



POEMS BY BLISS CARMAN

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SIGNED *Bliss Carman*

# POEMS

BY

BLISS CARMAN



VOL. I

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



LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

*Table of Contents*

	PAGE		PAGE
Low Tide on Grand Pré . . . . .	1	Golden Rowan . . . . .	19
Why . . . . .	4	Through the Twilight . . . . .	19
The Unreturning . . . . .	5	Carnations in Winter . . . . .	20
Marian Drury . . . . .	5	A Sea Drift . . . . .	21
A Windflower . . . . .	6	A Northern Vigil . . . . .	21
In Lyric Season . . . . .	7	The Eavesdropper . . . . .	23
The Pensioners . . . . .	7	In Apple Time . . . . .	25
At the Voice of a Bird . . . . .	9	Wanderer . . . . .	25
When the Guelder Roses Bloom . . . . .	10	Afoot . . . . .	29
Seven Things . . . . .	13	Wayfaring . . . . .	30
A Sea Child . . . . .	14	The End of the Trail . . . . .	33
Pulvis et Umbra . . . . .	14	The Vagabonds . . . . .	35
		Whither . . . . .	38

BEHIND THE ARRAS

Behind the Arras . . . . .	41	Beyond the Gamut . . . . .	73
Fancy's Fool . . . . .	49	The Juggler . . . . .	80
The Deserted Inn . . . . .	50	Hack and Hew . . . . .	82
The Moondial . . . . .	52	Hem and Haw . . . . .	83
The Face in the Stream . . . . .	54	The Night Express . . . . .	84
The Red Wolf . . . . .	57	The Dustman . . . . .	86
The Faithless Lover . . . . .	61	The Sleepers . . . . .	87
The Crimson House . . . . .	61	Exit Anima . . . . .	88
The Lodger . . . . .	63		

LYRICS FROM AN OLD PLAY

The Players . . . . .	93	In the Workshop . . . . .	111
In the Wings . . . . .	93	In the House of Idie- daily . . . . .	112
Garden Lovers . . . . .	94	In the Great House . . . . .	114
The Wind and the Tree . . . . .	95	In a Garden . . . . .	114
The Tragedy of Willow . . . . .	96	The Marching Morrows . . . . .	114
River Water . . . . .	97	The Mendicants . . . . .	115
Quaker Ladies . . . . .	100	The Joys of the Road . . . . .	117
Under the Rowans . . . . .	101	May and June . . . . .	119
Louie Rae . . . . .	102	A Song of the Open . . . . .	120
Berris Yare . . . . .	104	Holiday . . . . .	121
Lal of Kilrudden . . . . .	107	The Point of View . . . . .	121
Nell Guy . . . . .	108	The Poor Traveller . . . . .	122
A Midwinter Memory . . . . .	110	An Epitaph . . . . .	122
The Mote . . . . .	111		

*Table of  
Contents*

BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN

	PAGE		PAGE
A Son of the Sea . . .	125	The City in the Sea. . .	149
The Gravedigger . . .	125	The Kelpie Riders . . .	152
The Yule Guest . . .	126	A Captain of the Press- Gang . . . . .	163
The Marring of Malyn 133		Aboard the Galleon. . .	164
i. The Merry-makers 133		A Song before Sailing . .	165
ii. A Sailor's Wedding 134		Noons of Poppy . . .	167
iii. The Light on the Marsh . . . . .	137	Legends of Lost Haven 167	
The Nancy's Pride . . .	139	The Shadow Boatswain 168	
The Master of the Scud 141		The Master of the Isles 171	
The Ships of St. John . .	144	The Last Watch . . .	173
The King of Ys . . . .	145	Outbound . . . . .	175

MEMORABILIA

Missing . . . . .	179	Phillips Brooks . . . .	211
The Lost Comrade, R.H. 179		John Eliot Bowen . . .	212
Non Omnis Moriar . . .	180	Henry George . . . .	213
A New England Poet . .	182	Ilicit . . . . .	214
By the Aurelian Wall . .	185	In a Copy of Browning 215	
The White Gull . . . .	187	To Raphael . . . . .	219
The Country of Har . . .	193	To Paul Verlaine . . .	221
To Richard Lovelace . .	196	A Norse Child's Re- quiem . . . . .	222
A Seamark . . . . .	196	In the Heart of the Hills . . . . .	223
At the Road House . . .	201	An Afterword . . . .	225
A Toast to Tusitala . . .	202	Seven Wind Songs . . .	227
The Word of the Water 203		Andrew Straton . . .	230
Lincoln . . . . .	203	The Grave-Tree . . . .	235
Ballad of Father Hud- son . . . . .	207		

SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

Prelude . . . . .	241	vi. Love, by that loos- ened hair . . . . .	245
i. There is a wise Ma- gician . . . . .	242	vii. Once more in every tree-top . . . . .	245
ii. The day is lost with- out thee . . . . .	242	viii. Under the green- ing willow . . . . .	246
iii. Thou art the sense and semblance . . . .	243	ix. Dear, what hast thou to do . . . . .	246
iv. Thou art the pride and passion . . . . .	244	x. As sudden winds that freak . . . . .	247
v. In the door of the house of life . . . . .	244		

*Table of Contents*

	PAGE		PAGE
49		xxxiii. Swing down, great sun, swing down	258
52		xxxiv. The world is a golden calyx . . . . .	258
63		xxxv. Eyes like sum- mer after sundown . . . . .	258
64		xxxvi. The sun is lord of a manor fair . . . . .	259
65		xxxvii. In God's blue garden the flowers are cold . . . . .	259
67		xxxviii. First by her starry gaze that falls	259
67		xxxix. The alchemist who throws his worlds	259
68		xl. Thy mouth is a snow apple . . . . .	260
71		xli. As orchards in an apple land . . . . .	260
73		xlii. Noon on the marshes and noon on the hills . . . . .	260
75		xliii. Berrybrown, Ber- rybrown, give me your hands! . . . . .	260
11		xliv. Wait for me, Cherrychild, when the blue dusk . . . . .	261
12		xlv. Summer love, open your eyes to me now! . . . . .	261
13		xlvi. Through what strange garden ran . . . . .	262
14		xlvii. Let the red dawn surmise . . . . .	262
15		xlviii. A breath upon my face . . . . .	262
19		xlix. I was a reed in the stilly stream . . . . .	263
21		l. I was the west wind over the garden . . . . .	264
12		li. A touch of your hair, and my heart was furled . . . . .	264
13		lii. In the land of kisses	264
15		liii. I think the sun when he turns at night	265
15			
5			
5			
6			
6			
7			



*Table of  
Contents*

	PAGE		PAGE
LIV. I see the golden hunter go . . . . .	265	LXXXVI. When the Oc- tober wind stole in . . .	275
LV. You old men with frosty beards . . . . .	265	LXXXVII. The red frost came with his armies . . .	275
LVI. It was the tranquil hour . . . . .	266	LXXXVIII. Dearest, in this so golden fall . . . . .	276
LVII. The mountain ways one summer . . . . .	266	LXXXIX. Her hair was crocus yellow . . . . .	276
LVIII. Poppy, you shall live forever . . . . .	266	LXXX. Out of the dust that bore thee . . . . .	277
LIX. I loved you when the tide of prayer . . . . .	267	LXXXI. Remnants of this soul of mine . . . . .	277
LX. Once of a Northern midnight . . . . .	267	LXXXII. What is this House at the End of the World . . . . .	278
LXI. The forest leaves were all asleep . . . . .	268	LXXXIII. The willows are all golden now . . . . .	279
LXII. Theresighedalong the garden path . . . . .	269	LXXXIV. O wonder of all wonders . . . . .	279
LXIII. And then I knew the first vague bliss . . . . .	269	LXXXV. This is the time of the golden bough . . . . .	279
LXIV. I knew, by that diviner sense . . . . .	270	LXXXVI. When spring comes up the slope of the gray old sea . . . . .	280
LXV. A moon - white moth against the moon . . . . .	270	LXXXVII. Now spring comes up the world, sweetheart . . . . .	280
LXVI. What is it to re- member? . . . . .	271	LXXXVIII. The rain on the roof is your laughter . . . . .	281
LXVII. She had the flutter- ing eyelids . . . . .	271	LXXXIX. Sweetheart, sweetheart, delay no more . . . . .	281
LXVIII. The land lies full, from brim to brim . . . . .	272	XC. Out of the floor of the greenish sea . . . . .	281
LXIX. In the blue opal of a winter noon . . . . .	272	XCI. There's not a little boat, sweetheart . . . . .	282
LXX. Far hence in the infinite silence . . . . .	272	XCII. She said, "In all the purple hills" . . . . .	282
LXXI. Of the whole year, I think, I love . . . . .	273	XCIII. I saw the ships come wing by wing . . . . .	282
LXXII. At night upon the mountains . . . . .	273	XCIV. Up and up, they all come up . . . . .	283
LXXIII. Once more the woods grow crimson . . . . .	274	XCV. I saw you in the gloaming, love . . . . .	283
LXXIV. Once when the winds of spring came home . . . . .	274	XCVI. How unutterably lonely . . . . .	283
LXXV. The world is swimming in the light . . . . .	275		

X

XI

XI

C.

CI

CI

CI

CI

CI

CV

CV

CVI

CVI

PAGE		PAGE
75	xcvii. Do you know the pull of the wind on the sea? . . . . .	284
75	xcviii. The fishers are sailing; the fleet is away . . . . .	284
76	xcix. My love said, "What is the sea?" . . . . .	285
76	c. The moonlight is a garden . . . . .	285
77	ci. The lily said to the rose . . . . .	286
77	cii. The white water-lilies, they sleep on the lake . . . . .	286
78	ciii. What are the great stars white and blue . . . . .	287
79	civ. What is that spreading light far over the sea . . . . .	287
79	cv. Over the sea is a scarlet cloud . . . . .	287
9	cvi. What lies across my lonely bed . . . . .	288
0	cvii. Another day comes up . . . . .	288

PAGE	<i>Table of Contents</i>	
	cviii. Three things there be in the world, Yvonne . . . . .	288
	cix. The first soft green of a Northern spring . . . . .	289
	cx. Now all the twigs and grasses . . . . .	289
	cx. Our isle is a magic ship . . . . .	289
	cxii. The sails of the ship are white, love . . . . .	290
	cxiii. Look, where the Northern streamers wave and fold . . . . .	290
	cxiv. I do not long for fame . . . . .	291
	cxv. I know how the great and golden sun . . . . .	291
	cxvi. Now comes the golden sunlight . . . . .	292
	cxvii. In the blue mystery of the April woods . . . . .	292
	Aftersong . . . . .	292



LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ



THE sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

*Low Tide  
on Grand  
Pré*

And yet I know that not for us,  
By any ecstasy of dream,  
He lingers to keep luminous  
A little while the grievous stream,  
Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro  
Athrough the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home and Acadie.

Was it a year or lives ago  
We took the grasses in our hands,  
And caught the summer flying low  
Over the waving meadow lands,  
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-heat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

*Low Tide  
on Grand  
Pré*

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory, were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught;  
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide . . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,  
Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam:  
In grief the flood is bursting home.

*Why*

FOR a name unknown,  
Whose fame unblown  
Sleeps in the hills  
For ever and aye;

For her who hears  
The stir of the years  
Go by on the wind  
By night and day;

And heeds no thing  
Of the needs of spring,  
Of autumn's wonder  
Or winter's chill;

For one who sees  
The great sun freeze,  
As he wanders a-cold  
From hill to hill;

And all her heart  
Is a woven part  
Of the flurry and drift  
Of whirling snow;

For the sake of two  
Sad eyes and true,  
And the old, old love  
So long ago.

*Why*

THE old eternal spring once more  
Comes back the sad eternal way,  
With tender rosy light before  
The going-out of day.

*The Un-  
returning*

The great white moon across my door  
A shadow in the twilight stirs;  
But now forever comes no more  
That wondrous look of Hers.

MARIAN DRURY, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the sea!  
Acadie dreams of your coming home  
All year through, and her heart gets free,—

*Marian  
Drury*

Free on the trail of the wind to travel,  
Search and course with the roving tide,  
All year long where his hands unravel  
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the surge!  
April over the Norland now  
Walks in the quiet from verge to verge.

Burying, brimming, the building billows  
Fret the long dikes with uneasy foam.  
Drenched with gold weather, the idling willows  
Kiss you a hand from the Norland home.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the sun!  
Blomidon waits for your coming home,  
All day long where the white winds run.



