

POEMS BY BLISS CARMAN



POEMS

BY
BLISS CARMAN



VOL. II

NEW YORK
SCOTT-THAW CO.
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
MCMIV

PS 3426

472

412

1804

John

1812

* * *

152369

Copyright, 1899, 1900, by Small, Maynard and Company
Copyright, 1902, 1903, by L. C. Page and Company
Copyright, 1903, by Temple Scott

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

*Table of
Contents*

	PAGE		PAGE
Veni Creator	3	At the Granite Gate	43
The Green Book of the Bards	5	The Field by the Sea	45
First Croak	8	The Dancers of the Field	46
Spring Song	10	Daisies	46
A Supplication	13	Marigolds	46
April Weather	14	The Breath of the Reed	47
Our Lady of the Rain	15	Poppies	49
At the Portal of Spring	20	Compensation	50
Spring Magic	20	The Spell	51
Golden April	22	A Forest Shrine	52
The Enchantress	22	Among the Aspens:	
The Madness of Ishtar	23	i. The Lost Word	54
A Creature Catechism	26	ii. Leaf to Leaf	55
Sursum Corda	29	iii. The Passer-By	56
The Word in the Begin- ing:		iv. The Question	56
Prelude	33	v. A Sentry	57
i. The Word to the Water People	35	The Green Dancers	58
ii. The Word to the People of the Air	36	The Wind at the Door	60
iii. The Word to the People of the Wood	38	At the Yellow of the Leaf	62
iv. The Word to the People of the Ground	39	The Silent Wayfellow	64
Earth's Lyric	41	Pictor Ignotus	66
From an Old Ritual	42	An Autumn Song	68
Fellow Travellers	42	Killooleet	69
		A More Ancient Ma- riner	70
		Ephemeron	72
		The Heretic	73
		The Great Return	75
		After School	76

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

In a Grand Pré Garden	79	Malyn's Daisy	93
The Keepers of Silence	86	At Michaelmas	94
The Sceptics	87	Wood-Folk Lore	97
At Home and Abroad	88	The Lanterns of St. Eulalie	98
St. Bartholomew's on the Hill	90	Above the Gaspereau	99
The Church of the Leaves	90	At the End of a Book	111
The Deep Hollow Road	92	December in Scituatè	115

*Table of
Contents*

A WINTER HOLIDAY

	PAGE		PAGE
Winter at Tortoise Shell	117	Migrants	133
Bahaman	121	A Water Colour	134
Flying-Fish	129	White Nassau	136
In Bay Street	131		

VALENTINES

The Girl in the Poster	143	The Love Chant of King	
To an Iris	145	Hacko	163
The Mansion	147	The Creation of Lilith	165
Who is the Owner?	148	In a Far Country	166
On the Stairs	149	Song of the Four	
The Fairy Flower	150	Worlds	167
A Neighbour's Creed	150	Street Song at Night	169
To One in Despair	151	The Least of Love	170
At the Great Release	153	A Man's Last Word	171
Morning and Evening	154	The King's Reward	173
In an Iris Meadow	154	At the Return of Spring	173
A Letter from Lesbos	156	The Man with the Tor-	
Yvanhoë Ferrara	161	toise	175

THE BOOK OF PIERROT

The Paper Moon	181	Pierrot's Prayer at the	
At Columbine's Grave	182	Forge	188
The Bereaved Pierrot	183	In Pierrot's Garden	189
How the Spring came to		Pierrot's Return	191
Pierrot	184	Pierrot in Autumn	192
Pierrot's House	185	The Heart of Pierrot	192
Two Songs of Pierrot	187	Pierrot's Christmas	193
		The Last Room	197

THE PIPES OF PAN

The Pipes of Pan	203	Daphne	234
Legends of the Reed:		The Lost Dryad	236
I. Marsyas	215	The Dead Faun	238
II. Syrinx	220	Hylas	240
III. The Magic Flute	225	At Phædra's Tomb	241
A Shepherd in Lesbos	232	The Young Reed Player	244

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

*Table of
Contents*

	PAGE		PAGE
The Word at St. Kavin's:		ii. On Love	258
i. On Cheerfulness	251	The Tidings to Olaf	267
Ode on the Coronation of King Edward			277



THE GREEN BOOK
OF THE BARDS



I

LORD of the grass and hill,
Lord of the rain,
White Overlord of will,
Master of pain,

I who am dust and air
Blown through the halls of death,
Like a pale ghost of prayer,—
I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leaf,
Lord of the bloom,
Sheer Overlord of grief,
Master of doom,

Lonely as wind or snow,
Through the vague world and dim,
Vagrant and glad I go;
I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,
Lord of the sea,
I am thy broken gull,
Blown far alee.

Lord of the harvest dew,
Lord of the dawn,
Star of the paling blue
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height
Where the first winds are stirred,
Out of the wells of night
I am thy word.

Lord of the haunted hush,
Where raptures throng,
I am thy hermit thrush,
Ending no song.

Veni
Creator

Lord of the frost and cold,
Lord of the North,
When the red sun grows old
And day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth,—
Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother earth,
Spirit to thee.

II

Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be thou my aspiration
Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward
This mortal soul alone,
To selfhood or oblivion,
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened
And blown along the sea,
Or sink and merge forever
In that which bids them be.

I, too, must climb in wonder,
Uplift at thy command,—
Be one with my frail fellows
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column
Of dust or mountain rain,
To walk the earth a moment
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation
Or fortitude of mien,
Lord of the world's elation
Thou breath of things unseen!

Lord of this rose garden,
At the end of May,
Where thy guests are bidden
To tarry for a day,

Through the sweet white falling
Of the tender rain,
With thy roses theeward
Lift this dust again.

Make the heart within me
That crumbles to obey,
Perceive and know thy secret
Desire from day to day;

Even as thy roses,
Knowing where they stand
Before the wind, thy presence,
Tremble at thy hand.

Make me, Lord, for beauty,
Only this I pray,
Like my brother roses,
Growing day by day,

Body, mind and spirit,
As thy voice may urge
From the wondrous twilight
At the garden's verge,

Till I be as they be,
Fair, then blown away,
With a name like attar,
Remembered for a day.

THERE is a book not written
By any human hand,
The prophets all have studied,
The priests have always banned.

*The Green
Book of the
Bards*

I read it every morning,
I ponder it by night;
And Death shall overtake me
Trimming my humble light.

He'll say, as did my father
When I was young and small,
" My son, no time for reading!
The night awaits us all."

He'll smile, as did my father
When I was small and young,
That I should be so eager
Over an unknown tongue.

Then I would leave my volume
And willingly obey,—
Get me a little slumber
Against another day.

Content that he who taught me
Should bid me sleep awhile,
I would expect the morning
To bring his courtly smile;

New verses to decipher,
New chapters to explore,
While loveliness and wisdom
Grew ever more and more.

For who could ever tire
Of that wild legendry,
The folk-lore of the mountains,
The drama of the sea?

I pore for days together
Over some lost refrain,—
The epic of the thunder,
The lyric of the rain.

This was the creed and canon
Of Whitman and Thoreau,
And all the free believers
Who worshipped long ago.

Here Amiel in sadness,
And Burns in pure delight,
Sought for the hidden import
Of man's eternal plight.

*The Green
Book of the
Bards*

No Xenophon nor Caesar
This master had for guide,
Yet here are well recorded
The marches of the tide.

Here are the marks of greatness
Accomplished without noise,
The Elizabethan vigour,
And the Landorian poise;

The sweet Chaucerian temper,
Smiling at all defeats;
The gusty moods of Shelley,
The autumn calms of Keats.

Here were derived the gospels
Of Emerson and John;
'Twas with this revelation
The face of Moses shone.

Here Blake and Job and Omar
The author's meaning traced;
Here Virgil got his sweetness,
And Arnold his unhaste.

Here Horace learned to question,
And Browning to reply,
When Soul stood up on trial
For her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits
Who read in the great book,
Then went away in silence
With their illumined look,

Left comment, as time furnished
A margin for their skill,—
Their guesses at the secret
Whose gist eludes us still.

*The Green
Book of the
Bards*

And still in that green volume,
With ardour and with youth
Undaunted, my companions
Are searching for the truth.

One page, entitled Grand Pré,
Has the idyllic air
That Bion might have envied:
I set a foot-note there.

*First
Croak*

NORTHWARD, crow,
Croak and fly!
Tell her I
Long to go,—

Only am
Satisfied
Where the wide
Maples flame,

Over those
Hills of fir,
Flooding her
Morning snows.

Thou shalt see
Break and sing
Days of spring,
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly,—
Strive, or die
Striving so!

Darker hearts,
We, than some
Who shall come
When spring starts.

*First
Croak*

Well I see,
You and I
By-and-by
Shall get free.

Only now,
Beat away
As we may
Best know how!

Never soar
We, nor float;
But one note,
And no more.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly!
Would that I
Too might go!

Lark or thrush
Some day, you
Up the blue
Cleave the hush.

O the joy
Then you feel,
Who shall steal
Or destroy?

Have not I
Known how good
Field and wood,
Stream and sky?—

Longed to free
Soul in flight,
Night by night,
Tree to tree?

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly
You and I,—
Striving, go.

*First
Croak*

Still though fail
Singing, keep
Croaking deep
Strong and hale!

Flying straight,
Soon we go
Where the snow
Tarries late.

Yet the spring
Is—how sweet
Hark that beat;
Goldenwing!

Good for all
Faint of heart,
What a start
In his call!

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly,
Though the sky
Thunder No!

*Spring
Song*

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!

*Spring
Song*

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whiskey-jack, or tanager,—
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me even (How do I know?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.
Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there!

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,
For the perishing delight,—
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!

*Spring
Song*

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr!
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamour,
Where the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return,

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self may capture (Who knows?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb,—
Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,
Vasts and verges of illusion,—
So I win, to time's confusion
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap forgets to climb!

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world!
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colours once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled!
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world!

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore!
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more!

*Spring
Song*

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main!
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain!

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Make me man or make me woman
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone of fir;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir!

O APRIL, angel of our mortal joy,
Consoler of our human griefs and fears,
Bringer of sunshine to this old gray earth,
Hear once again the prayer of thy lone child,
Return, return!

*A Suppli-
cation*

Mother of solace in the soft spring rain,
Restorer of sane health to wounded souls,
Ah, tarry not thy coming to our doors,
But soon with twilight and the robin's voice,
Return.

Behold, across the borders of the world,
We wait thy reappearance with the flowers,
Disconsolate, dispirited, forlorn,
Our only childish and perpetual prayer,
"Return, return!"

*April
Weather*

SOON, ah, soon the April weather
With the sunshine at the door,
And the mellow melting rain-wind
Sweeping from the South once more.

Soon the rosy maples budding,
And the willows putting forth,
Misty crimson and soft yellow
In the valleys of the North.

Soon the hazy purple distance,
Where the cabined heart takes wing,
Eager for the old migration
In the magic of the spring.

Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers
Through the forest white and frail,
And the odorous wild cherry
Gleaming in her ghostly veil.

Soon about the waking uplands
The hepaticas in blue,—
Children of the first warm sunlight
In their sober Quaker hue,—

All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces
With the secret half revealed.

Soon across the folding twilight
Of the round earth hushed to hear,
The first robin at his vespers
Calling far, serene and clear.

Soon the waking and the summons,
Starting sap in bole and blade,
And the bubbling marshy whisper
Seeping up through bog and glade.

Soon the frogs in silver chorus
Through the night, from marsh and swale,
Blowing in their tiny oboes
All the joy that shall not fail,—

Passing up the old earth rapture
By a thousand streams and rills,
From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills.

*April
Weather*

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish
And the truth comes back to him.

Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old unfaltering dream,
Faith to follow, strength to stablish,
Will to venture and to seem;

All the radiance, the glamour,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its temerities and joys.

Soon the immemorial magic
Of the young Aprilian moon,
And the wonder of thy friendship
In the twilight—soon, ah, soon!

ACROSS the purple valleys,
Along the misty hills,
By murmur-haunted rivers
And silver-gurgling rills,
By woodland, swamp and barren,
By road and field and plain,
Arrives the Green Enchantress,
Our Lady of the Rain.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Her pure and mystic planet
Is lighted in the west;
In ashy-rose and lilac
Of melting evening dressed,
With golden threads of sunset
Inwoven in her gown,
With glamour of the springtime
She has bewitched the town.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Her look is soft with dreaming
On old forgotten years;
Her eyes are grave and tender
With unpermitted tears;
For she has known the sorrows
Of all this weary earth,
Yet ever brings it gladness,
Retrieval and new birth.

And when her splendid pageant,
Sidereal and slow,
With teeming stir and import
Sweeps up from line to snow,
There's not an eager mortal
But would arise and make
Some brave unpromised venture
For her immortal sake.

For no man knows what power
Is sleeping in the seed,
What destiny may slumber
Within the smallest deed.
In calm no fret can hurry,
Nor any fear detain,
She brings our own to meet us—
Our Lady of the Rain.

She saw the red clay moulded
And quickened into man;
The sweetness of her spirit
Within his pulses ran;
The ardour of her being
Was in his veins like fire,
The unreluctant passion,
The unallayed desire.

'Twas she who brought rejoicing
To Babylon and Ur.
To Carthage and to Sidon
Men came to worship her.
Her soft spring rites were honoured
At Argolis and Troy,
And dark Chaldean women
Gave thanks to her for joy.

With cheer and exaltation,
With hope for all things born,
To hearten the disheartened,
To solace the forlorn,
Too gentle and all-seeing
For judgement or disdain,
She comes with lovingkindness—
Our Lady of the Rain.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

With magical resurgence
For all the sons of men,
She crosses winter's frontier,
They know not whence nor when.
Yet silently as sunlight
Along the forest floor,
Her step is on the threshold,
Her shadow at the door.

On many a lonely clearing
Among the timbered hills,
She calls across the distance,
Until the twilight fills
With voice of loosened waters,
And from the marshy ground
The frogs begin refilling
Their flutes with joyous sound.

Then note by note is lifted
The chorus clear and shrill,
And all who hear her summons
Must answer to her will;
For she will not abandon
The old Pandean strain
That called the world from chaos—
Our Lady of the Rain.

And still her wondrous music
Comes up with early spring,
And meadowland and woodland
With silver wildness ring;
The sparrow by the roadside,
The wind among the reeds,
Whoever hears that piping
Must follow where it leads.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Though no man knows the reason,
Nor how the rumour spread,
Through canyon-streeted cities
Her message has been sped;
And some forgotten longing
To hear a bluebird sing
Bids folk from open windows
Look forth—and it is spring.

Come out into the sunshine,
You dwellers of the town,
Put by your anxious dolours,
And cast your sorrows down.
O starved and pampered people,
How futile is your gain!
Behold, there comes to heal you
Our Lady of the Rain.

Go where the buds are breaking
Upon the cherry bough,
And the strong sap is mounting
In every tree-trunk now;
Where orchards are in blossom
On every spray and spire,
Go hear the orioles whistle
And pass like flecks of fire.

Go find the first arbutus
Within the piney wood,
And learn from that shy dweller
How sweet is solitude;
Go listen to the whitethroat
In some remote ravine
Rehearse in tranquil patience
His ecstasy serene.

Go down along the beaches
And borders of the sea,
When golden morning kindles
That blue immensity,
And watch the white sails settle
Below the curving rim
Of this frail vast of colour,
Diaphanous and dim.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Go watch by brimming river
Or reedy-marg'd lagoon
The wild geese row their galley
Across the rising moon,
That comes up like a bubble
Out of the black fir-trees,
And ask what mind invented
Such miracles as these.

Who came when we were sleeping
And wrought this deathless lure,
This vivid vernal wonder
Improbable and sure?
Where Algol and Boötes
Mark their enormous range,
What seraph passed in power
To touch the world with change?

What love's unerring purpose
Reveals itself anew
In these mysterious transports
Of tone and shape and hue?
Doubt not the selfsame impulse
Throbs in thy restless side,
Craves at the gates of being,
And would not be denied.

Be thou the west wind's brother,
And kin to bird and tree,
The soul of spring may utter
Her oracles to thee;
Her breath shall give thee courage,
Her tan shall touch thy cheek,
The words of sainted lovers
Be given thee to speak.

Fear not the mighty instinct,
The great Aprilian Creed;
The House of Spring is open,
And furnished for thy need.
But fear the little wisdom,
The paltry doubt and vain,
And trust without misgiving
Our Lady of the Rain.

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

What foot would fail to meet her,
And who would stay indoor,
When April in her glory
Comes triumphing once more?—
When adder-tongue and tulip
Put on their coats of gold,
And all the world goes love-mad
For beauty as of old?

At every year's returning
The swallows will be here,
The stalls be gay with jonquils,
The dogwood re-appear;
And up from the southwestward
Come back to earth again
With sorceries of gladness—
Our Lady of the Rain.

*At the
Portal of
Spring*

A LONG the faint horizon
I watch the first soft green,
And for the first wild warble
Near to the ground I lean.

The flowers come up with colour,
The birds come back with song,
And from the earth are taken
Despondency and wrong.

Yet in the purple shadows,
And in the warm gray rain,
What hints of ancient sorrow
And unremembered pain!

O sob and flush of April,
That still must joy and sing!
What is the sad, wild meaning
Under the heart of Spring?

*Spring
Magic*

T HIS morning soft and brooding
In the warm April rain,
The doors of sense are opened
To set me free again.

*Spring
Magic*

I pass into the colour
And fragrance of the flowers,
And melt with every bird-cry
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds
To raptures without name;
And in the yellow tulips
Burn with a pure still flame.

I blend with the soft shadows
Of the young maple leaves,
And mingle in the rain-drops
That shine along the eaves.

I lapse among the grasses
That green the river's brink;
And with the shy wood creatures
Go down at need to drink.

I fade in silver music,
Whose fine unnumbered notes
The frogs and rainy fifers
Blow from their reedy throats.

No glory is too splendid
To house this soul of mine,
No tenement too lowly
To serve it for a shrine.

How is it we inherit
This marvel of new birth,
Sharing the ancient wonder
And miracle of earth?

What wisdom, what enchantment,
What magic of Green Fire,
Could make the dust and water
Obedient to desire?

Keep thou, by some large instinct,
Unwasted, fair, and whole,
The innocence of nature,
The ardour of the soul;

*Spring
Magic*

And through the house of being
Thou art at liberty
To pass, enjoy, and linger,
Inviolate and free.

*Golden
April*

ONCE more the golden April;
Gold are the willow-trees,
And golden the soft murmur
Of the gold-belted bees.

All golden is the sunshine,
And golden are the flowers,
The goldenwing makes music
In the long golden hours.

All dull gold are the marshes
And red gold are the dunes,
And gold the pollen dust is,
Moting the quiet noons.

Even the sea's great sapphire
Is panelled with raw gold.
How else were spring unperished,
A thousand ages old?

*The En-
chantress*

HAVE you not seen a witch to-day
Go dancing through the misty woods,
Her mad young beauty hid beneath
A tattered gown of crimson buds?

She glinted through the alder swamp,
And loitered by the willow stream,
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,
With bare brown throat and eyes a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,
Her bird the flame-bright oriole;
She comes with freedom and with peace,
And glad temerities of soul.

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,
Who broods upon the world at noon,
And woos her wonder to his will
At setting of the frail new moon.

*The En-
chantress*

VERMILION and ashen and azure,
Pigment of leaf and wing,
What will the sorceress Ishtar
Make out of colour and spring?

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Of old was she not Aphrodite,
She who is April still,
Mistress of longing and beauty,
The sea, and the Hollow Hill?

Ashtoreth, Tanis, Astarte—
A thousand names she has borne,
Since the first new moon's white magic
Was laid on a world forlorn.

Odour of tulip and cherry,
Scent of the apple blow,
Tang of the wild arbutus—
These to her crucible go.

Honey of lilac and willow,
The spoil of the plundering bees,
Savour of sap from the maples—
What will she do with these?

Oboe and flute in the forest,
And pipe in the marshy ground,
And the upland call of the flicker—
What will she make of sound?

Start of the green in the meadow,
Push of the seed in the mould,
Burst of the bud into blossom—
What will her cunning unfold?

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

The waning belt of Orion,
The crescent zone of the moon—
What is the mystic transport
We shall see accomplished soon?

The sun and the rain and the South wind,
With all the treasure they bring—
What will the sorceress Ishtar
Make from the substance of spring?

She will gather the blue and the scarlet,
The yellow and crimson dye,
And weave them into a garment
Of magical texture and ply.

And whoso shall wear that habit
And favour of the earth,
He shall be lord of his spirit,
The creatures shall know his worth.

She will gather the broken music,
Fitting it chord by chord,
Till the hearer shall learn the meaning,
As a text that has been restored.

She will gather the fragrance of lilacs,
The scent of the cherry flower,
And he who perceives it shall wonder,
And know, and remember the hour.

She will gather the moonlight and starshine,
And breathe on them with desire,
And they shall be changed on the moment
To the marvel of earth's green fire,—

The ardour that kindles and blights not,
Consumes and does not destroy,
Renewing the world with wonder,
And the hearts of men with joy.

For this is the purpose of Ishtar,
In her great lone house of the sky,
Beholding the work of her hands
As it shall be by-and-by:

Out of the passion and splendour,
Faith, failure and daring, to bring
The illumined dream of the spirit
To perfection in some far spring.

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Therefore, shall we not obey her,—
Awake and be glad and aspire,—
Wise with the ancient knowledge,
Touched with the earthly fire?

In the spell of the wild enchantment
The shy wood creatures know,
Must we not also with Ishtar
Unhindered arise and go?

Hearing the call and the summons,
Heeding the hint and the sign,
Rapt in the flush and the vision,
Shall we demur or repine?

Dare you deny one impulse,
Dare I one joy suppress?
Knowing the might and dominion,
The lure and the loveliness,

Delirium, glamour, bewitchment,
Bidding earth blossom and sing,
Shall we falter or fail to follow
The voice of our mother in spring?

For Love shall be clothed with beauty,
And walk through the world again,
Hearing the haunted cadence
Of an immortal strain;

Caring not whence he wandered,
Fearing not whither he goes,
Great with the fair new freedom
That every earth-child knows;

Impetuous as the wood-wind,
Ingenuous as a flower,
Glad with the fulness of being,
Born of the perfect hour;

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Counting not cost nor issue,
Weighing not end and aim,
Sprung from the clay-built cabin
To powers that have no name.

And with all his soul and body
He shall only seek one thing;
For that is the madness of Ishtar
Which comes upon earth in spring.

*A Creature
Catechism*

I
Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the sea?

LORD, *said a flying fish,*
Below the foundations of storm
We feel the primal wish
Of the earth take form.

Through the dim green water-fire
We see the red sun loom,
And the quake of a new desire
Takes hold on us down in the gloom.

No more can the filmy drift
Nor draughty currents buoy
Our whim to its bent, nor lift
Our heart to the height of its joy.

When sheering down to the Line
Come polar tides from the North,
Thy silver folk of the brine
Must glimmer and forth.

Down in the crumbling mill
Grinding eternally,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the sea.

II

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the air?

LORD, *said a butterfly,*
Out of a creeping thing,
For days in the dust put by,
The spread of a wing

Emerges with pulvil of gold
On a tissue of green and blue,
And there is thy purpose of old
Unspoiled and fashioned anew.

Ephemera, ravellings of sky
And shreds of the Northern light,
We age in a heart-beat and die
Under the eaves of night.

What if the small breath quail,
Or cease at a touch of the frost?
Not a tremor of joy shall fail,
Nor a pulse be lost.

This fluttering life, never still,
Survives to oblivion's despair.
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the air.

III

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the field?
Lord, *said a maple seed*,
Though well we are wrapped and bound,
We are the first to give heed,
When thy bugles give sound.

We banner thy House of the Hills
With green and vermilion and gold,
When the floor of April thrills
With the myriad stir of the mould,

And her hosts for migration prepare.
We too have the veined twin-wings,
Vans for the journey of air.
With the urge of a thousand springs

Pent for a germ in our side,
We perish of joy, being dumb,
That our race may be and abide
For æons to come.

*A Creature
Catechism*

When rivulet answers to rill
In snow-blue valleys unsealed,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the field.

IV

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the ground?
Lord, when the time is ripe,
Said a frog through the quiet rain,
We take up the silver pipe
For the pageant again.

When the melting wind of the South
Is over meadow and pond,
We draw the breath of thy mouth,
Reviving the ancient bond.

Then must we fife and declare
The unquenchable joy of earth,—
Testify hearts still dare,
Signalize beauty's worth.

Then must we rouse and blow
On the magic reed once more,
Till the glad earth-children know
Not a thing to deplore.

When rises the marshy trill
To the soft spring night's profound,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the ground.

V

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the earth?
Lord, *said an artist born,*
We leave the city behind
For the hills of open morn,
For fear of our kind.

Our brother they nailed to a tree
For sedition; they bully and curse
All those whom love makes free.
Yet the very winds disperse

Rapture of birds and brooks,
Colours of sea and cloud,—
Beauty not learned of books,
Truth that is never loud.

*A Creature
Catechism*

We model our joy into clay,
Or help it with line and hue,
Or hark for its breath in stray
Wild chords and new.

For to-morrow can only fulfil
Dreams which to-day have birth;
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the earth.

*T*HE wind on the sea,
The breath of God over the face of the deep,
Whispers a word
The tribes of his watery dominion rejoice having heard.

*Sursum
Corda*

To-day through the vaultless chambers
Of the sea, below the range
Of light's great beam to fathom,
Soundless, unsearched of change,

There passed more vague than a shadow
Which is, then is no more,
The aura and draught of being,
Like a breath through an open door.

The myriad fins are moving,
The marvellous flanges play;
Herring and shad and menhaden,
They stir and awake and away.

Ungava, Penobscot, Potomac,
Key Largo and Fundy side,
The droves of the frail sea people
Are arun in the vernal tide.

Sursum The old sea hunger to herd them,
Gorda The old spring fever to drive,
Within them the thrust of an impulse
To wander and joy and thrive;

Below them the lift of the sea-kale,
Before them the fate that shall be;
As it was when the first white summer
Drew the fog from the face of the sea.

11

The wind on the hills,
The breath of God over the tops of the trees,
Whispers a word
The tribes of his airy dominion rejoice having heard.

Last night we saw the curtain
Of the red aurora wave,
Through the ungirdered heaven
Built without joist or trave,

Fleeting from silence to silence,
As a mirror is stained by a breath,—
The only sign from the Titan
Sleeping in frosty death.

Yet over the world this morning
The old wise trick has been done;
Our legions of rovers and singers,
Arrived and saluting the sun.

The myriad wings atremble,
The marvellous throats astrain,
Come the airy migrant people
In the wake of the purple rain.

One joy that needs no bidding,
One will that does not quail;
The whitethroat up from the barren,
The starling down in the swale;

The honk and clamour of wild geese,
The call of the goldenwing;
From valley to lonely valley,
The long exultation of spring.

*Sursum
Corda*

111

*The wind on the fields,
The breath of God over the face of the ground,
Whispers a word
The tribes of his leafy dominion rejoice having heard.*

Crimson of Indian willow,
Orange of maple plume,
As a web of endless pattern
Falls from a soundless loom,

The wide green marvel of summer
Breaks from catkin and sheath,
So silently only a spirit
Could guess at the spirit beneath.

For these are the moveless people,
Who only abide and endure,
Yet no less feel their heart beat
To the lift of the wild spring lure.

These are the keepers of silence,
Who only adore and are dumb,
With faith's own look of expecting
The bidding they know will come.

The revel of leaves is beginning,
The riot of sap is astir;
Dogwood and peach and magnolia
Have errands they will not defer.

In the long sweet breath of the rainwind,
In the warm sweet hours of sun,
They arise at the *Sursum corda*,
A thousand uplifted as one.

*Sursum
Corda*

IV

*The wind in the street,
The breath of God over the roofs of the town,
Whispers a word
The tribes of the Wandering Shadow rejoice having heard.*

The tribes of the Wandering Shadow!
Ah, gypsying spirit of man,
What tent hast thou, what solace,
Since the nomad life began?

Forever, wherever the springtime
Halts by the open door,
The heart-sick are healed in the sunshine,
The sorry are sad no more.

Something brighter than morning
Washes the window-pane;
Something wiser than knowledge
Sits by the hearth again.

Within him the sweet disquiet,
Before him the old dismay,
When the hand of Beauty beckons
The wayfarer must away.

"A brother to him who needs me,
A son to her who needs;
Modest and free and gentle;"
This is his creed of creeds.

To-night when the belt of Orion
Hangs in the linden bough,
The girl will meet her lover
Where the quince is crimson now.

For the sun of a thousand winters
Will stop his pendulous swing,
Ere man be a misbeliever
In the scarlet legend of spring.

THIS is the sound of the Word
From the waters of sleep,
The rain-soft voice that was heard
On the face of the deep,
When the fog was drawn back like a veil, and the
sentinel tides
Were given their thresholds to keep.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Go far!"
And the silvery sea-folk heard,
Where their weed tents are,
From the long slow lift of the blue through the Carib
keys,
To the thresh on Sable bar.

This is the Word that went by,
Over sun-land and swale,
The long Aprilian cry,
Clear joyous and hale,
When the summons went forth to the wild shy broods
of the air,
To bid them once more to the trail.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be swift!"
The fluttering sky-folk heard,
And the warm dark thrift
Of the nomad blood revived, and they gathered for
flight,
By column and pair and drift.

This is the sound of the Word
From bud-sheath and blade,
When the reeds and the grasses conferred,
And a gold beam was laid
At the taciturn doors of the forest, where tarried the
sun,
For a sign they should not be dismayed.

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be glad!"
The abiding wood-folk heard,
In their new green clad,
Sanguine, mist-silver, and rose, while the sap in their
veins
Welled up as of old all unsad.

This is the Word that flew
Over snow-marsh and glen,
When the frost-bound slumberers knew,
In tree-trunk and den,
Their bidding had come, they questioned not whence
nor why,—
They reckoned not whither nor when.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be wise!"
The wintering ground-folk heard,
Put the dark from their eyes,
Put the sloth from sinew and thew, to wander and
dare,—
For ever the old surmise!

This is the Word that came
To the spirit of Man,
And shook his soul like a flame
In the breath of a fan,
Till it burned as a light in his eyes, as a colour that
grew
And prospered under the tan.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be free!"
Then he rose and put on the new garb,
And knew he should be
The master of knowledge and joy, though sprung
from the tribes
Of the earth and the air and the sea.

Who hath uttered the formless whisper,
The rumour afloat on the tide,
The need that speaks in the heart,
The craving that will not bide?

For the word without shape is abroad,
The vernal portent of change;
And from winter grounds, empty to-morrow,
The fin-folk will gather and range.

It runs in the purple currents,
Swaying the idle weed;
It creeps by the walls of coral,
Where the keels of the ebb recede;

It calls in the surf above us,
In thunder of reef and key,
And where the green day filters
Through soundless furlongs of sea.

It moves where the moving sea-fans
Shadow the white sea-floor;
It stirs where the dredging sand runs
Furrow and trench and score.

In channel and cave it finds us,
In the curve of the Windward Isles,
In the sway of the heaving currents,
In the run of the long sea-miles,

In the green Floridian shallows,
By marshes hot and rank,
And below the reach of soundings
Off the Great Bahaman Bank.

The tribes of the water people,
Scarlet and yellow and blue,
Are awake, for the old sea-magic
Is on them to rove anew.

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

They will ride in the great sea-rivers,
And feed in the warm land streams,
By cliffs where the gulls are nesting,
By capes where the blue berg gleams.

The fleet and shining thousands
Will follow the trackless lead
Of the bidding that rises in them,
The old ancestral need.

Will they mistrust or falter,
Question or turn or veer?
Will they put off their harness of colour,
Or their gaudy hues ungear?

Eager, unwasted, undaunted,
They go and they go. They have heard
The lift of the faint strong summons,
The lure of the watery word.

II

THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF THE AIR

Who hath uttered the wondrous hearsay,
The rumour abroad on the air,
The tribal journey summons,
The signal to flock and fare?

Who hath talked to the shy bird-people,
And counselled the feathered breast
To follow the sagging rain-wind
Over the purple crest?

O tribes of the silver whistle,
And folk of the azure wing,
Who hath revived in a night
The magic tradition of spring?

By shores of the low Gulf Islands,
Where the steaming lands emerge,
By reefs of the Dry Tortugas,
Drenched by the crumbling surge,

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

From the hot and drowsy shallows
Of the silent Everglades,
From creamy coral beaches
In the breath of the North-east Trades,

We have heard without note or warble,
Quaver or chirp or trill,
The far and soft-blown tidings
Summon from hill to hill.

Up from the blue horizon,
By canyon and ridge and plain,
Where ride in misty columns
The spearmen of the rain,

The broods of the light air-people
Will bevy and team and throng,
To fill the April valleys
With gurgle and lisp and song.

They know where the new green leafage
Spreads like the sweep of day,
Over the low Laurentians
And up through the Kootenay.

They know where the nests are waiting,
And the icy ponds are thawed,
For the stir and the sight are on them,
Moving the legions abroad.

The oriole under Monadnoc
Will cast his golden spells;
In deep Ontarian meadows
The reed-bird will loose his bells;

The thrushes will flute over Grand Pré,
The quail by the Manomet shore,
The wild drake feed in the bogan,
The swallow come back to the door.

Tanager, robin and sparrow,
Grosbeak, warbler and wren,
The children of gladness gather
In clearing and grove and fen

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

For the bright primeval summer,
In their slumbering heart having heard
A strain of the great *Resurgam*,
A call of the airy word.

III

THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WOOD

Who hath uttered the leafy whisper,
The rumour that stirs the bough,
That mounts with the sap, and flushes
The buds with beauty now?

None hath report of the message,
No single authentic word;
Yet the tribes of the wood are stirring
At the tidings they have heard.

To-day will the pear-trees blossom
And the yellow jasmine vines,
Where the soft Gulf winds are surfing
In the dreamy Georgian pines.

