prevail.

## SEVEN WIND SONGS

*Now these are the seven wind songs  
For Andrew Straton's death,  
Blown through the reeds of the river,  
A sigh of the world's last breath,*

*Where the flickering red auroras  
Out on the dark sweet hills  
Follow all night through the forest  
The cry of the whip-poor-wills.*

*Seven Wind Songs*

*For the meanings of life are many,  
But the purpose of love is one,  
Journeying, tarrying, lonely  
As the sea wind or the sun.*

I

Wind of the Northern land,  
Wind of the sea,  
No more his dearest hand  
Comes back to me.

Wind of the Northern gloom,  
Wind of the sea,  
Wandering waifs of doom  
Feckless are we.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Wind of the Northern land,  
Wind of the sea,  
I cannot understand  
How these things be.

II

Wind of the low red morn  
At the world's end,  
Over the standing corn  
Whisper and bend.

Then through the low red morn  
At the world's end,  
Far out from sorrow's bourne,  
Down glory's trend,



*Seven Wind Songs*

Tell the last years forlorn  
At the world's end,  
Of my one peerless born  
Comrade and friend.

III

Wind of the April stars,  
Wind of the dawn,  
Whether God nears or fars,  
He lived and shone.

Wind of the April night,  
Wind of the dawn,  
No more my heart's delight  
Bugles me on.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Wind of the April rain,  
Wind of the dawn,  
Lull the old world from pain  
Till pain be gone.

IV

Wind of the summer noon,  
Wind of the hills,  
Gently the hand of June  
Stays thee and stills.

Far off, untouched by tears,  
Raptures or ills,  
Sleeps he a thousand years  
Out on the hills.

*Seven Wind Songs*

Wind of the summer noon,  
Wind of the hills,  
Is the land fair and boon  
Whither he wills?

V

Wind of the gulfs of night,  
Wind of the sea,  
Where the pale streamers light  
My world for me, —

Breath of the wintry Norns,  
Frost-touch or sleep, —  
He whom my spirit mourns  
Deep beyond deep

*By the Aurelian Wall*

To the last void and dim  
Where ages stream —  
Is there no room for him  
In all this dream?

VI

Wind of the outer waste,  
Threne of the outer world,  
Leash of the stars unlaced,  
Morning unfurled,

Somewhere at God's great need,  
I know not how,  
With the old strength and speed  
He is come now;

*Seven Wind Songs*

Therefore my soul is glad  
With the old pride,  
Tho' this small life is sad  
Here in my side.

VII

Wind of the driven snow,  
Wind of the sea,  
On a long trail and slow  
Farers are we.

Wind of the Northern gloom,  
Wind of the sea,  
Shall I one day resume  
His love for me?

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Wind of the driven snow,  
Wind of the sea,  
Then shall thy vagrant know  
How these things be.

*These are the seven wind songs  
For Andrew Straton's rest,  
From the hills of the Scarlet Hunter  
And the trail of the endless quest.*

*The wells of the sunrise harken,  
They wait for a year and a day:  
Only the calm sure thrushes  
Fluting the world away!*

*Seven Wind Songs*

*For the husk of life is sorrow;  
But the kernels of joy remain,  
Teeming and blind and eternal  
As the hill wind or the rain.*

ANDREW STRATON

ANDREW STRATON was my friend,  
With his Saxon eyes and hair,  
And his loyal viking spirit,  
Like an islesman of the North  
With his earldom on the sea.

At his birth the mighty Mother  
Made of him a fondling one,  
Hushed from pain within her arms,  
With her seal upon his lips;



*Andrew Straton*

And from that day he was numbered  
With the sons of consolation,  
Peace and cheer were in his hands,  
And her secret in his will.

Now the night has Andrew Straton  
Housed from wind and storm forever  
In a chamber of the gloom  
Where no window fronts the morning,  
Lulled to rest at last from roving  
To the music of the rain.