*Marian  
Drury*

All spring through they falter and follow,  
Wander, and beckon the roving tide,  
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,  
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the rain!  
April over the Norland now  
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain,—

Halts before the forsaken dwelling,  
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,  
Love, whom the fingers of death are quelling,  
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes filled with you!  
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home,—  
Dreams while the rainbirds all night through,

Far in the uplands calling to win you,  
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide;  
And never the burning heart within you  
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

*A Wind-  
flower*

**B**ETWEEN the roadside and the wood,  
Between the dawning and the dew,  
A tiny flower before the sun,  
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

And there upon the trail of spring,  
Not death nor love nor any name  
Known among men in all their lands  
Could blur the wild desire with shame.

But down my dayspan of the year  
The feet of straying winds came by;  
And all my trembling soul was thrilled  
To follow one lost mountain cry.

And then my heart beat once and broke  
To hear the sweeping rain forebode  
Some ruin in the April world,  
Between the woodside and the road.

To-night can bring no healing now;  
The calm of yesternight is gone;  
Surely the wind is but the wind,  
And I a broken waif thereon.

*A Wind-  
flower*

**T**HE lyric April time is forth  
With lyric mornings, frost and sun;  
From leaguers vast of night undone  
Auroral mild new stars are born.

*In Lyric  
Season*

And ever at the year's return,  
Along the valleys gray with rime,  
Thou ledest as of old, where time  
Can naught but follow to thy sway.

The trail is far through leagues of spring,  
And long the quest to the white core  
Of harvest quiet, yet once more  
I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet  
Thy still regard across the year,  
And yet I know thou wilt draw near,  
When the last hour of pain and loss

Drifts out to slumber, and the deeps  
Of nightfall feel God's hand unbar  
His lyric April, star by star,  
And the lost twilight land reveal.

**W**E are the pensioners of Spring,  
And take the largess of her hand  
When vassal warder winds unbar  
The wintry portals of her land;

*The Pen-  
sioners*

The lonely shadow-girdled winds,  
Her seraph almoners, who keep  
This little life in flesh and bone  
With meagre portions of white sleep.

*The Pensioners*

Then all year through with starveling care  
We go on some fool's idle quest,  
And eat her bread and wine in thrall  
To a fool's shame with blind unrest.

Until her April train goes by,  
And then because we are the kin  
Of every hill flower on the hill  
We must arise and walk therein.

Because her heart as our own heart,  
Knowing the same wild upward stir,  
Beats joyward by eternal laws,  
We must arise and go with her;

Forget we are not where old joys  
Return when dawns and dreams retire;  
Make grief a phantom of regret,  
And fate the henchman of desire;

Divorce unreason from delight;  
Learn how despair is uncontrol,  
Failure the shadow of remorse,  
And death a shudder of the soul.

Yea, must we triumph when she leads.  
A little rain before the sun,  
A breath of wind on the road's dust,  
The sound of trammelled brooks undone,

Along red glinting willow stems  
The year's white prime, on bank and stream  
The haunting cadence of no song  
And vivid wanderings of dream,

A range of low blue hills, the far  
First whitethroat's ecstasy unfurled:  
And we are overlords of change,  
In the glad morning of the world,

Though we should fare as they whose life  
Time takes within his hands to wring  
Between the winter and the sea,  
The weary pensioners of Spring.

*Consurgent ad vocem volueris*

CALL to me, thrush,  
When night grows dim,  
When dreams unform  
And death is far!

When hoar dews flush  
On dawn's rathe brim,  
Wake me to hear  
Thy wildwood charm,

As a lone rush  
Astir in the slim  
White stream where sheer  
Blue mornings are.

Stir the keen hush  
On twilight's rim  
When my own star  
Is white and clear.

Fly low to brush  
Mine eyelids grim,  
Where sleep and storm  
Will set their bar;

For God shall crush  
Spring balm for him,  
Stark on his bier  
Past fault or harm,

Who once, as flush  
Of day might skim  
The dusk, afar  
In sleep shall hear

Thy song's cool rush  
With joy rebrim  
The world, and calm  
The deep with cheer.

Then, Heartsease, hush!  
If sense grow dim,  
Desire shall steer  
Us home from far.

*At the  
Voice of a  
Bird*

*When the  
Guelder  
roses bloom*

WHEN the Guelder roses bloom,  
Love, the vagrant, wanders home.

Love, that died so long ago,  
As we deemed, in dark and snow,

Comes back to the door again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

In his hands a few bright flowers,  
Gathered in the earlier hours,

Speedwell-blue, and poppy-red,  
Withered in the sun and dead,

With a history to each,  
Are more eloquent than speech.

In his eyes the welling tears  
Plead against the lapse of years.

And that mouth we knew so well,  
Hath a pilgrim's tale to tell.

Hear his litany again:  
"Guendolen, Guendolen!"

"No, love, no, thou art a ghost!  
Love long since in night was lost.

"Thou art but the shade of him,  
For thine eyes are sad and dim."

"Nay, but they will shine once more,  
Glad and brighter than before,

"If thou bring me but again  
To my mother Guendolen!

"These dark flowers are for thee,  
Gathered by the lonely sea.

"And these singing shells for her  
Who first called me wanderer,

"In whose beauty glad I grew,  
When this weary life was new."

*When the  
Guelder  
roses bloom*

Hear him raving! "It is I.  
Love once born can never die."

"Thou, poor love, thou art gone mad  
With the hardships thou hast had.

"True, it is the spring of year,  
But thy mother is not here.

"True, the Guelder roses bloom  
As long since about this room,

"Where thy blessed self was born  
In the early golden morn,

"But the years are dead, good lack!  
Ah, love, why hast thou come back,

"Pleading at the door again,  
'Guendolen, Guendolen!'"

When the Guelder roses bloom,  
And the vernal stars resume

Their old purple sweep and range,  
I can hear a whisper strange

As the wind gone daft again,  
"Guendolen, Guendolen!"

"When the Guelder roses blow,  
Love that died so long ago,

"Why wilt thou return so oft,  
With that whisper sad and soft

"On thy pleading lips again,  
'Guendolen, Guendolen!'"

Still the Guelder roses bloom,  
And the sunlight fills the room,

*When the  
Guelder  
roses bloom*

Where love's shadow at the door  
Falls upon the dusty floor.

And his eyes are sad and grave  
With the tenderness they crave,

Seeing in the broken rhyme  
The significance of time,

Wondrous eyes that know not sin  
From his brother death, wherein

I can see thy look again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

And love with no more to say,  
In this lovely world to-day

Where the Guelder roses bloom,  
Than the record on a tomb,

Only moves his lips again,  
"Guendolen, Guendolen!"

Then he passes up the road  
From this dwelling, where he bode

In the bygone years. And still,  
As he mounts the sunset hill

Where the Guelder roses blow  
With their drifts of summer snow,

I can hear him, like one dazed  
At a phantom he has raised,

Murmur o'er and o'er again,  
"Guendolen, Guendolen!"

And thus every year, I know,  
When the Guelder roses blow,

Love will wander by my door,  
Till the spring returns no more;

Till no more I can withstand,  
But must rise and take his hand

Through the countries of the night,  
Where he walks by his own sight,

To the mountains of a dawn  
That has never yet come on,

Out of this fair land of doom  
Where the Guelder roses bloom,

Till I come to thee again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

*When the  
Guelder  
roses bloom*

THE fields of earth are sown  
From the hand of the striding rain,  
And kernels of joy are strewn  
Abroad for the harrow of pain.

*Seven  
Things*

I  
The first song-sparrow brown  
That wakes the earliest spring,  
When time and fear sink down,  
And death is a fabled thing.

II  
The stealing of that first dawn  
Over the rosy brow,  
When thy soul said, "World, fare on,  
For Heaven is here and now!"

III  
The crimson shield of the sun  
On the wall of this House of Doom,  
With the garb of war undone  
At last in the narrow room.

IV  
A heart that abides to the end,  
As the hills for sureness and peace,  
And is neither weary to wend  
Nor reluctant at last of release.



*Seven  
Things*

v

Thy mother's cradle croon  
To haunt thee over the deep,  
Out of the land of Boon  
Into the land of Sleep.

vi

The sound of the sea in storm,  
Hearing its captain cry,  
When the wild white riders form,  
And the Ride to the Dark draws nigh.

vii

But last and best, the urge  
Of the great world's desire,  
Whose being from core to verge  
Only attains to aspire.

*A Sea  
Child*

THE lover of child Marjory  
Had one white hour of life brim full;  
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,  
Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory  
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,  
The glad indomitable sea,  
The strong white sun.

*Pulvis et  
Umbra*

THERE is dust upon my fingers,  
Pale gray dust of beaten wings,  
Where a great moth came and settled  
From the night's blown winnowings.

Harvest with her low red planets  
Wheeling over Arrochar;  
And the lonely hopeless calling  
Of the bell-buoy on the bar,

Where the sea with her old secret  
Moves in sleep and cannot rest.  
From that dark beyond my doorway,  
Silent the unbidden guest

Came and tarried, fearless, gentle,  
Vagrant of the starlit gloom,  
One frail waif of beauty fronting  
Immortality and doom;

*Pulvis et  
Umbra*

Through the chambers of the twilight  
Roaming from the vast outland,  
Resting for a thousand heart-beats  
In the hollow of my hand.

“ Did the volley of a thrush-song  
Lodge among some leaves and dew  
Hillward, then across the gloaming  
This dark mottled thing was you ?

“ Or is my mute guest whose coming  
So unheralded befell  
From the border wilds of dreamland,  
Only whimsy Ariel,

“ Gleaning with the wind, in furrows  
Lonelier than dawn to reap,  
Dust and shadow and forgetting,  
Frost and reverie and sleep ?

“ In the hush when Cleopatra  
Felt the darkness reel and cease,  
Was thy soul a wan blue lotus  
Laid upon her lips for peace ?

“ And through all the years that wayward  
Passion in one mortal breath,  
Making thee a thing of silence,  
Made thee as the lords of death ?

“ Or did goblin men contrive thee  
In the forges of the hills  
Out of thistle-drift and sundown  
Lost amid their tawny rills,

“ Every atom on their anvil  
Beaten fine and bolted home,  
Every quiver wrought to cadence  
From the rapture of a gnome ?

*Pulvis et  
Umbra*

"Then the lonely mountain wood-wind,  
Straying up from dale to dale,  
Gave thee spirit, free forever,  
Thou immortal and so frail!

"Surely thou art not that sun-bright  
Psyche, hoar with age, and hurled  
On the northern shore of Lethe,  
To this wan Auroral world!

"Ghost of Psyche, unaccompanied,  
Are the yester-years all done?  
Have the oars of Charon ferried  
All thy playmates from the sun?

"In thy wings the beat and breathing  
Of the wind of life abides,  
And the night whose sea-gray cohorts  
Swing the stars up with the tides.

"Did they once make sail and wander  
Through the trembling harvest sky,  
Where the silent Northern streamers  
Change and rest not till they die?

"Or from clouds that tent and people  
The blue firmamental waste,  
Did they learn the noiseless secret  
Of eternity's unhaste?

"Where learned they to rove and loiter,  
By the margin of what sea?  
Was it with outworn Demeter,  
Searching for Persephone?

"Or did that girl-queen behold thee  
In the fields of moveless air?  
Did these wings which break no whisper  
Brush the poppies in her hair?

"Is it thence they wear the pulvil—  
Ash of ruined days and sleep,  
And the two great orbs of splendid  
Melting sable deep on deep!

"Pilot of the shadow people,  
Steering whither by what star  
Hast thou come to hapless port here,  
Thou gray ghost of Arrochar?"

For man walks the world with mourning  
Down to death, and leaves no trace,  
With the dust upon his forehead,  
And the shadow in his face.

Pillared dust and fleeing shadow  
As the roadside wind goes by,  
And the fourscore years that vanish  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Beauty, the fine frosty trace-work  
Of some breath upon the pane;  
Spirit, the keen wintry moonlight  
Flashed thereon to fade again.

Beauty, the white clouds a-building  
When God said and it was done;  
Spirit, the sheer brooding rapture  
Where no mid-day brooks no sun.

So. And here, the open casement  
Where my fellow-mate goes free;  
Eastward, the untrodden star-road  
And the long wind on the sea.

What's to hinder but I follow  
This my gipsy guide afar,  
When the bugle rouses slumber  
Sounding taps on Arrochar?

"Where, my brother, wends the by-way,  
To what bourne beneath what sun,  
Thou and I are set to travel  
Till the shifting dream be done?"