To-morrow the peach and the redbud
Will join in the woodland pomp,
Floating their crimson banners
By smoky ridge and swamp;

And the gleaming white magnolias,
In many a city square,
Will unfold in the heavenly leisure
Of the kindly Southern air.

Next day over gray New England
The magic of spring will go,
Touching her marshes with yellow,
Her hills with a purple glow.

Then the maple buds will break
In an orange mist once more,
Through lone Canadian valleys,
From Baranov to Bras d'Or.

And where the snowdrifts vanish
From the floor of their piney home,
Hepatica and arbutus,
The shy wood-children, will come.

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

The elms on the meadow islands
Will shadow the rustling sedge,
The orchards reveal the glory
Of earth by dike and ledge;

The birch will unsheathe her tassels,
The willow her silver plume,
When the green hosts encamp
By lake and river and flume.

For the tides of joy are running
North with the sap and the sun,
And the tribes of the wood are arrayed
In their splendour one by one.

Not one unprepared nor reluctant,
With ardour unspent they have heard
A note of the woodland music,
A breath of the wilding word.

IV

THE WORD TO THE PEOPLE OF THE GROUND

Who hath uttered the faint earth-whisper,
The rumour that spreads over ground,
The sign that is hardly a signal,
The sense that is scarcely sound?

Yet listen, the earth is awake,
The magic of April is here;
The all but unobserved signal
Is answered from far and near.

Go forth in the morning and listen,
For the coming of life is good;
The lapsing of ice in the rivers,
The lispings of snow in the wood,

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

The murmur of streams in the mountains,
The babble of brooks in the hills,
And the sap of gladness running
To waste from a thousand stills.

Go forth in the noonday and listen;
A soft multitudinous stir
Betrays the new life that is moving
In the houses of oak and fir.

A red squirrel chirps in the balsam;
A fox barks down in the clove;
The bear comes out of his tree-bole
To sun himself, rummage and rove.

In the depth of his wilderness fastness
The beaver comes forth from his mound,
And the tiny creatures awake
From their long winter sleep under ground.

Go forth in the twilight and listen
To that music fine and thin,
When the myriad marshy pipers
Of the April night begin.

Through reed-bed and swamp and shallow
The heart of the earth grows bold,
And the spheres in their golden singing
Are answered on flutes of gold.

One by one, down in the meadow,
Or up by the river shore,
The frail green throats are unstopped,
And inflated with joy once more.

O heart, canst thou hear and hearken,
Yet never an answer bring,
When thy brothers, the frogs in the valley,
Go mad with the burden of spring?

So the old ardours of April
Revive in her creatures to-day—
The knowledge that does not falter,
The longing that will not stay,

And the love that abides. Undoubting,
In the deeps of their ken they have heard
The ancient unwritten decretal,
The lift of the buoyant word.

*The Word
in the
Beginning*

APRIL. You hearken, my fellow,
Old slumberer down in my heart?
There's a whooping of ice in the rivers;
The sap feels a start.

*Earth's
Lyric*

The snow-melted torrents are brawling;
The hills, orange-misted and blue,
Are touched with the voice of the rainbird
Un sullied and new.

The houses of frost are deserted,
Their slumber is broken and done,
And empty and pale are the portals
Awaiting the sun.

The bands of Arcturus are slackened;
Orion goes forth from his place
On the slopes of the night, leading homeward
His hound from the chaise.

The Pleiades weary and follow
The dance of the ghostly dawn;
The revel of silence is over;
Earth's lyric comes on.

A golden flute in the cedars,
A silver pipe in the swales,
And the slow large life of the forest
Wells back and prevails.

A breath of the woodland spirit
Has blown out the bubble of spring
To this tenuous hyaline glory
One touch sets awing.

*From an
Old Ritual*

O DWELLERS in the dust, arise,
My little brothers of the field,
And put the sleep out of your eyes!
Your death-doom is repealed.

Lift all your golden faces now,
You dandelions in the ground!
You quince and thorn and apple bough,
Your foreheads are unbound.

O dwellers in the frost, awake,
My little brothers of the mould!
It is the time to forth and slake
Your being as of old.

You frogs and newts and creatures small
In the pervading urge of spring,
Who taught you in the dreary fall
To guess so glad a thing?

From every swale your watery notes,
Piercing the rainy cedar lands,
Proclaim your tiny silver throats
Are loosened of their bands.

O dwellers in the desperate dark,
My brothers of the mortal birth,
Is there no whisper bids you mark
The Easter of the earth?

Let the great flood of spring's return
Float every fear away, and know
We are all fellows of the fern
And children of the snow.

*Fellow
Travellers*

GREEN are the buds of the snowball,
And green are the little birds
That come to fill my branches
Full of their gentle words.

What is it, tiny brothers?
What are you trying to say
Over and over and over,
In your broken-hearted way?

*Fellow
Travellers*

Have you, too, darkling rumours
In your sweet vagrancy,—
News of a vast encounter
Of storm and night and sea?

THERE paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind.
With mystery before,
And reticence behind,

*At the
Granite
Gate*

A portal waits me too
In the glad house of spring,
One day I shall pass through
And leave you wondering.

It lies beyond the marge
Of evening or of prime,
Silent and dim and large,
The gateway of all time.

There troop by night and day
My brothers of the field;
And I shall know the way
Their woodsongs have revealed.

The dusk will hold some trace
Of all my radiant crew
Who vanished to that place,
Ephemeral as dew.

Into the twilight dun,
Blue moth and dragon-fly
Adventuring alone,—
Shall be more brave than I?

*At the
Granite
Gate*

There innocents shall bloom
And the white cherry tree,
With birch and willow plume
To strew the road for me.

The wilding orioles then
Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
And the dark heart shall dare

Resume the old desire,
The exigence of spring
To be the orange fire
That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird—Hark,
The whippoorwill night long
Threshing the summer dark
With his dim flail of song!—

Shall be the lyric lift,
When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
The solace of your hand.
But ah, so brave and fond!
Within that morrow land,

Where deed and daring fail,
But joy forevermore
Shall tremble and prevail
Against the narrow door,

Where sorrow knocks too late,
And grief is overdue,
Beyond the granite gate
There will be thoughts of you.

*The Field
by the Sea*

O N a gray day by the sea,
I looked from the window and saw
The beautiful companies of the daisies bow
And toss in the gusty flaw.

For the wind was in from sea;
The heavy scuds ran low;
And all the makers of holiday were abashed,
Caught in the easterly blow.

My heart, too, is a field,
Peopled with shining forms,
Beautiful as the companies of the grass,
And herded by swift gray storms.

A thousand shapes of joy,
Sunlit and fair and wild,—
All the bright dreams that make the heart of a man
As the heart of a little child,—

They dance to the rune of the world,
The star-trodden ageless rune,
Glad as the wind-blown multitudes of the grass,
White as the daisies in June.

But over them, ah, what storms,—
In from the unknown sea,
The uncharted and ever-sounding desolate main
We have called Eternity!

They shudder and quake and are torn,
As the stormy moods race by.
And then in the teeth of remorse, the tempestuous
lull,
Once more the hardy cry:

“Fear not, little folk of my heart,
Nor let the great hope in you fail!
Being children of light, ye are made as the flowers of
the grass,
To endure and survive and prevail.”

*The
Dancers of
the Field*

THE wind went combing through the grass,
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed;
Such ecstasy as never was
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun,
And danced the radiant morn away;
Of all his brave eye looked upon,
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon,
Like a pale petal of the dusk
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,
They gave me no more need to ask

How immortality is named;
For I remembered like a dream
How ages since my spirit flamed
To wear their guise and dance with them.

Daisies

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth it is well!"
And all their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

Marigolds

THE marigolds are nodding:
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother,
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love;
They may relent and tell you
What they are thinking of.

Marigolds

*I HEARD the rushes in the twilight,
I overheard them at the dusk of day.*

*The Breath
of the Reed*

Make me thy priest, O Mother,
And prophet of thy mood,
With all the forest wonder
Enraptured and imbued.

Be mine but to interpret,
Follow nor misemploy,
The doubtful books of silence,
The alphabet of joy.

A pipe beneath thy fingers,
Blown by thy lips in spring
With the old madness, urging
Shy foot and furtive wing,

A reed wherein the life-note
Is fluted clear and high,
Immortal and unmeasured,—
No more than this am I.

Delirious and plangent,
I quiver to thy breath;
Thy fingers keep the notches
From discord and from death.

Unflinching, unflagging,
Comes the long wild refrain,
With ardours of the April
In woodnotes of the rain.

*The Breath
of the Reed*

Be mine the merest inking
Of what the shore larks mean,
And what the gulls are crying
The wind whereon they lean.

Teach me to close the cadence
Of one brown forest bird,
Who opens so supremely,
Then falters for thy word.

One hermit thrush entrancing
The solitude with sound,—
Give me the golden gladness
Of music so profound.

So leisurely and orbic,
Serene and undismayed,
He runs the measure over,
Perfection still delayed.

No hurry nor annoyance;
Enough for him, to try
The large few notes of prelude
Which put completion by.

In ages long hereafter
His heritor may learn
What meant those pregnant pauses,
And that unfinished turn.

So one shall read thy world-runes
To find them all one day
Parts of a single motive,
Scored in an ancient way.

Till then, be mine to master
One phrase in all that strain,—
The dominance of beauty,
The transiency of pain,

As swayed by tides of dreaming,
Or bowed by gusts of thought,
A reed within the river,
I waver and am naught.

I WHO walk among the poppies
In the burning hour of noon,
Brother to their scarlet beauty,
Feel their fervour and their swoon.

In this little wayside garden,
Under the sheer tent of blue,
The dark kindred in forgetting,
We are of one dust and dew.

They, the summer-loving gipsies,
Who frequent the Northern year;
From an older land than Egypt,
I, too, but a nomad here.

All day long the purple mountains,
Those mysterious conjurors,
Send, in silent premonition,
Their still shadows by our doors.

And we listen through the silence
For a far-off sound, which seems
Like the long reverberant echo
Of a sea-shell blown in dreams.

Is it the foreboded summons
From the fabled Towers of Sleep,
Bidding home the wandered children
From the shore of the great deep?

All day long the sun-filled valley,
Teeming with its ghostly thought,
Glad in the mere lapse of being,
Muses and is not distraught.

Then suffused with earth's contentment,
The slow patience of the sun,
As our heads are bowed to slumber
In the shadows one by one,

Sweet and passionless, the starlight
Talks to us of things to be;
And we stir a little, shaken
In the cool breath of the sea.

NOT a word from the poplar-tree here on the hill?
Not a word from the stream in the bight of the
clove?

Not a word from trail, clearing, or forest, to tell
Their brother returned, how all winter they throve?

The old mountain ledges lay purple in June;
The green mountain walls arose hazy and dark;
I saw, heard, and loved all their beauty anew,
But the soul in my body lay deaf, blind, and stark.

“O, Mother Natura, whom most with full heart,
Boy, stripling, and man, I have loved, dost thou leave
Unanswered thy suppliant, troubled thy son,—
To longing no respite, to doom no reprieve?”

Days, weeks, and months passed. Not a whisper
outbroke,
Not a word to be caught, not a hint to be had,
By the soul from the world there, all leisure and sun
In perfection of summer, warm, waiting and glad!

The rosebreasted grosbeak his triumph proclaimed;
The veery his wildest enchantment renewed;
And yet the old ardours not once were relit,
Nor the heart as of old with wild magic imbued.

Until on an evening unlooked for, “O Son,”—
Said the stream in the clove, spoke the wind on the
hill?

Did a bird in his sleep find the lost ancient tongue,
Universal and clear, with the shadowy thrill

Mere language has never yet uttered?—“O Son,
Was thy heart cold with doubt, hesitation, dismay,
Or hot with resentment, because, as it seemed,
For awhile it must journey alone and away?

“All winter the torrent must sleep under snow;
All winter ash, poplar, and beech must endure;
All winter thy rapturous brothers, the birds,
Must be silent. Are they, then, downcast or unsure?

"Nay, I but give them their seasons and times,
Their moments of joy and their measure of rest;
They keep the great rhythm of life's come and go,
The unwearied repose, the unhurrying zest.

*Compensa-
tion*

"With April I lifted them, bade longings be;
With June I have plenished their heart to the brim.
Will they question when over the world I have spread
The scarlet of autumn with frost at the rim?

"Behold, while vexation was filling thy days,
Thy deeper self, resting unmindful of harms,
(With who knows what dreams of the splendid and
true
To be compassed at length!) lay asleep in my arms."

The moonlight, mysterious stately and blue,
Lay out on the great mountain wall, deep and still;
Far below the stream talked to itself in the clove;
The poplar-tree talked to itself on the hill.

I HUNG a string of verses
Against my cabin wall.
What think you was the fortune
They prayed might me befall?

The Spell

Not fame nor health nor riches
To tarry at my door,
But that my vanished sweetheart
Might visit me once more.

Out of the moted day-dream
Among the boding firs,
They prayed she might remember
The lover that was hers.

They prayed the gates of silence
A moment might unclose,
The hour before the hill-crest
Is flushed with solemn rose.

The Spell

O prayers of mortal longing,
What latch can ye undo?
What comrade once departed
Ever returned for you?

All day with tranquil spirit
I kept my cabin door,
In wonder at the beauties
I had not seen before.

I slept the dreamless slumber
Of happiness again;
And when I woke, the thrushes
Were singing in the rain.

*A Forest
Shrine*

WHEN you hear that mellow whistle
In the beeches unespied,
Footfall soft as down of thistle
Turn aside!

That's our golden hermit singer
In his leafy house and dim,
Where God's utterances linger
Yet for him.

Built out of the firmamental
Shafts of rain and beams of sun,
Norse and Greek and Oriental
Here are one.

Gothic oak and Latin laurel
Here but sentry that wild gush
Of wood-music with their aural
Calm and hush.

From those hanging airy arches
Soars the azure roof of June,
While among the feathery larches
Hangs the moon.

*A Forest
Shrine*

Through that unfrequented portal,
When the twilight winds are low,
Messengers of things immortal
Come and go;

Whispers of a rumour hidden
From slow reason, and revealed
To the child of beauty bidden
Far afield;

Hints of rapture rare and splendid
Furnished to the heart of man,
As if, where mind's journey ended,
Soul's began;

As if, when we sighed, "No farther!
Here our knowledge pales and thins;"
One had answered us, "Say rather,
'Here begins.'"

Argue me, "There is no gateway
In this great wall we explore,"
Till there comes a bird-note; straightway,
There's the door!

Enter here, thou beauty-lover,
The domain where soul resides;
Ingress thought could not discover,
Sense provides.

Ponder long and build at leisure,
Architect; yet canst thou rear
Such a house for such a treasure
As is here?

Leader of the woods and brasses,
Master of the winds and strings,
Hast thou music that surpasses
His who sings?

You who lay cold proof's embargoes
On all wonder-working, tell
Whence those fine reverberant *largos*
Sink and swell!

*A Forest
Shrine*

Hark, that note of limpid glory
Melts into the old earth-strain,
And begins the woodland story
Once again.

Hark that transport of contentment
Blown into a mellow reed,
Wild, yet tranquil—soul's preventment
Of soul's need.

There the master voluntaries
On his pipe of greenish gold;
The wise theme whereon he varies,
Never old.

What do we with those who grieve them
O'er the fevers of the mind?
Beauty's follower will leave them
Far behind.

As the wind among the rushes,
Were it not enough to know
The sure joyance of the thrushes?
Even so.

I

THE LOST WORD

*Among the
Aspens*

THE word of the wind to the aspens
I listened all day to hear;
But over the hill or down in the swale
He vanished as I drew near.

I asked of the quaking shadows,
I questioned the shy green bird;
But the falling river bore away
The secret I would have heard.

Then I turned to my forest cabin
In a clove of the Kaaterskill;
And at dead of night, when the fire was low,
The whisper came to my sill.

Now I know there will haunt me ever
That word of the ancient tongue,
Whose golden meaning, half divined,
Was lost when the world was young.

*Among the
Aspens*

I know I must seek and seek it,
Through the wide green earth and round,
Though I come in ignorance at last
To the place of the Grassy Mound.

Yet it may be I shall find it,
If I keep the patience mild,
The pliant faith, the eager mind,
And the heart of a little child.

II

LEAF TO LEAF

You know how aspens whisper
Without a breath of air!
I overheard one lisper
Yesterday declare,

“When all the woods are sappy
And the sweet winds arrive,
My dancing leaves are happy
Just to be alive.”

And presently another,
With that laconic stir
We take to be each other,
Spoke and answered her,

“When the great frosts shall splinter
Our brothers oak and pine,
In the long night of winter
Glad fortitude be thine!”

And where the quiet river
Runs by the quiet hill,
I heard the aspens shiver,
Though all the air was still.

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,
"Who goes by on the hill,
That you should tremble at dead of noon
When the whole earth is still?"

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,
"A loneliness drew nigh,
And fear was on us, when we heard
The mountain rain go by."

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,
"Who went by on the hill?
The rain was but your old gray nurse
Crossing the granite sill."

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,
"There was a ghostly sigh,
And frosty hands were laid on us,
As the lone fog went by."

Said Aspen Heart to Quaking Leaf,
"But who went by on the hill?
The white fogs were your playfellows,
And your companions still."

Said Quaking Leaf to Aspen Heart,
"We shook, I know not why,
Huddled together when we saw
A passing soul go by."

I wondered who
Kept pace with me, as I wandered through
The mountain gorges blue.

I said to the aspen leaves,
The timorous garrulous tribe of the forest folk,
"Who people the wilderness,
When the wind is away,
And sparrow and jay
Keep silence of noon on a summer day?"
And the leaves replied,
"You must question our brother the rain of the
mountain-side."

*Among the
Aspens*

Then I said to the rain,
The fleeing silvery multitudes of the rain,
"Who people the wilderness,
When the noon is still,
And valley and hill
Feel their pulses slow to the summer's will?"
And the rain replied,
"You must ask our brother the fog on the outward
tide."

Then I said to the fog,
The ancient taciturn companies of the sea-mist,
"Who people the loneliness
When your hordes emerge
On the gray sea verge,
And the wind begins his wailing dirge?"
And the fog replied,
"Inquire of that inquisitor at your side."

Then I asked myself. But he knew,
If report of sense be true,
No more than you.

V

A SENTRY

All summer my companion
Was a white aspen-tree,
Far up the sheer blue canyon,
A glad door-ward for me.

*Among the
Aspens*

There at the cabin entry,
Where beauty went and came,
Abode that quiet sentry,
Who knew the winds by name.

And when to that lone portal,
All the clear starlight through,
Came news of things immortal
No mortal ever knew,

That vigilant unwearied
Kept solitary post,
And heard the woodpipes eery
Of a fantastic host,

Play down the wind in sadness,
Play up the wind in glee,—
The ancient lyric madness,
The joy that is to be.

They passed; the music ended;
And through those rustling leaves
The morning sun descended,
With peace about my eaves.

*The Green
Dancers*

WHEN the Green Dance of summer
Goes up the mountain clove,
There is another dancer
Who follows it for love.

To the sound of falling water,
Processional and slow
The children of the forest
With waving branches go;

And to the wilding music
Of winds that loiter by,
By trail, ravine and stream-bed,
Troop up against the sky.

*The Green
Dancers*

The bending yellow birches,
The beeches cool and tall,
Slim ash and flowering locust,
My gipsy knows them all.

And light of foot she follows,
And light of heart gives heed,
Where in the blue-green chasm
The wraiths of mist are freed.

For when the young winged maples
Hang out their rosy pods,
She knows it is a message
From the primeval gods.

When tanager and cherry
Show scarlet in the sun,
She slips her careworn habit
To put their gladness on.

And where the chestnuts flower
Along the mountain-side,
She, too, assumes the vesture
And beauty of their pride.

She hears the freshening music
That ushers in their day,
When from the hemlock shadows
The silver thrushes play.

When the blue moth at noonday
Lies breathing with his wings,
She knows what piercing woodnote
Across the silence rings.

And when the winds of twilight
Flute up the ides of June,
Where Kaaterskill goes plainward
Under a virgin moon,

My wild mysterious spirit
For joy cannot be still,
But with the woodland dancers
Must worship as they will.

*The Green
Dancers*

From rocky ledge to summit
Where lead the dark-tressed firs,
Under the open starshine
Their festival is hers.

She sees the moonlit laurel
Spread through the misty gloom
(The soul of the wild forest
Veiled in a mesh of bloom).

Then to the lulling murmur
Of leaves she, too, will rest,
Curtained by northern streamers
Upon some dark hill-crest.

And still, in glad procession
And solemn bright array,
A dance of gold-green shadows
About her sleep will play;

Her signal from the frontier,
There is no bar nor toll
Nor dearth of joy forever
To stay the gipsy soul.

*The Wind
at the Door*

O FTEN to my open door
Comes a twilight visitor.

When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,

And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain-side,

Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west,

He comes up the dark ravine
Where no traveller is seen.

*The Wind
at the Door*

Yet his coming makes a stir
In the house of Ash and Fir:

"Master, is 't in our abode
You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill,
As he passes up the hill:

"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."

"Friends, I have another quest
Than your cool abiding rest."

And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes:

"Honour, Lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."

"Nay, I must be faring on,
For to-night I seek my own.

"Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me;

"Here a moment and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.

"And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes;

"Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,

"Taking counsel with the lord
Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear some one try
The west window furtively,

*The Wind
at the Door*

And then move among the leaves
In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother; I'm within."

*At the
Yellow of
the Leaf*

THE falling leaf is at the door;
The autumn wind is on the hill;
Footsteps I have heard before
Loiter at my cabin sill.

Full of crimson and of gold
Is the morning in the leaves;
And a stillness pure and cold
Hangs about the frosty eaves.

The mysterious autumn haze
Steals across the blue ravine,
Like an Indian ghost that strays
Through his olden lost demesne.

Now the goldenrod invades
Every clearing in the hills;
The dry glow of August fades,
And the lonely cricket shrills.

Yes, by every trace and sign
The good roving days are here.
Mountain peak and river line
Float the scarlet of the year.

Lovelier than ever now
Is the world I love so well
Running water, waving bough,
And the bright wind's magic spell

Rouse the taint of migrant blood
With the fever of the road,—
Impulse older than the flood
Lurking in its last abode.

Did I once pursue your way,
Little brothers of the air,
Following the vernal ray?
Did I learn my roving there?

*At the
Yellow of
the Leaf*

Was it on your long spring rides,
Little brothers of the sea,
In the dim and peopled tides,
That I learned this vagrancy?

Now the yellow of the leaf
Bids away by hill and plain,
I shall say good-bye to grief,
Wayfellow with joy again.

The glamour of the open door
Is on me, and I would be gone,—
Speak with truth or speak no more,
House with beauty or with none.

Great and splendid, near and far,
Lies the province of desire;
Love the only silver star
Its discoverers require.

I shall lack nor tent nor food,
Nor companion in the way,
For the kindly solitude
Will provide for me to-day.

Few enough have been my needs;
Fewer now they are to be;
Where the faintest follow leads,
There is heart's content for me.

Leave the bread upon the board;
Leave the book beside the chair;
With the murmur of the ford,
Light of spirit I shall fare.

Leave the latch-string in the door,
And the pile of logs to burn;
Others may be here before
I have leisure to return.

*The Silent
Wayfellow*

T O-DAY when the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me!

Here where the old blue rocks
Bask in the forest shine,
Dappled with shade and lost
In their reverie divine.

How goodly and sage they are!
Priests of the taciturn smile
Rebuking our babble and haste,
Yet loving us all the while.

In the asters the wild gold bees
Make a warm busy drone,
Where our Mother at Autumn's door
Sits warming her through to the bone.

The filmy gossamer threads
Are hung from the black fir bough,
Changing from purple to green—
The half-shut eye knows how.

What is your afterthought
When a red leaf rustles down,
Or the chickadees from the hush
Challenge a brief renown?

When silence falls again
Asleep on hillside and crest,
Resuming her ancient mood,
Do you still say, "Life is best?"

Was this reticence of yours
By the terms of being imposed?
One would say that you dwelt
With shutters always closed.

We have been friends so long,
And yet not a single word
Of yourself, your kith or kin
Or home, have I ever heard.

*The Silent
Wayfellow*

Nightly we sup and part,
Daily you come to my door;
Strange we should be such mates,
Yet never have talked before.

A cousin to downy-feather,
And brother to shining-fin,
Am I, of the breed of earth,
And yet of an alien kin,

Made from the dust of the road
And a measure of silver rain,
To follow you brave and glad,
Unmindful of plaudit or pain.

Dear to the mighty heart,
Born of her finest mood,
Great with the impulse of joy,
With the rapture of life imbued,

Radiant moments are yours,
Glimmerings over the verge
Of a country where one day
Our forest trail shall emerge.

When the road winds under a ledge,
You keep the trudging pace,
Till it mounts a shoulder of hill
To the open sun and space.

Ah, then you dance and go,
Illumined spirit again,
Child of the foreign tongue
And the dark wilding strain!

In these October days
Have you glimpses hid from me
Of old-time splendid state
In a kingdom by the sea?

Is it for that you smile,
Indifferent to fate and fame,
Enduring this nomad life
Contented without a name?

*The Silent
Wayfellow*

Through the long winter dark,
When slumber is at my sill,
Will you leave me dreamfast there,
For your journey over the hill?

To-night when the forest trees
Gleam in the frosty air,
And over the roofs of men
Stillness is everywhere,

By the cold hunter's moon
What trail will you take alone,
Through the white realms of sleep
To your native land unknown?

Here while the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me.

*Pictor
Ignotus*

HE is a silent second self
Who travels with me in the road;
I share his lean-to in the hills,
He shares my modest town abode.

Under the roof-tree of the world
We keep the gipsy calendar,
As the revolving seasons rise
Above the tree-tops, star by star.

We watch the arctic days burn down
Upon the hearthstone of the sun,
And on the frozen river floors
The whispering snows awake and run.

Then in the still portentous cold
Of a blue twilight, deep and large,
We see the northern bonfires lit
Along the world's abysmal marge.

He watches, with a love untired,
The white sea-combers race to shore
Below the mosses' purple huts,
When April goes from door to door.

*Pieter
Ignotus*

He haunts the mountain trails that wind
To sudden outlooks from gray crags,
When marches up the blue ravine
September with her crimson flags.

The wonder of an ancient awe
Takes hold upon him when he sees
In the cold autumn dusk arise
Orion and the Pleiades;

Or when along the southern rim
Of the mysterious summer night
He marks, above the sleeping world,
Antares with his scarlet light.

The creamy shadow-fretted streets
Of some small Caribbean town,
Where through the soft wash of the trades
The brassy tropic moon looks down;

The palm-trees whispering to the blue
That surfs along the coral key;
The brilliant shining droves that fleet
Through the bright gardens of the sea.

The crimson-boled Floridian pines
Glaring in sunset, where they stand
Lifting their sparse monotonous lines
Out of the pink and purple sand;

The racing Fundy tides that brim
The level dikes; the orchards there;
And the slow cattle moving through
That marvellous Arcadian air;

The city of the flowery squares,
With the Potomac by her door;
The monument that takes the light
Of evening by the river shore;

*Pictor
Ignotus* The city of the Gothic arch,
That overlooks a wide green plain
From her gray churches, and beholds
The silver ribbon of the Seine;

The Indian in his birch canoe;
The flower-seller in Cheapside;
Wherever in the wide round world
The Likeness and the Word abide;

He scans and loves the human book,
With that reserved and tranquil eye
That watched among the autumn hills
The golden leisured pomp go by.

What wonder, since with lavish hand
Kind earth has given him her all
Of love and beauty, he should be
A smiling thriftless prodigal!

*An
Autumn
Song*

THERE is something in the autumn that is native
to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson
keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood
astir:
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill aflame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

THERE'S a wonderful woodland singer
In the North, called Killooleet,—
That is to say, Little Sweetvoice
In the tongue of the Millicete,

Killooleet

The tribe of the upper Wolaastook,
Who range that waterway,
From the blue fir hills of its sources
To the fogs and tides of the bay.

All day long in the sunshine,
All night long through the rains,
On the gray wet cedar barrens
And the lonely blueberry plains,

You may hear Killooleet singing,
Hear his *O sweet*
(Then a grace-note, then the full cadence),
Killooleet, Killooleet, Killooleet!

Whenever you dip a paddle
Or set a pole in the stream,
Killooleet marks the ripple,
Killooleet knows the gleam;

Killooleet gives you welcome,
Killooleet makes you free
With the great sweet wilderness freedom
That holds over land and sea.

You may slide your birch through the alders,
Or camp where the rapids brawl,
The first glad forest greeting
Will still be Killooleet's call.

Wherever you drive a tent-pin,
Or kindle a fire at night,
Killooleet comes to the ridge-pole,
Killooleet answers the light.

The dark may silence the warblers;
The heavy and thunderous hush
That comes before storm may stifle
The pure cool notes of the thrush;

Killooleet

The waning season may sober
Bobolink, bluebird, and quail;
But Killooleet's stainless transport
Will not diminish nor fail.

Henceforth you shall love and fear not,
Remembering Killooleet's song
Haunting the wild waste places,
Deliberate, tranquil, and strong.

And so you shall come without cunning,
But wise in the simpler lore,
To the House of the Little Brothers,
And God will open the door.

*A More
Ancient
Mariner*

THE swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly velveted rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

He harries the ports of the Hollyhocks,
And levies on poor Sweetbrier;
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox,
And the Rose is his desire.

He hangs in the Willows a night and a day;
He rifles the Buckwheat patches;
Then battens his store of pelf galore
Under the tautest hatches

He woos the Poppy and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily.

*A More
Ancient
Mariner*

There's not a soul in the garden world
But wishes the day were shorter,
When Mariner B. puts out to sea
With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say! But I have my doubts;
For the flowers are only human,
And the valour and gold of a vagrant bold
Were always dear to woman.

He dares to boast, along the coast,
The beauty of Highland Heather,—
How he and she, with night on the sea,
Lay out on the hills together.

He pilfers from every port of the wind,
From April to golden autumn;
But the thieving ways of his mortal days
Are those his mother taught him.

His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed;
He prospers after his kind,
And follows an instinct, compass-sure,
The philosophers call blind.

And that is why, when he comes to die,
He'll have an easier sentence
Than some one I know who thinks just so,
And then leaves room for repentance.

He never could box the compass round;
He doesn't know port from starboard;
But he knows the gates of the Sundown Straits,
Where the choicest goods are harboured.

He never could see the Rule of Three,
But he knows a rule of thumb
Better than Euclid's, better than yours,
Or the teachers' yet to come.

*A More
Ancient
Mariner*

He knows the smell of the hydromel
As if two and two were five;
And hides it away for a year and a day
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, haphazard, alone,
Booms the old vagrant hummer,
With only his whim to pilot him
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He steers and steers on the slant of the gale,
Like the fiend or Vanderdecken;
And there's never an unknown course to sail
But his crazy log can reckon.

He drones along with his rough sea-song
And the throat of a salty tar,
This devil-may-care, till he makes his lair
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord,
And works like a Trojan hero;
Then loaf all winter upon his hoard,
With the mercury at zero.

To a Belated Msh.

Ephemeron

AH, brother, it is bitter cold in here
This time of year!
December is a sorry month indeed
For your frail August breed.

I find you numb this morning on the pane,
Searching in vain
A little warmth to thaw those airy vans,
Arrested in their plans.

I breathe on you; and lo, with lurking might
Those members slight
Revive and stir; the little human breath
Dissolves their frosty death.

You trim those quick antennæ as of old,
Forget the cold,
And spread those stiffened sails once more to dare
The elemental air.

Ephemeron

Does that thin deep, unmarinered and blue,
Come back to you,
Dreaming of ports whose bearing you have lost,
Where cruised no pirate frost?

Ah, shipmate, there'll be two of us some night,
In ghostly plight,
In cheerless latitudes beyond renown,
When the long frost shuts down.

What if that day, in unexpected guise,
Strong kind and wise,
Above me should the great Befriender bow,
As I above you now,—

Reset the ruined time-lock of the heart,
And bid it start,
And every frost-bound joint and valve restore
To supple play once more!

*O*NE day as I sat and suffered
A long discourse upon sin,
At the door of my heart I listened,
And heard this speech within.

*The
Heretic*

One whisper of the Holy Ghost
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes;
And I must heed that private word,
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

The voice of beauty and of power
Which came to the beloved John,
In age upon his lonely isle,
That voice I will obey, or none.

*The
Heretic*

Let not tradition fill my ears
With prate of evil and of good,
Nor superstition cloak my sight
Of beauty with a bigot's hood.

Give me the freedom of the earth,
The leisure of the light and air,
That this enduring soul some part
Of their serenity may share!

The word that lifts the purple shaft
Of crocus and of hyacinth
Is more to me than platitudes
Rethundering from groin and plinth.

And at the first clear careless strain
Poured from a woodbird's silver throat,
I have forgotten all the lore
The preacher bade me get by rote.

Beyond the shadow of the porch
I hear the wind among the trees,
The river babbling in the clove,
And that great sound that is the sea's.

Let me have brook and flower and bird
For counsellors, that I may learn
The very accent of their tongue,
And its least syllable discern.

For I, my brother, so would live
That I may keep the elder law
Of beauty and of certitude,
Of daring love and blameless awe.

Be others worthy to receive
The naked messages of God;
I am content to find their trace
Among the people of the sod.

The gold-voiced dwellers of the wood
Flute up the morning as I pass;
And in the dusk I lay me down
With star-eyed children of the grass.

I
A
T
T

I
C
A
T

So
By
W
Er

(
I s

Be
Gr
An
I h

W
Th
An
Til

W
Bei
Th
An

Th
Th
Soo
Of

I hearken for the winds of spring,
And haunt the marge of swamp and stream,
Till in the April night I hear
The revelation of the dream.

*The
Heretic*

I listen when the orioles
Come up the earth with early June,
And the old apple-orchards spread
Their odorous glories to the moon.

So I would keep my natural days,
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,
With the dark beauty of the earth
Enchanted and enraptured still.