And his sleep is in the far-off  
Alien villages of the dusk,  
Where there is no voice of welcome  
To the country of the strangers,  
Save the murmur of the pines.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

And the fitful winds all day  
Through the grass with restless footfalls  
Haunt about his narrow door,  
Muttering their vast unknown  
Border balladry of time,  
To the hoarse rote of the sea.

There he reassumes repose,  
He who never learned unrest  
Here amid our fury of toil,  
Undisturbed though all about him  
To the cohorts of the night  
Sound the bugles of the spring;  
And his slumber is not broken  
When along the granite hills  
Flare the torches of the dawn.

*Andrew Straton*

More to me than kith or kin  
Was the silence of his speech;  
And the quiet of his eyes,  
Gathered from the lonely sweep  
Of the hyacinthine hills,  
Better to the failing spirit  
Than a river land in June:  
And to look for him at evening  
Was more joy than many friends.

As the woodland brooks at noon  
Were his brown and gentle hands,  
And his face as the hill country  
Touched with the red autumn sun

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Frank and patient and untroubled  
Save by the old trace of doom  
In the story of the world.  
So the years went brightening by.

Now a lyric wind and weather  
Breaks the leaguer of the frost,  
And the shining rough month March  
Crumbles into sun and rain;  
But the glad and murmurous year  
Wheels above his rest and wakens  
Not a dream for Andrew Straton.

Now the uplands hold an echo  
From the meadow lands at morn;  
And the marshes hear the rivers  
Rouse their giant heart once more, —

*Andrew Straton*

Hear the crunching floe start seaward  
From a thousand valley floors;  
While far on amid the hills  
Under stars in the clear night,  
The replying, the replying,  
Of the ice-cold rivulets  
Plashing down the solemn gorges  
In their arrowy blue speed,  
Fills and frets the crisp blue twilight  
With innumerable sound, —  
With the whisper of the spring.

But the melting fields are empty,  
Something ails the bursting year.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Ah, now helpless, O my rivers,  
Are your lifted voices now!  
Where is all the sweet compassion  
Once your murmur held for me?  
Cradled in your dells, I listened  
To your crooning, learned your language,  
Born your brother and your kin.

When I had the morn for revel,  
You made music at my door;  
Now the days go darkling on,  
And I cannot guess your words.  
Shall young joy have troops of neighbors,  
While this grief must house alone?

*Andrew Straton*

O my brothers of the hills,  
Who abide through stress and change,  
On the borders of our sorrow,  
With no part in human tears,  
Lift me up your voice again  
And put by this grievous thing!

Ah, my rivers, Andrew Straton  
Leaves me here a vacant world!

I must hear the roar of cities  
And the jargon of the schools,  
With no word of that one spirit  
Who was steadfast as the sun

*By the Aurelian Wall*

And kept silence with the stars.  
I must sit and hear the babble  
Of the worldling and the fool,  
Prating know-alls and reformers  
Busy to improve on man,  
With their chatter about God;  
Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,  
With their swift and grave regard,  
Falling on me with God's look.

I have seen and known and loved  
One who was too sure for sorrow,  
Too serenely wise for haste,  
Too compassionate for scorn,  
Fearless man and faultless comrade,  
One great heart whose beat was love.



*Andrew Straton*

In a thousand thousand hollows  
Of the hills to-day there twinkle  
Icy-blue handbreadths of April,  
Where the sinking snows decay  
In the everlasting sun;  
And a thousand tiny creatures  
Stretch their heart to fill the world.

Now along the wondrous trail  
Andrew Straton loved to follow  
Day by day and year on year,  
The awaited sure return  
Of all sleeping forest things  
Is reheralded abroad,  
Till the places of their journey, —

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Wells the frost no longer hushes,  
Ways no drift can bury now,  
Wood and stream and road and hillside, —  
Hail their coming as of old.

But my beautiful lost comrade  
Of the golden heart, whose life  
Rang through April like a voice  
Through some Norland saga, crying  
*Skool* to death, comes not again;  
Time shall not revive that presence  
More desired than all the flowers,  
Longer wished for than the birds.