"Comrade of the dusk, forever  
I pursue the endless way  
Of the dust and shadow kindred,  
Thou art perfect for a day.

*Pulvis et  
Umbra*

"Yet from beauty marred and broken,  
Joy and memory and tears,  
I shall crush the clearer honey  
In the harvest of the years.

"Thou art faultless as a flower  
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,  
I survive the fault and failure.  
The wise Fates will have it so.

"For man walks the world in twilight,  
But the morn shall wipe all trace  
Of the dust from off his forehead,  
And the shadow from his face.

"Cheer thee on, my tidings-bearer!  
All the valour of the North  
Mounts as soul from flesh escaping  
Through the night, and bids thee forth.

"Go, and when thou hast discovered  
Her whose dark eyes match thy wings,  
Bid that lyric heart beat lighter  
For the joy thy beauty brings."

Then I leaned far out and lifted  
My light guest up, and bade speed  
On the trail where no one tarries  
That wayfarer few will heed.

Pale gray dust upon my fingers;  
And from this my cabined room  
The white soul of eager message  
Racing seaward in the gloom.

Far off shore, the sweet low calling  
Of the bell-buoy on the bar,  
Warning night of dawn and ruin  
Lonelily on Arrochar.

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SHE lived where the mountains go down to the sea, *Golden*  
And river and tide confer. *Rowan*  
Golden Rowan, in Menalowan,  
Was the name they gave to her.

She had the soul no circumstance  
Can hurry or defer.  
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,  
How time stood still for her!

Her playmates for their lovers grew,  
But that shy wanderer,  
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,  
Knew love was not for her.

Hers was the love of wilding things;  
To hear a squirrel chir  
In the golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
Was joy enough for her.

She sleeps on the hill with the lonely sun,  
Where in the days that were,  
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
So often shadowed her.

The scarlet fruit will come to fill,  
The scarlet spring to stir  
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
And wake no dream for her.

Only the wind is over her grave,  
For mourner and comforter;  
And "Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,"  
Is all we know of her.

THE red vines bar my window way;  
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,  
For he has sent this fleet-foot day  
A year's march back to bring to me  
One face whose smile is my desire,  
Its light my star.

*Through  
the Twi-  
light*

*Through  
the Twi-  
light*

Surely you will come near and speak,  
This calm of death from the day to sever!  
And so I shall draw down your cheek  
Close to my face—So close!—and know  
God's hand between our hands forever  
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now  
I know your step along the gravel,  
And catch your quiet poise of brow,  
And wait so long till you turn the latch!  
Is the way so hard you had to travel?  
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,  
But in this hush of brooding weather  
A gleam on twilight's gathering line  
Has riven the barriers of dream:  
Soul of my soul, we are together  
As the angels are!

*Carnations  
in Winter*

YOUR carmine flakes of bloom to-night  
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;  
Again in dreams you burn to light  
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it  
Is bland with long ethereal days;  
The gleaming martins wheel and flit  
Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, when the gradual twilight falls,  
Through quietudes of dusk afar,  
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls  
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom  
Once more your spirit stirs the air,  
And you are lifted through the gloom  
To warm the coils of her dark hair.

AS the seaweed swims the sea  
In the ruin after storm,  
Sunburnt memories of thee  
Through the twilight float and form.

*A Sea-  
drift*

And desire, when thou art gone,  
Roves his desolate domain,  
As the meadow-birds at dawn  
Haunt the spaces of the rain.

HERE by the gray north sea,  
In the wintry heart of the wild,  
Comes the old dream of thee,  
Guendolen, mistress and child.

*A North-  
ern Vigil*

The heart of the forest grieves  
In the drift against my door;  
A voice is under the eaves,  
A footfall on the floor.

Threshold, mirror and hall,  
Vacant and strangely aware,  
Wait for their soul's recall  
With the dumb expectant air.

Here when the smouldering west  
Burns down into the sea,  
I take no heed of rest  
And keep the watch for thee.

I sit by the fire and hear  
The restless wind go by,  
On the long dirge and drear,  
Under the low bleak sky.

When day puts out to sea  
And night makes in for land,  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand!



*A North-  
ern Vigil*

When night goes over the hill  
And dawn comes down the dale,  
It's Oh, for the wild sweet will  
That shall no more prevail!

When the zenith moon is round,  
And snow-wraiths gather and run,  
And there is set no bound  
To love beneath the sun,

O wayward will, come near  
The old mad wilful way,  
The soft mouth at my ear  
With words too sweet to say!

Come, for the night is cold,  
The ghostly moonlight fills  
Hollow and rift and fold  
Of the eerie Ardisse hills!

The windows of my room  
Are dark with bitter frost,  
The stillness aches with doom  
Of something loved and lost.

Outside, the great blue star  
Burns in the ghostland pale,  
Where giant Algebar  
Holds on the endless trail.

Come, for the years are long,  
And silence keeps the door,  
Where shapes with the shadows throng  
The firelit chamber floor.

Come, for thy kiss was warm,  
With the red embers' glare  
Across thy folding arm  
And dark tumultuous hair!

And though thy coming rouse  
The sleep-cry of no bird,  
The keepers of the house  
Shall tremble at thy word.

Come, for the soul is free!  
In all the vast dreamland  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand.

*A North-  
ern Vigil*

Ah, not in dreams at all,  
Fleering, perishing, dim,  
But thy old self, supple and tall,  
Mistress and child of whim!

The proud imperious guise,  
Impetuous and serene,  
The sad mysterious eyes,  
And dignity of mien!

Yea, wilt thou not return,  
When the late hill-winds veer,  
And the bright hill-flowers burn  
With the reviving year?

When April comes, and the sea  
Sparkles as if it smiled,  
Will they restore to me  
My dark Love, empress and child?

The curtains seem to part;  
A sound is on the stair,  
As if at the last . . . I start;  
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills  
The crimson fumes uncurled,  
Where the caldron mantles and spills  
Another dawn on the world!

I N a still room at hush of dawn,  
My Love and I lay side by side  
And heard the roaming forest wind  
Stir in the paling autumn-tide.

*The Eaves-  
dropper*

*The Eaves-  
dropper*

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad  
Because the round day was so fair;  
While memories of reluctant night  
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

Outside, a yellow maple tree,  
Shifting upon the silvery blue  
With tiny multitudinous sound,  
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The livelong day the elvish leaves  
Danced with their shadows on the floor;  
And the lost children of the wind  
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon  
We watched the great deliberate sun  
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,  
Counting his hilltops one by one.

Then as the purple twilight came  
And touched the vines along our eaves,  
Another Shadow stood without  
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my Love's lips;  
Her great brown eyes were veiled and sad  
With pondering some maze of dream,  
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind  
Her heart had grown, she knew not why.  
But hurrying to the open door,  
Against the verge of western sky

I saw retreating on the hills,  
Looming and sinister and black,  
The stealthy figure swift and huge  
Of One who strode and looked not back.

d  
THE apple harvest days are here,  
The boding apple harvest days,  
And down the flaming valley ways,  
The foresters of time draw near.

*In Apple  
Time*

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,  
To call you on the slopes of morn,  
Where in imperious song is borne  
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

I roamed through alien summer lands,  
I sought your beauty near and far;  
To-day, where russet shadows are,  
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,  
The hazy undern sleeps in sun.  
Remembrance and desire, undone,  
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,  
The tender apple harvest time;  
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,  
Settles upon the brooding year.

I

WANDERER, wanderer, whither away?  
What saith the morning unto thee?  
"Wanderer, wanderer, hither, come hither,  
Into the eld of the East with me!"

*Wanderer*

Saith the wide wind of the low red morning,  
Making in from the gray rough sea,  
"Wanderer, come, of the footfall weary,  
And heavy at heart as the sad-heart sea.

"For long ago, when the world was making,  
I walked through Eden with God for guide;  
And since that time in my heart forever  
His calm and wisdom and peace abide.

*Wanderer*

"I am thy spirit and thy familiar,  
Child of the teeming earth's unrest!  
Before God's joy upon gloom begot thee,  
I had hungered and searched and ended the quest.

"I sit by the roadside wells of knowledge;  
I haunt the streams of the springs of thought;  
But because my voice is the voice of silence,  
The heart within thee regardeth not.

"Yet I await thee, assured, unimpatient,  
Till thy small tumult of striving be past.  
How long, O wanderer, wilt thou a-weary,  
Keep thee afar from my arms at the last?"

II

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away?  
What saith the high noon unto thee?  
"Wanderer, wanderer, hither, turn hither,  
Far to the burning South with me,"

Saith the soft wind on the high June headland,  
Sheering up from the summer sea,  
"While the implacable warder, Oblivion,  
Sleeps on the marge of a foamless sea!

"Come where the urge of desire availeth,  
And no fear follows the children of men;  
For a handful of dust is the only heirloom  
The morrow bequeaths to its morrow again.

"Touch and feel how the flesh is perfect  
Beyond the compass of dream to be!  
'Bone of my bone,' said God to Adam;  
'Core of my core,' say I to thee.

"Look and see how the form is goodly  
Beyond the reach of desire and art!  
For he who fashioned the world so easily  
Laughed to himself as he walked apart.

“Therefore, O wanderer, cease from desiring;  
Take the wide province of seaway and sun!  
Here for the infinite quench of thy craving,  
Infinite yearning and bliss are one.”

*Wanderer*

III

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away?  
What saith the evening unto thee?  
“Wanderer, wanderer, hither, haste hither,  
Into the glad-heart West with me!”

Saith the strong wind of the gold-green twilight,  
Gathering out of the autumn hills,  
“I am the word of the world’s first dreamer  
Who woke when Freedom walked on the hills.

“And the secret triumph from daring to doing,  
From musing to marble, I will be,  
Till the last fine fleck of the world is finished,  
And Freedom shall walk alone by the sea.

“Who is thy heart’s lord, who is thy hero?  
Bruce or Caesar or Charlemagne,  
Hannibal, Olaf, Alaric, Roland?  
Dare as they dared and the deed’s done again!

“Here where they come of the habit immortal,  
By the open road to the land of the Name,  
Splendour and homage and wealth await thee  
Of builded cities and bruited fame.

“Let loose the conquering toiler within thee;  
Know the large rapture of deeds begun!  
The joy of the hand that hews for beauty  
Is the dearest solace beneath the sun.”

IV

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away?  
What saith the midnight unto thee?  
“Wanderer, wanderer, hither turn home,  
Back to thy North at last to me!”

*Wanderer* Saith the great forest wind and lonely,  
Out of the stars and the wintry hills,  
"Weary, bethink thee of rest, and remember  
Thy waiting auroral Ardisse hills!

"Was it not I, when thy mother bore thee  
In the sweet solemn April night,  
Took thee safe in my arms to fondle,  
Filled thy dream with the old delight?

"Told thee tales of more marvellous summers  
Of the far away and the long ago,  
Made thee my own nurse-child forever  
In the tender dear dark land of the snow?

"Have I not rocked thee, have I not lulled thee,  
Crooned thee in forest, and cradled in foam,  
Then with a smile from the hearthstone of childhood  
Bade thee farewell when thy heart bade thee roam?

"Ah, my wide-wanderer, thou blessed vagrant,  
Dear will thy footfall be nearing my door.  
How the glad tears will give vent at thy coming,  
Wayward or sad-heart to wander no more!"

V

Morning and midday I wander, and evening,  
April and harvest and golden fall;  
Seaway or hillward, taut sheet or saddle-bow,  
Only the night wind brings solace at all.

Then when the tide of all being and beauty  
Ebbs to the utmost before the first dawn,  
Comes the still voice of the morrow revealing  
Inscrutable valorous hope—and is gone.

Therefore is joy more than sorrow, foreseeing  
The lust of the mind and the lure of the eye  
And the pride of the hand have their hour of triumph,  
But the dream of the heart will endure by-and-by.

THERE'S a garden in the South  
Where the early violets come,  
Where they strew the floor of April  
With their purple, bloom by bloom.

*Afoot*

There the tender peach-trees blow,  
Pink against the red brick wall,  
And the hand of twilight hushes  
The rain-children's least footfall,

Till at midnight I can hear  
The dark Mother croon and lean  
Close above me. And her whisper  
Bids the vagabonds convene.

Then the glad and wayward heart  
Dreams a dream it must obey;  
And the wanderer within me  
Stirs a foot and will not stay.

I would journey far and wide  
Through the provinces of spring,  
Where the gorgeous white azaleas  
Hear the sultry yorlin sing.