O MOTHER, I have loved thee without fear
And looked upon the mystery of change,
Since first, a child, upon the closing year
I saw the snowflakes fall and whispered, "Strange!"

*The Great
Return*

Because in these pale border lands of fate
Grief hath companioned me, I have not quailed;
And when love passed into the outer strait,
I have not faltered and thou hast not failed.

When I have lifted up my heart to thee,
Then hast thou ever hearkened and drawn near,
And bowed thy shining face close over me,
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers hear.

When I have cried to thee in lonely need,
Being but a child of thine bereft and wrung,
Then all the rivers in the hills gave heed;
And the great hill-winds in thy holy tongue—

That ancient incommunicable speech
The April stars and autumn sunsets know—
Soothed me and calmed with solace beyond reach
Of human ken, mysterious and low.

*The Great
Return* Then in that day, when the last snow shall come
And chill the fair round world within its fold,
Leave me not friendless in the gathering gloom,
But gird thine arms about me as of old.

When that great storm out of the dark shall drive,
And blur the sun, and bugle my release,
Let not thy weary earthling faint nor strive,
Faring beyond the tumult to thy peace.

*After
School*

WHEN all my lessons have been learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games;
“ Good-bye, my fellows, every one ! ”

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
“ Mother, I am come home from school. ”

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

I

Mu

Blu

Wh

In t

The

Wh

In t

Wh

The

Wh

On

On

On

But

Thr

Seal

I N a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning *In a Grand*
sun, *Pré*
Here in earliest September with the summer nearly *Garden*
done,
Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties, one
by one!

Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies, purple
phlox,—
Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail
yet perfect locks
In the tacit doors of being where the soul stands still
and knocks?

There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard the
turbid straits
Where the racing tides have entry; but who keeps
for us the gates
In the mighty range of silence where man's spirit calls
and waits?

Where is Glooscaap? There's a legend of that saviour
of the West,
The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts well,
though men the best,
Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their villages
had rest.

Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors
being gone
On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on a
fawn,
On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to attack
at dawn.

But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he sur-
prised them; waved his bow;
Through the summer leaves descended a great frost,
as white as snow;
Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness
long ago.

In a Grand Then a miracle. Among them, while still death
Pré undid their thews,
Garden Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic
he could use,
She arose unharmed with morning, and departing,
told the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country
for his pond,
All the way from the Pereaue here to Bass River and
beyond,
Stoned the rascal; drained the Basin; routed out that
vagabond.

You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap flung at
him that day,
When from Blomidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's
dam away,—
Cleared the channel, and the waters thundered out
into the bay.

*(Do we idle, little children? Ah, well, there is hope,
maybe,
In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'er-do-wells
as we!
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling
me!)*

Here he left us—see the orchards, red and gold in
every tree!—
All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and
Cheverie,
All the garden lands of Minas and a passage out to
sea.

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through the
meadows wind and creep.
All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night the
starry sleep,
While the labouring tides that rest not have their
business with the deep!

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down of
bars,
Putting gateways in the mountains with their thousand-
year-old scars,
That the daring and the dauntless might steer outward
by the stars.

*In a
Grand Pré
Garden*

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our fears.
Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry of
years,
Dead the tales that frighten children, when the pure
white light appears.

Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What doth
Balder of the flowers,
Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back amid
the showers
And the sunshine to the Northland to revive this
earth of ours?

First, how came my garden, where untimely not a
leaf may wilt?
For a thousand years the currents trenched the rock
and wheeled the silt,
Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled, toiling
that it might be built.

For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the derrick
of the tide;
And a great wind heaved and blustered,—swung the
weight round with a stride,
Mining tons of red detritus out of the old mountain
side,—

Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth of
stream and rill
For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist and
sill
Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their shadows
or lie still.

*In a
Grand Pré
Garden*

So my garden floor was founded by the labouring
frugal sea,
Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that were
to be,
All for my great drowsy poppies and my marigolds
and me.

Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and outcome
of such toil,—
These, the children of a summer, whom a breath of
frost would foil,
I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of the
soil?

Did those vague and draughty sea-tides, as they jour-
neyed, feel the surge
Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times full
from verge to verge,
Mounting to some far achievement where its ardour
might emerge?

Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses fixed
and sure,
Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through
Nature's vestiture,
Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which so
perilously endure?

Do I say to it, "Give over!"—Can I will, and it will
cease?
Nay, it stops but with destruction; knows no respite
nor release.
I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them be at
peace.

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to a thought
beyond its own,
Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its will from
zone to zone,
Setting door-stones for a people in a century un-
known,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we love
so well.

Gently there, my fine logician, brooding in your lone
gray cell!

Was it all for our contentment such a miracle
befell?

No; because my drowsy poppies and my marigolds
and I

Have this human need in common, nodding as the
wind goes by;

There is that supreme within us no one life can
satisfy.

With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet my
own,

They are but the stranger people, swarthy children of
the sun,

Gipsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the year is
done.

*(How we idle, little children! Still our best of tasks may
be,*

*From distraction and from discord without baseness to get
free.*

*I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling
me!)*

Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers of the
grass,

With *Aloha* at your doorways I salute you as you
pass,

I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom ever
was.

Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned and
crimson stain,

Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long as we
remain,

You for days and I for seasons mystics by the common
strain,

*In a
Grand Prè
Garden*

Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon red
and low,
Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven when
we go
From the roof-tree of the rain-wind and the broad
eaves of the snow.

And this thing called life, which frets us like a fever
without name,
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can
tame,
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in
perfect flame,—

What it is I know not; only I know they and I are
one,
By the lure that bids us linger in the great House of
the Sun,
By the fervour that sustains us at the door we cannot
shun.

From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright
domain;
On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the ploughman
rain;
All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to
attain.

Waking at the word of April with the South Wind at
her heels,
We await the revelation locked beneath the four great
seals,
Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the northern
search-light wheels.

Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely earth
once more,
With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind at
the door,
With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and
restore,

We

Lik

T

O

Wh

Pas

By

Pas

Pas

To

I fo

We

Fea

Her

Till

In a

Of

Wh

(Idli

How

I ma

We abide the raptured moment, with the patience of
a stone,
Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from zone
to zone,
To that last fine state of being where they live on joy
alone.

*In a
Grand Pré
Garden*

O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of human
heart's desire,
When earth's need took shape and substance, and the
impulse to aspire
Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the red
clay with fire,

By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and allure
us still,
Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's granite
sill,
Past the curtain of the sunset in the portals of the hill,

To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of soul.
I for one must keep the splendid faith in good your
lives extol,
Well assured the love you lived by is my being's
source and goal.

Fearless when the will bids "Venture," or the sleep-
less mind bids "Know,"
Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let me
come and go,
Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent Tents of
Snow.

In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity
Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet
thoughts to me,
While the wind went down the orchard to the dikes
and out to sea.

*(Idling yet? My flowery children, only far too well I see
How this day will glow forever in my life that is to be!
I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn calling
me!)*

*The
Keepers of
Silence*

MY hillside garden half-way up
The mountains from the purple sea,
Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,
And the white fog seethe up and spill
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,
Like a great cauldron of the tides,
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,
And ever fuming up their sides.

Yet here within my valley world
No breath of all that tumult stirs;
The little orchards sleep in peace;
Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say
Good-morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do;
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half aware,
They will unlock their hearts for once,—
How sad if I should not be there!

*The
Keepers of
Silence*

IT was the little leaves beside the road.

Said Grass, "What is that sound
So dismally profound,
That detonates and desolates the air?"
"That is St. Peter's bell,"
Said rain-wise Pimpernel;
"He is music to the godly,
Though to us he sounds so oddly,
And he terrifies the faithful unto prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So woebegone and penitent and meek?"
"They're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something very like a smile
Ran through the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "What is that noise
That startles and destroys
Our blessed summer brooding when we're tired?"
"That's folk a-praising God,"
Said the tough old cynic Clod;
"They do it every Sunday,
They'll be all right on Monday;
It's just a little habit they've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves.

*At Home
and
Abroad*

To M. E.

MY modest northern garden
Is full of yellow flowers,
And quaking leaves and sunlight
And long noon hours.

It hangs upon the hillside
Above the little town;
And there in pleasant weather
You can look far down,

To the broad dikes of Grand Pré
Roamed over by the herds,
And the purple Minas water
Where fish the white sea-birds.

I watch the little vessels,
Where the slow rivers glide
Between the grassy orchards,
Come in upon the tide.

For daily there accomplished
Is the sea's legerdemain,
To fill the land with rivers
And empty it again.

Before you lies North Mountain,
Built like a long sea-wall—
A wonder in blue summer
And in the crimson fall.

The sea-fogs cloud and mantle
Along its fir-dark crest,
While under it the fruit-lands
Have shelter and have rest.

And when the goblin moonlight
Loiters upon her round
Of valley, marsh and mountain
To bless my garden-ground,—

(The harvest moon that lingers
Until her task is done,
And all the grain is ripened
For her great lord, the sun,)—

*At Home
and
Abroad*

I know that there due northward,
Under the polar star,
Sir Blomidon is fronting
Whatever storms there are.

I cannot see those features
I love so well by day,
Calmed by a thousand summers,
Scarred by the winter's play;

Yet there above the battle
Of the relentless tides,
Under the solemn starlight
He muses and abides.

And in the magic stillness,
The moonlight's ghostly gleam
Makes me its sylvan brother,
To rove the world a-dream.

That wayward and oblivious
Mortal I seem to be
Shall habit not for ever
This garden by the sea.

Not Blomidon nor Grand Pré
Shall be his lasting home,
Nor all the Ardisse country
Give room enough to roam.

Even to-night a little
He strays, and will not bide
The gossip of the flowers,
The rumour of the tide.

He must be forth and seeking,
Beyond this garden-ground,
The arm-in-arm companion
For whom the sun goes round.

And in the soft May weather
I walk with you again,
Where the terraces of Meudon
Look down upon the Seine.

*St. Bartholomew's
on the Hill*

"Bartholomew with his cold dew."

BARTHOLOMEW, my brother,
I like your roomy church;
I like your way of leaving
No sinners in the lurch.

I wish the world were wealthy
In ministers like you,
When at the lovely August
You give the blessed dew.

I love your rambling Abbey,
So long ago begun,
Whose choirs are in the tree-tops,
Whose censer is the sun.

Its windows are the morning;
Its rafters are the stars;
The fog-banks float like incense
Up from its purple floors.

And where the ruddy apples
Make lamps in the green gloom,
The flowers in congregation
Are never pressed for room;

But in your hillside chapel,
Gay with its gorgeous paints,
They bow before the Presence,—
Sweet merry little saints.

*The Church
of the
Leaves*

IN French Canadian legendry,
A rising from the dead recurs
Each Christmastide. The old *cure*,
With his parishioners

Around him, in the night returns;
And while his voice renews its bond
In the beloved offices,
The ghostly flock respond.

*The Church
of the
Leaves*

Just so we keep the forms of faith
That wrought and moved us long ago;
We mark the height man's soul attained,
Forgetting it must grow.

Those venerable outgrown shells
Wherefrom the radiant life is fled,—
We wrong with our idolatry
The dogmas of the dead.

But he who walked with the world-soul
At twilight in Gethsemane,
Breathing among the listening boughs
Sweet prayers of charity,

Must daily with the wind return
About the dim world, to renew
The trembling litanies of the leaves,
The blessings of the dew.

He must revive with wind-sweet voice
The gospel hardly known to flesh,
Till the same spirit speaks again,
Interpreting afresh;

Till the vast house of trees and air
Reverberates from roof to floor
With meanings of mysterious things
We need to ask no more.

For still he walks these shadowy aisles,
Dreaming of beauties still to be,
More manly than our manliest,
Whose thought and love were free.

The pines are all his organ pipes,
And the great rivers are his choir;
And creatures of the field and tide
That reckon not, yet aspire,

Our brothers of the tardy hope,
Put forth their strength in senses dim,
Threading the vast, they know not why,
Through aeons up to him.

*The Church
of the
Leaves* I see him in the orchard glooms,
Watching the russet apples tan,
With the serene regard of one
Who is more God than man.

And where the silent valley leads
The small white water through the hills,
And the black spruces stand unmoved,
And quiet sunlight fills

The world and time with large slow peace,
It is his patience waiting there
Response from lives whose breath is but
The echo of his prayer.

Brother of Nazareth, behold,
We, too, perceive this life expand
Beyond the daily need, for use
Thy thought must understand.

Not for ourselves alone we strive,
Since thy perfection manifest
Bids self resign what self desired,
Postponing good for best.

And in the far unfretted years,
The generations we uphold
Shall reach the measure of thy heart,
The stature of thy mould.

*The Deep
Hollow
Road*

COOL in the summer mountain's heart,
It lies in dim mysterious shade,
Left of the highway turning in
With grassy rut and easy grade.

The marshes and the sea behind,
The solemn fir-blue hills before;
Here is the inn for Heavy-heart
And this is weary Free-foot's door.

O fellows, I have known it long;
For joy of life turn in with me;
We bivouac with peace to-night,
And good-bye to the brawling sea.

*The Deep
Hollow
Road*

You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of noon.

A mile or two we follow in
This rosy streak through forest gloom,
Then for the apple orchard slopes,
And all the earth one snowy bloom!

YOU know it. Rays of ashy blue
Around a centre small and golden,
An autumn face of cheery hue
And fashion olden.

*Malyn's
Daisy*

When the year rests at Michaelmas
Before the leaves must vanish faster,
The country people see it pass
And call it aster.

It does not come with joy and June;
It knows God's time is sometimes tardy;
And waits until we need the boon
Of spirit hardy.

So unobtrusive, yet so fair,
About a world it makes so human,
Its touch of grace is everywhere—
Just like a woman.

Along the road and up the dike
It wanders when the noons are hazy,
To tell us what content is like;
That's Malyn's daisy.

*At
Michaelmas*

ABOUT the time of Michael's feast
And all his angels,
There comes a word to man and beast
By dark evangels.

Then hearing what the wild things say
To one another,
Those creatures first born of our gray
Mysterious Mother,

The greatness of the world's unrest
Steals through our pulses;
Our own life takes a meaning guessed
From the torn dulse's.

The draught and set of deep sea-tides
Swirling and flowing,
Bears every filmy flake that rides,
Grandly unknowing.

The sunlight listens; thin and fine
The crickets whistle;
And floating midges fill the shine
Like a seeding thistle.

The hawkbit flies his golden flag
From rocky pasture,
Bidding his legions never lag
Through morning's vasture.

Soon we shall see the red vines ramp
Through forest borders,
And Indian summer breaking camp
To silent orders.

The glossy chestnuts swell and burst
Their prickly houses,
Agog at news which reached them first
In sap's carouses.

The long noons turn the ribstons red,
The pippins yellow;
The wild duck from his reedy bed
Summons his fellow.

*At
Michaelmas*

The robins keep the underbrush
Songless and wary,
As though they feared some frostier hush
Might bid them tarry;

Perhaps in the great North they heard
Of silence falling
Upon the world without a word,
White and appalling.

The ash-tree and the lady-fern,
In russet frondage,
Proclaim 'tis time for our return
To vagabondage.

All summer idle have we kept;
But on a morning,
Where the blue hazy mountains slept,
A scarlet warning

Disturbs our day-dream with a start;
A leaf turns over;
And every earthling is at heart
Once more a rover.

All winter we shall toil and plod,
Eating and drinking;
But now 's the little time when God
Sets folk to thinking.

"Consider," says the quiet sun,
"How far I wander;
Yet when had I not time on one
More flower to squander?"

"Consider," says the restless tide,
"My endless labour;
Yet when was I content beside
My nearest neighbour?"

So wander-lust to wander-lure,
As seed to season,
Must rise and wend, possessed and sure
In sweet unreason.

*At
Michaelmas*

For doorstone and repose are good,
And kind is duty;
But joy is in the solitude
With shy-heart beauty.

And Truth is one whose ways are meek
Beyond foretelling;
And far his journey who would seek
Her lowly dwelling.

She leads him by a thousand heights,
Lonelily faring,
With sunrise and with eagle flights
To mate his daring.

For her he fronts a vaster fog
Than Leif of yore did,
Voyaging for continents no log
Has yet recorded.

He travels by a polar star,
Now bright, now hidden,
For a free land, though rest be far
And roads forbidden,

Till on a day with sweet coarse bread
And wine she stays him,
Then in a cool and narrow bed
To slumber lays him.

So we are hers. And, fellows mine
Of fin and feather,
By shady wood and shadowy brine,
When comes the weather

For migrants to be moving on,
By lost indenture
You flock and gather and are gone:
The old adventure!

I too have my unwritten date,
My gipsy presage;
And on the brink of fall I wait
The darkling message.

The sign, from prying eyes concealed,
Is yet how flagrant!
Here 's ragged-robin in the field,
A simple vagrant.

*At
Michaelmas*

To T. B. M.

FOR every one beneath the sun,
Where Autumn walks with quiet eyes,
There is a word, just overheard
When hill to purple hill replies.

*Wood-Folk
Lore*

This afternoon, as warm as June,
With the red apples on the bough,
I set my ear to hark and hear
The wood-folk talking, you know how.

There comes a "Hush!" and then a "Tush,"
As tree to scarlet tree responds,
"Babble away! He'll not betray
The secrets of us vagabonds.

"Are we not all, both great and small,
Cousins and kindred in a joy
No school can teach, no worldling reach,
Nor any wreck of chance destroy?"

And so we are, however far
We journey ere the journey ends,
One brotherhood with leaf and bud
And everything that wakes or wends.

The wind that blows my autumn rose
Where Grand Pré looks to Blomidon,—
How great must be the company
Of roses he has leaned upon,

Since first he shed their petals red
Through Persian gardens long ago,
When Omar heard his muttered word
Rumouring things we may not know!

*Wood-Folk
Lore*

Our brother ghost, he is a most
Incorrigible wanderer;
And still to-day he takes his way
About my hills of spruce and fir;

Will neither bide by the great tide,
In apple lands of Acadie,
Nor in the leaves about your eaves
Where Scituate looks out to sea.

*The Lan-
terns of St.
Eulalie*

I N the October afternoon
Orange and purple and maroon,
Goes quiet Autumn, lamp in hand,
About the apple-coloured land,

To light in every apple-tree
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

They glimmer in the orchard shade
Like fiery opals set in jade,—

Crimson and russet and raw gold,
Yellow and green and scarlet old.

And oh when I am far away
By foaming reef or azure bay,

In crowded street or hot lagoon,
Or under the strange austral moon,—

When the homesickness comes on me
For the great marshes by the sea,

The running dikes, the brimming tide,
And the dark firs on Fundy side,

In dream once more I shall behold,
Like signal lights, those globes of gold

Hung out in every apple-tree—
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

THERE are sunflowers too in my garden on top
of the hill,
Where now in the early September the sun
has his will,—
The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely, taking his
fill
Of life in the orchards and fir-woods so moveless and
still;
As if, should they stir, they might break some illusion
and spill
The store of their long summer musing on top of the
hill.

The crowds of black spruces in tiers from the valley
below,
Ranged round their sky-roofed coliseum, mount row
after row.
How often there, rank above rank, they have watched
for the slow
Silver-lanterned processions of twilight,—the moon's
come and go!
How often as if they expected some bugle to blow,
Announcing a bringer of news they were breathless
to know,
They have hushed every leaf,—to hear only the mur-
murous flow
Of the small mountain river sent up from the valley
below!

How still through the sweet summer sun, through the
soft summer rain,
They have stood there awaiting the summons should
bid them attain
The freedom of knowledge, the last touch of truth to
explain
The great golden gist of their brooding, the marvel-
lous train
Of thought they have followed so far, been so strong
to sustain,—
The bright gospel of sun and the pure revelations of
rain!

*Above the
Gaspereau*

Then the orchards that dot, all in order, the green
valley floor,
Every tree with its boughs weighed to earth, like a
tent from whose door
Not a lodger looks forth,—yet the signs are there gay
and galore,
The great ropes of red fruitage and russet, crisp snow
to the core.

Can the dark-eyed Romany here have deserted of yore
Their camp at the coming of frost? Will they seek it
no more?

Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village? Who knows the
fine lore

Of the tribes of the apple-trees there on the green
valley floor?

Who, indeed? From the blue mountain gorge to the
dikes by the sea,

Goes that stilly wanderer, small Gaspereau; who but
he

Should give the last hint of perfection, the touch that
sets free

From the taut string of silence the whisper of beauties
to be!

The very sun seems to have tarried, turned back a
degree,

To lengthen out noon for the apple-folk here by the
sea.

What is it? Who comes? What 's abroad on the blue
mountain side?

A hush has been laid on the leaves and will not be
defied.

Is the great Scarlet Hunter at last setting out on his
ride

From the North with deliverance now? Were the
lights we descried

Last night in the heavens his camp-fires seen far and
wide,

The white signal of peace for whose coming the ages
have cried?

"Expectancy lingers; fulfilment postponed," I replied,
When soul said uneasily, "Who is it haunts your
hillside?"

All the while not a word from my sunflowers here on the hill. *Above the Gaspereau*

And to-night when the stars over Blomidon flower and fill

The blue Northern garden of heaven, so pale and so still,

From the lordly king-aster Aldebaran there by the sill

Of the East, where the moonlight will enter, not one will fulfil

A lordlier lot than my sunflowers here on the hill.

So much for mere fact, mere impression. So much I portray

Of the atmosphere, colour, illusion of one autumn day

In the little Acadian valley above the Grand Pré;

Just the quiet of orchards and firs, where the sun had

full sway,

And the river went trolling his soft wander-song to the bay,

While roseberry, aster, and sagaban tangled his way.

Be you their interpreter, reasoner; tell what they say,

These children of silence whose patient regard I portray.

You Londoner, walking in Bishopsgate, strolling the Strand,

Some morning in autumn afford, at a fruit-dealer's stand,

The leisure to look at his apples there ruddy and tanned.

Then ask, when he's smiling to serve you, if choice can command

A Gravenstein grown oversea on Canadian land.

(And just for the whim's sake, for once, you'll have no other brand!)

How teach you to tell them? Pick one, and with that in your hand,

Bethink you awhile as you turn again into the Strand.

*Above the
Gaspereau*

“What if,” you will say,—so smooth in your hand it
will lie,

So round and so firm, of so rich a red to the eye,
Like a dash of Fortuny, a tinge of some Indian dye,
While you turn it and toss, mark the bloom, ere you
taste it and try,—

“Now what if this grew where the same bright
pavilion of sky

Is stretched o'er the valley and hillside he bids me
descry,

The windless valley of peace, where the seasons go
by,

And the river goes down through the orchards where
long shadows lie!”

There's the fruit in your hand, in your ears is the
roar of the street,

The pulse of an empire keeping its volume and beat,
Its sure come and go day and night, while we sleep
or we eat.

Taste the apple, bite in to the juice—how abundant
and sweet!

As sound as your own English heart, and wholesome
as wheat!

There grow no such apples as that in your Bishops-
gate Street.

Or perhaps in St. Helen's Place, when your business
is done

And the ledgers put by, you will think of the hundred
and one

Commissions and errands to do; but what under the
sun

Was that, so important? Ah, yes! the new books
overrun

The old shelves. It is high time to order a new set
begun.

Then off to the joiner's. You enter, to see his plane
run

With a long high shriek through the lumber he's
working upon.

Then he turns from his shavings to query what you
would have done.

But homeward 'tis you who make question. That song *Above the*
of the blade! *Gaspereau*

And the sharp sweet cry of the wood, what an answer
it made!

What stories the joiner must hear, as he plies his clean
trade,

Of all the wild life of the forest where long shadows
wade

The untrodden moss, and the firs send a journeying
shade

So slow through the valley so far from the song of his
blade.

Come back to my orchards a moment. They 're wait-
ing for you.

How still are the little gray leaves where the pippins
peep through!

The boughs where the ribstons hang red are half
breaking in two.

Above them September in magical soft Northern
blue

Has woven the spell of her silence, like frost or like
dew,

Yet warm as a poppy's red dream. When All Saints
shall renew

The beauty of summer a while, will their dreaming
come true?

Ah, not of my Grand Pré they dream, nor your London
and you!

Their life is their own, and the surge of it. All
through the spring

They pushed forth their buds, and the rainbirds at
twilight would sing.

They put forth their bloom, and the world was as
fairy a thing

As a Japanese garden. Then midsummer came with
a zing

And the clack of the locust; then fruit-time and cool-
ness, to bring

This aftermath deep underfoot with its velvety spring.

*Above the
Gaspercau*

And they all the while with the fatherly, motherly
care,
Taking sap from the strength of the ground, taking
sun from the air,
Taking chance of the frost and the worm, taking
courage to dare,
Have given their life that the life might be goodly
and fair
In their kind for the seasons to come, with good wit-
ness to bear
How the sturdy old race of the apples could give and
not spare.
To-morrow the harvest begins. We shall rifle them
there
Of the beautiful fruit of their bodies, the crown of
their care.

How lovingly then shall the picker set hand to the
bough!—
Bid it yield, ere the seed come to earth or the graft
to the plough,
Not only sweet life for its kind, as the instincts
allow,
That savour and shape may survive generations from
now,
But life to its kin who can say, "I am stronger than
thou,"—
Fulfilling a lordlier law than the law of the bough.

I heard before dawn, with planets beginning to
quail,—
"Whoso hath life, let him give, that my purpose
prevail;
Whoso hath none, let him take, that his strength may
be hale.
Behold, I have reckoned the tally, I keep the full
tale.
Whoso hath love, let him give, lest his spirit grow
stale;
Whoso hath none, let him die; he shall wither and
fail.

Behold I will plenish the loss at the turn of the scale. *Above the*
He hath law to himself, who hath love; ye shall hope *Gaspereau*
and not quail."

Then the sun arose, and my sunflowers here on the
hill,
In free ceremonial turned to the East to fulfil
Their daily observance, receiving his peace and his
will,—
The lord of their light who alone bids the darkness
be nil,
The lord of their love who alone bids the life in them
thrill;
Undismayed and serene, they awaited him here on
the hill.

Ah, the patience of earth! Look down at the dark
pointed firs;
They are carved out of blackness; one pattern recurs
and recurs.
They crowd all the gullies and hillsides, the gashes
and spurs,
As silent as death. What an image! How nature
avers
The goodness of calm with that taciturn beauty of
hers!
As silent as sleep. Yet the life in them climbs and
upstirs.
They too have received the great law, know that
haste but defers
The perfection of time,—the initiate gospeller firs.

So year after year, slow ring upon ring, they have
grown,
Putting infinite long-loving care into leafage and cone,
By the old ancient craft of the earth they have
pondered and known
In the dead of the hot summer noons, as still as a
stone.
Not for them the gay fruit of the thorn, nor the high
scarlet rowan,
Nor the plots of the deep orchard-land where the
apples are grown.

*Above the
Gaspercau*

In winter the wind, all huddled and shuddering,
came

To warm his old bones by the fires of sunset aflame
Behind the black house of the firs. When the moose-
birds grew tame

In the lumberers' camps in the woods, what marvel-
lous fame

His talk and the ice of his touch would spread and
proclaim,

Of the berg and the floe and the lands without nation
or name,

Where the earth and the sky, night and noon, north
and south are the same,

The white and awful Nirvana of cold whence he
came!

Then April, some twilight picked out with a great
yellow star,

Returning, like Hylas long lost and come back with
his jar

Of sweet living water at last, having wandered so far,
Leads the heart out of doors, and the eye to the point
of a spar,

At whose base in the half-melted snow the first May-
flowers are,—

And there the first robin is pealing below the great
star.

So soon, over-soon, the full summer. Within those
dark boughs,

Deliberate and far, a faltering reed-note will rouse
The shy transports of earth, till the wood-creatures
hear where they house,

And grow bold as the tremble-eared rabbits that nibble
and mouse.

While up through the pasture-lot, startling the sheep
as they browse,

Where kingbirds and warblers are piercing the heat's
golden drowse,

Some girl, whom the sun has made tawny, the wind
had to blowse,

Will come there to gentle her lover beneath those
dark boughs.

*Above the
Gaspereau*

Then out of the hush, when the grasses are frosty and
old,

Will the chickadee's tiny alarm against winter be
rolled;

And soon, when the sedges and ponds are bitten with
cold,

The honk of the geese, that wander-cry stirring and
bold,

Will sound through the night, where those hardy
mariners hold

The uncharted course through the dark, as it is from
of old.

Ah, the life of the woods, how they share and partake
of it all,

These evergreens, silent as Indians, solemn and tall!
From the goldenwing's first far-heard awakening
call,

The serene flute of the thrush in his high beech
hall,

And the pipe of the frog, to the bannered approach
of the fall,

And the sullen wind, when snow arrives on a squall,
Trooping in all night from the North with news
would appal

Any outposts but these; with a zest they partake of
it all.

Lo, out of the hush they seem to mount and aspire!
From basement to tip they have builded, with heed to
go higher,

One circlet of branches a year with their lift of green
spire.

Nay, rather they seem to repose, having done with
desire,

Awaiting the frost, with the fruit scarlet-bright on
the brier,

Each purpose fulfilled, each ardour that bade them
aspire.

Then hate be afar from the bite of the axe that shall
fell

These keepers of solitude, makers of quiet, who dwell

*Above the
Gaspereau*

On the slopes of the North. And clean be the hand
that shall quell
The tread of the sap that was wont to go mounting
so well,
Round on round with the sun in a spiral, slow cell
after cell,
As a bellringer climbs in a turret. That resinous smell
From the eighth angel's hand might have risen with
the incense to swell
His offering in heaven, when the half-hour's silence
befell.

Behold, as the prayers of the saints that went up to
God's knees
In John's Revelation, the silence and patience of these
Our brothers of orchard and hill, the unhurrying trees,
To better the burden of earth till the dark suns freeze,
Shall go out to the stars with the sound of Acadian
seas,
And the scent of the wood-flowers blowing about
their great knees.

To-night when Altair and Alshain are ruling the West,
Whence Boötes is driving his dogs to long hunting
addressed;
With Alioth sheer over Blomidon standing at rest;
When Algol is leading the Pleiades over the crest
Of the magical East, and the South puts Alpherat to
test
With Menkar just risen; will come, like a sigh from
Earth's breast,
The first sob of the tide turning home,—one distraught
in his quest
For ever, and calling for ever the wind in the west.

And to-night there will answer the ghost of a sigh on
the hill,
So small you would say, Is it wind, or the frost with
a will
Walking down through the woods, who to-morrow
shall show us his skill
In yellows and reds? So noiseless, it hardly will thrill

The timorous aspens, which tremble when all else is still;
Yet the orchards will know, and the firs be aware on the hill.

*Above the
Gaspereau*

"O Night, I am old, I endure. Since my being began,
When out of the dark thy aurora spread up like a fan,
I have founded the lands and the islands; the hills are
my plan.

I have covered the pits of the earth with my bridge
of one span.

From the Horn to Dunedin unbroken my long rollers
ran,

From Pentland and Fastnet and Foyle to Bras d'Or
and Manan,

To dredge and upbuild for the creatures of tribe and
of clan.

Lo, now who shall end the contriving my fingers
began?"

Then the little wind that blows from the great star-
drift

Will answer: "Thou tide in the least of the planets
I lift,

Consider the journeys of light. Are thy journeyings
swift?

Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I huddle
and shift.

Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter and sift.
I have freighting to do for the weed and the frail
thistle drift.

"O ye apples and firs, great and small are as one in
the end.

Because ye had life to the full, and spared not to
spend;

Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and fend;
Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving close
to life's trend;

Nor questioned where impulse had origin,—purpose
might tend;

Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose prompt-
ings transcend

*Above the
Gaspereau*

Attainment for ever, through death with new being
to blend.
O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love is all
in the end."

Ah, friend of mine over the sea, shall we not discern,
In the life of our brother the beech and our sister the
fern,
As St. Francis would call them (his Minorites, too,
would we learn!)
In death but a door to new being no creature may
spurn,
But must enter for beauty's completion,—pass up in
his turn
To the last round of joy, yours and mine, whence to
think and discern?

Who shall say "the last round"? Have I passed by
the exit of soul?
From behind the tall door that swings outward,
replies no patrol
To our restless *Qui vive?* when is paid each implac-
able toll.
Not a fin of the tribes shall return, having cleared the
great shoal;
Not a wing of the migrants come back from below
the dark knoll;
Yet the zest of the flight and the swimming who fails
to extol?
Saith the Riddle, "The parts are all plain; ye may
guess at the whole."
I guess, "Immortality, knowledge, survival of Soul."

To-night, with the orchards below and the firs on the
hill
Asleep in the long solemn moonlight and taking no
ill,
A hand will open the sluice of the great sea-mill,—
Start the gear and the belts of the tide. Then a mur-
mur will fill
The hollows of midnight with sound, when all else is
still,
A promise to hearten my sunflowers here on the hill.

ng
all
rn,
he
so,
ay
in
: to
by
rd,
lac-
the
low
fails
may
ul."
the
; no
-
nur-
ise is
hill.

WHEN that old Vendor, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past.

*At the End
of a Book*

Be not abashed at your small worth;
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the Northern spring;

Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain;

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm-treed interval,
And gravelly floors where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through old gray barns
With eeriest music ever made.

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vendor, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.

A WINTER HOLIDAY

UNDER a hill in Scituate,
Where sleep four hundred men of Kent,
My friend one bobolincolned June
Set up his roof-tree of content.

*December
in Scituate*

Content for not too long, of course,
Since painter's eye makes rover's heart,
And the next turning of the road
May cheapen the last touch of art.

Yet also, since the world is wide,
And noon's face never twice the same,
Why not sit down and let the sun,
That artist careless of his fame,

Exhibit to our eyes, off-hand,
As mood may dictate and time serve,
His precious perishable scraps
Of fleeting colour, melting curve?

And while he shifts them all too soon,
Make vivid note of this and that,
Careful of nothing but to keep
The beauties we most marvel at.

Selective merely, bent to save
The sheer delirium of the eye,
Which best may solace or rejoice
Some fellow-rover by-and-by;

That stumbling on it, he exclaim,
"What mounting sea-smoke! What a blue!"
And at the glory we beheld,
His smouldering joy may kindle too.