April comes, but April's lover  
Is departed and not here.

*Andrew Straton*

Sojourning beyond the frost,  
He delays; and now no more, —  
Though the goldenwings are come  
With their resonant tattoo,  
And along the barrier pines  
Morning reddens on the hills  
Where the thrushes wake before it, —  
No more to the summoning flutes  
Of the forest Andrew Straton  
Gets him forth afoot, light-hearted,  
On the unfrequented ways  
With companionable Spring.

Only the old dreams return.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

So I shape me here this fancy,  
Foolish me! of Andrew Straton ;  
How the lands of that new kindred  
Have detained him with allegiance,  
And some far day I shall find him,  
There as here my only captain,  
Master of the utmost isles  
In the ampler straits of sea.

Out of the blue melting distance  
Of the dreamy southward range  
Journey back the vagrant winds,  
Sure and indolent as time ;  
And the trembling wakened wood-flowers  
Lift their gentle tiny faces

*Andrew Straton*

To the sunlight; and the rainbirds  
From the lonely cedar barrens  
Utter their far pleading cry.

Up across the swales and burnt lands  
Where the soft gray tinges purple,  
Mouldering into scarlet mist,  
Comes the sound as of a marching,  
The low murmur of the April  
In the many-rivered hills.

Then there stirs the old vague rapture,  
Like a wanderer come back,  
Still desiring, scathed but deathless,  
From beyond the bourne of tears,  
Wayworn to his vacant cabin,  
To this foolish fearless heart.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Soon the large mild stars of springtime  
Will resume the ancient twilight  
And restore the heart of earth  
To unvexed eternal poise;  
For the great Will, calm and lonely,  
Can no mortal grief derange,  
No lost memories perturb;  
And the sluices of the morning  
Will be opened, and the daybreak  
Well with bird-calls and with brook-notes,  
Till there be no more despair  
In the gold dream of the world.

## THE GRAVE-TREE

LET me have a scarlet maple  
For the grave-tree at my head,  
With the quiet sun behind it,  
In the years when I am dead.

Let me have it for a signal,  
Where the long winds stream and stream,  
Clear across the dim blue distance,  
Like a horn blown in a dream;

*By the Aurelian Wall*

Scarlet when the April vanguard  
Bugles up the laggard Spring,  
Scarlet when the bannered Autumn,  
Marches by unwavering.

It will comfort me with honey  
When the shining rifts and showers  
Sweep across the purple valley  
And bring back the forest flowers.

It will be my leafy cabin,  
Large enough when June returns  
And I hear the golden thrushes  
Flute and hesitate by turns.



*The Grave-Tree*

And in fall, some yellow morning,  
When the stealthy frost has come,  
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me  
As with comrades going home.

Let me have the Silent Valley  
And the hill that fronts the east,  
So that I can watch the morning  
Redden and the stars released.

Leave me in the Great Lone Country,  
For I shall not be afraid  
With the shy moose and the beaver  
There within my scarlet shade.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

I would sleep, but not too soundly,  
Where the sunning partridge drums,  
Till the crickets hush before him  
When the Scarlet Hunter comes.

That will be in warm September,  
In the stillness of the year,  
When the river-blue is deepest  
And the other world is near.

When the apples burn their reddest  
And the corn is in the sheaves,  
I shall stir and waken lightly  
At a footfall in the leaves.

*The Grave-Tree*

It will be the Scarlet Hunter  
Come to tell me time is done;  
On the idle hills forever  
There will stand the idle sun.

There the wind will stay to whisper  
Many wonders to the reeds;  
But I shall not fear to follow  
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling  
Murmur of the river bars,  
While his feet are on the mountains  
Treading out the smoldering stars.

*By the Aurelian Wall*

I shall know him, in the sunshine  
Sleeping in my scarlet tree,  
Long before he halts beside it  
Stooping down to summon me.

Then fear not, my friends, to leave me  
In the boding autumn vast;  
There are many things to think of  
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,  
When the journeying shadows fail,  
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter  
Pass upon the endless trail.