I would wander all the hills  
Where my fellow-vagrants wend,  
Following the trails of shadows  
To the country where they end.

Well I know the gipsy kin,  
Roving foot and restless hand,  
And the eyes in dark elusion  
Dreaming down the summer land.

On the frontier of desire  
I will drink the last regret,  
And then forth beyond the morrow  
Where I may but half forget.

So another year shall pass,  
Till some noon the gardener Sun  
Wanders forth to lay his finger  
On the peach-buds one by one.



*Afoot*

And the Mother there once more  
Will rewhisper her dark word,  
That my brothers all may wonder,  
Hearing then as once I heard.

There will come the whitethroat's cry,  
That far lonely silver strain,  
Piercing, like a sweet desire,  
The seclusion of the rain.

And though I be far away,  
When the early violets come  
Smiling at the door with April,  
Say, "The vagabonds are home!"

*Wayfaring*

**A**CROSS the harbour's tangled yards  
We watch the flaring sunset fail;  
Then the forever questing stars  
File down along the vanished trail,

To no discovered country, where  
They will forgather when the hands  
Of the strong Fates shall take away  
Their burdens and unloose their bands.

Westward and lone the hill-road gray  
Mounts to the skyline sheer and wan,  
Where many a weary dream puts forth  
To strike the trail where they are gone.

The sleepless guide to that outland  
Is the great Mother of us all,  
Whose moulded dust and dew we are  
With the blown flowers by the wall.

Girt with the twilight she is grave,  
The strong companion, wise and free;  
She leads beyond the dales of time,  
The earldom of the calling sea--

*Wayfaring*

Beyond these dull green miles of dike,  
And gleaming breakers on the bar—  
To the white kingdom of her lord,  
The nameless Word, whose breath we are,

And all the world is but a scheme  
Of busy children in the street,  
A play they follow and forget  
On summer evenings, pale with heat.

The dusty courtyard flags and walls  
Are like a prison gate of stone,  
To every spirit for whose breath  
The long sweet hill-winds once have blown.

But waiting in the fields for them  
I see the ancient Mother stand,  
With the old courage of her smile,  
The patience of her sunbrown hand.

They heed her not, until there comes  
A breath of sleep upon their eyes,  
A drift of dust upon their face;  
Then in the closing dusk they rise,

And turn them to the empty doors;  
But she within whose hands alone  
The days are gathered up as fruit,  
Doth habit not in brick and stone.

But where the wild shy things abide,  
Along the woodside and the wheat,  
Is her abiding, deep withdrawn;  
And there, the footing of her feet.

There is no common fame of her  
Upon the corners, yet some word  
Of her most secret heritage  
Her lovers from her lips have heard.

Her daisies sprang where Chaucer went;  
Her darkling nightingales with spring  
Possessed the soul of Keats for song;  
And Shelley heard her skylark sing;

*Wayfaring*

With reverent clear uplifted heart  
Wordsworth beheld her daffodils;  
And he became too great for haste,  
Who watched the warm green Cumner hills.

She gave the apples of her eyes  
For the delight of him who knew,  
With all the wisdom of a child,  
"A bank whereon the wild thyme grew."

Still the old secret shifts, and waits  
The last interpreter; it fills  
The autumn song no ear hath heard  
Upon the dreaming Ardisse hills.

The poplars babble over it  
When waking winds of dawn go by;  
It fills her rivers like a voice,  
And leads her wanderers till they die.

She knows the morning ways whereon  
The windflowers and the wind confer;  
Surely there is not any fear  
Upon the farthest trail with her!

And yet, what ails the fir-dark slopes,  
That all night long the whippoorwills  
Cry their insatiable cry  
Across the sleeping Ardisse hills?

Is it that no fair mortal thing,  
Blown leaf, nor song, nor friend can stray  
Beyond the bourne and bring one word  
Back the irremeable way?

The noise is hushed within the street;  
The summer twilight gathers down;  
The elms are still; the moonlit spires  
Track their long shadows through the town.

With looming willows and gray dusk  
The open hillward road is pale,  
And the great stars are white and few  
Above the lonely Ardisse trail.

And with no haste nor any fear,  
We are as children going home  
Along the marshes where the wind  
Sleeps in the cradle of the foam.

*Wayfaring*

ONCE more the hunters of the dusk  
Are forth to search the moorlands wide,  
Among the autumn-coloured hills,  
And wander by the shifting tide.

*The End of  
the Trail*

All day along the haze-hung verge  
They scour upon a fleeing trace,  
Between the red sun and the sea,  
Where haunts the vision of your face.

The plain at Martock lies and drinks  
The long Septembrual gaze of blue;  
The royal leisure of the hills  
Hath wayward reveries of you.

Far rovers of the ancient dream  
Have all their will of musing hours:  
Your eyes were gray-deep as the sea,  
Your hands lay open in the flowers!

From mining Rawdon to Pereaue,  
For all the gold they delve and share,  
The goblins of the Ardisse hills  
Can hoard no treasure like your hair.

The swirling tide, the lonely gulls,  
The sweet low wood-winds that rejoice—  
No sound nor echo of the sea  
But hath tradition of your voice.

The crimson leaves, the yellow fruit,  
The basking woodlands mile on mile—  
No gleam in all the russet hills  
But wears the solace of your smile.

*The End of  
the Trail*

A thousand cattle rove and feed  
On the great marshes in the sun,  
And wonder at the restless sea;  
But I am glad the year is done,

Because I am a wanderer  
Upon the roads of endless quest,  
Between the hill-wind and the hills,  
Along the margin men call rest.

Because there lies upon my lips  
A whisper of the wind at morn,  
A murmur of the rolling sea  
Cradling the land where I was born;

Because its sleepless tides and storms  
Are in my heart for memory  
And music, and its gray-green hills  
Run white to bear me company;

Because in that sad time of year,  
With April twilight on the earth  
And journeying rain upon the sea,  
With the shy windflowers was my birth;

Because I was a tiny boy  
Among the thrushes of the wood,  
And all the rivers in the hills  
Were playmates of my solitude;

Because the holy winter night  
Was for my chamber, deep among  
The dark pine forests by the sea,  
With woven red auroras hung,

Silent with frost and floored with snow,  
With what dream folk to people it  
And bring their stories from the hills,  
When all the splendid stars were lit;

Therefore I house me not with kin,  
But journey as the sun goes forth,  
By stream and wood and marsh and sea,  
Through dying summers of the North;

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Until, some hazy autumn day,  
With yellow evening in the skies  
And rime upon the tawny hills,  
The far blue signal smoke shall rise,

*The End of  
the Trail*

To tell my scouting foresters  
Have heard the clarions of rest  
Bugling, along the outer sea,  
The end of failure and of quest.

Then all the piping Nixie folk,  
Where lonesome meadow winds are low,  
Through all the valleys in the hills  
Their river reeds shall blow and blow,

To lead me like a joy, as when  
The shining April flowers return,  
Back to a footpath by the sea  
With scarlet hip and ruined fern.

For I must gain, ere the long night  
Bury its travellers deep with snow,  
That trail among the Ardisse hills  
Where first I found you years ago.

I shall not fail, for I am strong,  
And Time is very old, they say,  
And somewhere by the quiet sea  
Makes no refusal to delay.

There will I get me home, and there  
Lift up your face in my brown hand,  
With all the rosy rusted hills  
About the heart of that dear land.

*Such as wake on the night and sleep on the day,  
and haunt customable taverns and alehouses and  
roasts about, and no man wot from whence they  
come, nor whither they go.—Old English Statute.*

WE are the vagabonds of time,  
And rove the yellow autumn days,  
When all the roads are gray with rime  
And all the valleys blue with haze.

*The  
Vagabonds*

*The  
Vagabonds*

We came unlooked for as the wind  
Trooping across the April hills,  
When the brown waking earth had dreams  
Of summer in the Wander Kills.

How far afield we joyed to fare,  
With June in every blade and tree!  
Now with the sea-wind in our hair  
We turn our faces to the sea.

We go unheeded as the stream  
That wanders by the hill-wood side,  
Till the great marshes take his hand  
And lead him to the roving tide.

The roving tide, the sleeping hills,  
These are the borders of that zone  
Where they may fare as fancy wills  
Whom wisdom smiles and calls her own.

It is a country of the sun,  
Full of forgotten yesterdays,  
When time takes Summer in his care,  
And fills the distance of her gaze.

It stretches from the open sea  
To the blue mountains and beyond;  
The world is Vagabondia  
To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man  
Out of the wandering dust, men say;  
And in the end his life shall be  
A wandering wind and blown away.

We are the vagabonds of time,  
Willing to let the world go by,  
With joy supreme, with heart sublime,  
And valour in the kindling eye.

We have forgotten where we slept,  
And guess not where we sleep to-night,  
Whether among the lonely hills  
In the pale streamers' ghostly light

*The  
Vagabonds*

We shall lie down and hear the frost  
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,  
Or somewhere on the iron coast  
Learn the oblivion of the sea.

It matters not. And yet I dream  
Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere  
Before this restless heart is stilled  
And all its fancies blown to air.

Had I my will! . . . The sun burns down  
And something plucks my garment's hem;  
The robins in their faded brown  
Would lure me to the South with them.

'Tis time for vagabonds to make  
The nearest inn. Far on I hear  
The voices of the Northern hills  
Gather the vagrants of the year.

Brave heart, my soul! Let longings be!  
We have another day to wend.  
For dark or waylay what care we  
Who have the lords of time to friend?

And if we tarry or make haste,  
The wayside sleep can hold no fear.  
Shall fate unpoise, or whim perturb,  
The calm-begirt in dawn austere?

There is a tavern, I have heard,  
Not far, and frugal, kept by One  
Who knows the children of the Word,  
And welcomes each when day is done.

Some say the house is lonely set  
In Northern night, and snowdrifts keep  
The silent door; the hearth is cold,  
And all my fellows gone to sleep. . . .

Had I my will! I hear the sea  
Thunder a welcome on the shore;  
I know where lies the hostelry  
And who should open me the door.



BI

WHAT shall we do, dearie,  
Dreaming such dreams?  
Will they come true, dearie?  
Never, it seems.

Leave the wise thrush alone;  
He knows such things.  
How rich the silences  
Fall when he sings!

When shall we come, dearie,  
Into that land  
Once was our home, dearie,  
Perfect as planned?

When the wind calling us,  
Some summer day,  
Into the long ago  
Lures us away.

Where shall we go, dearie,  
Wandering thus?  
Far to and fro, dearie,  
Life leads for us.

Thou with the morrow's sun  
Hillward and free,  
I to the vast and hoar  
Lone of the sea.

BEHIND THE ARRAS

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*Behind the  
Arras*

I LIKE the old house tolerably well,  
Where I must dwell  
Like a familiar gnome;  
And yet I never shall feel quite at home:  
I love to roam.

Day after day I loiter and explore  
From door to door;  
So many treasures lure  
The curious mind. What histories obscure  
They must immure!

I hardly know which room I care for best;  
This fronting west,  
With the strange hills in view,  
Where the great sun goes,—where I may go too,  
When my lease is through,—

Or this one for the morning and the east,  
Where a man may feast  
His eyes on looming sails,  
And be the first to catch their foreign hails  
Or spy their bales.

Then the pale summer twilights toward the pole!  
It thrills my soul  
With wonder and delight,  
When gold-green shadows walk the world at night,  
So still, so bright.

There at the window many a time of year,  
Strange faces peer,  
Solemn though not unkind,  
Their wits in search of something left behind  
Time out of mind;

As if they once had lived here, and stole back  
To the window crack  
For a peep which seems to say,  
“Good fortune, brother, in your house of clay!”  
And then, “Good day!”

*Behind the  
Arras*

I hear their footsteps on the gravel walk,  
Their scraps of talk,  
And hurrying after, reach  
Only the crazy sea-drone of the beach  
In endless speech.

And often when the autumn noons are still,  
By swale and hill  
I see their gipsy signs,  
Trespassing somewhere on my border lines;  
With what designs?

I forth afoot; but when I reach the place,  
Hardly a trace,  
Save the soft purple haze  
Of smouldering camp-fires, any hint betrays  
Who went these ways.

Or tatters of pale aster blue, desried  
By the roadside,  
Reveal whither they fled;  
Or the swamp maples, here and there a shred  
Of Indian red.