Merely selective? Bring me back,
Verbatim from the lecture hall,
Your notes of So-and-so's discourse;
The gist and substance are not all.

The unconscious hand betrays to me
What listener it was took heed,
Eager or slovenly or prim;
A written character indeed!

*December
in Scituate*

Much more in painting; every stroke
That weaves the very sunset's ply,
Luminous, palpitant, reveals
How throbbed the heart behind the eye;

How hand was but the cunning dwarf
Of spirit, his triumphant lord
Marching in Nature's pageantry,
Elated in the vast accord.

Art is a rubric for the soul,
Man's comment on the book of earth,
The spellborn human summary
Which gives that common volume worth.

So at the pictures of my friend,—
His marginal remarks, as 't were,—
One cries not only, "What a blue!"
But, "What a human heart beat here!"

And now, ten minutes from the train,
Over the right-hand easy swell,
We catch the sparkle of the sea
And the green roof of Tortoise Shell.

(He guessed from slipshod excellence
What fable to his craft applied.
The tortoise for his monitor,
And *Cur tam cito* for his guide.)

Here is the slanting open field,
Where billow upon billow rolls
The sea of daisies in the sun,
When June brings back the orioles.

All summer here the crooning winds
Are cradled in the rocking dunes,
Till they, full height and burly grown,
Go seaward and forget their croons.

And out of the Canadian north
Comes winter like a huge gray gnome,
To blanket the red dunes with snow
And muffle the green sea with foam.

I could sit here all day and watch
The seas at battle smoke and wade,
And in the cold night wake to hear
The booming of their cannonade.

Then smiling turn to sleep and say,
"In vain dark's banners are unfurled;
That ceaseless roll is God's tattoo
Upon the round drum of the world."

And waking find without surprise
The first sun in a week of storm,
The southward eaves begin to drip,
And the faint Marshfield hills look warm;

The brushwood all a purple mist;
The blue sea creaming on the shore;
As if the year in his last days
Had not a sorrow to deplore.

Then evening by the fire of logs,
With some old song or some new book;
Our Lady Nicotine to share
Our single bliss; while seaward, look,—

Orion mounting peaceful guard
Over our brother's new-made tent,
Under a hill in Scituate
Where sleep so sound those men of Kent.

"**W**HAT wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head."

But as I read, that couplet seems
The merest metaphor of dreams,—

A parable from Arcady
Refuted by this wintry sea.

The summer was so long ago,
I hardly can believe it so.

*December
in Scituate*

*Winter at
Tortoise
Shell*

*Winter at
Tortoise
Shell*

Did we once really live outdoors,
With leafy walls and grassy floors,

Through sultry morns and dreamy noons
And red October in the dunes,

With butterflies and bees and things
That roamed the air on roseleaf wings?

There's not a leaf on any bough
To prove the truth of summer now;

There's not an apple left on high
To bear the red sun company.

The sun himself is gone away,
A vagabond since yesterday,

And left the maniac wind to moan
Through his deserted house alone.

Over the hills we watched him forth
From the low lodges of the North;

And then a hand we did not know
Dropped the tent-curtain of the snow.

This morning all outdoors is gray
And bleak as dead Siberia.

But what is that to lucky me?
Who would not love captivity,

Where safe beneath their Tortoise Shell
The Lady and the Tortoise dwell?

The Tortoise is the Lady's son;
He makes procrastination

A fine art in this hurrying age
Of grudging work and greedy wage.

An open air impressionist,
He swims his landscape in a mist,

And likes to paint his shadows blue,
If it is all the same to you.

If not, he does not call you blind;
He waits for you to change your mind.

His cunning knows how colour lies
Eluding the untutored eyes.

Perhaps within a year or two
You may believe his pictures true.

The Tortoise, for a pseudonym,
Is very suitable to him.

At Tortoise Shell the rafters green
Mimic a shady orchard screen,

The kindly half-light of the leaves,
And June songs running round the eaves.

The walls are hung with tapestries
Of gold flowers bending to the breeze,

And paintings, drenched in light and sun,
Of Scituate shore and Norman town,—

A mute unfading fairyland,
The glad work of a wizard hand,—

A small bright summer world of art
The winter cherishes at heart.

Look, through the window, where the seas,
A million strong, ride in with ease!

The mad white stallions in stampede.
This is your wintry world, indeed.

But summertime and gladness dwell
Under the roof of Tortoise Shell.

Colour, imperishably fair,
Is mistress of the seasons there.

*Winter at
Tortoise
Shell*

*Winter at
Tortoise
Shell*

And, ah, to-night the Gallaghers
Will come in all their mitts and furs,

Across the fields to visit us.
Then Boston *urbs* may envy *rus*!

We'll let the hooting blizzard shout;
We'll pull the little table out;

And Andrew Usher, ever blessed,
Shall comfort us beneath the vest.

So trim the light, and build the fire;
Bring out your oldest, sweetest briar.

For half an hour, if you please,
We'll listen to *The Seven Seas*;

O' Mr. Gallagher will sing—
An opera or anything—

About the Duke of Seven Dials,
About his Dolly and her wiles.

Then we will sit, but not for tea,
Around the smooth mahogany,

And watch while houses full of kings
Are overthrown by knaves and things;

And hear the pleasant clicking noise
Of triple-coloured ivories.

And Time may learn another trick
To better his arithmetic,

When wise content subtracts a notch
For fuming weed and foaming Scotch.

To-morrow, by the early train,
Light-hearted mirth will come again

To race across-lots with a crew
Of St. Bernards,—contagious Lou.

Who would not quit, for joys like these
All idle Southern vagrancies,

By purple cove and creamy beach,
And gold fruit hung within the reach?

Since friendship is a thing that grows
To sturdy height in Northern snows,

Who would not choose December weather,
Where love and cold thrive well together.

And bide his days, content to dwell
Under the eaves of Tortoise Shell?

*Winter at
Tortoise
Shell*

I N the crowd that thronged the pierhead, come to see their friends take ship

For new ventures in seafaring, when the hawsers
were let slip
And we swung out in the current, with good-byes on
every lip,

'Midst the waving caps and kisses, as we dropped
down with the tide
And the faces blurred and faded, last of all your hand
I spied
Signalling, Farewell; good fortune! Then my heart
rose up and cried:

"While the world holds one such comrade, whose
sweet durable regard
Would so speed my safe departure, lest home-leaving
should be hard,
What care I who keeps the ferry, whether Charon
or Cunard?"

Then we cleared the bar, and laid her on the course,
the thousand miles
From the Hook to the Bahamas, from midwinter to
the isles
Where frost never laid a finger, and eternal summer
smiles.

Bahamas

Bahaman Three days through the surly storm-beat, while the
surf-heads threshed and flew,
And the rolling mountains thundered to the trample
of the screw,
The black liner heaved and scuffled and strained on,
as if she knew.

On the fourth, the round blue morning sparkled
there, all light and breeze,
Clean and tenuous as a bubble blown from two im-
mensities,
Shot and coloured with sheer sunlight and the magic
of those seas.

In that bright new world of wonder, it was life enough
to laze
All day underneath the awnings, and through half-
shut eyes to gaze
At the marvel of the sea-blue; and I faltered for a
phrase

Should half give you the impression, tell you how the
very tint
Justified your finest daring, as if Nature gave the
hint,
"Plodders, see Imagination set his pallet without
stint!"

Cobalt, goblin, and azure, turquoise, sapphire, in-
digo,
Changing from the spectral bluish of a shadow upon
snow
To the deep of Canton china,—one unfathomable
glow.

And the flying-fish,—to see them in a scurry lift and
flee,
Silvery as the foam they sprang from, fragile people
of the sea,
Whom their heart's great aspiration for a moment
had set free.

From the dim and cloudy ocean, thunder-centered, *Bahaman*
rosy-verged,

At the lord sun's *Sursum Corda*, as implicit impulse
urged,

Frail as vapour, fine as music, these bright spirit-
things emerged;

Like those flocks of small white snowbirds we have
seen start up before

Our brisk walk in winter weather by the snowy
Scituate shore;

And the tiny shining sea-folk brought you back to me
once more.

So we ran down Abaco; and passing that tall
sentinel

Black against the sundown, sighted, as the sudden
twilight fell,

Nassau light; and the warm darkness breathed on us
from breeze and swell.

Stand-by bell and stop of engine; clank of anchor
going down;

And we're riding in the roadstead off a twinkling-
lighted town,

Low dark shore with boom of breakers and white
beach the palm-trees crown.

In the soft wash of the sea air, on the long swing of
the tide,

Here for once the dream came true, the voyage ended
close beside

The Hesperides in moonlight on mid-ocean where
they ride!

And those Hesperidian joylands were not strange to
you and me.

Just beyond the lost horizon, every time we looked
to sea

From Testudo, there they floated, looming plain as
plain could be.

Bahaman Who believed us? "Myth and fable are a science in our time."

"Never saw the sea that colour." "Never heard of such a rhyme."

Well, we've proved it, prince of idlers,—knowledge wrong and faith sublime.

Right were you to follow fancy, give the vaguer instinct room

In a heaven of clear colour, where the spirit might assume

All her elemental beauty, past the fact of sky or bloom.

Paint the vision, not the view,—the touch that bids the sense good-bye,

Lifting spirit at a bound beyond the frontiers of the eye,

To suburb unguessed dominions of the soul's credulity.

Never yet was painter, poet, born content with things that are,—

Must divine from every beauty other beauties greater far,

Till the arc of truth be circled, and her lantern blaze, a star.

This alone is art's ambition, to arrest with form and hue

Dominant ungrasped ideals, known to credence, hid from view,

In a mimic of creation,—to the life, yet fairer too,—

Where the soul may take her pleasure, contemplate perfection's plan,

And returning bring the tidings of his heritage to man,—

News of continents uncharted she has stood tip-toe to scan.

So she fires his gorgeous fancy with a cadence, with *Bahaman*
a line,

Till the artist wakes within him, and the toiler grows
divine,

Shaping the rough world about him nearer to some
fair design.

Every heart must have its Indies,—an inheritance un-
claimed

In the unsubstantial treasure of a province never
named,

Loved and longed for through a lifetime, dull labori-
ous and unfamed,

Never wholly disillusioned. *Spiritus*, read, *haeres sit*
Patriæ quæ tristia nescit. This alone the great king
writ

O'er the tomb of her he cherished in this fair world
she must quit.

Love in one farewell for ever, taking counsel to im-
plore

Best of human benedictions on its dead, could ask no
more.

The heart's country for a dwelling, this at last is all
our lore.

But the fairies at your cradle gave you craft to build
a home

In the wide bright world of colour, with the cunning
of a gnome;

Blessed you so above your fellows of the tribe that still
must roam.

Still across the world they go, tormented by a strange
unrest,

And the unabiding spirit knocks for ever at their
breast,

Bidding them away to fortune in some undiscovered
West;

Bahaman While at home you sit and call the Orient up at your
command,
Master of the iris seas and Prospero of the purple
land.

Listen, here was one world-corner matched the cunning
of your hand.

Not, my friend, since we were children, and all wonder-
tales were true,—

Jason, Hengest, Hiawatha, fairy prince or pirate
crew—

Was there ever such a landing in a country strange
and new?

Up the harbour where there gathered, fought and
revelled many a year,

Swarthy Spaniard, lost Lucayan, Loyalist, and Buc-
caneer,

“Once upon a time” was now, and “far across the
sea” was here.

Tropic moonlight, in great floods and fathoms pour-
ing through the trees

On a ground as white as sea-froth its fantastic tra-
ceries,

While the poincianas, rustling like the rain, moved
in the breeze,

Showed a city, coral-streeted, melting in the mellow
shine,

Built of creamstone and enchantment, fairy work in
every line,

In a velvet atmosphere that bids the heart her haste
resign.

Thanks to Julian Hospitator, saint of travellers by
sea,

Roving minstrels and all boatmen,—just such vaga-
bonds as we,—

On the shaded wharf we landed, rich in leisure, hale
and free.

What more would you for God's creatures, but the *Bahaman*
little tide of sleep?

In a clean white room I wakened, saw the careless
sunlight peep
Through the roses at the window, lay and listened to
the creep

Of the soft wind in the shutters, heard the palm-tops
stirring high,
And that strange mysterious shuffle of the slipshod
foot go by.
In a world all glad with colour, gladdest of all things
was I;

In a quiet convent garden, tranquil as the day is
long,
Here to sit without intrusion of the world or strife or
wrong,—
Watch the lizards chase each other, and the green
bird make his song;

Warmed and freshened, lulled yet quickened in that
paradise air,
Motherly and uncapricious, healing every hurt or
care,
Wooing body, mind, and spirit, firmly back to strong
and fair;

By the Angelus reminded, silence waits the touch of
sound,
As the soul waits her awaking to some *Gloria* pro-
found;
Till the mighty Southern Cross is lighted at the day's
last bound.

And if ever your fair fortune make you good Saint
Vincent's guest,
At his door take leave of trouble, welcomed to his
decent rest,
Of his ordered peace partaker, by his solace healed
and blessed;

Bahaman Where this flowered cloister garden, hidden from the
passing view,
Lies behind its yellow walls in prayer the holy hours
through:
And beyond, that fairy harbour, floored in malachite
and blue.

In that old white-streeted city gladness has her way
at last;
Under burdens finely poised, and with a freedom un-
surpassed,
Move the naked-footed bearers in the blue day deep
and vast.

This is Bay Street broad and low-built, basking in its
quiet trade;
Here the sponging fleet is anchored; here shell trinkets
are displayed;
Here the cable news is posted daily; here the market's
made,

With its oranges from Andros, heaps of yam and
tamarind,
Red-juiced shadducks from the Current, ripened in
the long trade-wind,
Gaudy fish from their sea-gardens, yellow-tailed and
azure-finned.

Here a group of diving boys in bronze and ivory,
bright and slim,
Sparkling copper in the high noon, dripping loin-
cloth, polished limb,
Poised a moment and then plunged in that deep day-
light green and dim.

Here the great rich Spanish laurels spread across the
public square
Their dense solemn shade; and near by, half within
the open glare,
Mannerly in their clean cottons, knots of blacks are
waiting there

By the court-house, where a magistrate is hearing *Bahaman*
cases through,
Dealing justice prompt and level, as the sturdy
English do,—
One more tent-peg of the Empire, holding that great
shelter true.

Last the picture from the town's end, palmed and
foam-fringed through the cane,
Where the gorgeous sunset yellows pour aloft and
spill and stain
The pure amethystine sea and far faint islands of the
main.

Loveliest of the Lucayas, peace be yours till time be
done!
In the gray North I shall see you, with your white
streets in the sun,
Old pink walls and purple gateways, where the lizards
bask and run,

Where the great hibiscus blossoms in their scarlet loll
and glow,
And the idling gay bandannas through the hot noons
come and go,
While the ever-stirring sea-wind sways the palm-tops
to and fro.

Far from stress and storm for ever, dream behind your
jalousies,
While the long white lines of breakers crumble on
your reefs and keys,
And the crimson oleanders burn against the peacock
seas.

WHERE the Southern liners go,
In the push of the purple seas,
When sky and ocean merge
Their blue immensities,

*Flying-
Fish*

*Flying-
Fish*

A creature novel and fine
Will break from the foam and play,
Swift as a leaf on the wind,
Part of the light and spray.

Will scud like a gust of snow,
Silver diaphanous things,
As if, when the sun gave will,
The sea for his part gave wings.

For æons the Titan deep
Forged and fashioned and framed,
In the great water-mills,
Forms that no man has named.

With hammer of thunderous seas,
With smooth attrition of tides,
Shaping each joint and valve,
Putting the heart in their sides,

Blindly he laboured and slow,
With patience ungrudging and vast,
Moulding the marvels he wrought
Nearer some purpose at last.

Not his own. Those creatures of his
Were endowed with an alien spark,
And a hint of groping mind
That made for an unseen mark.

For part was the stroke of force,
Fortuitous blind and fell,
And part was the breath of soul
Inhabiting film and cell.

Finer and frailer they grew;
Must dare and be glad and aspire,
Out of the nether gloom
Into the pale sea-fire,

Out of the pale sea-day
Into the sparkle and air,
Quitting the elder home
For the venture bright and rare.

Ah, Silver-fin, you too
Must follow the faint ahoy
Over the welter of life
To radiant moments of joy!

*Flying-
Fish*

“WHAT do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea?”
“Oh, turtle shell is what I sell,
In great variety:

*In Bay
Street*

“Trinkets and combs and rosaries,
All keepsakes from the sea;
’Tis choose and buy what takes the eye,
In such a treasury.”

“’Tis none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I’m looking for,
In Bay Street by the sea.

“Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea,
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul’s felicity?

“Now, what do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
Tinged with that true and native blue
Of lapis lazuli?

“Look from your door, and tell me now
The colour of the sea.
Where can I buy that wondrous dye,
And take it home with me?

“And where can I buy that rustling sound,
In this city by the sea,
Of the plummy palms in their high blue calms;
Or the stately poise and free

*In Bay
Street*

"Of the bearers who go up and down,
Silent as mystery,
Burden on head, with naked tread,
In the white streets by the sea?"

"And where can I buy, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
The sunlight's fall on the old pink wall,
Or the gold of the orange-tree?"

"Ah, that is more than I've heard tell
In Bay Street by the sea,
Since I began, my roving man,
A trafficker to be.

"As sure as I'm John Camplejohn,
And Bay Street 's by the sea,
Those things for gold have not been sold,
Within my memory."

"But what would you give, my roving man
From countries over-sea,
For the things you name, the life of the same,
And the power to bid them be?"

"I'd give my hand, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
For the smallest dower of that dear power
To paint the things I see."

"My roving man, I never heard,
On any land or sea
Under the sun, of any one
Could sell that power to thee."

"'Tis sorry news, John Camplejohn,
If this be destiny,
That every mart should know that art,
Yet none can sell it me.

"But look you, here 's the grace of God:
There 's neither price nor fee,
Duty nor toll, that can control
The power to love and see.

"To each his luck, John Camplejohn,
Say I. And as for me,
Give me the pay of an idle day
In Bay Street by the sea."

*In Bay
Street*

HELLO, whom have we here
Under the orange-trees,
Where the old convent wall
Looks to the turquoise seas?

Migrants

In his jacket of olive green
He slips from bough to bough,
With a familiar air
No venue could disavow.

Good-day to you, quiet sir!
We have been friends before,
When lilacs were in bloom
By the lovely Scituate shore.

When the surly hordes of snow
Came down on the trains of the wind,
Two sojourners, it seems,
Were of a single mind.

Both from the storm and gray,
The stress of the northern year,
Seeking the peace of the world,
Found tranquillity here.

Here where there is no haste,
Lead we, each in his way,
Undistracted a while,
The slow sweet life of a day.

Busy, contented, and shy,
Through the green shade you go;
So unobtrusive and fair
A mien few mortals know.

Migrants

It needs not the task be hard,
Nor the achievement sublime,
If only the soul be great,
Free from the fever of time.

And your glad being confirms
The ancient *Bonum est*
Nos hic esse of earth,
With serene unanxious zest,

Whether far North you fare,
When too brief spring once more
Visits the stone-walled fields
Beside the Scituate shore,

Or here in an endless June
Under the orange-trees,
Where the old convent wall
Looks to the turquoise seas.

*A Water
Colour*

THERE'S a picture in my room
Lightens many an hour of gloom,—

Cheers me under fortune's frown
And the drudgery of town.

Many and many a winter's day
When my soul sees all things gray,

Here is veritable June,
Heart's content and spirit's boon.

It is scarce a hand-breadth wide
Not a span from side to side,

Yet it is an open door
Looking back to joy once more,

Where the level marshes lie,
A quiet journey of the eye,

*A Water
Colour*

And the unsubstantial blue
Makes the fine illusion true.

And I forth and travel there
In the blessed light and air,

Miles of green tranquillity
Down the river to the sea.

Here the sea-birds roam at will,
And the sea-wind on the hill

Brings the hollow pebbly roar
From the dim and rosy shore,

With the very scent and draught
Of the old sea's mighty craft.

I am standing on the dunes,
By some charm that must be June's,

When the magic of her hand
Lays a sea-spell on the land.

And the old enchantment falls
On the blue-gray orchard walls

And the purple high-top boles,
While the orange orioles

Flame and whistle through the green
Of that paradisal scene.

Strolling idly for an hour
Where the elder is in flower,

I can hear the bob-white call
Down beyond the pasture wall.

Musing in the scented heat,
Where the bayberry is sweet,

I can see the shadows run
Up the cliff-side in the sun.

A Water Or I cross the bridge and reach
Colour The mossers' houses on the beach,

Where the bathers on the sand
Lie sea-freshened and sun-tanned.

Thus I pass the gates of time
And the boundaries of clime,

Change the ugly man-made street
For God's country green and sweet.

Fag of body, irk of mind,
In a moment left behind,

Once more I possess my soul
With the poise and self-control

Beauty gives the free of heart
Through the sorcery of art.

White **T**HERE is fog upon the river, there is mirk upon
Nassau the town;
You can hear the groping ferries as they hoot
each other down;
From the Battery to Harlem there's seven miles of
slush,
Through looming granite canyons of glitter, noise,
and rush.

Are you sick of phones and tickers and crazing cable
gongs,
Of the theatres, the hansoms, and the breathless
Broadway throngs,
Of Flouret's and the Waldorf and the chilly drizzly
Park,
When there's hardly any morning and five o'clock is
dark?

I know where there's a city, whose streets are white *White*
and clean, *Nassau*
And sea-blue morning loiters by walls where roses
lean,
And quiet dwells; that's Nassau, beside her cream-
ing key,
The queen of the Lucayas in the blue Bahaman sea.

She's ringed with surf and coral, she's crowned with
sun and palm;
She has the old-world leisure, the regal tropic calm;
The trade winds fan her forehead; in everlasting June
She reigns from deep verandas above her blue lagoon.

She has had many suitors,—Spaniard and Buccaneer,—
Who roistered for her beauty and spilt their blood for
her;
But none has dared molest her, since the Loyalist
Deveaux
Went down from Carolina a hundred years ago.

Unmodern, undistracted, by grassy ramp and fort,
In decency and order she holds her modest court;
She seems to have forgotten rapine and greed and
strife,
In that unaging gladness and dignity of life.

Through streets as smooth as asphalt and white as
bleaching shell,
Where the slip-shod heel is happy and the naked foot
goes well,
In their gaudy cotton kerchiefs, with swaying hips
and free,
Go her black folk in the morning to the market of
the sea.

Into her bright sea-gardens the flushing tide-gates
lead,
Where fins of chrome and scarlet loll in the lifting
weed;
With the long sea-draught behind them, through
luring coral groves
The shiny water-people go by in painted droves.

White Under her old pink gateways, where Time a moment
Nassau turns,
Where hang the orange lanterns and the red hibiscus
burns,
Live the harmless merry lizards, quicksilver in the sun,
Or still as any image with their shadow on a stone.

Through the lemon-trees at leisure a tiny olive bird
Moves all day long and utters his wise assuring word;
While up in their blue chantry murmur the solemn
palms,
At their litanies of joyance, their ancient ceaseless
psalms.

There in the endless sunlight, within the surf's low
sound,
Peace tarries for a lifetime at doorways unrenowned;
And a velvet air goes breathing across the sea-girt land,
Till the sense begins to waken and the soul to under-
stand.

There's a pier in the East River, where a black Ward
liner lies,
With her wheezy donkey-engines taking cargo and
supplies;
She will clear the Hook to-morrow for the Indies of
the West,
For the lovely white girl city in the Islands of the
Blest.

She'll front the riding winter on the gray Atlantic seas,
And thunder through the surf-heads till her funnels
crust and freeze;
She'll grapple the Southeaster, the Thing without a
Mind,
Till she drops him, mad and monstrous, with the
light ship far behind.

Then out into a morning all summer warmth and blue!
By the breathing of her pistons, by the purring of
the screw,
By the springy dip and tremor as she rises, you can tell
Her heart is light and easy as she meets the lazy
swell.

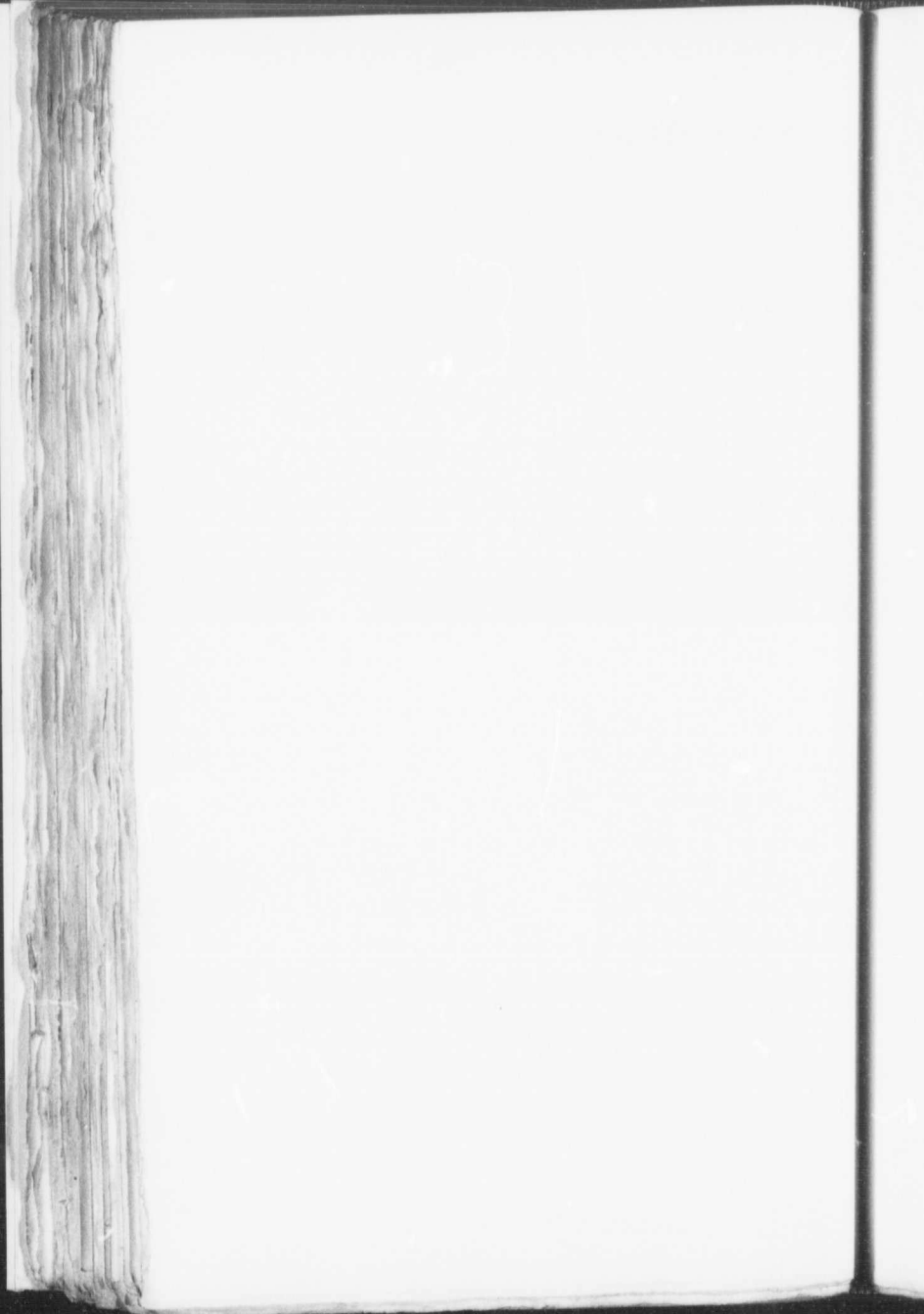
With the flying-fish before her, and the white wake
 running aft,
Her smoke-wreath hanging idle, without breeze
 enough for draught,
She will travel fair and steady, and in the afternoon
Run down the floating palm-tops where lift the Isles
 of June.

*White
Nassau*

With the low boom of breakers for her only signal
 gun,
She will anchor off the harbour when her thousand
 miles are done,
And there's my love, white Nassau, girt with her
 foaming key,
The queen of the Lucayas in the blue Bahaman sea!



VALENTINES



FOR A DESIGN BY ETHEL REED

*The Girl
in the
Poster*

WITH her head in the golden lilies,
She reads and is never done.
Why her girlish face so still is,
I know not under the sun.

She is the soul of a woman,
Knowing whatever befalls;
And I a lonely human,
Dwelling within her walls.

She is the fair immortal
Daughter of truth and art;
And I, at her lowly portal,
May fare and be glad and depart.

In a region forever vernal,
She keeps her liliated state,—
My beautiful calm eternal
Mysteriarch of fate.

In a volume great and golden,
Would better beseem a sage,
Her downcast look is holden;
But I cannot see the page.

Picture, or printed column,
Or records, or cipherings,—
From the drooping lids so solemn
I guess at marvellous things.

Is it a rune she ponders,—
Word from an outer clime,
Where the spirit quests and wanders
Through long sidereal time?

Would she trammel her heart, or cumber
Her mind with our mortal needs?
Do the shadows quake and slumber
On the book wherein she reads?

I know not. I know her being
Is impulse and mood to mine,
Till I voyage, without foreseeing
For a lost horizon line.

*The Girl
in the
Poster*

For her the spacious morrow;
But the humble day for me,
In the little house of sorrow
By the unbefriending sea.

Her hair is a raven glory;
Her chin is pointed and small;
What is the wonderful story
Keeps her forever in thrall?

Her mouth is little and childly;
Her brow is innocent broad;
Meekly she reads and mildly,—
Would neither condemn nor applaud.

Would that I too, a-reading,
Might half of her wisdom find,
In the gold flowers there unheeding,—
The calm of an open mind!

Day long, as I keep the homely
Round of my chambers here,
Her beauty is modest and comely,
Her presence is living and near.

Till it seems I must recover
A day in the ilex grove,
Where I was a destined lover,
And she was destined for love.

I remember the woods we strayed in,
And the mountain paths we trod,
When she was a Doric maiden,
And I was a young Greek god.

And I have the haunting fancy,
The moment my back is turned,
By some Eastern necromancy
Only the artists have learned,

Two grave gray eyes are lifted
To follow me round the room,
And a sudden breath has shifted
A leaf in the Book of Doom.

THOU art a golden iris
Under a purple wall,
Whereon the burning sunlight
And greening shadows fall.

To an Iris

What summer night's enchantment
Took up the garden mould,
And with the falling star-dust
Refined it to such gold?

What wonder of white magic
Bidding thy soul aspire,
Filled that luxurious body
With languor and with fire?

Wert thou not once a beauty
In Persia or Japan,
For whom, by toiling seaway
Or dusty caravan,

Of old some lordly lover
Brought countless treasure home
Of gems and silk and attar,
To pleasure thee therefrom?

Pale amber from the Baltic,
Soft rugs of Indian ply,
Stuffs from the looms of Bagdad
Stained with the Tyrian dye.

Were thy hands bright with henna,
Thy lashes black with kohl,
Thy voice like silver water
Out of an earthen bowl?

Or was thy only tent-cloth
The blue Astartean night,
Thy soul to beauty given,
Thy body to delight?

Wert thou not well desired,
And was not life a boon,
When Tanis held in Sidon
Her Mysteries of the Moon?

To an Iris

There in her groves of ilex
The nightingales made ring
With the mad lyric chorus
Of youth and love and spring.

Wert thou not glad to worship
With some blonde Paphian boy,
Illumined by new knowledge
And intimate with joy?

And did not the Allmother
Smile in the hush dim light,
Hearing thy stifled laughter
Disturb her holy rite?

Ah, well thou must have served her
In wise and gracious ways,
With more than vestal fervour
A loved one all thy days!

And dost thou, then, revisit
Our borders at her will,
Child of the sultry rapture,
Waif of the Orient still?

Because thy love was fearless
And fond and strong and free,
Art thou not her last witness
To our apostasy?

Just at the height of summer,
The joy-days of the year,
She bids, for our reproval,
Thy radiance appear.

Oh, Iris, let thy spirit
Enkindle our gross clay,
Bring back the lost earth-passion
For beauty to our day!

To-night when down the marshes
The lilac half-lights fade,
And on the rosy shore-line
No earthly spell is laid.

I would be thy new lover,
With the dark life renewed
By our great mother Tanis
And thy solicitude.

To an Iris

Feel slowly change this vesture
Of mortal flesh and bone,
Transformed by her soft witch-work
To one more like thine own.

Become but as the rain-wind
(Who art but dust indeed),
To slake thy velvet ardour,
And soothe thy darling need.

To dream and waken with thee
Under the night's blue sail,
As the wild odours freshen,
Till the white stars grow pale.

I THOUGHT it chill and lonesome,
And too far from the road
For an ideal dwelling,
When here I first abode.

*The
Mansion*

But yesterday a lodger
Smiled as she passed my door,
With mien of gay contentment
That lured me to explore.

Unerringly she leads me,
Compassionate and wise,
Soul of immortal beauty
Wearing the mortal guise.

She knows from sill to attic
The great house through and through,
Its treasures of the ages,
Surprises ever new.

*The
Mansion*

From room to room I follow,
Entranced with each in turn,
Enchanted by each wonder
She bids my look discern.

She names them: here is First-love,
A chamber by the sea;
Here in a flood of noonday,
Is spacious Charity.

Here is a cell, Devotion;
And lonely Courage here,
Where child-deserted windows
Look on the Northern year;

Friendship and Faith and Gladness,
Fragrant of air and bloom,
Where one might spend a lifetime
Secure from fear of gloom.

And often as we wander,
I fancy we have neared
The Master of the Mansion,
Who has not yet appeared.

*Who is the
Owner?*

WHO owns this house, my lord or I?
He in whose name the title runs,
Or I, who keep it swept and clean
And open to the winds and suns?

He who is absent year by year,
On some far pleasure of his own,
Or I who spend on it so much
Of willing flesh and aching bone?

What if it prove a fable, all
This rumour of a legal lord,
And we should find ourselves in truth
Owners and masters of the board!