But most of all, the marvellous tapestry  
Engrosses me,  
Where such strange things are rife,  
Fancies of beasts and flowers, and love and strife,  
Woven to the life;

Degraded shapes and splendid seraph forms,  
And teeming swarms  
Of creatures gauzy dim  
That cloud the dusk, and painted fish that swim,  
At the weaver's whim;

And wonderful birds that wheel and hang in the air;  
And beings with hair  
And moving eyes in the face,  
And white bone teeth and hideous grins, who race  
From place to place.

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They build great temples to their John-a-nod,  
And fume and plod  
To deck themselves with gold,  
And paint themselves like chattels to be sold,  
Then turn to mould.

*Behind the  
Arras*

Sometimes they seem almost as real as I;  
I hear them sigh;  
I see them bow with grief,  
Or dance for joy like any aspen leaf;  
But that is brief.

They have mad wars and phantom marriages;  
Nor seem to guess  
There are dimensions still,  
Beyond thought's reach, though not beyond love's will,  
For soul to fill.

And some I call my friends, and make believe  
Their spirits grieve,  
Brood, and rejoice with mine;  
I talk to them in phrases quaint and fine  
Over the wine;

I tell them all my secrets; touch their hands;  
One understands  
Perhaps. How hard he tries  
To speak! And yet those glorious mild eyes,  
His best replies!

I even have my cronies, one or two,  
My cherished few.  
But ah, they do not stay!  
For the sun fades them and they pass away,  
As I grow gray.

Yet while they last how actual they seem!  
Their faces beam;  
I give them all their names,  
Bertram and Gilbert, Louis, Frank and James,  
Each with his aims;

*Behind the  
Arras*

One thinks he is a poet, and writes verse  
His friends rehearse;  
Another is full of law;  
A third sees pictures which his hand can draw  
Without a flaw.

Strangest of all, they never rest. Day long  
They shift and throng,  
Moved by invisible will,  
Like a great breath which puffs across my sill,  
And then is still;

It shakes my lovely mannikins on the wall;  
Squall after squall,  
Gust upon crowding gust,  
It sweeps them willy nilly like blown dust  
With glory or lust.

It is the world-ghost, the time-spirit, come  
None knows where from,  
The viewless draughty tide  
And wash of being. I hear it yaw and glide,  
And then subside,

Along these ghostly corridors and halls  
Like faint footfalls;  
The hangings stir in the air;  
And when I start and challenge, "Who goes there?"  
It answers, "Where?"

The wail and sob and moan of the sea's dirge,  
Its plangor and surge;  
The awful biting sough  
Of drifted snows along some arctic bluff,  
That veer and luff,

And have the vacant boding human cry,  
As they go by;—  
Is it a banished soul  
Dredging the dark like a distracted mole  
Under a knoll?

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Like some invisible henchman old and gray,  
Day after day  
I hear it come and go,  
With stealthy swift unmeaning to and fro,  
Muttering low,

*Behind the  
Arras*

Ceaseless and daft and terrible and blind,  
Like a lost mind.  
I often chill with fear  
When I bethink me, What if it should peer  
At my shoulder here!

Perchance he drives the merry-go-round whose track  
Is the zodiac;  
His name is No-man's-friend;  
And his gabbling parrot-talk has neither trend,  
Beginning, nor end.

A prince of madness too, I'd cry, "A rat!"  
And lunge thereat,—  
Let out at one swift thrust  
The cunning arch-delusion of the dust  
I so mistrust,

But that I fear I should disclose a face  
Wearing the trace  
Of my own human guise,  
Piteous, unharmed, loving, sad, and wise,  
With the speaking eyes.

I would the house were rid of his grim pranks,  
Moaning from banks  
Of pine-trees in the moon,  
Startling the silence like a demoniac loon  
At dead of noon,

Or whispering his fool-talk to the leaves  
About my eaves.  
And yet how can I know  
'Tis not a happy Ariel masking so  
In mocking woe?



*Behind the Arras* Then with a little broken laugh I say,  
Snatching away  
The curtain where he grinned  
(My feverish sight thought) like a sin unsinned,  
"Only the wind!"

Yet often too he steals so softly by,  
With half a sigh,  
I deem he must be mild,  
Fair as a woman, gentle as a child,  
And forest wild.

Passing the door where an old wind-harp swings,  
With its five strings,  
Contrived long years ago  
By my first predecessor bent to show  
His handcraft so,

He lays his fingers on the æolian wire,  
As a core of fire  
Is laid upon the blast  
To kindle and glow and fill the purple vast  
Of dark at last.

Weird wise and low, piercing and keen and glad,  
Or dim and sad  
As a forgotten strain  
Born when the broken legions of the rain  
Swept through the plain—

He plays, like some dread veiled mysteriarch,  
Lighting the dark,  
Bidding the spring grow warm,  
The gendering merge and loosing of spirit in form,  
Peace out of storm.

For music is the sacrament of love;  
He broods above  
The virgin silence, till  
She yields for rapture shuddering, yearning still  
To his sweet will.

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I hear him sing, "Your harp is like a mesh,  
Woven of flesh  
And spread within the shoal  
Of life, where runs the tide-race of the soul  
In my control.

*Behind the  
Arras*

"Though my wild way may ruin what it bends,  
It makes amends  
To the frail downy clocks,  
Telling their seed a secret that unlocks  
The granite rocks.

"The womb of silence to the crave of sound  
Is heaven unfound,  
Till I, to soothe and slake  
Being's most utter and imperious ache,  
Bid rhythm awake.

"If with such agonies of bliss, my kin,  
I enter in  
Your prison-house of sense,  
With what a joyous freed intelligence  
I shall go hence."

I need no more to guess the weaver's name,  
Nor ask his aim,  
Who hung each hall and room  
With swarthy-tinged vermilion upon gloom;  
I know that loom.

Give me a little space and time enough,  
From ravellings rough  
I could revive, reweave,  
A fabric of beauty art might well believe  
Were past retrieve.

O men and women in that rich design,  
Sleep-soft, sun-fine,  
Dew-tenuous and free,  
A tone of the infinite wind-themes of the sea,  
Borne in to me,

*Behind the  
Arras*

Reveals how you were woven to the might  
Of shadow and light.  
You are the dream of One  
Who loves to haunt and yet appears to shun  
My door in the sun;

As the white roving sea tern fleck and skim  
The morning's rim;  
Or the dark thrushes clear  
Their flutes of music leisurely and sheer,  
Then hush to hear.

I know him when the last red brands of day  
Smoulder away,  
And when the vernal showers  
Bring back the heart to all my valley flowers  
In the soft hours.

O hand of mine and brain of mine, be yours,  
While time endures,  
To acquiesce and learn!  
For what we best may dare and drudge and yearn,  
Let soul discern.

So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gate,  
Early or late,  
And part without remorse,  
A cadence dying down unto its source  
In music's course;

You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and birds,  
Colours and words,  
The heart-beats of the earth,  
To be remoulded always of one worth  
From birth to birth;

I to the broken rhythm of thought and man,  
The sweep and span  
Of memory and hope  
About the orbit where they still must grope  
For wider scope,

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To be through thousand springs restored, renewed, *Behind the*  
With love imbrued, *Arras*  
With increments of will  
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still  
From each new skill.

Always the flawless beauty, always the chord  
Of the Overword,  
Dominant, pleading, sure,  
No truth too small to save and make endure,  
No good too poor!

And since no mortal can at last disdain  
That sweet refrain,  
But lets go strife and care,  
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,  
The wind knows where;

Some quiet April evening soft and strange,  
When comes the change  
No spirit can deplore,  
I shall be one with all I was before,  
In death once more.

“**C**ORNEL, cornel, green and white,  
Spreading on the forest floor,  
Whither went my lost delight  
Through the silent door?”

*Fancy's  
Fool*

“Mortal, mortal, overfond,  
How come you at all to know  
There be any joys beyond  
Blisses here and now?”

“Cornel, cornel, white and cool,  
Many a mortal, I've heard tell,  
Who is only Fancy's fool  
Knows that secret well.”

“Mortal, mortal, what would you  
With that beauty once was yours?  
Perishable is the dew,  
And the dust endures.”

*Fancy's  
Fool*

"Cornel, cornel, pierce me not  
With your sweet, reserved disdain!  
Whisper me of things forgot  
That shall be again."

"Mortal, we are kinsmen, led  
By a hope beyond our reach.  
Know you not the word unsaid  
Is the flower of speech?"

All the snowy blossoms faded,  
While the scarlet berries grew;  
And all summer they evaded  
Anything they knew.

"Cornel, cornel, green and red  
Flooring for the forest wide,  
Whither down the ways of dread  
Went my starry-eyed?"

"Mortal, mortal, is there found  
Any fruitage half so fair  
In the dim world underground  
As there grows in air?"

"Wilding cornel, you can guess  
Nothing of eternal pain,  
Growing there in quietness  
In the sun and rain."

"Mortal, where your heart would be  
Not a wanderer may go,  
But he shares the dark with me  
Underneath the snow."

And the scarlet berries scattered  
With the coming on of fall;  
Not to one of them it mattered  
Anything at all.

*The De-  
serted Inn*

I CAME to a deserted inn,  
Standing apart, alone;  
A place where human joy had been  
And only winds made moan.

*The De-  
serted Inn*

I entered by the spacious hall,  
With not a soul to see;  
The echo of my own footfall  
Was ghostly there to me.

I came upon a sudden door,  
Which gave me no reply;  
The more I questioned it, the more  
A questioner was I.

I lingered by the mouldy stair,  
And by the dusty sill;  
And when my faint heart said, "Beware!"  
The silence said, "Be still!"

From room to room I caught the stir  
Of garments vanishing,—  
The stillness trying to demur,  
When one has ceased to sing.

Like shadows of the clouds which make  
The loneliness of noon,  
The thing I could not overtake  
Was but an instant gone.

'Twas summer when I reached the inn;  
The apples were in bloom;  
Before I left, the snow drove in,  
The frost was like a doom.

At last I came upon the book  
Where visitors of yore  
Had writ their names, ere joy forsook  
The House of Rest-no-more.

Poor fellow-travellers, beset  
With hungers not of earth!  
Did you, too, tarry here in debt  
For things of perished worth?

Did something lure you like a strain  
Of music wild and vast,  
Only to freeze your blood again  
With jeers when you had passed?

*The De-  
serted Inn*

Did visions of a fairer thing  
Than God has ever made  
Fleet through your doorways in the spring,  
And would not be delayed?

Did beauty in a half-made song,  
A smile of mystery,  
Departing, leave you here to long  
For what could never be,—

And thenceforth you were friends of peace,  
Acquainted with unrest,  
Whom no perfection could release  
From the unworldly quest?

I heard a sound of women's tears,  
More desolate than the sea,  
Sigh through the chambers of the years  
Unto eternity.

And then beyond the fathom of sense  
I knew, as the dead know,  
My lost ideal had journeyed thence  
Unnumbered years ago.

And from that dwelling of the night,  
With the gray dusk astir,  
I waited for the first gold light  
To let me forth to Her.

*The Moon-  
dial*

**I**RON and granite and rust,  
In a crumbling garden old,  
Where the roses are paler than dust  
And the lilies are green with gold,

Under the racing moon,  
Inconscious of war or crime,  
In a strange and ghostly noon,  
It marks the oblivion of time.

*The Moon-  
dial*

The shadow steals through its arc,  
Still as a frosted breath,  
Fitful, gleaming, and dark  
As the cold frustration of death.

But where the shadow may fall,  
Whether to hurry or stay,  
It matters little at all  
To those who come that way.

For this is the dial of them  
That have forgotten the world,  
No more through the mad day-dream  
Of striving and reason hurled.

Their heart as a little child  
Only remembers the worth  
Of beauty and love and the wild  
Dark peace of the elder earth.

It registers the morrows  
Of lovers and winds and streams,  
And the face of a thousand sorrows  
At the postern gate of dreams.

When the first low laughter smote  
Through Lilith, the mother of joy,  
And died and revived from the throat  
Of Helen the harpstring of Troy,

And wandering on through the years,  
From the sobbing rain and the sea,  
Caught sound of the world's gray tears  
Or sense of the sun's gold glee,

Whenever the wild control  
Burned out to a mortal kiss,  
And the shuddering storm-swept soul  
Climbed to its acme of bliss,

The green-gold light of the dead  
Stood still in purple space,  
And a record blind and dread  
Was graved on the dial's face.



*The Moon-  
dial*

And once in a thousand years  
Some youth, who loved so well  
The gods had loosed him from fears  
In a vision of blameless hell,

Has gone to the dial to read  
Those signs in the outland tongue,  
Written beyond the need  
Of the simple and the young.

For immortal life, they say,  
Were his who, loving so,  
Could explain the writing away  
As a legend written in snow.

But always his innocent eyes  
Were frozen into the stone.  
From that awful first surprise  
His soul must return alone.

In the morning there he lay  
Dead in the sun's warm gold.  
And no man knows to this day  
What the dim moon-dial told.

*The Face in  
the Stream*

THE sunburnt face in the willow shade  
To the face in the water-mirror said,

"O deep mysterious face in the stream,  
Art thou myself or am I thy dream?"

And the face deep down in the water's side  
To the face in the upper air replied,

"I am thy dream, thou poor worn face,  
And this is thy heart's abiding place.

"Too much in the world, come back and be  
Once more my dream-fellow with me,

"In the far-off untarnished years  
Before thy furrows were washed with tears,

*The Face in  
the Stream*

"Or ever thy serious creature eyes  
Were aged with a mist of memories.

"Hast thou forgotten the long ago  
In the garden where I used to flow,

"Among the hills, with the maple tree  
And the roses blowing over me?—

"I who am now but a wraith of this river,  
Forsaken of thee forever and ever,

"Who then was thine image fair, forecast  
In the heart of the water rippling past.

"Out in the wide of the summer zone  
I lulled and allured thee apart and alone,

"The azure gleam and the golden croon  
And the grass with the flaky roses strewn.

"There you would lie and lean above me,  
The more you lingered the more to love me,

"Till I became, as the year grew old,  
Thy fairest day-dream's fashion and mould,

"Deep in the water twilight there,  
Smiling, elusive, wonderful, fair,

"The beautiful visage of thy clear soul  
Set in eternity's limpid shoal,

"Thy spirit's countenance, the trace  
Of dawning God in the human face.

"And when the yellow leaves came down  
Through the silent mornings one by one

"To the frosty meadow as they fell  
Thy pondering heart said, 'All is well;

"'Ay, all is best, for I stake my life  
Beyond the boundaries of strife.'

*The Face in  
the Stream*

"And then thy feet returned no more,—  
While years went over the garden floor,

"With frost and maple, with rose and dew,  
In the world thy river wandered through;—

"Came never again to revive and recall  
Thy youth from its water burial.

"But now thy face is battle-dark ;  
The strife of the world has graven a mark

"About the lips that are no more mine,  
Too sweet to forget, too strong to repine.

"With the ends of the earth for thy garden now,  
What solace and what reward hast thou?"

Then he of the earth's sun-traversed side  
To him of the under-world replied,

"O glad mysterious face in the stream,  
My lost illusion, my summer dream,

"Thou fairer self of a fonder time,  
A far imperishable clime,

"For thy dear sake I have fared alone  
And fronted failure and housed with none.

"What youth was that, when the world was green,  
In the lovely mythus Greek and clean,

"Was doomed with his flowery kin to bide,  
A blown white star by the river side,

"And no more follow the sun, foot free,  
Too long enamoured of one like thee?

"Shall God, who abides in the patient flower,  
The painted dust sustained by his power,

"Refuse to the wing of the dragon-fly  
His sanction over the open sky,—

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"A frail detached and wandering thing  
Torn loose from the blossomy life of spring?

*The Face in  
the Stream*

"And this is man, the myriad one,  
Dust's flower and time's ephemeron.

"And I who have followed the wander-list  
For a glimpse of beauty, a wraith in the mist,

"Shall be spilt at last and return to peace,  
As dust which the hands of the wind release.

"This is my solace and my reward,  
Who have drained life's dregs from a broken shard."

Wise and grave was the water face,  
A youth grown man in a little space;

While the wayworn face by the river side  
Grew gentler-lipped and shadowy-eyed;

For he heard like a sea-horn summoning him  
That sound from the world's end vast and dim,

Where the river went wandering out so far  
Through a gate in the mountain left ajar,

The sea birds love and the land birds flee,  
The large bleak voice of the burly sea.

WITH the fall of the leaf comes the wolf, wolf, *The Red*  
wolf, *Wolf*

The old red wolf at my door.  
And my hateful yellow dwarf, with his hideous  
crooked laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

With the still of the frost comes the wolf, wolf, wolf,  
The gaunt red wolf at my door.  
He's as tall as a Great Dane, with his grizzly russet  
mane;  
And he haunts the silent woods at my door.

*The Red  
Wolf*

The scarlet maple leaves and the sweet ripe nuts  
May strew the forest glade at my door,  
But my cringing cunning dwarf, with his slavered  
    kacking laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

The violets may come, the pale windflowers blow,  
And tremble by the stream at my door;  
But my dwarf will never cease, until his last release,  
From his "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

The long sweet April wind may woo the world from  
    grief,  
And tell the old tales at my door;  
The rainbirds in the rain may plead their far refrain,  
In the glad young year at my door;

And in the quiet sun, the silly partridge brood  
In the red pine dust by my door;  
Yet my squinting runty dwarf, with his lewd ungodly  
    laugh,  
Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

I'm his master (and his slave, with his "Wolf, wolf,  
    wolf!")  
As he squats in the sun at my door.  
There morn and noon and night, with his cuddled  
    low delight,  
He watches for the wolf at my door.

The wind may parch his hide, or freeze him to the bone,  
While the wolf walks far from the door;  
Still year on year he sits, with his five unholy wits,  
And watches for the wolf at the door.

But the fall of the leaf and the starting of the bud  
Are the seasons he loves by the door;  
Then his blood begins to rouse, this Caliban I house,  
And it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

In the dread lone of the night I can hear him snuff  
    the sill;  
Then it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door;  
His damned persistent bark, like a husky's in the dark,  
His "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

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I have tried to rid the house of the misbegotten spawn;  
But he skulks like a shadow at my door,  
With the same uncanny glee as when he came to me  
With his first cry of wolf at my door.

*The Red  
Wolf*

I curse him, and he leers; I kick him, and he whines;  
But he never leaves the stone at my door.  
Peep of day or set of sun, his croaking's never done  
Of the Red Wolf of Despair at my door.

But when the night is old, and the stars begin to fade,  
And silence walks the path by my door,  
Then is his dearest hour, his most unbridled power,  
And low comes his "Wolf!" at the door.

I turn me in my sleep between the night and day,  
While dreams throng the yard at my door.  
In my strong soul aware of a gruesome terror there  
Soon to knock with command at my door.

Is it the hollow voice of the census-taker Time  
In his old idle round from door to door?  
Or only the north wind, when all the leaves are thinned,  
Come at last with his moan to my door?

I cannot guess nor tell; only it comes and comes,  
As from a vaster world beyond my door,  
From centuries of eld, the death of freedom knelled,  
A host of mortal fears at my door.

Then I wake; and joy and youth and fame and love  
and bliss,  
And all the good that ever passed my door,  
Grow dim, and faint and fade, with the whole world  
unmade,  
To perish as the summer at my door.

The crouching heart within me quails like a shudder-  
ing thing,  
As I turn on my pillow to the door;  
Then in the chill white dawn, when life is half with-  
drawn,  
Comes the dream-curdling "Wolf!" at my door.

*The Red  
Wolf*

Only my yellow dwarf; (my servitor and lord!)  
I hear him lift the latch of my door;  
I see his wobbling chin and his unrepentant grin,  
As he lets his oatship in at the door.

He is low and humped and foul, and shambles like  
an ape;  
And stealthily he barricades the door,  
Then lays his goblin head against my lonely bed,  
With a "Wolf, wolf, wolf," at the door!

I loathe him, but I feed him; I'll tell you how it was  
(Hear him now with his "Wolf!" at the door!)  
That I ever took him in; he is—he is my kin,  
And kin to the wolf at the door!

I loathe him, yet he lives; as God lets Satan live,  
I suffer him to slumber at my door,  
Till that long-looked-for time, that splendid sudden  
prime,  
When Spring shall go in scarlet by my door.

That day I will arise, put my heel upon his throat,  
And squirt his yellow blood upon the door;  
Then watch him dying there, like a spider in his lair,  
With a "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

The great white morning sun shall walk the earth  
again,  
And the children return to my door.  
I shall hear their merry laugh, and forget my buried  
dwarf,  
As a tale that is told at the door.

Far from the quiet woods the gaunt red wolf shall flee,  
As a cur that is stoned from the door;  
And God's great peace come back along the lonely  
track,  
To fill the golden year at my door.

*The Faith-  
less Lover*

I  
O LIFE, dear Life, in this fair house  
Long since did I, it seems to me,  
In some mysterious doleful way  
Fall out of love with thee.

For, Life, thou art become a ghost,  
A memory of days gone by,  
A poor forsaken thing between  
A heartache and a sigh.

And now, with shadows from the hills  
Thronging the twilight, wraith on wraith,  
Unlock the door and let me go  
To thy dark rival Death!

II  
O Heart, dear Heart, in this fair house  
Why hast thou wearied and grown tired,  
Between a morning and a night,  
Of all thy soul desired?

Fond one, who cannot understand  
Even these shadows on the floor,  
Yet must be dreaming of dark loves  
And joys beyond my door!

But I am beautiful past all  
The timid tumult of thy mood,  
And thou returning not must still  
Be mine in solitude.

L OVE built a crimson house,  
I know it well,  
That he might have a home  
Wherein to dwell.

*The Crim-  
son House*

Poor Love that roved so far  
And fared so ill,  
Between the morning star  
And the Hollow Hill,



*The Grim-  
son House*

Before he found the vale  
Where he could bide,  
With memory and oblivion  
Side by side.

He took the silver dew  
And the dun red clay,  
And behold when he was through  
How fair were they!

The braces of the sky  
Were in its girth,  
That it should feel no jar  
Of the swinging earth;

That sun and wind might bleach  
But not destroy  
The house that he had builded  
For his joy.

"Here will I stay," he said,  
"And roam no more,  
And dust when I am dead  
Shall keep the door."

There trooping dreams by night  
Go by, go by.  
The walls are rosy white  
In the sun's eye.

The windows are more clear  
Than sky or sea;  
He made them after God's  
Transparency.

It is a dearer place  
Than kirk or inn;  
Such joy on joy as there  
Has never been.

There may my longed-for rest  
And welcome be,  
When Love himself unbars  
The door for me!

*The Lodger*

I CANNOT quite recall  
When first he came,  
So reticent and tall,  
With his eyes of flame.

The neighbours used to say  
(They know so much!)  
He looked to them half way  
Spanish or Dutch.

Outlandish certainly  
He is—and queer!  
He has been lodged with me  
This thirty year;

All the while (it seems absurd!)  
We hardly have  
Exchanged a single word,  
Mum as the grave!

Minds only his own affairs,  
Goes out and in,  
And keeps himself upstairs  
With his violin.

Mum did I say? And yet  
That talking smile  
You never can forget,  
Is all the while

Full of such sweet reproofs  
The darkest day,  
Like morning on the roofs  
In flush of May.

Like autumn on the hills;  
At four o'clock  
The sun like a herdsman spills  
For drove and flock

Peace with their provender,  
And they are fed.  
The day without a stir  
Lies warm and red.

*The Lodger*

Ah, sir, the summer land  
For me! That is  
Like living in God's hand,  
Compared to this.

His smile so quiet and deep  
Reminds me of it.  
I see it in my sleep,  
And so I love it.

An anarchist, say some;  
But tush, say I,  
When a man's heart is plumb,  
Can his life be awry?

Better than charity  
And bigger too,  
That heart. You've seen the sea?  
Of course. To you

'Tis common enough, no doubt.  
But here in town,  
With God's world all shut out,  
Save the leaden frown

Of the sky, a slant of rain,  
And a straggling star,  
Such memories remain  
The wonders they are.

Once at the Isles of Shoals,  
And it was June . . .  
Now hear me dote! He strolls  
Across my noon,

Like the sun that day, where sleeps  
My soul; his gaze  
Goes glimmering down my deeps  
Of yesterdays,

Searching and searching, till  
Its light consumes  
The reluctant shapes that fill  
Those purple glooms.

*The Lodger*

Let others applaud, defame,  
And the noise die down;  
His voice saying your name,  
Is enough renown.

Too patient pitiful,  
Too fierce at wrong,  
To patronize the dull,  
Or praise the strong.

And yet he has a soul  
Of wrath, though pent  
Even when that white ghoul  
Comes for his rent.

The landlord? Hush! My God!  
I think the walls  
Take notes to help him prod  
Us up. He galls

My very soul to strife,  
With his death's-head face.  
He is foul too in his life,  
Some hid disgrace,

Some secret thing he does,  
I warrant you,  
For all his cheek to us  
Is shaved so blue.