What if this earth should just belong
To those who tend it, you and me!
What if for once we should refuse
His rental to this absentee?

*Who is the
Owner?*

O friends, no landlord in the world
Could love the place as well as I!
Love is the owner of the house,
The only lord of destiny.

FROM glory up to glory
On the great stairs of time,
I track the ghostly whisper
That bids a mortal climb.

*On the
Stairs*

I pass the gorgeous threshold
Of many an open door,
Where, luring and illusive,
The pageant gleams once more.

Up the Potomac Valley
I see the April come;
Here it is May in Paris;
Here is my Ardisse home;

These are the Scituate marshes;
This is a Norman town;
These are the dikes of Grand Pré;—
Ah, tell no more, Renown!

I pass the open portals,
Irresolute and fond,—
Desert the masque of beauty
For Beauty's self beyond.

For down the echoing stairway
Of being, I have heard
The faint immortal secret
Shut in a mortal word,—

*On the
Stairs*

The tawny velvet accent
Of Lilith, as she came
Into the great blue garden
And breathed her lover's name.

*The Fairy
Flower*

THERE'S a fairy flower that grows
In a corner of my heart,
And the fragrance that it spills
Is the sorcery of art.

I may give it little care,
Neither water it nor prune,
Yet it suddenly will blow
Glorious beneath the moon.

I may tend it night and day,
Taking thought to make it bloom;
All my will will not avail
To avert the touch of doom.

When it dies, my little flower,
You may take my life as well,
Though I live a hundred years,
I shall have no more to tell.

*"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lost."*

*A Neigh-
bour's
Creed*

ALL day the weary crowds move on
Through the gray city's stifling heat,
With anxious air, with jaded mien,
To strife, to labour, to defeat.

But I possess my soul in calm,
Because I know, unvexed by noise,
Somewhere across the city's hum
Your splendid spirit keeps its poise.

Because I see you bright and brave,
I say to my despondent heart,
"Up, loiterer! Put off this guise
Of gloom, and play the sturdier part!"

Three things are given man to do:
To dare, to labour, and to grow.
Not otherwise from earth we came,
Nor otherwise our way we go.

Three things are given man to be:
Cheerful, undoubting and humane,
Surviving through the direst fray,
Preserving the untarnished strain.

Three things are given man to know:
Beauty and truth and honour. These
Are the nine virtues of the soul
Her mystic powers and ecstasies.

And when I see you bravely tread
That difficult and doubtful way,
"Up, waverer; wilt thou forsake
Thy comrade?" to my heart I say.

Then bitterness and sullen fear,
Mistrust and anger, are no more.
That quick gay step is in the hall;
That rallying voice is at the door.

1

O DIE not yet, great heart; but deign
A little longer to endure
This life of passionate fret and strain,
Of slender hope and joy unsure!

Take Contemplation by the sleeve,
And ask her, "Is it not worth while
To teach my fellows not to grieve,—
To lend them courage in a smile?"

*A Neigh-
bour's
Creed*

*To One in
Despair*

*To One in
Despair*

"Is it so little to have made
The timorous ashamed of fear,—
The idle and the false afraid
To front existence with a sneer?"

For those who live within your sway
Know not a mortal fear, save one,—
That some irreparable day
They should awake, and find you gone.

II

Live on, love on! Let reason swerve;
But instinct knows her own great lore,
Like some uncharted planet's curve
That sweeps in sight, then is no more.

Live on, love on, without a qualm,
Child of immortal charity,
In the great certitude and calm
Of joy freeborn that shall not die.

III

We dream ourselves inheritors
Of some unknown and distant good,
That shall requite us for the faults
Of our own lax ineptitude.

But soon and surely they may come,
Whom love makes wise and courage free,
Into their heritage of joy,—
Their earth-day of eternity.

IV

The thought that I could ever call
Your name, and you would not be here,
At moments sweeps my soul away
In the relentless tide of fear;

Then from its awful ebb returns
The sea of gladness strong and sure.
By this I know that love is great;
By this I know I shall endure.

V
I
N
E
F
T
C

O
W
Fl
Be

Ti
Ar
In
Or
Or
W
Ar

No
No
No
W
Of
All
An

No
No
No
No
To
Sm

When I shall have lain down to sleep,
 I pray no sound to break my rest.
 No seraph's trumpet through the night
 Could touch my weary soul with zest.

*To One in
 Despair*

But oh, beyond the reach of thought
 How I should waken and rejoice,
 To hear across the drift of time
 One golden echo of your voice!

WHEN the black horses from the house of Dis
 Stop at my door and the dread charioteer
 Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go
 On the far solitary unknown way
 Where all the race of men fare and are lost,
 Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal leaves
 Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

*At the
 Great
 Release*

Though a chill draught of fear may quell my soul
 And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp
 In the great gusty hall of some old king,
 Only one mordant unassuaged regret,
 One passionate eternal human grief,
 Would wring my heart with bitterness and tears
 And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant days,
 Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,
 Nor sweet companions of the idle hour
 Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad sound
 Of children's voices playing in the dusk;
 All these I could forget and bid good-bye
 And pass to my oblivion nor repine.

Not the green woods that I so dearly love,
 Nor summer hills in their serenity,
 Nor the great sea mystic and musical,
 Nor drone of insects, nor the call of birds,
 Nor soft spring flowers, nor the wintry stars;
 To all the lovely earth that was my home
 Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

*At the
Great
Release*

But not, O not to one strong little hand,
To one droll mouth brimming with witty words,
Nor ever to the unevasive eyes
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the world
With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!
Ah, Destiny, against whose knees we kneel
With prayer at evening, spare me this one woe!

*Morning
and
Evening*

WHEN the morning wind comes up the mountain,
Stirring all the beech-groves of the valley,
And, before the paling stars have vanished,
The first tawny thrush disturbs the twilight
With his reed-pipe, eerie calm and golden—
The earth-music marvellous and olden—

Then good fortune enters at my doorway,
And my heart receives the guest called Gladness;
For I know it is that day of summer
When I shall behold your face ere nightfall,
And this earth, as never yet in story,
Ledge to hillcrest dyed in purple glory.

When the evening breath draws down the valley,
And the clove is full of dark blue shadows
Moving on the mountain-wall, just silvered
By the large moon lifted o'er the earth-rim,
At the moment of transported being,
When soul gathers what the eyes are seeing,

Sense is parted like a melted rain-mist,
And our mortal spirits run together,
Saying, "O incomparable comrade!"
Saying, "O my lover, how good love is!"
Then the twilight falls; the hill-wind hushes;
Note by note once more the cool-voiced thrushes.

*In an
Iris
Meadow*

ONCE I found you in an Iris meadow
Down between the seashore and the river,
Playing on a golden willow whistle
You had fashioned from a bough in springtime,—

Piping such a wild melodious music,
Foil of sunshine, sadness and sweet longing,
As the heart of earth must have invented,
When the wind first breathed above her bosom,
And above the sea-rim, silver-lighted,
Pure and glad and innocent and tender,
The first melting planets glowed in splendour.

*In an
Iris
Meadow*

There it was I loved you as a lover,
Then it was I lost the world for ever.
For your slender fingers on the notches
Set free more than that mere earthly cadence,—
Loosed the piercing stops of mortal passion.—
Touched your wood-mate with the spell of wonder,
And the godhead in the man awakened.
Virgin spirit with unsullied senses,
There was earth for him all new-created,
In a moment when the music's rapture
Bade soul take what never thought could capture:

Just the sheer glad bliss of being human,
Just the large content beyond all reason,
Just the love of flowers, hills and rivers,
Shadowy forests and lone lovely bird-songs
When the morning brightens in the sea-wind;
And beyond all these the fleeting vision
Of the shining soul that dwelt within you,
(Magic fragrance of the meadow blossom)
All the dear fond madness of the lover.
These, all these the ancient wood-god taught me
From the theme you piped and the wind brought me.

Was it strange that I should stop the playing?
Was it strange that I should touch the blossom?—
Must (a man's way!) see whence came the music,
Must with childish marvel count the petals?
O but sweet were your uncounted kisses!
Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings,
When your great eyes swept me, then went seaward,
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning,
And the little head must seek this shoulder!
Then we heard once more the wood-god's measure,
And strange gladness filled the world's great leisure.

*A Letter
from Lesbos*

MORE beloved than ever yet was mortal!
Oh, but doubt not, lover, I do love thee!
When he wrote these words, bitter and lonely
Was that tender heart in wintry Lesbos.
Kindly gods but speed my journey thither,
(How the wind burns from the scorching desert,
Through the scarlet beds of scentless blossom!)
And make fortunate that swift home-coming!
For I fret in this Egyptian exile,
Too long parted, sickening for the home-wind
And the first white gleam of Mitylene.

Blessed words to brave the stormy sea-way!
In this stifling city's sultry languor
I must now with joy and tears and longing,
Now the hundredth time at least re-read them:

*It is the bitter season of the year;
The mournful-piping sea-wind is abroad
With driving snow and battle in the air,
Shaking the stubborn roof-tree gust by gust;
And under the frost-gray skies without a sun
Cold desolation wraps the wintry world.*

*And I, my Gorgo, keep the fireside here,
Chill-hearted, brooding, visited by doubt,
Wondering how Demeter or wise Pan
Will work the resurrection of the spring,
Serene and punctual at the appointed time,
With the warm sun, the swallows at the eaves,
The slant of rain upon the purple hill,
The flame-like crocus by the garden wall,
The light, the hope, the gladness all returned
With maidens singing the Adonis song!*

*But ah, more doubtful sad and full of fear
There comes to me, disconsolate and lone,
The thought of thee, my Gorgo, lovelier
Than any premonition of the spring.
I seem to see that radiant smile once more,
The heaven-blue eyes, the crocus-golden hair,
The rose-pink beauty passionate and tall,
Dear beyond words and daring with desire,*

For which thy lover would fling life away
And traffic the last legacy of time.

*A Letter
from Les-
bos*

Ah, Gorgo, too long absent, well I know
The sun will shine again and spring come back
Her ancient glorious golden-flowered way,
And gladness visit the green earth once more,
But where in all that wonder wilt thou be,
The very soul and spirit of the spring?

If the high gods in that triumphant time
Have calendared no day for thee to come
Light-hearted to this doorway as of old,
Unmoved I shall behold their pomps go by,—
The painted seasons in their pageantry,
The silvery processions of the moon,
And all the infinite ardours unsubdued,
Pass with the wind replenishing the earth.

Incredulous forever I must live,
And, once thy lover, without joy behold
The gradual uncounted years go by,
Sharing the bitterness of all things made.

Ah, not thus! My hot tears sweet and tender,
And the storm within this heaving bosom,
Could he see, would tell him what the truth is,—
How the heart of Gorgo breaks to reach him,
And her arms are weak with empty waiting
Through this long monotony of summer.
Gentle spirit, grieve not so, for love's sake!
How he raves beyond the touch of reason:

O heart of mine, be hardier for ills,
Since thou hast shared the sorrows of the gods
And been partaker of their destiny.
Have I not known the bitterness that sighed
In mournful grief upon the river marge,
And once obscured the lonely shining sun,
When Syrinx and when Daphne fled away?
Not otherwise in sorrow did I fare
Whom Gorgo, loveliest of mortals, loved,
And whose own folly that same Gorgo lost.

*A Letter
from Lesbos*

O lovers, hear me! Be not lax in love,
Nor let the loved one from you for a day.
For time that is the enemy of love,
And change that is the constant foe of man,
But wait the turn of opportunity
To fret the delicate fabric of our life
With doubt and slow forgetfulness and grief,
Till he who was a lover once goes forth
A friendless soul to front the joyless years,
A brooding unaccompanied wanderer
Beneath the silent and majestic stars.

Now what folly waits on brooding passion!
Truly not in solitude do mortals
Reach the height and nobleness of heroes.
Can it be so swiftly fades remembrance?
Oh, my fond heart prompt him! This is better:

*The red flower of the fire is on the hearth,
The white flower of the foam is on the sea.
The golden marshes and the tawny dunes
Are gleaming white with snow and flushed with rose
Where the pure level wintry sunlight falls.
In the rose-garden, crimsoning each bough
Against the purple boulders in the wall,
Shine the rose-berries careless of the cold.
While down along the margin of the sea,
Just where the gray beach melts to greener gray,
With mounting wavering combing plunge and charge,
The towering breakers crumble in to shore.*

*Now from that quiet picture of the eye,
Hark to the trampling thunder and long boom,
The lone uncanonied and mysterious rote
Whose cadence marked the building of the world,
The old reverberant music of the sea!*

*Ab, to what ghostly piping of strange flutes
Strays in lost loveliness Persephone,
Heary at heart, with trouble in her eyes,
From her deep-bosomed mother far away,
In the pale garden of Aidoneus now?*

I
T
A
T
L
A
V
T
B
H
W
A
In
B
F
A
O

In
O
F
A
No
Bu
Cu

No
No
F
An
Br
No
In t

*And oh, what delicate piping holds thee, too,
My Kore of the beauteous golden head?
What voice, what luring laughter bid thee stay
So long from thine own lover and so far?
Who touches with soft words thy tender heart,
In some bright foreign city far from here,
My unforgotten Gorgo beautiful?*

*A Letter
from Lesbos*

Doubting still? O bitterest of absence
That the moth of doubt should mar the texture
And fine issue of the spirit's garment,
The one garb of beauty which the soul wears,—
Love, the frailest costliest of fabrics!
Ah, doubt not! O lover, lover, lover,
Who first taught the childlike heart of mortals
This most false and evil worldly wisdom?
Blighting as a frost on budded aloes,
How it blackens love, the golden blossom!
Would that I could cherish him this instant,
And dissolve that aching wintry passion
In the warmth of this impatient bosom!
By what cruel fate must I be banished
From his lonely bed? In lovely Lesbos
All my heart is, with its passionate longing.
O too piteous is the lot of women:

*In the long night I lie awake for hours
Or sleep the sleep of dreamers without rest.
For in my soul there is discouragement,
And cold remorse lays hand upon my heart.
Now thou art gone, the gray world has no joy,
But bleak and bitter is the wind of life,
Cutting this timid traveller to the bone.*

*Not all the gods can ever give me peace,
Nor their forgiveness make me glad again,
For I have sinned against my own great soul
And cherished far too little thy great love.
Brave was thy spirit, glad and beautiful,
Nor ever faltered nor was faint of heart
In the fair splendid path of thy desire.*

*A Letter
from Lesbos*

*Even as I speak there comes a touch of shame,
Like a friend's hand upon my shoulder laid,
To think such moody and unmanly words
Could ever pass the mouth thy mouth has prest.*

*Remembrance wakes. I hear the long far call
To fortitude and courage in the night
From my companions of the mighty past,
All the heroic lovers of the world.*

*Hast thou not had a sudden thought of me,
Unanxious, gay, and tender with desire,
O thou beloved more than all mortal things?
For in my heart there was a sudden sense
Just now with presage of returning joy,
As when the wood-flowers waken to the sun
And all their lovely ardours rearise,
Or when the sinking tide from utmost ebb
With one long sob summons his might once more.*

*Out of this winter will put forth one day
The incommunicable germ of spring,
The magic fervour that makes all things new,
When all the golden season will be glad
With soft south winds and birds and woodland flowers
And the shrill marshy music of the frogs,
Piping a chorus to their father Pan.
Then thou and I shall walk the earth once more
Delirious with each other as of old,
And the soft madness leads us far away
By meadow roads and through the lilac hills
To our own province in the lands of love,—
My new-found Gorgo, heart-throb of the spring.*

*Heart of me! Ah, Cyprian deal gently!
Soon, oh soon, restore me to my lover,
That I may repair this outworn habit,
And reclothe him with thy golden glory
Scarlet circumstance and purple splendour,—
State and air and pride of the immortals,
Which these mortal men, by our devising
And thy favour, wear—with fleeting rapture!*

Fiercelier blow, thou fervour of the desert!
Northward, northward, you hot winds of Nilus,
More consuming than a smelter's furnace!
You who do the will of alien Isis,
To this heart you cannot be unfriendly,
If I once may loose the sail for Lesbos,
And along the green and foaming sea-track
Scud before you, light as any swallow
Flashing down the long blue slope of springtime.
O ye home-gods, free me to my lover!

*A Letter
from Lesbos*

*T*EACH me, of little worth, O Fame,
The golden word that shall proclaim
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.

*Yvanhoé
Ferrara*

I would that I might rest me now,
As once I rested long ago,

In the dim purple summer night,
On scented linen cool and white,

Lulled by the murmur of the sea
And thy soft breath, Yvanhoé.

What cared we for the world or time!—
Though like a far-off fitful chime,

We heard the mournful anchored bell
Above the sunken reef foretell

That time should pass and pleasure be
No more for us, Yvanhoé.

We saw the crimson sun go down
Across the harbour and the town,

Dyeing the roofs and spars with gold;
But all his magic, ages old,

Was not so wonderful to me
As thy gold hair, Yvanhoé.

Yvanhoé
Ferrara

Between the window and the road
The tall red poppies burned and glowed;

They moved and flickered like a flame,
As the low sea-wind went and came;

But redder and more warm than they,
Was thy red mouth, Yvanhoé.

I think the stars above the hill
Upon the brink of time stood still;

And the great breath of life that blows
The coal-bright sun, the flame-bright rose,

Entered the room and kindled thee
As in a forge, Yvanhoé—

Prospered the ruddy fire, and fanned
Thy beauty to a rosy brand,

Till all the odorous purple dark
Reeled, and thy soul became a spark

In the great draught of Destiny
Which men call love, Yvanhoé.

The untold ardour of the earth
That knows no sorrow, fear nor dearth,

Before the pent-up moment passed,
Was glad of all its will at last—

And more, if such a thing could be—
In thy long kiss, Yvanhoé.

For years my life was bright and glad,
Because of the great joy we had;

Until I heard the wind repeat
Thy name behind me in the street,

Like a lost lyric of the sea,
"Yvanhoé, Yvanhoé."

But now the day has no desire;
The scarlet poppies have no fire;

*Yvanhoé
Ferrara*

There is no magic in the sun
Nor any thing he shines upon;

Only the muttering of the sea,
Since thou art dead, Yvanhoé.

*Now God on high, be mine the blame,
If time destroy or men defame
Yvanhoé Ferrara's name.*

IN the time of red October,
In the hills of the pointed fir,
In the days of the slanted sunlight
That ripens cone and burr,
God gave me a splendid woman—
A mate for a lord of lands—
And put the madness on me,
And left her there in my hands.

*The Love
Chant of
King
Hacks*

In the roving woodland season,
When the afternoons are still
And the sound of lowing cattle
Comes up to the purple hill,
God would speak to his creatures,
Flower and beast and bird,
And lays the silence upon them
To hearken to his word.

In the time of the scarlet maple,
When the blue Indian haze
Walks through the wooded valley
And sleeps by the mountain ways,
She stood like a beech in the forest,
Where the wash of sunlight lies,
With her wonderful beech-red hair
And her wondering beech-gray eyes.

*The Love
Chant of
King
Hacko*

In the time of the apple harvest,
When the fruit is gold on the bough,
She stood in the moted sunshine,
The orchards remember how—
Loving, untrammelled and generous,
Ardent and supple and tall,
Quick to the breath of the spirit
As a shadow that moves on a wall.

In a yellow and crimson valley,
At the time of the turning leaf,
When warm are the tawny fern-beds,
And the cricket's life is brief,
I saw the dark blood mantle
And prosper under the tan,
Then I knew the power God lent me
To use, when he made me man.

The world, all being and beauty
From meadow to mountain line,
Awaiting the touch of rapture
For a meaning and a sign;
A woman's voice said, "Hacko,"
Then I knew and could understand
How love is a greater province
Than dominion of sea or land.

In the month of golden hillsides,
When moons are frosty white,
And the returning Hunter
Looms on the marge of night,
Relieving his brother Arcturus,
Belted, majestic and slow,
To patrol the Arctic watch-fires
And sentry the lands of snow,

A core of fire was kindled
On a hearthstone wide and deep,
Where the great arms of the mountains
Put Folly-of-mind to sleep;
We came without guide or knowledge,
Silver, array or store,
Through the land of purple twilight
To the lodge of the Open Door.

THIS happened in the Garden
Ages on ages since,
When noontide made a pleasant shade
Of ilex, pear and quince.

*The
Creation of
Lilith*

The Gardener sat and pondered
Some beauty rarer still
Than any he had wrought of earth
And fashioned to his will.

"Now who will be her body?"

"I," said the splendid rose,
"Colour, fire and fragrance,
In imperial repose."

"Who will be her two eyes?"

"I," said the flag of blue,
"Sky and sea all shadowy
Drench me wholly through."

"Who will be her bright mouth?"

"I," the carnation said,
"With my old Eastern ardour
And my Persian red."

"Who will be, among you,
The glory of her hair?"

His glance went reaching through the noon;
The yellow rose was there.

"Who will be her laughter,
Her love-word and her sigh?"

Among the whispering tree-tops
A breath of wind said, "I,"

"And whence will come her spirit?"

Answer there was none.
The Gardener breathed upon her mouth,
And lo, there had been done

The miracle of beauty
Outmarvelling the flowers;
While the great blue dial
Recorded the slow hours.

*In a Far
Country*

IN a land that is little traversed,
Beyond the news of the town,
There lies a delectable Kingdom
Where the crimson sun goes down,

The province of fruitlands and flowers
And colour and sea-sounds and love.
If you were queen of that country,
And I were the king thereof,

We should tread upon scarlet poppies,
And be glad the long day through,
Where the bluest skies in the world
Rest upon hills of blue.

We should wander the slopes of the mountains
With the wind and the nomad bee,
And watch the white sails on the sea-rim
Come up from the curving sea.

We should watch from the sides of the valleys
The caravans of the rain,
In trappings of purple and silver,
Go by on the far-off plain.

And they all should be freighted with treasure,
The vision that gladdens the eye,
The beauty that better the spirit
To sustain it by-and-by.

We should hear the larks' fine flute-notes
Breaking in bubbly swells,
As if from their rocking steeples
The lilies were ringing their bells:

We should hear invisible fingers
Play on the strings of the pines
The broken measure whose motive
Only a lover divines.

The music of Earth, the enchantress,
The cadence that dwells in the heart
Against the time of oblivion,
To bid it remember and start.

And nothing should make us unhappy,
And no one should make us afraid,
For we should be royal lovers
In the land where this plot is laid.

*In a Far
Country*

And with night on the almond orchards
We should lie where warm winds creep,
Under the starry tent-cloth
Hearing the footfall of Sleep.

I

Is it northward, little friend?
And she whispered, "What is there?"

*Song of
the Four
Worlds*

There are people who are loyal to the glory of their
past,
Who held by heart's tradition, and will hold it to the
last;
Who would not sell in shame
The honour of their name,
Though the world were in the balance and a sword
thereon were cast.

Oh, there the ice is breaking, the sap is running free,
A robin calls at twilight from a tall spruce tree,
And the light canoes go down
Past portage, camp and town,
By the rivers that make murmur in the lands along
the sea.

And she said, "It is not there,
Though I love you, love you dear;
I cannot bind my little heart with loves of yester year."

II

Is it southward, little friend?
"Lover, what is there?"

There are men of many nations who were sick of
strife and gain,
And only ask forgetfulness of all the old world's pain:

*Song of
the Four
Worlds*

There Life sets down her measure
For Time to fill at leisure
With loveliness and plenty in the islands of the main.

Oh, there the palms are rustling, the oranges are bright;
In all the little harbour towns the coral streets are white;
And the scarlet flowers fall
By the creamy convent wall,
And the Southern Cross gets up from sea to steer the
purple night.

And she said, "It is not there,
Though I love you, love you dear;
I should weary of the beauty that is changeless all the
year."

III

Is it eastward, little friend?
And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are rivers good for healing, there are temples
in the hills,
There men forsake desire and put by their earthly wills;
And there the old earth breeds
Her mystic mighty creeds
For the lifting of all burdens and the loosing of all ills.

Oh, the tents are in the valley where the shadows sleep
at noon,
Where the pack-train halts at twilight and the spicy
bales are strewn,
Where the long brown road goes by
To the cut against the sky,
And is lost within the circle of the silent, rosy moon.

And she said, "It is not there,
Though I love you, love you dear;
For my faith is warm and living, not unearthly, old
and sere."

IV

Is it westward, little friend?
"Lover, what is there?"

There are men and women who are sovereigns of
their fate,
Who look Despair between the eyes and know that
they are great;
Who will not halt nor quail
On the eager, endless trail,
Till Destiny makes way for them and Love unbars
the gate.

*Song of the
Four
Worlds*

Oh, there the purple lilies are blowing in the sun,
And the meadow larks are singing—a thousand, if
there 's one!
And the long blue hills arise
To the wondrous, dreamy skies,
For the twisted azure columns of the rain to rest upon.

And she said, "It is not there,
For I love you, love you dear.
Oh, shut the door on Sorrow, for the Four Great
Worlds are here!"

THERE'S many a quiet seaport that waits the
daring sail;
There 's many a lonely farer by many a doubtful
trail.

*Street Song
at Night*

And what should be their star
To lead them safe and far,—
What guide to take them o'er the crest, what pilot
past the bar,—
Save Love, the great adventurer who will not turn
nor quail?

As a voyager might remember how the face of earth
was changed,—
All the dreary gray of winter forgotten and estranged,—
When he rode the tempest through
And steered into the blue
Of a tranquil tropic morning diaphanous and new,
With palms upon the sea-rim where the flying-fishes
ranged:

*Street Song
at Night*

As a lover in old story on a night of wind and rain
Might have stood beneath a window, till a lamp
should light the pane
And a lady lean one arm
On the glowing square and warm,—
A girlish golden figure in a frame of dark and storm,—
To look the longest moment ere he turned to life again,

Thenset a stubborn shoulder to wind and sleet and snow,
With the weather foul above him and the pavement
foul below;
So it happened in my case;
When I saw her, every trace
Of doubt and fear and languor to the pulse of joy gave
place,
And the world was great and goodly as he planned it
long ago.

There 's a shipman who goes sailing where the sea is
round and high;
There 's a lover who goes piping where winds of
morning cry;
And the lilt beneath his heart
Was timed to stop and start,
Till no more ships go sailing and the green hills fall
apart.
O, friends, that minstrel-lover, that mariner am I.

*The Least
of Love*

ONLY let one fair lost woman
Mourn for me when I am dead,—
World, withhold your best of praises!
There are better things instead.

Shall the little fame concern me,
Or the triumph of the years,
When I keep the mighty silence,
Through the falling of her tears?

I shall heed not, though 'twere April
And my field-larks all returned,
When her lips upon these eyelids
One last popped kiss have burned.

Painted hills shall not allure me,
Mirrored in the painted stream;
Having loved them, I shall leave them,
Busy with the vester dream.

*The Least
of Love*

Only let one frail dark woman
Mourn for me when I am dead,
I shall be content with beauty
And the dust above my head.

Yet when I shall make the journey
From these earthly dear abodes,
I have four things to remember
At the Crossing of the Roads.

How her hand was like a tea-rose;
And her low voice like the South;
Her soft eyes were tarns of sable;
A red poppy was her mouth.

Only let one sweet lost woman
Mourn for me when I am dead,—
Gently for her gentlest lover,—
More than all will have been said.

Be my requiem the rain-wind;
And my immortality
But the life-time of one heart-ache
By the unremembering sea!

DEATH said to me
"Three things I ask of thee;
And thy reply
Shall make thee or undo thee presently."

*A Man's
Last Word*

I said, "Say on,
Lord Death, thy will be done.
One answers now,
To bribe and fear indifferent as thou."

*A Man's
Last Word*

He said, "Behold,
My power is from of old.
The drunken sea
Is but a henchman and a serf to me.

"Hunger and war
My tireless sleuth-hounds are.
Before my nod
The quailing nations have no help but God.

"What hast thou found,
In one life's little round,
Stronger than these?"
I said, "One little hand-touch of Marie's."

He said, "Again:
Of all brave sights to men—
The glittering rain,
A towering city in an autumn plain,

"An eagle's flight,
A beacon fire at night,
The harvest moon,
The burnish of a marching host at noon—

"What hast thou seen
In one life's small demesne,
Fairer than these?"
I said, "That supple body of Marie's."

He said, "Once more:
Of all men labour for,
Battle and yearn,
And spend their blessed days without return—

"Leisure or wealth,
Or power or sun-tanned health,
A bruited name,
Or the sad solace of a little fame—

"What hast thou known,
In one life's narrow zone,
Dearer than these?"
I said, "One little love-kiss of Marie's."

And then Death said,
"To-day among the dead
Thou shalt go down,
And with the wise receive thy just renown."

*A Man's
Last Word*

WHAT will the Angel of the Morning say,
Relieving guard?
"Night, who hath passed thy way
To the Palace Yard?"
And Night will make reply,
"Only two springtime lovers sought
The King's reward."

*The King's
Reward*

Then will the Angel of the Morning say,
"What said the King?"
"The King said nought, but smiled
And took his ring
And gave it to the man,
And set him in his stead for one
Sweet day of spring."

Then will the Angel of the Morning say,
With grave regard,
"Pass, Night, and leave the gate
For once unbarred.
I serve the lover now;
He shall be free of all the earth
For his reward."

A WOMAN sat by the hearth,
And a man looked out at the door.

*At the
Return of
Spring*

"O lover, I hear a sound
As of approaching storm,
When the sea makes in from the north
With thunder and chafing and might,
And trundles the quaking ground."

*At the
Return of
Spring*

"It is not the sea you hear.
The ice in the river is loosed;
You hear its grinding mills
Wearing the winter away,
And the grist of grief and cold
Shall soon be the meal of joy.
O heart of me, April is here!"

"O lover, I hear a sigh
As of the boding wind
In the murmurous black pines,
Or a stir as of beating wings
When the fleeing curlews fly."

"It is not the wind's great hum;
The bees in the willow blooms,
All golden-dusted now,
Sing in their chantry loft
As when earth the immortal was young,
Busy with ardour and joy.
O heart of mine, April is come!"

"O lover, my heart aches sore;
My hands would fondle your hair,
My cheek be laid to your cheek;
A strange new wild great word
Knocks at my heart's closed door."

"Who is not a learner now?
We endure, and seasons change,
And the heart grows great and strange
With the beauty of earth and time.
Our lives unfold and get free,
As the streams and the creatures do,
To range through the April now."

Like a gold spring-flower in his arms,
She stood by the open door.

SUCH curious things the mind bids stay,
Of the thousand and one that pass it by!
The morning we walked through Paris in May,
If you remember as well as I.

There happened—a nothing—an incident—
One of those trifles that flit half seen,
Save where the spirit sits intent,
Furtive and shy at her window screen.

The servants' gossip of eye and ear
May surge and hum at her door in spring
Of the pageant of beauty drawing near,
But she—she is watching a stranger thing!

The myriad rabble of fact and form
May gleam till the senses dance with glee;
But calm, unmoved as the very norm
And centre of being, muses she;

Indifferent to loveliness, line or hue,
Till a chance bird-wing or a slant sun-ray
May fall as prompt as an actor's cue,
And there is her part. So it was that day.

We had turned from your door in the rue Vignon,
The third on the left from the Madeleine. . . .
Forget it? There 's no forgetting when one
Is come at length to his Castle in Spain.

For you were the friend I had loved of old,
And pictured so often in Paris here,
And promised myself some day to hold
Unaltered and safe and sound, no fear.

For our mistress Nature is great and wise,
And the love of her is eternity;
But there comes a day when a man must rise
And go where the heart in him longs to be.

So the sea was crossed, and the hour was come;
It was hand on shoulder with us once more.
There was speech enough though the lips were dumb,
When I stood at last at your modest door.

*The Man
with the
Tortoise* Your breakfast of capon and Burgundy,
Our talk of Harvard and Norton's fame,
And your friend the Druse, with cigars laid by—
Your gift from the Baroness What 's-her-name.

Then into the street of the Capucines
In the blaze of the Paris sun we strolled;
Once more at touch of your blithe light mien
I knew how a spring-flower breaks the mould.

Through the gay May weather when life was good,
Idly we sauntered from block to block,
Till round a corner appeared, and stood,
A fellow in workman's cap and smock,

Basket on arm and whistling low
To something held in the rough right hand.
A tortoise! Yes, and the creature, so,
Grown tame at the music's soft command,

Emboldened to peep from the safe snug shell,
Had pushed up its head to the whistler's face,
The least of wild things under the spell
Of the last and humblest of Orpheus' race.

A fragment from some Greek Idyllist,
The plain good look of the bolder text,
Preserving for us the colour and gist
Of a simple age and a life unvexed.

Did the beast recall how the syrinx blew
When his father Pan first notched a reed?
Was it some familiar note he knew
In the workman's whistle that made him heed?

Did there wake remembrance dim and large
Of the drench and glamour, the mist and gleam,
Of a morning once by the shining marge
And murmurous run of a Dorian stream?

Or was it only the reedy plash
Of a Norman river, sunny and small,
Where a sound of wind in the scarlet ash,
Blown high, blown low, once held him thrall?

Was there nought but the sweet luxurious thrill
Of the senses, strung to rhythm and time?
No shadow of soul, to remember and fill
The shell that day with a joy sublime?

*The Man
with the
Tortoise*

So still, as for very life he feared
To lose one note of the wild sweet strain.
Ah, mortal, blow till thy breath has cleared
Ages of dust from a haunted brain!

And often I think, as the days go by,
Of our whistling man and the small mute friend
He had charmed. And a scrap of legendry
Has always given the thought a trend.

An Indian myth (you will pardon its worth!)
Says a tortoise, firm in his aching shell,
Upbears the creature that bears the earth;
But what holds the tortoise none can tell.

The tortoise, I venture, may symbolise
The husk of being, the outward world,
The substance of beauty, each form and guise
Where the lurking mind is ensheathed, encurled.

And suppose at the lip of the shell there stood
A mortal bent on the strange and new,
Trying each cadence wild and rude,
Till the magic melody he blew!

What glimpse to that cunning dweller in clay
Might not the old tortoise Earth afford
Of her very self, some morning in May,
Emerged for once to the perfect chord!



THE BOOK OF PIERROT



THE moon like a paper lantern
Is lifted over the hill,
And below in the silent valley
Even the aspens are still.

*The Paper
Moon*

Wondrous and frail it rises
Over the painted firs,
While down in the piney stillness
Only the river stirs.

Lulling its peaceful orchards
Murmurs the meadowy stream,
Threading the purple landscape
Like a silver road in a dream.

And I fancy the great Allmother
Is wandering, lamp in hand,
Distilling the night's enchantment
From her blue garden land;

Where a thousand Junes have perished
To make one perfect rose,
A thousand beauties taken
The journey no man knows;

Where a thousand perfect lovers
Have smiled and gone to sleep
With only a kiss to remember,
And only a rose to keep.

O great mysterious Mother,
In whose calm face we smile,
Swing slow thy paper lantern,
Stay not our joys a while!

For to-night through this northern garden,
Where the yellow roses twine,
Wander thy maiden lovers,
Pierrot and Columbine.

*At Colum-
bine's
Grave*

AH, Pierrot,
Where is thy Columbine?
What vandal could untwine
That gay rose-rope of thine,
And spill thy joy like wine,
Poor Pierrot?

Ah, Pierrot,
The moon is rising red
Above thy grief-bowed head;
Thy roses are all shed.
And Columbine is dead!
Poor Pierrot!

Ah, Pierrot,
Kneel down beside her tomb.
The gray wind of the gloom,
In the world's empty room,
Has shut the door of doom.
Poor Pierrot!

Ah, Pierrot,
Is there not one sweet word
Of brook or breeze or bird
A mortal ever heard,
Could cheer thee—not one word,
Poor Pierrot?

Ah, Pierrot,
A thousand times the spring
Will come to dance and sing
Up the green earth, and bring
Joy to each living thing,
Poor Pierrot!

But, Pierrot,
When all that pomp shall pass
Her lowly house in the grass,
Will any say, "Alas,
Poor Columbine; alas,
Poor Pierrot?"

Ah, Pierrot,
Thy loving tears in vain
Shall fall like quiet rain
For her; till the stars wane,
She will not come again,
Poor Pierrot.

*At Colum-
bine's
Grave*

Yet, Pierrot,
The mighty Mother now
Hath her in care somehow.
Listen, and clear that brow:
"O earthling, grieve not thou,
Poor Pierrot!"

"Ah, Pierrot,
Here on my cool green floor
I do transmute, restore,
All things once fair before
To beauty more and more.
Poor Pierrot!"

SEE, see, Pierrot!
Here comes the gay Pierrette
Shall teach thee to forget,
And bring thee gladness yet,
Thou dear Pierrot!

*The
Bereaved
Pierrot*

See, see, Pierrot!
Is she not bright and fair
With that sweet morning air?
Has she not darling hair,—
And mouth—and eyes—there, there,
Thou dear Pierrot!

But look, Pierrot,
And she will touch thy heart,
Cure thee of sorrow's smart,
And give thee back thy part
In the world's merry mart,
Thou sad Pierrot.

*The
Bereaved
Pierrot*

One look, Pierrot,
In her dear eyes, just one!
The magic will be done,
And thy new life begun
Under the kindly sun,
Thou droll Pierrot.

See, see, Pierrot,
She is a sorceress!
That little hand's caress
Can conjure happiness
Beyond thy scholar's guess,
Thou grave Pierrot.

Aha, Pierrot!
She smiles, and even now
The gloom fades from thy brow,
And broken is thy vow.
What hope for such as thou,
Thou sad Pierrot!

*How the
Spring
came to
Pierrot*

LOOK, love, how the woods are all misty
With purple and gray!
And the soft mellow wind has a touch
Of enchantment to-day.

There is rain in the air, and a magic
Unloosing of bonds—
A glad putting forth of new life,
An unfolding of fronds.

Whence come these old exquisite ardours
In crimson and green,
That walk through the valley and quicken
The life that has been?

Whence come these old exquisite fervours
In yellow and blue,
That touch the frail flowers, and waken
Their beauty anew?

A
C
I
F
C
S
F
A
V
A
R
A
M
A
E

Whence come these old passionate raptures
In whistle and trill,
That open the gates of the morning
By meadow and hill?

*How the
Spring
came to
Pierrot*

Whence come to the house of the spirit
Love, daring, desire,
To knock at the door—bid the inmate
Awake and aspire?

My heart never questions a moment
What April may bring,
But only cries, after long patience,
“Pierrot, it is Spring!”

I
A STREET that's neither grand nor poor;
A number quite unknown to fame;
Stairs; then a door without a name;
Then lodgings where content is sure;

*Pierrot's
House*

An air of luring quietude;
A littered table; notes, and scraps
Of writing—poetry perhaps;
Mirror and window panes smoke-blued;

Pictures; a shelf of books; a tray
Of glasses, and a plate or two;
Some silver old; some journals new;
Roses; a dancing girl in clay;

A shrine; a béret; one sabot;
Wine; cigarettes; a mask; a fan;
A Persian rug; a deep divan;
Repose and joy. Here lives Pierrot.

II
All day I keep my vigil here,
My day-dream, until dusk draws down,
And out of the great noise of town
Expected eager steps draw near.

*Pierrot's
House*

And then the shadow I pursue
Grows substance; beauty, voice and touch,
I have so longed for, loved so much,
Dawn on me, and the dream comes true.

III

Come in, come in, sweetheart of mine,
And let the crazy world go by
With blare and dust and pageantry!
For here are books and love and wine.

The good God here has made a place
Where it is good for us to be,
And given it to you and me.
Lift up that merry little face!

IV

Go by, go by, you slaving throngs,
With heavy footsteps and sad eyes,
And never guess what paradise
To one improvident belongs!

For we have eaten of the fruit
Of knowledge, and know good from ill;
And we have chosen love; while still
The joyless argue and dispute.

Tut, tut! What is this idle prate
Of "duty" and of "circumstance,"
Of "if" and "but," and "means" and "chance"?
But love, and love will make you great.

V

There is a corner of the room
Where all his mistress' garments be,
Hung up in order daintily,
Breathing faint odours through the gloom.

Ah, friends, for you your gardens wide,
Where you may walk the world away
In a long meditative day,
With phlox and rose on either side.

He chooses the seclusion dim
Of four walls and a door that locks,
Where fairer things than rose or phlox
Bloom in the scented dusk for him.

*Pierrot's
House*

VI

When old romance and moonlight lie
On every city square and tree,
My moonflower, Pierrette, is she;
Her lover moon, Pierrot, am I.

Children of beauty and of night,
We lie awake and babble tales
Of love, until the moonshine fails
And slumber seals our happy plight.

VII

Here lives the innocent Pierrot;
Freedom and beauty all he asks.
For love will guide his joyous tasks,
And truth is all that he would know.

I

I SAW great Sirius stand
In his starry blue,
At the end of the city street,
And I thought of you.

*Two Songs
of Pierrot*

Though narrow and dusk and lone
My soul-ways are,
Have they not glory enough,
Having you for star?

II

To-night when the city slept
I saw the winter moon
Over the blacksmith's roof,
And I said, "It will be soon.

*Two Songs
of Pierrot*

"For the road of the moon is wide,
And the road of the moon is sure;
And they who swear by the moon,
They have not long to endure.

"A gay little voice below,
A quick little step on the stair,
With a swish of linen and silk
*Tap—tap—*Pierrette will be there.

"Then I will open the door,
Like a player prince, and bow.
She will enter and lay her hand
On my hand—" as you do now.

*Pierrot's
Prayer at
the Forge*

*WHEN you hear the anvils ring,
Would you know
What the stubborn hammers sing
To Pierrot?*

Earthy metal crude and stout
Being mine,
Stuff for Fortune's sturdy bout
To refine,—

Break and bend and build again,
Quick and warm,
Till the glowing dream attain
Glowing form,—

Mighty Soulsmith, blow on blow,
With thy skill
Weld the temper of Pierrot
To thy will!

In the fury of love's blast,
Fierce and pure,
Let his scrap of soul be cast,
To endure

That great wind which burns away
Dross and rust,
Envy, indolence, dismay,
Hate and lust,

*Pierrot's
Prayer at
the Forge*

Leaving only the clear ore,
Starry white,
Meek and malleable before
The Master's might.

Plunge his spirit in cold grief
And despair
To be hardened in the brief
Moment there.

Let the welding hammers ply!
Not a fear
But perfection by-and-by
Shall appear;

And earth see, when all is through,
From thy hand
Beauty issue, brave and new,
Fair as planned;

And the people pause to praise
Craft that so
From the smelted earth could raise
This Pierrot!

*When you see at long day's end
Forges flare,
Think upon your little friend
And his prayer.*

RAIN or sunshine, all day long
A little bird sings in my heart,
And the cadence of his song
Does not falter nor depart,

*In
Pierrot's
Garden*

*In
Pierrot's
Garden*

Forest note or orchard call
That small music cannot drown;
And his mystic strain survives
All the turmoil of the town.

He first came to live with me
On a morning long ago,
When your mocking mouth, Pierrette,
Smiled a wistful, "Ah, Pierrot!"

II

All day long I walk
Through a beautiful garden of flowers,
Musing, glad and serene,
And take no count of the hours.

No man has seen my garden.
Alone where the great sun fills
The world with a silent magic,
It prospers among the hills.

And all night long in summer,
In the odorous forest air,
I lie awake and wonder
That earth should be so fair.

And when a great burning star
Comes over the hill each night,
There blows in my mountain garden
A moonflower wondrous and white.

Who moves by the open window?
Who tries the latch of the door?
Has the wind of the hills a footstep
To sound on my entry floor?

Yet I dream that my moonflower rises
From her bed and comes to me,
In garments fragrant with attar
And sheer as the foam of the sea.

And just as she seems to fold me
With her petals dewy wet,
I wake with a shiver of joy
And a startled cry, "Pierrette!"

*In
Pierrot's
Garden*

O VER the roofs of the town
The smoke-red moon goes down.
The winter settles on the lost sky-line
And on this heart of mine.

*Pierrot's
Return*

The days are come, Pierrot,
Wherein thou must forgo
The broad green open world and mountains blue
Thy happy summer knew.

No more the whispering leaves,
The rain-drops on the eaves,
The woodland voices of hill-brooks at noon,
The leisurely wind's rune.

No thrushes now for thee
At break of day, to free
The *largo* of their silvery interludes
Through the green solitudes.

No sea-turn from the shore
Will come with pebbly roar
And lull, where quiet marshes bright and wide
Are brimming with the tide.

Wood-path and orchard air
Exchanged for street and stair,
The simple habitude of old earth's joys
For motley and madcap noise,

Immured within a room,
Pierrot, must thou resume
The customs of the city gray and cold,
That make thy spirit old!

*Pierrot's
Return* Freedom and air and light
And golden age, good-night!
Ah, lonely moon, where heaven and roof-line blend,
Be thou Pierrot's friend!

A step on the entry floor?
And pausing at my door?
Surely my comrades cannot have found me yet!
Entrez . . . Pierrette! Pierrette!

*Pierrot in
Autumn* **W**HY is thy heart so sad, Pierrot?
The leaf must fall, the summer go,
And our bright world be given to snow,
Since the good God will have it so.

My heart is sad enough, Pierrette!
The autumn days are warm, and yet
The world is like a house to let,
Empty of all things save regret.

Let not thy heart be sad, Pierrot!
The spring will come, the winter go,
And we be glad again; for woe
Is but joy's covering of snow.

Will some toymaker, then, reset
Our fairy stageland for us yet,
And mend each broken marionette?
Where is our vanished friend, Pierrette?

*The Heart
of Pierrot* **A**LL I am thy love has made me;
All that I would be thou art;
When the look of life dismayed me,
Thy glad courage gave me heart.

Now the Pathway of Perfection
Finds me tranquil, finds me gay,
With no hope nor recollection
But thy presence in the way.

And when the good Lord shall ask me,
By what guide my feet were set
In the Road that well might task me,
I shall answer him, "Pierrette."

*The Heart
of Pierrot*

||

Mine ancient enemy Despair,
With all his companies of ills,
Is camped about me everywhere,
A ghostly ambush in the hills.

Until above these sombre curves
Appears Pierrette, the gay, the bright.
Then Love comes up with his reserves,
And all my foes are in full flight.

IT is one of the legends of that common tongue
Wherein beauty and love are eternally young,

*Pierrot's
Christmas*

That tells this plain tale of the dreamer Pierrot
And his Christmas in Joyland one year long ago.

From his fifth-story window, as twilight came down,
Our Pierrot looked out on the roofs of the town;

Saw the lead in the sky, felt the northerly chill,
Where the snowflakes in bushels fell flossy and still;

Watched the street-lamps like stars twinkle out one
by one,
As the little lamplighter went by on a run;

Saw the Christmas trees stacked at the grocery door
To be decked with their trinkets and spangles galore;

Saw the frosty shop windows all gay with their toys;
Heard children and sleigh-bells make silvery noise;

The smith and the cabby, the priest and the clerk,
Each alert with a new and invisible spark;

*Pierrot's
Christmas*

Heard venders go cheerily calling their wares,
And—"Faith, the good people seem shopping in pairs!

"What do you, Pierrot, to be moping and musing,
When all the gay World and his wife are out choosing?"

"This day of all days!" The mouth of Pierrot
Went up in a smile that meant sweetness through woe.

He turned from the window, replenished the fire,
Took down hat and coat, and went forth, too—a buyer.

What to buy? First of all there is that frugal room
To be garnished with leafage and scented with bloom.

So roses, red roses and yellow and white,
And a rose-glass, a wonder of changeable light—

Profusion of richness and colour of June
To keep the old heart of the winter in tune,

With holly and mistletoe, berry and vine,
To make summer shade for the red fire-shine,

With three lily bulbs in a square Chinese bowl,
That shall blossom when Easter brings joy to the soul.

Next, what may a Christmas Eve market afford
To furnish a harlequin's holiday board?

A capon with Burgundy mellow and red,
Cress, olives and almonds, oil, apples and bread;

A bag of best Java, ground freshly and well,
A sweetmeat and cheese, cigarettes and prunelle.

Then (Spendthrift!) a bracelet of old amber beads;
A bright Indian scarf (beyond all sober needs);

Frail follies in silk and creations in lawn,
With the textures of dew and the tints of the dawn;

Two buckles of silver on ribbons of blue,
Whose motto unworldly was, *Dare and be true!*

A mirror from Venice, a comb from Japan,
A wrought Russian girdle, an Empire fan;

*Pierrot's
Christmas*

From a bookstall three volumes all true lovers know,—
Catullus and Ronsard and Clement Marot.

Not a merchant but welcomed that whimsical face,
Droll, winning and young, in Frivolity Place.

Then trudging light-heartedly home through the snow,
With a franc in his pocket, a Prince was Pierrot.

He has swept the brick hearth, put the roses in place,
Fresh candles, fair linen—all touched with the grace

Of a poet, a sprite, and a lover in one;
Till midnight came softly to find the task done;

And the home of Pierrot, sweet, quiet and bright,
From floor-rug to curtain a nest of delight,

With an air as of April, expectant and still,
Ere the first robin calls from the orcharded hill.

Then over the muffled white eaves of the town,
Where the Angels of Snow benediction brought down,

Outbroke, with a pealing of joy on the air,
The bells of St. Kavin's in Vagabond Square.

"Thy praise be, Pierrot, for the festival now,
And the church that has room for all waifs such as thou;

"For the Lord of the outcast, the weak and the poor,
Who made the great creed of humanity sure!"

He has slipped once again to the carpeted street,
Down alley, through cloister, and kneeled in a seat

By the great seventh pillar near Florizel's tomb,
Where shadows of centuries people the gloom.

Bent head on clasped hands, in devout silent prayer,
As the tide of the organ welled over him there,

*Pierrot's
Christmas*

Up the aisle came a frou-frou, kid-shod and demure,
Her eyes a bewitchment, her dimples a lure,

Her hair a soft wavy fulfilment of dream,
Her cheek a confusion of dark wine and cream;

And with one melting word, mocking-mouthed, merry-eyed,
To the bowed boyish figure, stole in by his side;

In sorrow his comrade without a regret,
In sunshine his playfellow—who but Pierrette?

Ah, Love! that must even come trysting to church,
Lest our old Mother Nature be left in the lurch!

Thou wonderful mender of poor broken toys,
Look down on thy puppets and share in their joys!

Consoler of Mary, acquainted with woe,
Forgive thy two children, Pierrette and Pierrot.

Have you seen a chrysanthemum garden in flower,
Where the wind from the valley walks hour by hour—

The breath of God whispering, wanted and near,
To his own congregation, who nod as they hear?

Even so is St. Kavin's garden of stone
Made goodly with blossoms beloved by the Throne.

Those innocent flowerlike heads without blame,—
They arise at *Te Deum*, sink low at the Name.

What means *in excelsis* his rapt look avers;
Et cum spiritu tuo, his hand is in hers.

She follows the sermon with whole heart and mind;
To peace and sweet service her soul is inclined.

But one tiny toe-tip, with nothing to do,
Is treading the polish all off of his shoe.

At last the triumphant recessional hymn
Mounts up to the arches, groined, dusty and dim,

Where reek of blue incense hangs, fold upon fold,
Like the dark veil of heaven starred thickly with gold: *Pierrot's
Christmas*

It shudders, rejoices, swoons, rolls to Amen
In one supreme paean of rapture, and then,

Like the ghost of a sigh from the minster's great heart,
Fades out, as the people arise and depart—

One more incarnation to slumber and thrill
In his old bones of granite from gargoyle to sill.

Down aisle and through porch, where the babble begins
From hearts that are light with forgiveness of sins,

There, lost in the medley of worshippers, go
The maddening Pierrette and the madcap Pierrot,—

Out into the solemn white peace, hand and glove,
To keep the great day of His name who taught love.

THERE, close the door!
I shall not need these lodgings any more.
Now that I go, dismantled wall and floor
Reproach me and deplore.

*The Last
Room*

"How well," they say,
"And silently we served you day by day,—
Took every mood, as you were sad or gay
In that strange mortal way."

These patient walls
Seem half to know what suffering befalls
The steadfast soul whom destiny appalls
And circumstance enthalls.

A solitude,
Dim as an orchard, quiet as a wood;
My six mute friends who stolidly withstood
Tempest and turmoil rude;

*The Last
Room*

One door, wherethrough
Came human love in little gown and shoe;
One window, where great Nature robed in blue
Smiled benediction too;

And one hearthstone,
The kind primeval fire-god made his own,—
Bringing us back the wood life we had known,
With lighted log and cone.

Here life was spent
To glorify one mortal tenement,
Where freedom turned the key on discontent
And bade the world relent.

Great friendship here
Turned falsehood out of doors without a fear,
And brought the golden age of dreamers near
For one all too brief year.

Good friends, good-bye!
The soul is but a child; hear its poor cry,
"Remember in what lovers' tenancy
We lived here, she and I!"

Will you forget
Spilt fragrances of rose and cigarette,
And those faint odours more delirious yet,
Marked in Time's margin, *Stet?*

Will you not hold
Some echo of bright laughter uncontrolled,
As water bubbling out of jugs of gold,
Until the world is old?

With one farewell
I leave you now, with not a word to tell
Where comedy and moonshine used to dwell
Within a brick-built cell.

In days to be
Others shall laugh here, roister and make free,
Be bold or gay,—but no such comedy
As blessed this life for me.

*The Last
Room*

In nights to come
Others shall dream here, radiant or glum,
Pondering the book God gives us each to thumb,—
Our page to solve and sum,—

But nevermore
Such moonshine as would tread this square of floor,
And for love's sake illumine and explore
The dark at sorrow's core.

"The sad Pierrot
Lived here and loved,"—how will the story go?—
"Caught rapture from the moment's zest or woe,
One winter long ago.

"Here did Pierrette
Throw dice with destiny to pay love's debt,
Gay, kind and fearless, without one regret
When the last stake was set."

Peace, peace, fair room,—
My peace be with them still, through shine and gloom,
Who here may sojourn, ere they too resume
This search for house and home.

Now, to explore!
The impatient wind is in the corridor;
Fate lays a finger on my sleeve once more;
And I must close this door.



THE PIPES OF PAN

II. D D



*T*HIS is something that I heard,—
Half a cry and half a word,—
On a magic day in June,

*In the ghostly azure noon,
Where the wind among the trees
Made mysterious melodies,
Such as those which filled the earth
When the elder gods had birth.*

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Ah, the world is growing old!
Of the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, naught have I
But the fragrant memory.

Once, ah, once, (ye know the story!)
When the earth was in her glory,
Ere man gave his heart to breed
Iron hate and heartless greed,
Near a meadow by a stream
Quiet as an ageless dream,
As I watched from the green rim
Of a beech grove cool and dim,
Musing in the pleasant shade
The soft leafy sunlight made,
What should gleam and move and quiver
Down by the clear pebbly river,
Where the tallest reeds were growing
And the bluest iris blowing,—
Gleam a moment and then pass,
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,
In her summer-fervid dress
Of sheer love and loveliness!)
Wayward, melting, shy and fond,
Lissom as a bulrush wand,
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,
Our own white Arcadian
Touched with rose and creamy tan,
Eyes the colour that might fleck
The red meadow-lily's neck,
Hair with the soft silky curl
Of some strayed patrician girl,
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,
Cheek of tawny apricot,

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Parted lips and breast aglow,—
Who but Syrinx, as ye know!

Gone, swift as a darting swallow,
What could young Pan do but follow?
(Have ye felt the warm blood leap,
When the soul awakes from sleep,
At a glance from some dark eye
Of a sudden passing by?—
Known the pulse's hurried throb
And the breathing's catch and sob,
When, upon his race with Death,
Life the runner halts for breath,
Taking with a happy cry
His brief draught of ecstasy?)
Call I did, with only laughter
Blown back, as I hurried after;
Till I reached the riverside,
Where I last had seen her glide
In among the reeds, and there
Lost her. But a breath of air
Moved the grass-heads, going by,
And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved;
And Pan never yet has loved,
But the loved one all too soon
Merged in music and was gone,—
Melted like a passing strain,
Vanished like a gust of rain
Or a footfall of the wind,
Leaving not a trace behind.
All that once was Pitys stirs
In the soft voice of the firs.
Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,
Not without a prayer pass by!
And, O lovers, when ye hear,
On a morning soft and clear,
All that once was Echo still
Wandering from hill to hill,
Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,
Lost upon the mountain way,
And go seeking all your lives
Love, when but his ghost survives!

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Then a swaying river-reed
From the water, for my need,
In a dream I blindly drew,
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew,—
Such a music as was played
Never yet since earth was made.
Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,
All my welling heart therein
Trembled, till the piping grew
Pure as fire and fine as dew,
Till confusion was untangled
From the crowding notes that jangled,
And a new-created world
To my wonder was unfurled,
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense
Faltered at the imminence
Of the fragile thing called soul
Just beyond oblivion's goal,
And creation's open door
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood
Merged and melted, for my mood,
With the colour of the sun
In the pipe I played upon.

Slowly anger from me fell,
In the coil of that new spell
My own music laid on me,—
Like the great rote of the sea,
Like the whisper of the stream,
Like a wood-bird's sudden gleam,
Or the gusts that swoop and pass
Through the ripe and seeding grass,—
Perfect rhythm and colour cast
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise,—
A new self with other joys,
Other raptures than before,
Harming less and helping more.
I could strive no more for gain;
Being was my true domain,
And the smiling peace that ever

*The Pipes
of Pan*

In the end outruns endeavour.
It was not enough to do;
I must feel, but reason too,—
Find the perfect form and fashion
For the elemental passion;
Else must blemish still be hurled
On the beauty of the world,—
Gloom and clang and hate alloy
Colour, melody, and joy,
And the violence of error
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,
Large, enduring, keen and strange;
And on that day long ago
I became the god ye know,
Made by music out of man.
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,
Which ye call by Syrinx' name,
Keeping bright a little fame
Few folk ever think upon.
Ah, but where is Syrinx gone?

*As the mountain twilight stole
Through the woods from bole to bole,
A dumb warder setting free
Every shy divinity,
I became aware of each
Presence, aspen, bass and beech;
And they all found voice and made
A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,
When ye hear the pipes of Pan,
Marvel not that they should hold
Something sad and calm and old,
Like an eerie minor strain
Running through the strong refrain.
All there is of human woe
Pan has fathomed long ago;
All of sorrow, all of ill,
Kindly Pan remembers still;
Disappointment, grief, disdain,
Stifled impulse and bleak pain,—

Pan has learned them; Pan has known
Hurts and passions of his own.

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Thus Pan knows the secret hid
Under the Great Pyramid;
Why young lovers for their love
Think the stars are light enough,
And they very well may house
In the odorous fir boughs,—
Think there is no light of day
With the loved one gone away,
Use in life, nor pleasure more
By the hearth or out of door,—
Since all things begin and end
But to glad the little friend,
And all gladness is forgot
Where the little friend is not.

Thus Pan melts your human heart
With the magic of his art.
Yet, O heart-distracted man,
When you hear the pipes of Pan,
Marvel not that they should hold
Something sure and strong and bold,
Like a dominant refrain
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more;
Leave the fire and close the door;
Trust the spirit that has made
Musical the light and shade,
Still to guard you, still to guide you,
Somewhere in the wood beside you,
Pace for pace upon the road
To your larger next abode.
Though the world should lay a finger
On your arm to bid you linger,
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry
(Little be the load ye carry!)
When ye hear the pipes of Pan
Shrill and pleading in the van.
'Tis the music that has freed you
From the old life, and shall lead you,
Gently wise and strongly fond,

*The Pipes
of Pan*

To the greater life beyond.
Yet I whisper to you, "Stay;
That new life is here; to-day
Is your home, whose roof shall rise
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near,
Though no music you should hear.
Hearken, hearken; it will grow,
Spite of bitterness and woe,
Clear and sweet and undistraught,
(This old earth's impassioned thought,
And the sorry heart shall learn
What no rapture could discern.
All the music ye have heard:
Mountain brook and orchard bird;
Fifers in the April swamp,
Fiddlers leading August's pomp;
All the mellow flutes of June
Melting on the mating tune;
Pale tree cricket with his bell
Ringing ceaselessly and well,
Sounding silver to the brass
Of his cousin in the grass;
Hot cicada clacking by,
When the air is dusty dry;
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night;
Surf of ocean, sough of pine;
Note of warbler, sharp and fine;
Rising wind and falling rain,
Lowing cattle on the plain;
And that hardly noticed sound
When the apples come to ground,
On the long still afternoons,
In the shelter of the dunes;
Chir and guggle, bark and cry,
Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,
Mew and belling, hoot and bay,
Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,
Whoof and cackle, whine and creak,
Honk and chatter, caw and squeak;
Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,
Each for his own joyous use

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Uttering the heart's desire
As the season bade aspire;
Folk of meadow, crag and dale,
Open barren and deep swale,—
Every diverse rhythm and time
Brought to order, ranged in rhyme:
All these bubbling notes once ran
Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the tune
Learned beneath the slim new moon,
When these throbbings all were blent
To the dominant intent?

All the beauties ye have seen:
Autumn scarlet, young spring green;
Floating mists that drift and follow
Up the dark blue mountain hollow;
Yellow sunlight, silver spray;
The wild creatures at their play;
Through still hours the floating seed
Of the thistle and milkweed,
And the purple asters snowed
In a drift beside the road;
Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal;
Mossed and mottled beech-tree bole;
Fireflies in a dewy net,
When the summer eves are wet;
All the bright, gay-coloured things
Buoyed in air on balanced wings;
All earth's wonder; then the sea
In his lone immensity
Only the great stars can share,
And the life uncounted there,
Where the coral gardens lie
And the painted droves go by,
In the water-light and gloom,
Silent till the day of doom:
These have lent, as beauty can,
Colour to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the key
Of their primal melody,—
209

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Phrase and motive to revive
Every drooping soul alive?

All the wilding rapture shared
With the loved one, when ye dared
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)
Force the door of destiny,—
Greatly loved and greatly gave,
Too divine to stint or save;
All the passion ye have poured
For the joy of the adored,
Spending without thought or measure
Young delight and priceless treasure,
Grown immortal in the hour
When fresh manhood came in flower;
All the ecstasy unpent
From sweet ardours finding vent
In the coming on of spring,
When the rainy uplands ring,
And the misty woods unfold
To the magic as of old;
All the hot delicious swoon
Of the teeming summer noon,
When the year is brought to prime
By the bees among the thyme,
And each mortal heart made over
By the wind among the clover:
All these glad things ye shall find
With a free and single mind,
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by,—
Half a word and half a sigh,—
On a magic night in June,
When the wondrous silent moon
Flooded the blue mountain cove,
And the stream in my beech grove
Uttered secrets strange and deep,
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,
The novitiate of Pan?

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Know the secret of the strain
Lures you through the summer plain,
Guess the meaning of the thrill
Haunts you on the autumn hill?
Would ye too contrive a measure
Out of love, to fill your leisure?
Learn to fashion a flute-reed
That should answer to love's need,
When the spirit in you cries
To be given form and guise
Others may perceive and love,
Fair and much accounted of,—
Craves to be the tenant heart
In some wild new lovely art,
Such as haunts the glades of spring
When the woodlands bloom and ring?

While the silver night still broods
On the mountain solitudes,
And the great white planet still
Is undimmed upon the hill,—
Here a hint of subtle change
Steals across the purple range
To arouse the sleeping bird,—
Hear the wise old master's word,
When he leads the pregnant notes
From the reedy golden throats,
And the traveller, in their spell,
Halts, and wonders what they tell!

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,
He has tended without dearth,
Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed
By the sap's imperious need,
When the season of the sun
Sets its fervour free to run.
Sap of tree and pith of man,
Ah, but they are dear to Pan!
Not a creature stirs or moves,
But Pan heartens and approves;
Not a being loves or dies,
But Pan knows the sacrifice.
Man or stripling, wife or maid,
Pan is ever by to aid;

*The Pipes
of Pan*

And no harm can come to you,
But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove
By the fit of tongue and groove;
Or the smith, whose forge's play
Stubborn metal must obey;
Let the temple-builders own,
As they mortise stone to stone;
Or the sailor, when he reeves
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves;
Or the potter, from whose wheel
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,
As by magic of command,
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether
Binding the great world together;
For without that coil of wonder
The round world would fall asunder,
And your hearts be filled with sadness
At a great god's seeming madness,
Where they now have peace, and hope,
Somewhere, somehow, time will ope,
And the loneliness be sated,
And the longing be abated
In the loved one, lovely past
All imagining at last,
Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,
Like a garden in its pride,
Odorous with hint and rapture
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain!
He who hears it once shall gain
Freedom of the open door,
Willing to go back no more.

When ye hear the sea-pipes thunder,
Bow the loving heart in wonder;
When ye hear the wood-pipes play,
Lift the door-latch and away;
When ye hear the hill-pipes calling,
Where the pure cold brooks are falling,

*The Pipes
of Pan*

Follow till your feet have found
The desired forgotten ground,
And ye know, past all unlearning,
By the raptured quench of yearning,
What the breath is to the reed
Whence the magic notes are freed,—
What new life the gods discover
To the loved one and the lover,
When their fabled dreams come true
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,
(Field-note, wood-note, wild or mellow,
Bidding all things fare and fellow,
Means that wisdom lurks behind
The enchantment of the mind;
And your longing keen and tense
Still must trust the lead of sense,—
Hint of colour, form, and sound,—
Till it reach the perfect round,
And completed blend its strain
With the haunted pipes again,
Ye must learn the lift and thrill
That clate the wood-pipes still;
Feel the ecstasy and shiver
Of the reed-notes in the river;
Shudder to the minor trace
In the sea's eternal bass,
And give back the whole heart's treasure
To supreme the music's measure,
Glad that love should sink and sound
All the beauty in earth's bound.

All this loveliness which ran
Searching through the pipes of Pan,—
All this love must merge and blend
With Pan's piping in the end.
All the knowledge ye draw near
At the ripening of the year,
Living one day at a time,
Innocent of fear or crime,
(When the mountain slopes put on
Their brave scarlet in the sun,

*The Pipes
of Pan*

When the sea assumes a blue
Such as April never knew,
And the marshes, fields, and skies
Sing with colour as day dies,
Peaceful, undistracted, free,
In your earth-born piety;
All the love when friend for friend
Dared misfortune to the end,—
Fronted failure, flouted harm,
For the sake of folding arm,—
Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,
For the touch of hand on shoulder;
All the homely smiles and tears
Ever given childish years;
Every open generous deed
Lending help to human need;
Every kindness to age,
Every impulse true and sage,
Lifting concord out of strife,
Bringing beauty into life:
These no feeble faith can ban
Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme
Or the cadence of his theme?
Ah, your wit must still discover
No mere madness of a lover,
Headstrong, whimsical and blind,
But a prompting sane and kind,
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan;
Calling ever, smooth and clear,
Courage to the heeding ear;
Fluting ever, sweet and high,
Wisdom to the passer-by;
Sounding ever, soft and far,
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths
Unto every lip that breathes;
Cunning unto every hand
Agile under will's command;
Unto every human heart
The inheritance of art,

Lighted only by a gleam
Of the dear and deathless dream,—
Power out of hurt and stain
To bring beauty back again,
And life's loveliness restore
To a toiling age once more.
Yes, the world is growing old,
But the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, only grow
Greater as they come and go,—
Larger, keener and more splendid,
Seen to be superbly blended,
As the cadenced years go by,
Into chord and melody,
Strong and clear as ever ran
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*The Pipes
of Pan*

*So the music passed and died
In the dark green mountain side;
The entranced ravine took on
A new purple, faint and wan;
And I heard across the husb
A far solitary thrush
From the hemlocks deep and still
Fluting day upon the hill.*

I

MARSYAS

I N Celænæ by Meander lived a youth once long ago, *Legends of
the Reed*
And one passion great and splendid brimmed his
heart to overflow,—
Filled the world for him with beauty, sense and colour,
joy and glow.