He takes good care (by the shade  
Of seven wives!)  
That the undertaker's trade  
He lives by thrives.

Nor chick nor child has he.  
So servile smug,  
With that cringe in his knee,—  
God curse his lug!

But him, you shou'd have seen  
Him yesterday;  
The landlord's smirk turned green  
At his smile. The way

*The Lodger*

He served that bloodless fish,  
Were like to freeze him.  
But meeting elsewhere, pish!  
He never sees him.

Yet such a gentleman,  
So sure and slow.  
The vilest harridan  
Is not too low,

If there is pity's need;  
And no man born,  
For cruelty or greed  
Escapes that scorn.

Most of all things, it seems,  
He loves the town.  
Watching the bright-faced streams  
Go up and down,

I have surprised him often  
In Tremont Street,  
And marked the grave face soften,  
The mouth grow sweet,

In a brown study over  
The men and women.  
An unsuspected rover  
That, for our Common.

When the first jonquils come,  
And spring is sold  
On the street corners, some  
Of the pretty gold

Is sure to find its way  
Home in his hand.  
And many a winter day  
At some cab-stand,

He'll watch the cabmen feed  
The pigeon flocks,  
Or bid some liner speed  
From the icy docks.

*The Lodger*

His rooms? I much regret  
You cannot see  
His rooms, but they were let  
With guarantee

Of his seclusion there—  
Except myself.  
Each morning, table, chair,  
Lamp, hearth, and shelf,

I rearrange, refreshen,  
Put all to rights,  
Then leave him in possession.  
Ah, but the nights,

The nights! Sir, if I dared  
But once set eye  
To keyhole, nor be scared,  
From playing Paul Pry,

I doubt not I should learn  
A wondrous thing  
Or two; and in return  
Go blind till spring.

The light under his door  
Is glory enough,  
It outshines any star  
That I know of.

Wirrah, my lad, my lad,  
'Tis fearsome strange,  
The hints we all have had  
Passing the range

Of science, knowledge, law,  
Or what you will,  
Whose intangible touch of awe  
Makes reason nil.

Many a night I start,  
Sudden awake,  
Feeling my smothered heart  
Flutter and quake;

*The Lodger*

Like an aspen at dead of noon,  
When not a breath  
Is stirring to trouble the boon  
Valley. A wraith

Or a fetch, it must be, shivers  
The soul of the tree  
Till every leaf of it quivers.  
And so with me.

Was it the shuffle of feet  
I heard go by,  
With muffled drums in the street?  
Was it the cry

Of a rider riding the night  
Into ashes and dawn,  
With news in his nostrils and fright  
Where his hoof-beats had gone?

Did the pipes, at "Bonny Dundee,"  
Bid regiments form?  
Did a renegade's soul get free  
On a wail of the storm?

Did a flock of wild geese honk  
As they cleared the hill?  
Or only a bittern cronk,  
Then all was still?

Was it a night stampede  
Of a thousand head?  
I know I shook like a reed  
There on my bed.

Nameless and void and wild  
Was the fear before me,  
Ere I bethought me and smiled  
As the truth flashed o'er me.

Of course, it was only his hand  
Freeing the bass  
Of his old Amati, grand  
In the silence' face.

*The Lodger*

Rummaging up and down,  
From string to string,  
Bidding the discords drown,  
The harmonies spring,

Where tides and tide-winds rove  
Far out from land,  
On the ocean of music a-move  
At the will of his hand.

Sobbing and grieving now,  
Now glad as a bird,  
Thou, thou, thou  
Of the joys unheard,

Luminous radiant sea  
Of the sounds and time,  
Surely, surely by thee  
Is eternal prime.

Holy and beautiful deep,  
Spread down before  
The imperial coming of sleep,  
Endure, endure!

And sleep, be thou the ranger  
Over it wan.  
And dream, be thou no stranger  
There with the dawn.

Then wings of the sun, go abroad  
As a scarlet desire,  
Unwearied, unwaning, unawed,  
To quest and aspire,

Till the drench of the dusk you drink  
In the poppy-field west;  
Then veer and settle and sink  
As a gull to her nest.

Wind,  
Away, away!  
And hurry your phantom kind  
Through the gates of day,



*The Lodger*

Or ever the king's dark cup  
With its studs and spars  
Be inverted, and earth look up  
To the shuddering stars.

Blaring and triumphing now,  
Now quailing and lone,  
Thou, thou, thou  
Of the joys unknown!

Unknown and wild, wild,  
Where the merry men be,  
Sink to sleep, soul of a child,  
Slumber, thou sea!

All this his fiddle plays,  
And many a thing  
As strange, when his mood so lays  
The bow to the string.

Sleepless! He never sleeps  
That I can find.  
I marvel how he keeps  
A bit of his mind.

There is neither sight nor sound  
In the world of sense,  
But he has fathomed and found  
In the silvery tense

Keen cords on the amber wood.  
As he wrings them thence,  
Death smiles at his hardihood  
For recompense.

Oh fair they are, so fair!  
No tongue can tell  
How he sets them chiming there  
Clear as a bell.

An orchard of birds in June,  
The winds that stream,  
The cold sea-brooks that croon,  
The storms that scream,

*The Lodger*

The planets that float and swing  
Like buoys on the tide,  
The north-going legions in spring,  
The hills that abide,

The frigate-bird clouds that range,  
The vagabond moon—  
That wilful lover of change—  
And the workaday sun,

Dying summer and fall,  
Seasons and men  
And herds, he has them all  
In his shadowy ken.

He calls and they come, leaving strife,  
Leaving discord and death,  
Out of oblivion to life,  
Though its span be a breath.

There they are, all the beautiful things  
I loved and lost sight of  
Long since in the far-away springs,  
Come back for a night of

New being as good as their old,  
Ay, better in fact,  
For somehow he gilds their fine gold,—  
Gives the one thing they lacked,

The breath, aspiration, desire,  
Core, kindle, control,  
Memory and rapture and fire,—  
The touch of man's soul.

How know the true master? I know  
By my joys and my fears,  
For my heart crumbles down like the snow  
With spring rain into tears.

Now I am a precious one!  
With nothing to do  
But idle here in the sun  
And gossip with you

*The Lodger*

Of a stranger you have not seen,  
As like never will.  
I would every soul had a screen,  
When the wind sets ill

In the world's bleak house, like this  
Strange lodger of mine.  
His presence is worse to miss  
Than sun's best shine.

I put no thought at all  
Upon the end,  
If only I may call  
Such a man friend.

And a friend he is, heart light  
With love for heft,  
Proud as silence, whose right  
Hand ignores his left.

Yes, odd! he gives his name  
As Spiritus.  
But that is vague as a flame  
In the wind to us.

And then (but not a breath  
Of this!) you see,  
All his effects, my faith!  
Are marked D.V.

His cape-coat has a rip,  
But for all that,  
(Folk smile, suggest a dip  
In the dyer's vat,—

Those purple aldermen  
Who roll about  
In coaches, drive till ten,  
And die of gout),

I think he finely shows  
How learning's crumbs  
At least can rival those  
Of—st, here he comes!

**S**OFTLY, softly, Niccolo Amati!  
What can put such fancies in your head?  
There, go dream of your blue-skied Cremona,  
While I ponder something you have said.

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Something in that last low lovely cadence  
Piercing the green dusk alone and far,  
Named a new room in the house of knowledge,  
Waiting unfrequented, door ajar.

While you dream then, let me unmolested  
Pass in childish wonder through that door,—  
Breathless, touch and marvel at the beauties  
Soon my wiser elders must explore.

Ah, my Niccolo, 't is no great science  
We shall ever conquer, you and I.  
Yet, when you are nestled at my shoulder,  
Others guess not half that we descry.

As all sight is but a finer hearing,  
And all colour but a finer sound,  
Beauty, but the reach of lyric freedom,  
Caught and quivering past all music's bound;

Life, that faint sigh whispered from oblivion,  
Harks and wonders if we may not be  
Five small wits to carry one great rhythmus,  
The vast theme of God's new symphony.

As fine sand spread on a disc of silver,  
At some chord which bids the motes combine,  
Heeding the hidden and reverberant impulse,  
Shifts and dances into curve and line,

The round earth, too, haply, like a dust-mote,  
Was set whirling her assigned sure way,  
Round this little orb of her ecliptic  
To some harmony she must obey.

Did the Master try the taut string merely,  
Give a touch, and she must throb to time?  
Think you how his bow must rouse the echoes,  
Quailing triumphing on, secure, sublime!

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Ah, thought cannot far without the symbol!  
Help me, little brother, hold the trend.  
Dear good flesh, that keeps the spirit steady,  
Lest it faint, grown dizzy at thought's end!

Waves of sound (Is this your thought, Amati?),  
Climbing into treble thin and clear,  
Past the silence, change to waves of colour,  
We must say, when eye takes place of ear?

Not a bird-song, but it has for fellow  
Some wood-flower, its speechless counterpart,  
Form and colour moulded to one cadence,  
To voice something of the wild mute heart.

Thrushes, we'll suppose, have for their tune-mates  
The gold languorous lilies of the glade;  
And the whippoorwill, that plaintive dreamer,  
Some dark purple flower that loves the shade.

The song-sparrow tells me what the clover  
Nods about beneath the gorgeous blue;  
While the snowballs tell me old love-stories  
Thistle-birds half hinted as they flew.

April's faith, in robin at his vespers,  
Breathes a prayer too in my lilac blooms.  
What the cloudy asters told the hillside,  
My lone rainbird in the dusk resumes.

Bobolink is voice for apple blossom,  
Breezy, abundant, good for human joys;  
Oriole has touched the burning secret  
Poppies hide with their deliberate poise.

Tiny twin-flowers, what are they but fancies,  
Subtler than a field-lark can express?  
Swallows make the low contented twitter  
Lying just beyond the pansies' guess.

Yellowbird, the hot noon's warbler, pierces  
Sense where tiger-lilies may not pass.  
Are not crickets and all field-wise creatures  
Brahmins of the universal grass?

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*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Saffron butterflies and mute ephemera,  
Doubt not, have their songs too, could we hear.  
Every raindrop is a sea sonorous  
As the great worlds thundering sphere to sphere.

There 's no silence and no dark forever.  
Clangoring suns to us are placid stars;  
Swift-foot lightning with his henchman thunder  
Lags behind these gnomes in Leyden jars.

Peal and flash and thrill and scent and savour  
Pulse through rhythm to rapture, and control,—  
Who shall say how far along or finely?—  
The infinite tectonics of the soul.

Low-bred peoples, Hottentots, Basutos,  
Have a taste for scarlet and brass bands.  
Our friend Monet, feeling red repulsive,  
Sees blue shadows in pale purple lands.

Sees not only, but instructs our seeing;  
Taught by him a twelvemonth, we confess  
Earth once robed in crude barbaric splendour,  
Has put on a softer lovelier dress.

Feast my eyes on some old Indian fabric,  
Centuries of culture went to weave,  
And I grow the fine fastidious artist,  
No mere shop-made textile can deceive.

Red the bass and violet the treble,  
Soul may pass out where all colour ends.  
Ends? So we say, meaning where the eyesight  
With some yet unborn perception blends.

You, Amati, never saw a sunset,—  
Hear tornadoes in a spider's loom;  
I, at my wits' end, may still develop  
Unknown senses in life's larger room.

Superhuman is not supernatural.  
How shall half-way judge of journey done?  
Shall this germ and protoplast of being  
Rest mid-life and say his race is run?

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Softly there, my Niccolo, a moment!  
Shall I then discard my simpler joys?  
No, for look you, every sense's impulse  
Is a means the master soul employs.

Test and use of all things, lowest, highest,  
Are alone of import to the soul;  
Joys of earth are journey-aids to heaven,  
Garb of the new sainthood sane and whole.

Earth one habitat of spirit merely,  
I must use as richly as I may,  
Touch environment with every sense-tip,  
Drink the well and pass my wander way.

Ah, drink deep and let the parching morrow  
Quench what thirst its newer need may bring!  
Slake the senses now, that soul hereafter  
Go not forth a starved defrauded thing.

Not for sense sake only, but for soul sake;  
That when soul must shed the leaves of sense,  
Sun and sap may solace and support her,  
Stored in those green hours for her defence.

Shall the grub deny himself the rose-leaf  
That he may be moth before his time?  
Shall the grasshopper repress his drumbeats  
For small envy of the kingbird's chime?