Not ambition and not power, love nor luxury nor
fame,
Beckoned him to join their pageant, summoned
Marsyas by name,
Bidding unreluctant spirit dare to keep the soaring
aim;

*Legends of
the Reed*

But the sorceries of music, note and rapture, tone and
thrill,
Sounding the serene enchantment over meadow,
stream and hill,
Blew for him the undesisting magic call-note, fol-
lowed still.

And he followed. Heart of wonder, how the keen
blue smoke upcurled
From the shepherd huts to heaven! How the dew lay
silver-pearled
Where sleek-sided cattle wandered through the morn-
ing of the world!

On a stream bank lay the idler dreaming dreams—for
it was spring—
And he heard the frogs in chorus make the watery
marshes ring;
Heard new comers at their nesting in the vineyards
pipe and sing;

Heard the river lisp below him; heard the wind chafe
reed on reed;
Every earth-imprisoned creature finding vent and voice
at need,
Ah! if only so could mortal longing and delight be
freed!

Hark! What piercing unknown cry comes stealing
o'er the forest ground,
Pouring sense and soul together in an ecstasy new-
found?
Dream's fulfilment brought to pass and life untethered
at a bound!

Then it pauses, and the youth beyond the river-bend
perceives
A divine one in her beauty stand, half-hidden by the
leaves,
Blowing on a wondrous wood-pipe, whence the clear
sound joys or grieves.

As he looked, entranced and musing at the marvel of
the strain,
All her loveliness unincinctured with a madness touched
his brain,
And love, like a vernal fever, dyed him with its scarlet
stain.

But Athene, glancing downward in the mirror of the
stream,
Saw her perfect mouth distorted, as she piped her
woodland theme;
Faltered, stopped, and, disconcerted, seemed to ponder
half in dream

For a rueful moment; then as with reluctance crossed
the reed
She had fashioned in a happy leisure mood to serve
her need
Back into the tranquil river, nothing but a river-
weed,

All the cunning life that filled it quenched and spilt
and flung away,
To go seaward to oblivion on a wandering stream.
But stay!
The young Phrygian lad has seen it,—marked the
current set his way,—

Stooped and picked it from the water; put the treasure-
trove to lip;
Blown his first breath, faint yet daring; felt the wild
notes crowd and slip
Into melody and meaning from each testing finger-
tip.

Then, ah, then had mortal spirit sweep and room at
last to range
The lost limits of creation and the borderlands of
change,
All earth's loveliness transmuting into something new
and strange;

*Legends of
the Reed*

All of beauty, all of knowledge, all of wonder, fused
and caught
In the rhythmus of the music, weaving out of sense
and thought
And a touch of love the fabric out of which the world
was wrought.

And the joy of each new cadence, as the glad notes
pressed and cried,
Eager for the strain's fulfilment, as they rose and
merged and died
In the music's utmost measure, filled the rose-gray
mountain side,—

Touched the sheep-bells in the meadow, moved the
rushes in the stream,
And suffused the youth with glory as he passed from
theme to theme;
Made him as the gods of morning in the ampler air
of dream.

Ah, what secret, what enchantment so could help the
human need,
Save the breath of life that lingered in the hollow of
the reed,
Since the careless mouth of beauty blessed it—with
so little heed?

There he stood, a youth transfigured in the young
world's golden glow.
Made immortal in a moment by the music's melting
flow,
Pattern of the artist's glory for the after years to
know.

There he stands for us in picture, with the pipe whereon
he plays;
The slow large-eyed cattle wonder, and the flocks
forget to graze,
While upon the hill a shepherd turns and listens in
amaze.

In the woods the timid creatures, reassured, approach
and peer,
Half aware the charm's allurements they must follow
as they hear
Is the first far-looked-for presage of the banishment
of fear.

Silence falls upon the woodland, quiet settles on the
plain;
Earth and air and the blue heaven, without harm or
taint or stain,
Are restored to their old guise of large serenity
again.

Thus the player at his piping in the early mode and
grave
Took from Wisdom the inventress what the earth in
bounty gave,
And therein to round completion put the beating
heart and brave.

So, you artists and musicians, earth awaits perfection
still;
Wisdom tarries by the brookside, beauty loiters on the
hill,
For the love that shall reveal them with the yet un-
dreamed-of skill.

Love be therefore all your passion, the one ardour
that ye spend
To enhance the craft's achievement with significance
and trend,
Making faultless the wild strain that else were faulty
to the end.

Love must lend the magic cadence—that unearthly
dying fall
When the simple sweet earth-music takes us captive
past recall,
And the loved one and the lover lose this world, nor
care at all.

ONCE I saw (O breath of summer) in the azure
prime of June,
When the Northland takes her joy and sets her
wintered life in tune,
The soft wind come down the river, where a heron
slept at noon;

Stir the ripening meadow-grasses, lift the lily pads, and
stray
Through the tall green ranks of rushes bowing to its
ghostly sway;
Then I heard it, like a whisper of the world, take
voice and say:

“Mortal, by the woodwind’s murmur and the whisper
of the stream,
I, who am the breath of grasses and the soul of sum-
mer’s dream,
Once was Syrinx, whom a great god loved and lost
and made the theme

“Of his mournful minor music. Nay, I who had worn
the guise
Which allured him, yet eluded, vanishing before his
eyes,
When his heart held lonely commune, taking counsel
to devise

“Some new solace for sad lovers that should give the
spirit vent,
Lovelier than speech of mortals where the stricken
soul is pent
And the longing gropes for language large enough for
beauty’s bent;

“When he drew the reeds and ranged them, rank by
rank from low to shrill,
Bound them with the flax together—I was inspiration
still,
I was heartache crying through them, I was echo on
the hill.

"And forever I am cadence, joyous, welling, sad or fond,
When the breath of god or mortal, breaking time's
primeval bond,
Blows upon the mouths of wood and all the mellow
throats respond.

"Not a flute, but I have hidden in its haunted hollow
mould;
In the deep Sicilian twilight, when the shepherd
piped to fold,
I have been the eerie calling of the Pan pipes rude
and old;

"In the ivory monaulos, when the soft Egyptian stars
Sentry'd Cleopatra's gardens, through the open
window-bars
I went forth, a splendid torment, o'er the dreaming
nenuphars.

"In the silver-mounted laurel played by some Byzan-
tian boy,
I was frenzy, when the throng night after night went
mad for joy,
As the dancer Theodora made the Emperor her toy.

"In the boxwood bound with gold I drew my captives
down the Nile
To the love-feasts of Bubastis, lovers by the thousand
file,
Willing converts to my love-call, children of the
changeless smile.

"Babylonian Mylitta heard me keep the limpid tune,
When the lovers danced before her at the feast of the
new moon,
Till the rosy flowers of beauty through her sacred
groves were strewn.

"And Sidonian Astarte and the Asian Cypriote
Knew the large unhurried measure of my earth-sweet
pagan rote,
When the dancing youths before them followed me
from note to note.

*Legends of
the Reed*

“Where some lithe Bithynian flute-boy, nude and
golden in the sun,
Set his red mouth to the twin pipes, I was in each
pause and run,
When his manhood took the meaning of the love-
notes one by one.

“And amid the fields of iris by the blue Ionian sea,
I was solemn-hearted sweetness and pure passion soon
to be
In the dark-haired little maid who piped her budding
melody.

“I was youth and love and rapture, I was madness in
their veins,
Calling through the heats of summer, calling in the
soft spring rains,
From the olive Phrygian hillsides and the deep
Bœotian plains.

“I but blew, and mortals followed; I but breathed,
and they were glad;
King and mendicant and sailor, courtesan and shep-
herd lad;
For there is no creed nor canon laid on music’s myriad.

“Not a tribe nor race nor people born in darkest
savagery,
Dwellers in the Afric forest or the islands of the sea,
But I wooed them from their war-drums—made them
gentle—set them free.

“Silence fell upon the tam-tams throbbing terror
through the night,
And the prayer-gongs ceased to conjure cowering
villages with fright,
When my cool note, clear as morning, called them to
a new delight.

“I, the breath of flute and oboe, golden wood and silver
reed,
Put away their fear, and taught them with my love-
tone to give heed,
When the love grew large within them, to the lovely
spirit’s need.

" Henceforth no mere frantic rhythm of beating foot
and patting hand,
Nor monotonous marimba could suffice for soul's
demand,
When joy called her wayworn children and peace
wandered through the land.

*Legends of
the Reed*

" Love must build a better music than the strumming
tambourine
To ensphere his worlds of wonder, height and depth
and space between,
Pleasure-lands for Soul, the lover, to preempt as his
demesne.

" So he took the simple reed-note, as a dewdrop clear
and round,
Blew it (magic of creation!) to the tenuous pro-
found
Of sheer gladness, light and colour of the universe of
sound.

" And there soars the shining structure, tone on tone
as star on star,
Spheres of knowledge and of beauty, where love's
compensations are,
And the plenitudes of spirit move to rhythm without
a jar;

" Every impulse in its orbit swinging to the utmost
range
Of the normal sweep of being, through unfathomed
gulfs of change,
Poised, unswerved, and never finding aught unlovely
or unstrange.

" When some dark Peruvian lover set the love-flute
to his lip,
I was the new soft enchantment loosed upon the dusk,
to slip
Through the trees and thrill the loved one from warm
nape to finger-tip;

*Legends of
the Reed*

“Till she could not choose but follow where my player
piped for her;
So I roused the love within her, set the gipsy pulse
astir,
With my wild delicious pleading, strong as incense,
fine as myrrh.

“When for love the Winnebago took his courting-
flute and played
His wild theme for days together near the lodge door
of his maid,
I was ritual and rapture of the triumph he essayed.

“And my brown Malayan lovers pierce the living gold
bamboo
For the lone melodious accents of the wind to wander
through,
While my haunting spirit tells them many a secret
old and true.

“In the soft Sumatran pan-flute with its seven notes
I plead;
I am help to the Marquesan in his slender scarlet reed;
From the immemorial East I draw my dark-eyed
gipsy breed.

“Chukma, Dyak, Mahalaka, Papuan and Ashanti,
Hillmen from the Indian snows, canoeemen from the
Carib sea,
Tribesmen from the world's twelve corners, at my
whisper come to me—

“All the garlanded earth-children in their gala bright
array,
Laughing like the leaves, or sighing like the grass-
heads which I sway;
For my lure is swift to lead them, and my solace
strong to stay.

“And the road must melt before them and their piping
fill all lands,
Till a new world at their fluting like a magic flower
expands,
And Soul's unexplored dominion is surrendered to
their hands.

"Did not I, the woodbreath, calling, make thy mortal
pulses ring,
And that old chinked barn, gray-weathered, with its
dusty rafters sing?
Was not I the long sweet love-throb in the music-
house of spring?

"Think how all the golden willows and the maples,
crimson-keyed,
Kept the rare appointed season, flowering at the in-
stant need,
When the wood-pipes gave my summons and the
marshy flutes were freed.

"Love be, then, in every heart-beat, when the year
comes round to June,
And life reaches up to rapture, lingering on the
perfect tune,
As this evening in your valley silvered by the early
moon."

Thus I heard the voice of Syrinx, by the dreamy
river shore,
Sift and cease, as one might pass through a large
room and close the door;
And I knew myself a stranger on this lovely earth no
more.

III

THE MAGIC FLUTE

HEAR, O Syrinx, thou lost Dryad! Marsyas,
thou mortal, hear!
If to lovely and free spirits it is granted to
draw near

And revisit the old earth from some far-off and twilight
sphere,

Like the limpid star of evening hanging o'er the dark
hill brow,

Globed in light to touch this valley where a worshipper
I bow,

Oh, give heed, and of your wisdom help a mortal lover
now!

*Legends of
the Reed*

Lend him, novice at your flute-work, learner of the
magic cry,
Something, howsoever faulty, of that cunning ecstasy,
The inevitable cadence where the raptures pause and
die,

You could marshal at your bidding from the wind-
blown river reeds—
Mark to rhythm, and mould to beauty, plastic for
perfection's needs—
Skill to give the spirit lodgment where the longing
fancy leads!

Souls of lovers lost in music! You who were beloved
of Pan,
Piping madness through the meadow where the silver
river ran;
You who, favoured of Athene, found her careless gift
to man—

Oh, stray hither, and, recalling some such earth-born
golden hour,
When the thrushes eased their sorrow, and the laurel
was in flower,
Give this last lost child of nature one least pittance
of your power!

So he shall be well accounted Love's own minstrel
first and best,
By another shy wild Syrinx, when he puts the gift
to test,
For a single day immortal—and the gods make good
the rest!

Hear, sweetheart, the lonely thrushes! Pure and vibrant
up the clove,
From the dark moon-haunted hemlocks and the
spacious dim beech grove,
Pierced by Love's own silver planet with a path for
us to rove,

Comes the rapture, clear, unsullied, undistracted, un-
dismayed— *Legends of*
Heart of earth that still remembers how her strength *the Reed*
and joy were made,
When the breath of life was given, and the touch of
doom was stayed—

The great joyance of creation, welling through the
world once more;
Love in power and pride and passion, crying still at
Beauty's door;
Soul made sentient in music to contemplate and
adore.

Once . . . O little girl, lift up that dear wild wood-
land Syrinx face
To your lover's who so loves you, gladdening all this
leafy place,
Where as music merged in moonshine, sense and spirit
interlace!

In the first of time was Hathor, the Egyptian Ash-
toreth,
She who bore the mighty Sun, and quickened nature
with her breath,
Rocked the cradle of the Nile, and gave men life and
gave them death.

Once, to share her mysteries, when earth grew green
with springs, there came
To her temple in Bubastis, needy and unknown to
fame,
A young herdsman, golden-haired and tall, Argalioth
by name.

And his undeflowered beauty, fair as lotus, slim as
palm,
With his voice like sweet hill-water, sounding in the
choric psalm,
Touched the mighty heart there brooding in inviolable
calm.

*Legends of
the Reed*

And a sigh as of the wind rose; and the song was
hushed; the veil
Of the shrine, which none might enter, moved and
shimmered like a sail,
Or the golden boreal lights that hang across our
Northern trail;

In astonishment, the dancers halted. Then the voice
said, "Peace!
Let my son Argalioth come near. It is a gift of
peace.
Henceforth only truth and goodness, finding virtue,
shall find peace."

Then the lad arose, and went behind the veil; and all
was still.
Slowly, as from out all distance, rising far and fine
and shrill,
Came a flute-note, strong as sea-wind, clear as morning
on the hill;

Grew and gained and swelled and triumphed, lingering
from tone to tone,
Golden deep to silver treble, pure and passionate and
lone,
Marking time to things eternal, touching bounds of
spirit's zone,

Filling all the space between with all the wonder and
despair,
Reach and compass and fulfilment, souls could ever
dream or dare,
Of the bliss beyond all telling, when the wild sense
grows aware.

Then, before those spell-bound watchers, from the holy
place returned
The youth, girt in scarlet linen, with a countenance
where burned
The great glory of his vision and the secret he had
learned;

In his hand, a yellow flute-reed, bound with seven
silver bands;
From brown foot to red-gold hair a figure that might
haunt all lands
With distraction and enthralment, while this earth in
beauty stands.

Not a word he spoke; serenely trod the marble to the
door,
Set the flute to mouth, and piping strains no ear had
heard before,
Passed out through the golden weather, and no man
beheld him more.

Yet, there lingered, ah, what music! Not a listener
in that throng,
Through the years which came upon him, but, at times,
would hear the long
Piercing and melodious cadence, summer-sweet and
autumn-strong.

Heard so long ago, and always, as if musing, he would
say,
"It is Hathor's magic pipe. In some blue valley far
away,
By a well among the palms, the wanderer has paused
to play!"

For through all the earth he wandered with his magic
pipe; and none
Heard that piping, but they straightway knew that
their old life was done,
And the glamour was upon them, prudence lost and
freedom won.

He it was who touched with madness, soft sweet mad-
ness of the spring,
The green-throated frogs, whose chorus makes the
grassy meadows ring,
And the birds who come with April, and must break
their hearts or sing;

*Legends of
the Reed*

Touched his fellow mortals even with a madness of
the mind,
Till they too must rise and follow, leaving sober tasks
behind,
While a thing called love possessed them with a crav-
ing sweet and blind;

And they knew no fear thereafter, save the one supreme
despair—
Having loved to lose the loved one, the one little
friend could share
The vast loneliness of being. What mute bitterness
were there!

Thus we all are Hathor's children, brothers of the
frogs and birds,
Who have listened once forever to the pipe, whose
magic words
None can fathom, though we follow dumbly as the
flocks and herds.

Thenceforth, howsoe'er we wander, all our care is but
to know
Truth, the sorceress, whose spell of beauty can entrance
us so,
As it was with ancient lovers in their wisdom long
ago.

And, to all men, once a lifetime comes that music of
the Hill,
Pleading for the life's perfection, the deliverance of
will,
Beauty's issue from debasement, good's preferment
over ill.

Many hear it not, or, hearing, turn with heedless hearts
away,
Or their soul is deaf with greed or lust or anger or
dismay,
And the precious fateful moment passes. But the wise
are they

Who preserve without disquiet the serene and open
mind,
The impassioned poise of spirit, lodged in senses more
refined
Than the quaking aspen breathed on by the unseen
secret wind.

So, in spite of tears and turmoil, many a radiant hour
they know,
Hearing o'er the roofs of men the far-off magic wood-
pipes blow,
With a message for the morrow from the ages long
ago.

And that message? What I cherish most, this sweet
white night of June,
When from sheath of fragrant lace-work slips one
shoulder, like the moon
From the pine-tops with a lustre such as made its
lover swoon

Once on Latmos, when your hair falls, like a vine the
stars peep through,
When I kiss your heart out, much as mighty Pan the
reed-pith drew,
And your breath, in one "Beloved," answers like the
reed he blew;

What I prize most and most treasure is this know-
ledge great and sure:
He who knows love, knows the secret; he who has
love has the lure
Of the strain whereto this earth was moulded well and
must endure.

Hush, ah, hush! Lie still! The music is not yet gone
from the firs,
Haply here the Ancient Mother, in this solitude of
hers,
Where the mighty veil of silence, leaves and stars, the
hill-wind stirs,

*Legends of
the Reed*

Some new larger revelation would vouchsafe to you
and me

Of the sorceries of summer, or the secret of the sea,
Whose sheer beauty shall enthrall us while its truth
shall set us free.

Oh, my tender Syrinx, surely we have heard the
magic flute;

Whose dark wild mysterious transport in a moment
can transmute

All the heart and life forever, making spirits that
were mute

Musical and glad! And we have listened to that lost
flute-strain,

Whose long sweet and sobbing minor is the record
of the rain—

Whose proud cry is but the gladness when the spring
comes back again.

Hark, the thrushes at their fluting! The old wizardry
and stress

Of entrancement are upon them. Wise ones of the
wilderness,

Who can say but they have burdens of a joy beyond
our guess?

Long since did the magic minstrel take them silent
from the bough

In his hands, and with the secret breath of life their
throats endow,

As the rose-red mouth of beauty burning me-ward I
do now!

*A Shep-
herd in
Lesbos*

ALL night long my cabin roof resounded
With the mighty murmur of the rain;
All night long I heard the silver cohorts
Tramping down the valley to the plain;

All night long the ringing raindrops volleyed
On the hollow drumheads of the leaves
In a wild tattoo, while gusty hill-winds
Fifed The Young Pans' March about the eaves.

So all night within the mountain forest
Passed the shadowy forces at review;
And they bore me back to time's beginning
When the wonder of the world was new.

*A Shepherd
in Lesbos*

Then from out the gloom there came a vision
Of the beauty of the earth of old—
The unclouded face and gracious figure,
Filletted with laurel and green-stoled,

Such as Daphne wore the day she wandered
Through the silent beechwood of the god,
When a sun-ray through the roof of shadows
Wheeled and stole behind her where she trod,—

When the loveliness of earth, transfigured
By one touch of rapture, grew divine,
Ere it fled before the unveiled presence
To indwell forever its green shrine.

Like a mist I saw the hair's gold glory,
The grave eyes, the childish scarlet lip,
And the rose-pink fervour that afforded
Soul the sheath to fill from tip to tip.

On her mouth she laid a warning finger,
And her slow calm enigmatic smile
Told me, ere she spoke, one half the message;
Then I heard (my heart stood still the while):

"Mortal, wouldst thou know the maddening transport
No mere earth-born lover may attain,
Till some woodland deity hath loved him,
And her beauty mounted to his brain?

"Thenceforth he becomes, with her for mistress,
Master of the moods and minds of men,
Moulding as he will their deeds and daring,
All their follies open to his ken;

"Yet is he a wanderer forever,
Without respite seeking the unknown.
Wouldst thou leave the world for one who offers
But the beauty bounded by her zone?"

*A Shepherd
in Lesbos*

When I woke in golden morning dyeing
The dark valley and the purple hill,
Flushing at the doorway of the forest,
Flowered my mountain laurel, cool and still.

How I chose? Have ye not heard in Lesbos
Of a mad young shepherd by the shore,
Whose wild piping bids the traveller tarry
Some immortal sorrow to deplore?

On a morning by the river marges
Many a passer-by hath heard that strain,
Sweet and sad and strange and full of longing
As a bird-note through the purple rain.

In a maze the haunted music holds them
With its meaning past all guess or care;
With its magic note the lonely cadence
Swells and sinks and dies upon the air;

And they say, "It is the stricken shepherd
Whom the nymph's enchantment set astray,
And the spell of his bewildering vision
Holds him fast a lover from that day.

"His dark theme no mortal may interpret;
But forever when the wood-pipes blow,
Some remembered and mysterious echo
Calls us unresisting and we go."

Daphne

I KNOW that face!
In some lone forest place,
When June brings back the laurel to the hills,
Where shade and sunlight lace,

Where all day long
The brown birds make their song—
A music that seems never to have known
Dismay nor haste nor wrong—

Daphne

I once before
Have seen thee by the shore,
As if about to shed the flowery guise
And be thyself once more.

Dear shy soft face,
With just the elfin trace
That lends thy human beauty the last touch
Of wild elusive grace!

Can it be true,
A god did once pursue
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmering wood,
Drenched in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay
His hot and headstrong way,
Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,
Heedless of thy dismay?

But I to thee
More gently fond would be,
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words
And woodland melody;

Take pipe and play
Each forest fear away;
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade
All the long summer day;

Tell thee old tales
Of love, that still avails
More than all mighty things in this great world,
Still wonderworks nor fails;

Teach thee new lore,
How to love more and more,
And find the magical delirium
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over
And over to discover
Some wild sweet foolish irresistible
New way to be thy lover—

Daphne

New wondrous ways
To fill thy golden days,
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,
Deep in the brookside fern,
The magic of the syrinx whispering low
With bubbly fall and turn;

Mock every note
Of the green woodbird's throat,
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,
Should form and float

Far through the hills,
Where mellow sunlight fills
The world with joy, and from the purple vines
The brew of life distills.

Ah, then indeed
Thy heart should have no need
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,
And I should make thy home
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star
Hung in the dark blue dome—

A fragrant house
Of woven balsam boughs,
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive
Our warm unsullied vows.

*The Lost
Dryad*

WHERE are you gone from the forest,
Leaving the mountain-side lonely
And all the beech woods deserted,
O my dear Daphne?

*The Lost
Dryad*

All the day long I go seeking
Trace of your flowerlike footprint.
Will not the dew on the meadow
Tell tale of Daphne?

Will not the sand on the sea-shore
Treasure that magical impress
For the disconsolate longing
Lover of Daphne?

Will not the moss and the fern-bed
Bearing the mould of her beauty,
Tell me where wandered and rested
Rose-golden Daphne?

All the night through I go hearkening
Every wild murmurous echo,—
Hint of your laughter,—the birdlike
Voice of my Daphne.

Why do the poplar leaves whisper
Things to themselves in the silence,
Though no wind visits the valley,
Daphne, my Daphne?

Listen! I hear their small voices,
An elfin multitude, mingle,
Lispings in silver-leaf language,
“Daphne, O Daphne!”

Listen! I hear the cold hill-brook
Plash down the clove on its pebbles,
And the ravine drenched in moonlight
Echoing, “Daphne!”

“Daphne,” the rain says at nightfall;
“Daphne,” the wind breathes at morning;
And a voice troubles the hot noon
Uttering “Daphne.”

Ah, what impassioned remembrance,
In the dark pines in the starlight,
Touches the dream of your wood-thrush,
O my lost Daphne,

*The Lost
Dryad*

Dyeing his sleep like a bubble
Coloured for joy, and the note comes,
Golden, enchanted, eternal,
Calling for Daphne!

O Mother Earth, at how many
Thresholds of lone-dwelling mortals
Must I, a wayfarer, tarry,
Asking for Daphne?—

How many times see their faces
Fade to incredulous wonder,
Hearing in some remote vale
The story of Daphne,

Ere I at last through the twilight
Hear the soft rapturous outcry,
And as of old there will greet me
Far-wandered Daphne?

*The Dead
Faun*

WHO hath done this thing? What wonder is
this that lies
On the green earth so still under purple skies,
Like a hyacinth shaft the careless mower has cut
And thought of no more?

Who hath wrought this pitiful wrong on the lovely
earth?
What ruthless hand could ruin that harmless mirth?
O heart of things, what undoing is here, never now
To be mended more!

No more, O beautiful boy, shall thy fleet feet stray
Through the cool beech wood on the shadowy mountain
way,
Nor halt by the well at noon, nor trample the flowers
On the forest floor.

Thy beautiful light-seeing gold-green eyes, so glad
When day came over the hill, so wondrous sad
When the burning sun went slowly under the sea,
Shall look no more.

Thy nimble fingers that plucked the fruit from the *The Dead*
bough, *Faun*
Or fondled the nymph's bright hair and filleted brow,
Or played the wild mellow pipe of thy father Pan,
Shall play no more.

The sensitive ears that knew all the speech of the
wood,
Every call of the birds and the creatures, and under-
stood
What the wind to the water said, what the river
replied,
Shall hear no more.

Thy scarlet and lovely mouth which the dryads
knew,
Dear whimsical ardent mouth that love spoke through,
For all the kisses of life that it took and gave,
Shall say no more.

Who hath trammelled those feet that never again
shall rove?
Who hath bound these hands that never again shall
move?
Who hath quenched the lamp in those eyes that never
again
Shall be lighted more?

Who hath stopped those ears from our heart-broken
words forever?
Who hath sealed that wonderful mouth with its secret
forever?
Who hath touched this innocent being with pitiless
death,
And he is no more?

He was fair as a mortal and spiritual as a flower;
He knew no hate, but was happy within the hour.
The gods had given him beauty and freedom and
joy,
Could they give no more?
239

*The Dead
Faun*

Is all their wisdom and power so fond a thing?
Must he perish, nor ever return with returning spring,
But be left like a dead-ripe fruit on the ground for a
stranger
To find and deplore?

They have given to mortal man the immortal scope,
The perilous chance, unrest and remembrance and
hope,
That imperfection may come to perfection still
By some fabled shore.

Did they give this being, this marvellous work of their
hands,
No breath of the greater life with its grief and de-
mands?
Do beauty and love without bitter knowledge attain
This and no more?

The wind may whisper to him, he will heed no more;
The leaves may murmur and lisp, he will laugh no
more;
The oreads weep and be heavy at heart for him,
He will care no more.

The reverberant thrushes may peal from the hemlock
glooms,
The summer clouds be woven on azure looms;
He is done with all lovely things of earth forever
And ever more.

Hylas

C OOL were the gray mottled beeches,
Quiet with noon were the fern-beds,
Where by the bubbling spring water
Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers,
Dipping his jar till it gurgled,
Suddenly there the bright naiads
(Woe to thee, Hylas!)

Looked and beheld his fair beauty
Better their well-head, and straightway
Exquisite longing possessed them
Only for Hylas.

Hylas

When he returned not at sundown,
"Over long," said his companions,
As slow dismay came upon them,
"Tarryes young Hylas."

Never again did his comrades
Find the lost rower, nor maidens
See from their doorways at twilight
Home-coming Hylas.

Thenceforth another must labour
To the timed thud of his rowlock,
And only legends keep tally
Of the lost Hylas.

Yet even now, when the springtime
Verdures the valley, and rain-winds
Voyage for lands undiscovered,
As once did Hylas,

With a great star on the hill-crest
In purple evening, a flute-note
Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls,
"Hylas, Hylas!"

WHAT old gray ruin can this be,
Beside the blue Saronic Sea?
What tomb is this, what temple here,
Thus side by side so many a year?

*At
Phædra's
Tomb*

This is that temple Phædra built
To Aphrodite, having spilt
Her whole heart's great warm love in vain,
One lovely mortal's love to gain;
Yet trusting by that fervent will,
Consuming and unconquered still,

*At
Phadra's
Tomb*

In spite of failure and of fate,
By favour of the gods to sate
Her splendid lost imperious
Mad love for young Hippolytus,
Whose brilliant beauty seemed to glow
Like a tall Alp in rosy snow,
While love and passion, wind and fire,
Flared through the field of her desire.

“Great Mother, come from Paphos now
With benediction on thy brow,
And pity! Not beneath the sun
Lives such another hapless one.
O Aphrodite of the sea,
For love have mercy upon me!
Give me his beauty now to slake
This body's longing and soul's ache!
Touch his cold heart until he know
The divine sorrow of love's woe.”

What madness hers, what folly his!
And all their beauty come to this
Epitome of mortal doom—
A name, a story, and a tomb!
Have ye not seen the fog from sea
On autumn mornings silently
Steal in to land, and wrap the sun
With its gray cold oblivion?

The goddess would not smile on her,
On him no gentler mood confer.
He still must flush his maiden whim;
She still must leash her love for him,
A fancy lawless and superb,
Too wild to tame, too strong to curb,
Too great for her to swerve or stay
In our half-hearted modern way.

Have ye not seen the fog from land
Blow out to sea, and leave the band
Of orange marsh and lilac shore
To brood in autumn peace once more?

So there survives the magic fame
Of her imperishable name,—
Light from a time when love was great,
And strong hearts had no fear of fate,
But lived and strove and wrought and died,
With beauty for their only guide.

*At
Phædra's
Tomb*

And yet this temple, raised and wrought
With prayers and tears, availed her naught.
The years with it have had their will;
Her soft name is a by-word still
For thwarted spirit, vexed and teased
By yearnings that cannot be eased,—
The soul that chafes upon the mesh
Of tenuous yet galling flesh.

How blue that midday shadow is
In the white dust of Argolis! . . .
This is her tomb. . . . See, near at hand,
This myrtle! Here she used to stand
Those days when her love-haunted eyes
Saw her new-built hope arise,
Watching the masons set the stone
And fingering her jewelled zone,
Or moving restless to and fro,
Her pale brows knit a little, so.

Look! every leaf pierced through and through!
I doubt not the gold pin she drew
From her dark hair, and, as the storm
Of love swept through her lovely form
With pique and passion, thrust on thrust,
Vented her vehemence. O dust,
That once entempled such a flame
With beauty, colour, line and name,
And gave great Love a dwelling-place
Behind so fair, so sad a face,
Where is thy wilful day-dream now,
That passionate lip, that moody brow?

Ah, fair Greek woman, if there bloom
Some flower of knowledge in the gloom,
Receive the piteous loving sigh
Of one more luckless passer-by.

*At
Phædra's
Tomb*

Peace, peace, wild heart! Unsatisfied
Has every mortal lived and died,
Since thy dear beauty found a bed
Forever with the dreaming dead,
In seagirt Hellas long ago,
Immortal for thy mortal woe!

*The Young
Reed
Player*

O PIPES of Pan,
Make me a man,
As only your piercing music can!
When I set my lip
To your reedy lip,
And you feel the urging man-breath slip

Through fibre and flake,
Bidding you wake
To the strange new being for beauty's sake,
I pray there be
Returned to me
The strength of the hills and the strength of the sea.

O river reed,
In whom the need
Of the journeying river once was freed,
As of old your will
Was the water's will,
To quiver and call or sleep and be still,

So now anew
I breathe in you
The ardour no alchemy can subdue,
And add the dream,—
The immortal gleam
That never yet fell on meadow or stream.

I breathe and blow
On your dumb mouth so,
Till your lurking soul is alive and aglow.
Ah, breathe in me
The strength of the sea,
The calm of the hills and the strength of the sea!

Love, joy, and fear,
From my faint heart here,
Shall melt in your cadence wild and clear.
With freedom and hope
I range and grope,
Till I find new stops in your earthly scope.

*The Young
Reed
Player*

The pleading strain
Of pathos and pain,
The diminished chord and the lost refrain;
The piercing sigh,
The joyous cry,
The sense of what shall be by-and-by;

The grief untold
Out of man's heart old,
Which endures that another may still be bold;
The wiser will
That forgoes self-will
And aspires to truth beyond trammel or ill;

Ambition unsure,
And the splendid lure
Of whim in his harlequin vestiture;
And the reach of sound
Into thought's profound;
All these I add to your power earth-bound;

But most, the awe
That perceives where law
Is revealed at last without fault or flaw,—
The touch of mind
That would search and find
The measure of beauty, the purpose of kind.

So with the fire
Of man's desire
Your notes shall outreach the mountain choir.
Brook, breeze, and bird
Shall hear the Word,
And know 'tis their master they have heard.

*The Young
Reed
Player*

And the lowly reed,
Whose only need
Was to sigh with the wind in the river weed,
Shall be heard as far
As from star to star,
Where Algol answers to Algebar.

For the soul must trace
Her wondrous race
By a seventh sense on the charts of space,
Till she come at last,
Through the vague and vast,
To her own heart's haven fixed and fast.

O pipes of Pan,
Whose music ran
Through the world ere ever my age began,
When I set my lip
To your woodland lip,
I pray some draught of your virtue slip

From each mellow throat,
As note by note,
A learner, I try for the secret rote,—
The rhythm and theme
That shall blend man's dream
Of perfection with nature's imperfect scheme!

Blow low, blow high,
Your haunting cry
For me, a wayfarer passing by;
Blow soft or keen,
I shall listen and lean
To catch what your whispered messages mean.

I shall hear, and heed
The voice of the reed,
And be glad of my kinfolk's word, indeed.
I shall hearken and hear
Your untroubled cheer
From the earth's deep heart, serene and clear.

Blow cold and shrill,
As the wind from the hill,
I yet shall follow to learn your will;
Blow soft and warm,
As an April storm,
I shall listen and feel my soul take form.

*The Young
Reed
Player*

Blow glad and strong,
As the grosbeak's song,
And I mount with you over hurt and wrong;
Blow little and thin,
As the cricket's din;
But my door is wide, and I bid them in.

Blow, blow till there be
Inbreathed in me
Tinge of the loam and tang of the sea,—
A vagrom man,
Favoured of Pan,
Made out of ardour and sinew and tan,

With the seeing eye
For meadow and sky,
The want only beauty can satisfy,
And the wandering will;
The questing will,
The inquisitive glad unanxious will,

That must up and away
On the brave essay
Of the fair and far through the long sweet day,—
Of the fine and true,
The wondrous and new,
All the warm radiant bright world through.

Blow me the tune
Of the ripe red moon,
I shall sleep like a child by the roadside soon;
And the tune of the sun;
When our piping is done,
Lo, others shall finish what we have begun.

The Young For the spell we cast
Reed Shall prevail at last,—
Player When fault is forgotten and failure past,—
Prevail and restore
To earth once more
The lost enchantment, the wonder-lore.

And I must attain
To the road again,
With the wandering dust and the wandering rain,—
A sojourner too
My way pursue,
Who am spirit and substance, even as you.

Then give me the slow
Large will to grow,
As your fellows down by the brookside grow.
Ah, blow, and breed
In my manhood's need
The long sweet patience of flower and seed!

O pipes of Pan,
Make me a man,
As only your earthly music can;
And create in me
From your melody
The strength of the hills and strength of the sea!

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

II. K K

I
A
E

T
T
T
G
U
C

L
I
T
T
E
W

T
A
O
B
A
R

I
C
W
W
F
T

F
T
N
P
F
G

ONCE at St. Kavin's door
 I rested. No sign more
 Of discontent escaped me from that day.
 For there I overheard
 A Brother of the Word
 Expound the grace of poverty, and say:

Thank God for poverty
 That makes and keeps us free,
 That lets us go our unobtrusive way,
 Glad of the sun and rain,
 Upright, serene, humane,
 Contented with the fortune of a day.

Light-hearted as a bird,
 I will obey the word
 That bade the earth take form, the sea subside,—
 That bids the wild wings go
 Each year from line to snow,
 When spring unfurls her old green flag for guide,—

That bids the fleeting hosts
 Along the shelving coasts
 Once more adventure far by sound and stream,—
 Bids everything alive
 Awaken and revive,—
 Resume the unperished glory and the dream.

I too, with fear put by,
 Confront my destiny,
 With not a wish but to arise and go,
 Where beauty still may lead
 From creed to larger creed,
 Thanking my Maker that he made me so.

For I would shun no task
 That kindness may ask,
 Nor flinch at any duty to my kind;
 Praying but to be freed
 From ignorance and greed,
 Gray fear and dull despondency of mind.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

So I would readjust
The logic of the dust,
The servile hope that puts its trust in things,
Ephemera of earth,
Of more than fleeting worth,
Are we, endowed with rapture as with wings.

Type of the soul of man,
The slight yet stable plan!
Those creatures perishable as the dew,
How buoyantly they ride
The vast and perilous tide,
Free as the air their courses to pursue!

And I would keep my soul
Joyous and sane and whole,
Unshamed by falsehood and unvexed by strife,
Unalien in that clear
And radiant atmosphere
That still surrounds us with a larger life,

When we have laid aside
Our truculence and pride,
Craven self-seeking, turbulent self-will,
Resolved this very day
No longer to obey
The tyrant Mammon who begods us still.

All selfish gain at best
Brings but profound unrest
And inward loss, despite our loud professions.
Think therefore what it is,
What surety of bliss,
To be absolved from burdensome possessions!

Shall God, who doth provide
The majesty and pride
And beauty of this earth so lavishly,
Deny them to the poor
And lowly and obscure?
Nay, they are given to all justly and free.

And if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own,
Shall I not also give
His soul, that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

And so, if I have wrought,
Amassed or conceived aught
Of beauty or intelligence or power,
It is not mine to hoard;
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower.

How soon, my friends, how soon,
We should obtain the boon
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,
If only we would give
Our spirit room to live,—
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves;

If only we would dare
Espouse the good and fair
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives;
And without compromise
Or favour in men's eyes
Live by the truth each one of us believes!

Bow not to vested wrong
That we have served too long,
Pawning our birthright for a tinsel star!
Shall the soul take upon her
Time-service and mouth-honour?
Behold the fir-trees, how unswerved they are!

Native to sun and storm,
They cringe not nor conform,
Save to the gentle law their sound heart knows;
Each day enough for them
To rise, cone, branch, and stem,
A leaf-breadth higher in their tall repose.

The Word Ah, what a travesty
at St. Of man's ascent, were I
Kavin's To bear myself less royally than they,
After the ages spent
In spirit's betterment,
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

For surely I have grown
Within a cleft of stone,
With spray of mountain torrents in my face.
Slow soaring ring by ring
On moveless tilted wing,
I have seen earth below me sink through space.

I too in polar night
Have hungered, gaunt and white,
Alone amid the awful silences;
And fled on gaudy fin,
When the blue tides came in,
Through coral gardens under tropic seas.

And wheresoe'er I strove,
The greater law was love,
A faith too fine to falter or mistrust;
There was no wanton greed,
Depravity of breed,
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust.

Nay, not till I was man,
Learned I to scheme and plan
The blackest depredation on my kind,
Converting to my gain
My fellow's need and pain,
In chartered pillage ruthless and refined.

Therefore, my friends, I say,
Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago,—
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of patience strong and slow.

I
V
N
I
N
R

C
O
L
K
T
H

Let us go in once more,
By some blue mountain door,
And hold communion with the forest leaves,
Where long ago we trod
The Ghost House of the God,
Through orange dawns and amethystine eves.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

There bright-robed choristers
Make music in the firs,
Rejoicing in their service all day long;
And there the whole night through,
Along the dark still blue,
What glorying hosts with starry tapers throng!

There in some deep ravine
Whose walls are living green,
A sanctuary spacious, cool and dim,
At earth-refreshing morn
The pure white clouds are born,
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

No slighted task is there,
But equal craft and care
And love in irresistible accord,
The test and sign of art,
Bestowed through every part;
No thought of recognition or reward.

In that diviner air
We shall grow wise and fair,
Not frayed by hurry nor distraught by noise,—
Learn once again to be
Noble, courageous, free,—
Regain our primal ecstasy and poise.

Calm in the deep control
Of firmamental soul,
Let us abide unfretful and secure,
Knowledge and reason bent
To further soul's intent,—
Her veiled dim purposes remote yet sure.

The Word For soul has led us now,
at St. Science unravels how,
Kavin's Through cell and tissue up from dust to man;
And will lead by-and-by
No logic tells us why,
To fill her purport in the ampler plan.

Ah, trust the soul, my friends,
To seek her own great ends
Revealed not in the fashion of the hour!
For she outlives intact
The insufficient act,
Herself the source and channel of all power.

The soul survives, unmarred,
The mind care-worn and scarred
That still is anxious over little things,
To come unto her own,
Through benefits unknown
And the green beauty of a thousand springs.

From infinite resource
She holds her gleaming course
Through toil, distraction, hindrance, and dismay,
Till some high destiny
Accomplished by-and-by,
Reveals the splendid hope that was her stay.

Therefore should every hour
Replenish her with power
Of joy and love and freedom and fresh truth,
That we even in age
May share her heritage
Of ancient wisdom with the heart of youth.

Lore of the worldly wise
Is folly in her eyes.
All-energy, all-knowledge, and all-love,
Aware of deeps below
This pageant that we know,
Hers is the very faith accounted of

By Him who rose and bade
His friends be not afraid,
When peril rocked their fishing-boat at sea,—
Who bade the sick not fear,
The sad be of good cheer,
And in the hour they were made whole and free.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

The sceptic sees but part
Of Nature's mighty heart.
A wide berth would I give that dangerous shoal—
Steer for the open sea,
No sight of land, but free.
Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?

Let me each day anew
My outward voyage pursue
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands.
Till through the breaking gloom
Some evening they shall loom,
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

Ah, that day I shall know
How the shy wood-flowers grow
In the deep forest, turning to the light;
Untrammelled impulse still
With glad obedient will
The only guide out of ancestral night.

Oh, I shall comprehend
Truth at my journey's end,—
What being is, and what I strive to be,—
What soul in beauty's guise
Eludes our wistful eyes,
Yet surely is akin to you and me.

Therefore, towards that supreme
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,
That promise of our life from day to day,
The grace of joyousness
Abide with us to bless
And help us forth along the Perfect Way!

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's* The voice of the good priest
In benediction ceased;
The congregation like a murmur rose;
And when I set my pack
Once more upon my back,
'Twas light as any thistle-down that blows.

11

ON LOVE

TO the assembled folk
At great St. Kavin's spoke
Young Brother Amiel on Christmas Eve;
I give you joy, my friends,
That as the round year ends,
We meet once more for gladness by God's leave.

On other festal days
For penitence or praise
Or prayer we meet, or fulness of thanksgiving;
To-night we calendar
The rising of that star
Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

Ah, we disparage still
The Tidings of Good Will,
Discrediting Love's gospel now as then!
And with the verbal creed
That God is love indeed,
Who dares make Love his god before all men?

Shall we not, therefore, friends,
Resolve to make amends
To that glad inspiration of the heart;
To grudge not, to cast out
Selfishness, malice, doubt,
Anger and fear; and for the better part,

To love so much, so well,
The spirit cannot tell
The range and sweep of her own boundary!
There is no period
Between the soul and God;
Love is the tide, God the eternal sea.

Of old, men walked by fear;
And if their God seemed near,
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed,—
A wraith of their own woes,
Vain, cruel, and morose,
With anger and vindictiveness endowed.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

Of old, men walked by hate;
The ruthless were the great;
Their crumbling kingdoms stayed by might alone.
Men saw vast empires die,
Nor guessed the reason why,—
The simple law of life as yet unknown

As love. Then came our Lord,
Proclaiming the accord
Of soul and nature in love's rule and sway,
The lantern that he set
To light us, shining yet
Along the Perfect Path wherein we stray.

To-day we walk by love;
To strive is not enough,
Save against greed and ignorance and might.
We apprehend peace comes
Not with the roll of drums,
But in the still processions of the night.

And we perceive, not awe
But love is the great law
That binds the world together safe and whole.
The splendid planets run
Their courses in the sun;
Love is the gravitation of the soul.

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

The Word There is no near nor far,
at St. Where glorious Algebar
Kavin's Swings round his mighty circuit through the night,
Yet where without a sound
The winged seed comes to ground,
And the red leaf seems hardly to alight.

One force, one lore, one need
For satellite and seed,
In the serene benignity for all.
Letting her time-glass run
With star-dust, sun by sun,
In Nature's thought there is no great nor small.

There is no far nor near
Within the spirit's sphere.
The summer sunset's scarlet-yellow wings
Are tinged with the same dye
That paints the tulip's ply.
And what is colour but the soul of things?

(The earth was without form;
God moulded it with storm,
Ice, flood, and tempest, gleaming tint and hue;
Lest it should come to ill
For lack of spirit still,
He gave it colour,—let the love shine through.)

My joy of yesterday
Is just as far away
As the first rapture of my man's estate.
A lifetime or an hour
Has all there is of power.
In Nature's love there is no small nor great.

Of old, men said, "Sin not;
By every line and jot
Ye shall abide; man's heart is false and vile."
Christ said, "By love alone
In man's heart is God known;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile."

The wise physician there
Of our distress had care,
And laid his finger on the pulse of time.
And there to eyes unsealed
Earth's secret lay revealed,
The truth that knows not any age nor clime.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

The heart of the ancient wood
Was a grim solitude,
The sanction of a worship no less grim;
Man's ignorance and fear
Peopled the natural year
With forces evil and malign to him.

He saw the wild rough way
Of cosmic powers at play;
He did not see the love that lay below.
Jehovah, Mars, and Thor,
These were the gods of war
He made in his own likeness long ago.

Then came the Word, and said,
"See how the world is made,—
With how much lovingkindness, ceaseless care.
Not Wrath, but Love, call then
The Lord of beasts and men,
Whose hand sustains the sparrows in the air."

And since that day we prove
Only how great is love,
Nor to this hour its greatness half believe.
For to what other power
Will life give equal dower,
Or chaos grant one moment of reprieve!

Look down the ages' line,
Where slowly the divine
Evinces energy, puts forth control;
See mighty love alone
Transmuting stock and stone,
Infusing being, helping sense and soul.

The Word And what is energy,
at St. In-working, which bids be
Kavin's The starry pageant and the life of earth?
What is the genesis
Of every joy and bliss,
Each action dared, each beauty brought to birth?

What hangs the sun on high?
What swells the growing rye?
What bids the loons cry on the Northern lake?
What stirs in swamp and swale,
When April winds prevail,
And all the dwellers of the ground awake?

What lurks in the dry seed,
But waiting to be freed,
Asleep and patient for a hundred years?
Till of earth, rain, and sun,
A miracle is done,
Some magic calls the sleeper and he hears,—

Arouses, puts forth blade
And leaf and bud, arrayed
Some morning in that garb of rosy snow,
The same fair matchless flower
As shed its petal-shower
Through old Iberian gardens long ago.

What is it that endures,
Survives, persists, immures
Life's very self, preserving type and plan?—
Yet learns the scope of change,
As the long cycles range,—
Looks through the eyes of bluebird, wolf, and man?

What lurks in the deep gaze
Of the old wolf? Amaze,
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.
But deeper than all these
Love muses, yearns, and sees,
And is the self that does not change nor veer.

Not love of self alone,
Struggle for lair and bone,
But self-derying love of mate and young,
Love that is kind and wise,
Knows trust and sacrifice,
And croons the old dark universal tongue.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

In Nature you behold
But strivings manifold,
Battle and conflict, tribe warring against tribe.
Look deeper, and see all
That death cannot appal,
Failure intimidate, nor fortune bribe.

Our brothers of the air
Who come with June must dare,
Be bold and strong, have knowledge, lust, and choice;
Yet think, when glad hosts throng
The summer woods with song,
Love gave them beauty and love lends them voice.

Love surely in some form
Bade them brave night and storm,—
Was the dark binnacle that held them true,
Those tiny mariners
No unknown voyage deters,
When the old migrant longing stirs anew.

And who has understood
Our brothers of the wood,
Save he who puts off guile and every guise
Of violence,—made truce
With panther, bear, and moose,
As beings like ourselves whom love makes wise?

For they, too, do love's will,
Our lesser clansmen still;
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;
Courageous, glad and hale,
They go forth on the trail,
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call.

The Word Oh, not fortuitous chance
at St. Alone, nor circumstance,
Kavin's Begot the creatures after their own kind;
But always loving will
Was present to fulfil
The primal purpose groping up to mind.

Adversity but bade
New puissance spring to aid,
New powers develop, new aptness come in play;
Yet never function wrought
Capacity from nought,—
Gave skill and mastery to the shapes of clay;

For always while new need
Evoked new thought through deed,
Old self was there to ponder, choose, and strive.
Fortune might mould, evolve,
But impulse must resolve,
Equipped at length to know, rejoice, and thrive.

And evermore must Love
Hearten, foresee, approve,
And look upon the work and find it good;
Else would all effort fail,—
The very stars avail
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.

Take love out of the world
One day, and we are hurled
Back into night, to perish in the void.
Love is the very girth
And cincture of this earth,
No stitch to be unloosed, no link destroyed.

However wild and long
The battle of the strong,
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace,
When gladness has its way
Under the fair blue day,
And life aspires, takes thought, bids good increase.

So dawns the awaited hour
When the great cosmic power
Of love was first declared by Christ; so too
To-day we keep in mind
His name who taught mankind
That open secret old, yet ever new,—

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

Commemorate his birth
Who loved the kindly earth,
Was gentle, strong, compassionate, humane,
And tolerant and wise
And glad,—the very guise
And height of manhood not to lose again.

Shall we not then forgo
Lavish perfunctory show,
The burdensome display, the empty gift,
That we may have to give
To every soul alive
Of love's illumination, cheer, and lift?

See rich and poor be fed!
Break up thy soul for bread,
Be loaves and fishes to the hungry heart,
That a great multitude,
Receiving of thy good,
May bless the God within thee and depart!

You workman, love your work
Or leave it. Let no irk
Unsteady the laborious hand, that still
Must give the spirit play
To follow her own way
To beauty, through devotion, care, and skill.

How otherwise find vent
For soul's imperious bent,
Than through these hands for wonder-working made,
When Love the sure and bold
Guides to the unfortold?
Blessed the craftsman who is unafraid!

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's* Give Beauty her sweet will,
Make love your mistress still,
You lovers, nor delay! God's time be yours.
Make low-born jealousy
And doubt ashamed to be,
And cast old envious gossip out of doors.

Believe the truth of love,
Enact the beauty of love,
Praise and adore the goodness of love.
For we are wise by love,
And strong and fair through love,
No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Remember the new word
The Syrian twilight heard,
That marvellous discourse which John records,
The one last great command
The Master left his band,
"Love one another!" And our time affords

What greater scope than just
To execute that trust?
Love greatly; love; love is life's best employ.
Neighbour, sweetheart, or friend,
Love wholly, to love's end;
So is the round world richer for your joy.

Love only, one or all!
Measure no great and small!
Love is a seed, life-bearing, undecayed;
And that immortal germ
Past bounds of zone and term
Will grow and cover the whole world with shade.

Sow love, it cannot fail;
Adversity's sharp hail
May cut all else to ground; fair love survives.
The black frost of despair
And slander's bitter air,—
Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

Be body, mind and soul,
Subject to love's control,
Each loving to the limit of love's power;
And all as one, not three,
So is man's trinity
Enhanced and freed and gladdened hour by hour.

*The Word
at St.
Kavin's*

Beauty from youth to age,
The body's heritage,
Love will not forfeit by neglect nor shame;
And knowledge, dearly bought,
Love will account as nought,
Unless it serve soul's need and body's claim.

Let soul desire, mind ask,
And body crave; our task
Be to fulfil each want in love's own way,
So shall the good and true
Partake of beauty too,
And life be helped and greatened day by day.

Spend love, and save it not;
In act, in wish, in thought,
Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.
Let not the heart grow dry,
As the good hours go by;
Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.

Open the door to-night
Within your heart, and light
The lantern of love there to shine afar.
On a tumultuous sea
Some straining craft, maybe,
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star.

*The Tidings
to Olaf*

*T*HIS is a question arose in the Norse land long ago,
About the time of Yule, the season of joy and snow.
To-morrow, our Christmas Day, can you answer
straight and true,
After these thousand years, when the question comes to you?

Olaf sat on his throne, and the priest of Thor stood by;
And the King's eyes were gray as the December sky.

“ Whom shall we serve, O King—the god of thy
fathers, Thor,
Who made us lords of the sea, and gave us our land
in war,

“ Who follows our battle flag over the barren brine,
Who braces the bursting heart when the rowers bend
in line,

“ Who hath made us the fear of the world and the
envy of the earth,
Whose splendour sustains us in death, who hath given
us plenty for dearth,

“ Or this poor, thought-ridden Jew, an outcast whose
head was priced
At thirty pieces of silver, this friendless anarchist,
Christ?

“ Is not thine empire spread over the Western Isles?
Are not thy people sown wherever the sun-path
smiles?

“ Do there not come to thee iron and gems and corn?
Does not thy glory blaze wherever our trade is borne?

“ Over the red sea-rim thy galleys go down with the
sun;
Beyond the gates of the storm thy written mandates
run.

“ Behold, new lands arise to the lift of thy daring
prows,
And health and riches and joy prosper thy fir-built
house.

to,
w.
er
u?
y;
ty.
hy
nd
e,
nd
the
ven
ose
ist,
es?
ath
orn?
rne?
the
ates
ring
uilt

“Is there lack to thee of aught the strength of thy
folk can give,
When the will and the longing come to stretch out
thy hand and live?”

*The Tidings
to Olaf*

“Honey and fruit and wine, are they not piled on the
board?
Do not a hundred tribes pay tribute to our Lord?”

“Olaf, beloved of the gods! Is there an outland
tongue,
Is there an isle of the sea where thy praise has not
been sung?”

“Scarlet and silk and gold gleam on thy breast and
brow.
Had the kings of the earth of old such honour and
freedom as thou?”

“Might and dominion and power and majesty, are
they not thine?
Will the seed of warrior kings dishonour the war-
god’s shrine?”

“O King, do I speak this day in thy name, or for-
evermore
Let perish the ancient creed? By thy grace, is it
Christ or Thor?”

Olaf sat on his throne. And the priest of Thor gave
place
To a pale dark monk. All eyes were bent on the
stranger’s face.

“O King, how shall I speak and answer this wisdom
of eld?
Yet the new trees of the forest spring up where the
old are felled.

“When the sombre and ancient firs are laid in the
dust, in your North,
The tender young green of the birch and the delicate
aspen put forth.

*The Tidings
to Olaf*

“ Is the land left naked and bare, because the brush-
fires have run?

Ye have seen the soft carpet of fern spread down
where the blackening was done.

“ With beauty God covers the ground, no acre too
poor to befriend,

That thou and I and all men may perceive and com-
prehend.

“ He carries the sea in his hand, he lights the stars
in the sky,

And whispers over thy soul as the shadows move on
the rye.

“ The King has his kingly state, but his heart is the
heart of man,

Swept over by clouds of grief, then sunlit with joy for
a span.

“ And every living spirit that is clothed with flesh
and bone

Is just so much of God's being, his presence revealed
and known.

“ We are part of God's breath, as the gust, whereby
thy hearth-fire is fanned,

Is part of the wild north wind that rolls the breakers
to land.

“ We are a part of his life, as the waves are a part of
the sea,

A moment uplift in the sun, then merged in
eternity.

“ What is it, O man and King, that stretches between
us twain,

Like the living tides that gird the islands of the
main?

“ What lifts thy name, Olaf, aloft on the shout of thy
folk in war?

What keeps it warm by the hearth? Is it the favour
of Thor?

“ No! 'Tis the love of thy people, the great common
love of thy kind,
The thing that is old as the sun and stronger than the
wind.

The Tidings
to Olaf

“ And, Olaf, all these things, these goods which thy
priest proclaims,
That make thee a lord among men, and give thee a
name above names,

“ Are gifts of the spirit of love. Take away love, and
thy throne
Melts like a word on the air; thou art a name un-
known.

“ Is the King heavy at heart, and no man can tell him
why;
What does his glory avail to put the heaviness by?

“ But like any poor nameless man among men, the
mighty King
Is heartened among his folk by the simple love they
bring.

“ Is the King weary in mind, and none can lighten
his mood;
What cheers him to power anew but thought of his
people's good?

“ To love, to know, and to do! So we grow perfect
apace,
The human made more divine, as the old to the new
gives place.

“ But who will show us the way,—be lantern and staff
and girth?
Where is the Light of the World and the Sweetness
of the Earth?

“ The King has a thousand men, yet one more brave
than the rest;
The King has a hundred bards, yet one the wisest and
best;

*The Tidings
to Olaf*

"The King has a score of friends, yet one most accounted of.

And now, if these three were one, in courage, in wisdom and love,

"There were the matchless friend, whose cause should enlist all lands,

Gentle, intrepid, and true. And there, O King, Christ stands.

"Freedom and knowledge and joy, not mine nor any man's,

But open to all the earth without proscription or bans,

"Where is the bringer of these? His hand is upon thy door.

And he who knocks, O King, is a greater God than Thor.

"Olaf, 'tis Yule in the world; the old creeds groan and fall,

The ice of doubt at their heart, the snows of fear over all.

"But now, even now, O friends, deep down in the kindly earth,

Are not the marvellous seeds awaiting the hour of birth?

"Even now in the sunlit places, do not the saplings prepare

To unfold their new growth to the light, unsheathe their rich buds on the air?

"And so, from the dark sweet mould of the human heart will arise,

To enmorning the world with light and this life emparadise,

"The deathless, young glory of love. And valley and hill and plain

And fields and cities of men, they shall not sorrow again.

“ For there shall be freedom and peace and beauty in
that far spring,
And folk shall go forth without fear, and be glad at
their work and sing.

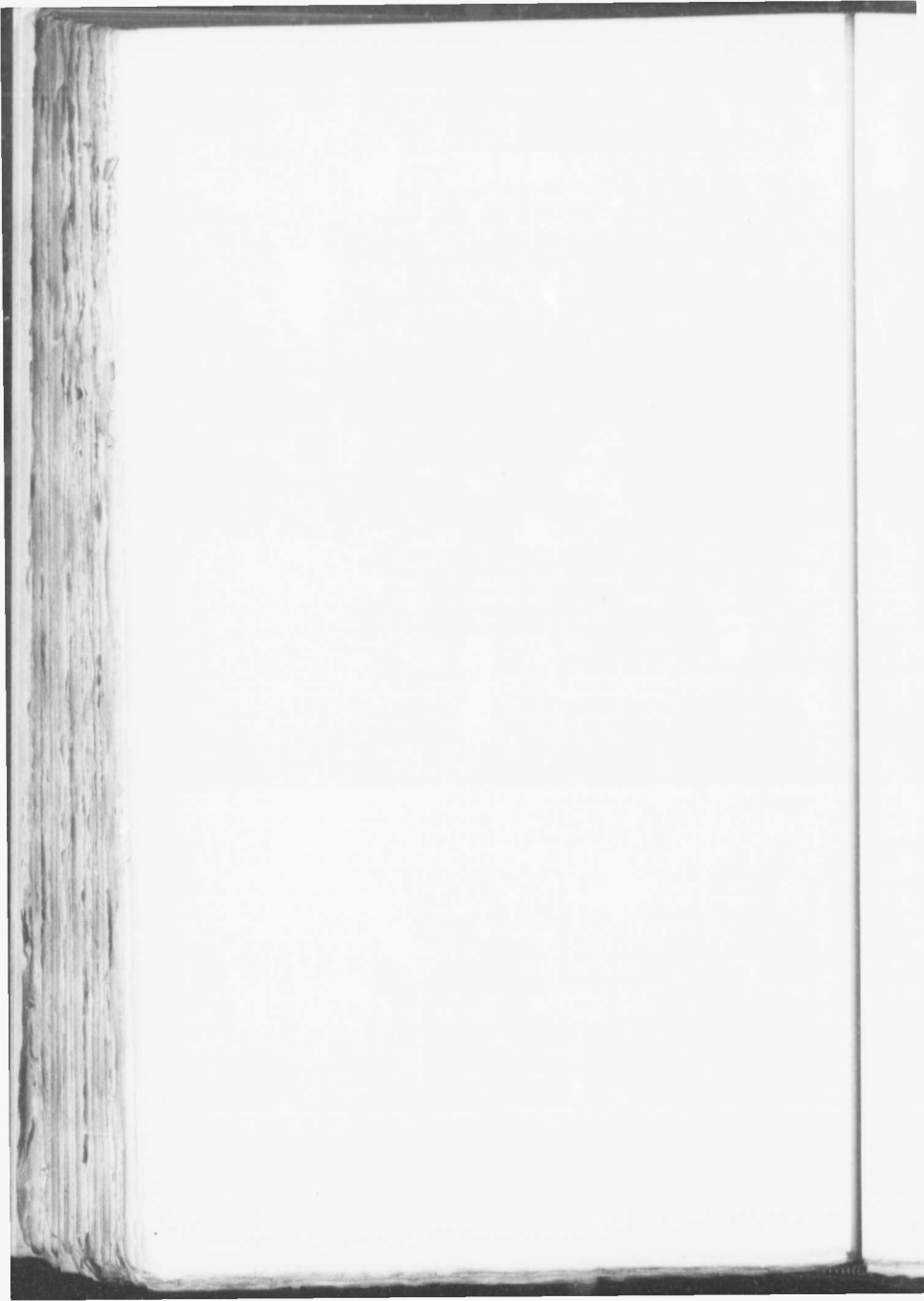
*The Tidings
to Olaf*

“ And men will hallow this day with his name who
died on the tree,
For the cause of eternal love, in the service of liberty.

“ O King, shall the feet of Truth come in through thy
open door,
Or alone out of all the world be debarred? Is it
Christ or Thor?”

The King sat on his throne, and the two priests stood
by.
And Olaf's eyes grew mild as a blue April sky.

*Thus were the tidings to Olaf brought in the early days,
To be a lamp in his house, and a sign-post in the ways.
And you, O men and women, does it concern you at all,
That Truth still cries at the cross-roads, and you do not
heed his call?*



ODE ON THE CORONATION
OF KING EDWARD

T
In
T

Fo

As

Ar
Fo
Fr
Fr
An

Th

An

An
In
To
Wi

Th

And

Th
In t
And

And

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

I
THERE are joy-bells over England, there are
flags on London town;
There is bunting on the channel, where the fleets
go up and down;
There are bonfires alight
In the pageant of the night;
There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns
that speak for might;
For another king in England is coming to the crown.

II
As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Norman's
sway,
And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day.
For the English kings must hold
From Alfred, great of old,—
From Sea-king and Crusader and Elizabeth the Bold,
And every free-born Commoner whose strength is
England's stay.

III
They will take him up to Westminster, and set him
in his place;
And Church and Lords and Commons will stand
before his face,
And hear him make reply,
In the name of God most high,
To be their Faith's Defender, as it was in days gone by,
With the thousand years behind him and the glory of
his race.

IV
They will give him orb and sceptre, the chalice, spurs
and sword;
And vest him with the purple to kneel before his
Lord;
Then he will rise from prayer
In the ancient Minster there,
And hear the world's four corners proclaim the troth
they bear,
And cry, "God save King Edward!" and pledge the
liegeman's word.

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

v

They will keep the old tradition that fills the world
with fame;
They will hold by use and custom, and repeat the
sounding name;
And men a million strong
Will give him shout and song,
Where the trappings and the banners and the blazons
move along,
When the bells make din by day, and by night the
rockets flame.

vi

There'll be men of little learning and men of proven
worth,
Of every caste and every creed, come up from all the
earth;
To watch him brave and fine,
To speak of right divine,—
Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line,
And bless the blameless memory of Her who gave
him birth.

vii

But who will stand before him, with single words
and few,
And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him straight
and true,
Not only by God's grace
He comes unto his place,
The sovereignty of office, the reverend pride of race,
But by their will who choose him as their fathers
used to do?

viii

By the touch of love that kindles the blood beneath
the tan;
By the loyalty they bear him because he is a man,
Who has learned the modest way
To serve and to obey,
Who never flinched at duty, nor faltered in fair-play;
For the world is held together by creed and code and
clan.

IX

Stand up, Sir, in your honour! They come from near
 and far,
 Rajah and Chief and Councillor and Prince and Ras-
 seldar,
 From Canada and Ind
 And the lands behind the wind,
 Whose purpose none may question nor their decree
 rescind,
 To name you King of England for the gentleman you are.

*Ode on the
 Coronation
 of King
 Edward*

X

Premier and Peer and Senator, they come from far
 and near,
 In kilted worn war-harness, in fez and jewelled gear,
 In their proud fealty,
 The new-world chivalry
 From Melbourne to Toronto and the islands of the sea,
 To render trust and tribute of all men hold most dear.

XI

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe
 and drum,
 In the garments of all nations, and singing as they
 come?
 By the colour on the cheek,
 By the accent when they speak,
 They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes are
 far to seek;
 But they all come up to England, when England calls
 them home.

XII

And these who speak the English tongue not in the
 English way,
 With the careless mien and temper self-assured, whose
 sons are they?
 By the larger looser stride,
 By the ampler ease and pride,
 By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook
 keener-eyed,
 They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider
 whiter day.

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

XIII

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships
go far inland,
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a council
grand;
From the waving Northern light
At the edge of polar night,
Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail
is bright,
To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards
stand;

XIV

By prairie, swale, and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy
breakers croon,
By canyon, ford, and pass,
By desert and morass,
In snows that stung like lashes, on seas like burning
glass,
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

XV

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the
world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers'
smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail
They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did
not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their
scarlet sign unfurled.

XVI

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false nor mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of your
Queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your
plighted faith unsold.

XVII

" We have fought the long great battle of the liberty
of man,
And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
But the faith that was within us we have stubbornly
upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-
hewn plan.

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

XVIII

" We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured
on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made
us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove;
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

XIX

O East they go and West they go, and never can they
bide,
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at
their side;
They may stablish hearth and home,
But the sons will forth and roam,
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,
Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of
the tide.

XX

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew;
They have rumours of a region where the heart has
nought to rue;
And never will they rest
Till they reach the fabled West,
That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of
the Breast.
And forever they are dreamers who make the dream
come true.

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

XXI

In the North they are far forward, in the South they
have begun,
The English of three continents who take their rule
from none,
But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its
theme,—
With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge for
its sun.

XXII

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows
bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon
might;
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her
own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail,
war, and blight.

XXIII

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
Must pass and leave a mind
More sane, a soul more kind,
And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
When over lust and carnage the great white peace
appears.

XXIV

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace,
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the maxims
cease,
Not as invaders come
With gun-wheel and with drum,
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit
has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger
 creed,—
 The love that knows no border, the bond that knows
 no breed;
 For the little word of right
 Must grow with truth and might,
 Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants
 take flight,
 And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern
 tide,
 Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and
 pride,
 Very tenderly we turn
 With welling hearts that yearn
 Still to fence you and defend you, let the sons of men
 discern
 Wherein our right and title, might and majesty, reside.

O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
 From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a
 world away;
 For they know the Law will hold
 And be equal as of old,
 With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
 And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the
 word and sing,
 And the Abbey of our fathers with their acclamations
 ring,
 Know well that, true and free,
 By the changeless heart's decree,
 On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the
 sea
 From the verges of the Empire will come, "God save
 the King!"

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