Certain half-men, never touched by worship,  
Soil the goodly feast they cannot use;  
Others, maimed too, holding flesh a hindrance,  
Vilify the bounty they refuse.

He's most man who loves the purple shadows,  
Yet must love the flaring autumn too,—  
Follow when the skrieling pipes bid forward,  
Lie and gaze for hours into the blue.

He would have gone down with Alexander,  
Quelling unknown lands beneath the sun;  
Watched where Buddha in the Bo tree shadows  
Saw this life's web woven and undone;

Freed his stifed heart in Shakespeare's people,  
Sweet and elemental and serene;  
Dared the unknown with Blake and Galileo;  
Fronted death with Daulac's seventeen.

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

So shall mighty peace possess his spirit  
Whom the noonday leads alone apart,  
Through the wind-clear early Indian summer,  
Where no yearning more shall move his heart.

Wise and foot-free, of the tranquil tenor,  
He shall wayfare with the homeless tides;  
Time enough, when life allures no longer,  
To frequent the tavern death provides.

Life be neither hermitage nor revel;  
Lent or carnival alone were vain;  
Sin and sainthood—Help me, little brother,  
With your largo finder-thought again!

Lift, uplift me, higher still and higher!  
Climb and pause and tremble and plunge on,  
Till I, toiling after you, come breathless  
Where the mountain tops are touched with dawn!

Dark this valley world; and drenched with slumber  
We have kept the centuries of night.  
Cry, Amati, pierce the waiting stillness  
Tremulous with forecast of the light!

Cry, Amati! Melt the twilight dirges  
In "Te Deums" fit for marching men!  
"Good," the days are chorusing, "shall triumph;"  
Though the far-off morrows whisper, "When?"

What is good? I hear your soft string answer,  
"I am that whereon the round world leans,  
I am every man's poor guess at wisdom;  
Evil is the soul's misuse of means.

"Up through me, with melody and meaning,  
Well the floods of being or subside,  
The first dim desire of soul for selfhood,  
The last smile that puts all self aside.



*Beyond the  
Gamut*

"Hate is discord lessening through the ages;  
Anger a false note, fear a slackened string.  
Key thy soul up to the wiser manhood,  
Gentler lovelier joy from spring to spring!"

Here in turn I help you, little brother,  
Half surmise what you have half explained.  
Store it by to ripen, and repeat it  
Long hereafter as a glimpse you gained,

When the nineteenth century was dying,  
From a strolling hand that held you dear,—  
Appanage of time put in your keeping  
For my far-off heritor to hear.

I imagine how his eye will kindle  
When the fondles you as I do now,—  
Bends above you wooing like a lover,  
While you yield him all your heart knows how.

I shall have been dust a thousand summers,  
But my dear unprofitable dreams  
Shall be part of all the good that thrills you  
In the oversoul's orchestral themes.

What is good? While God's unfinished opus  
Multitudinous harmony obeys,  
Evil is a dissonance not a discord,  
Soon to be resolved to happier phrase,—

From time immemorial permitted,  
Lest the too sweet melody grow tame,  
And, untouched of pathos or of daring,  
Hearts should never know what hearts proclaim:

The unstained unconquerable valour,  
The unflinching loyalties of love.  
Or if evil be at worst a blunder  
No musician ever could approve,

The mere bungling of a hand that faltered,—  
Mine or his who bade the planets poise,—  
What a thing unthinkable for smallness  
Is your frayed E string one touch destroys.

How that sea-gull out across the bay there  
Rows himself at leisure up the blue!  
Evil the mere eddy from his wing-sweep,  
Good the morning path he must pursue.

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Good, you think, and evil live together,  
Both persisting on from change to change  
Through interminable conservation,—  
Primal powers no ruin can derange?

Deed and accident alike unending  
By eternal consequence of cause?  
No. For good is impetus to Godward;  
Evil, but our ignorance of laws.

Say I let you, spite of all endeavour,  
Mar some nocturne by a single note;  
Is there immortality of discord  
In your failure to preserve the rote?

When the sound shall pass my sense's confines,  
Melt away to colour or thin flame,  
Does it still mangle in the prism,  
Falsify the crucible with shame?

Hardly. For the melody and marring,  
When they put the dear oblivion on,  
Are become as fresh clay for the potter,  
Neither good nor bad, for use anon.

Blighted rose and perfect shall commingle  
In one excellence of garden mould.  
Soul transfusing comeliness or blemish  
Can alone lend beauty to the old.

While the streams go down among the mountains,  
Gathering rills and leaving sand behind,  
Till at last the ocean sea receives them,  
And they lose themselves among their kind,

Man, the joy-born and the sorrow-nurtured,  
(One with nothingness though all things be,—  
Great lord Sirius and the moving planets  
Flect as fire-germs in the torn-up sea,—)

*Beyond the  
Gamut*

Linked to all his half accomplished fellows,  
Through unfrontiered provinces to range,  
Man is but the morning dream of nature  
Roused by some wild cadence weird and strange.

Slowly therefore, Niccolo, and softly,  
With more memories than tongue can tell,  
Lower me down the slope of life, and leave me  
Knowing the hereafter will be well.

Close with, "Love is but the perfect knowledge,  
The one thing no failure can befall;  
Lovingkindness betters loving credence;  
Love and only love is best of all."

Beauty, beauty, beauty, sense and seeming,  
With the soul of truth she calls her lord!  
Stars and men the dust upon her garment;  
Hope and fear the echoes of her word.

How escape we then, the rainbow's brothers,  
Endless being with each blade and sod?  
Dust and shadow between whence and whither,  
Part of the tranquillity of God.

*The  
Juggler*

**L**OOK how he throws them up and up,  
The beautiful golden balls!  
They hang aloft in the purple air,  
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand,  
He teaches them all their curves;  
And whether the reach be little or long,  
There never is one that swerves.

Some, like the tiny red one there,  
He never lets go far;  
And some he has sent to the roof of the tent  
To swim without a jar.

So white and still they seem to hang,  
You wonder if he forgot  
To reckon the time of their return  
And measure their golden lot.

*The  
Juggler*

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,  
The hand of the juggler shook?  
O never you fear, his eye is clear,  
He knows them all like a book.

And they will home to his hand at last,  
For he pulls them by a cord  
Finer than silk and strong as fate,  
That is just the bid of his word.

Was ever there such a sight in the world?  
Like a wonderful winding skein,—  
The way he tangles them up together  
And ravel them out again!

He has so many moving now,  
You can hardly believe your eyes;  
And yet they say he can handle twice  
The number when he tries.

You take your choice and give me mine,  
I know the one for me,  
It's that great bluish one low down  
Like a ship's light out at sea.

It has not moved for a minute or more,  
The marvel that it can keep  
As if it had been set there to spin  
For a thousand years asleep!

If I could have him at the inn  
All by myself some night,—  
Inquire his country, and where in the world  
He came by that cunning sleight!

Where do you guess he learned the trick  
To hold us gaping here,  
Till our minds in the spell of his maze almost  
Have forgotten the time of year?

*The  
Juggler*

One never could have the least idea.  
Yet why be disposed to twit  
A fellow who does such wonderful things  
With the merest lack of wit?

Likely enough, when the show is done  
And the balls all back in his hand,  
He 'll tell us why he is smiling so,  
And we shall understand.

*Hack and  
Hew*

**H**ACK and Hew were the sons of God  
In the earlier earth than now;  
One at his right hand, one at his left,  
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind and Hew was dumb,  
But both had the wild wild heart;  
And God's calm will was their burning will,  
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,  
They set the sun to ride;  
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,  
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands  
To beauty and speed outgrew,—  
The furious fumbling hand of Hack,  
And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,  
And painted him rosy brown;  
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:  
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,  
"We 'll rest, for our toil is done."  
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,  
"For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God  
Shall serve me anew as man,  
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,  
And perfect the vaster plan."

*Hack and  
Hew*

And still the craftsman over his craft,  
In the vague white light of dawn,  
With God's calm will for his burning will,  
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,  
Toils with those shadowy two—  
The faltering restless hand of Hack,  
And the tireless hand of Hew.

**H**EM and Haw were the sons of sin,  
Created to shally and shirk;  
Hem lay 'round and Haw looked on  
While God did all the work.

*Hem and  
Haw*

Hem was a fogey, and Haw was a prig,  
For both had the dull dull mind;  
And whenever they found a thing to do,  
They yammered and went it blind.

Hem was the father of bigots and bores;  
As the sands of the sea were they.  
And Haw was the father of all the tribe  
Who criticise to-day.

But God was an artist from the first,  
And knew what he was about;  
While over his shoulder sneered these two,  
And advised him to rub it out.

They prophesied ruin ere man was made:  
"Such folly must surely fail!"  
And when he was done, "Do you think, my Lord,  
He's better without a tail?"

*Hem and  
Haw*

And still in the honest working world,  
With posture and hint and smirk,  
These sons of the devil are standing by  
While Man does all the work.

They balk endeavour and baffle reform,  
In the sacred name of law;  
And over the quavering voice of Hem  
Is the droning voice of Haw.

*The Night  
Express*

OUT through the hills of midnight,  
Hurtling and thundering on,  
The night express from the outer world  
Speeds for the open of dawn.

Out of the past and gloom-wrack,  
Out of the dim and yore,  
Freighted as train or caravan  
Was never freighted before;

Built when the Sphinx's query  
Was new on the lips of peace;  
Hurled through the aching and hollow years  
Till time shall have release;

Stealing and swift as a shadow,  
Sinuous, urging, and blind,  
Unpent as a joy or the flight of a bird,  
With oblivion behind;

Down to the morrow country  
Into the unknown land!  
And the Driver grips the throttle-bar;  
Our lives are in his hand.

The sleeping hills awake;  
A tremor, a dread, a roar;  
The terror is flying, is come, is past;  
The hills can sleep once more.

*The Night  
Express*

A moment the silence throbs,  
The dark has a pulse of fire;  
And then the wonder of time is gone,  
A wraith and a desire.

Demonish, toiling, grim,  
In the ruddy furnace flare,  
While the Driver fingers the throttle-bar,  
Who stands at his elbow there?

Can it be, this thing like a shred  
Of the firmament torn away,  
Is a boarded train that Death and his crew  
Consorted to waylay?

His wreckers, grinning and lean,  
Are lurking at every curve;  
But the Driver plays with the throttle-bar;  
He has the iron nerve.

We are travelling safe and warm,  
With our little baggage of cares;  
Why tease the peril that yet would come  
Unbidden and unawares?

The lonely are lonely still;  
And the friend has another friend;  
Only the idle heart inquires  
The distance and the end.

We pant up the climbing grade,  
And coast on the tangent mile,  
While the Driver toys with the throttle-bar,  
And gathers the track in his smile.

The dreamer weary of dreams,  
The lover by love released,  
Stricken and whole, and eager and sad,  
Beauty and waif and priest,

All these adventure forth,  
Strangers though side by side,  
With the tramp of time in the roaring wheels,  
And haste in their shadowy stride.



*The Night  
Express*

The star that races the hills  
Shows yet the night is deep;  
But the Driver humours the throttle-bar;  
So, you and I may sleep.

For he of the sleepless hand  
Will drive till the night is done—  
Will watch till morning springs from the sea,  
And the rails stand gold in the sun;

Then he will slow to a stop  
The tread of the driving-rod,  
When the night express rolls into the dawn;  
For the Driver's name is God.

*The  
Dustman*

“DUSTMAN, dustman!”  
Through the deserted square he cries,  
And babies put their rosy fists  
Into their eyes.

There's nothing out of No-man's-land  
So drowsy since the world began,  
As “Dustman, dustman,  
Dustman.”

He goes his village round at dusk  
From door to door, from day to day;  
And when the children hear his step  
They stop their play.

“Dustman, dustman!”  
Far up the street he is descried,  
And soberly the twilight games  
Are laid aside.

“Dustman, dustman!”  
There, Drowsyhead, the old refrain,  
“Dustman, dustman!”  
It goes again.

"Dustman, dustman,  
Hurry by and let me sleep.  
When most I wish for you to come,  
You always creep.

*The  
Dustman*

Dustman, dustman,  
And when I want to play some more,  
You never then are farther off  
Than the next door.

"Dustman, dustman!"  
He beckles down the echoing curb,  
A step that neither hopes nor hates  
Ever disturb.

"Dustman, dustman!"  
He never varies from one pace,  
And the monotony of time  
Is in his face.

And some day, with more potent dust,  
Brought from his home beyond the deep,  
And gently scattered on our eyes,  
We, too, shall sleep,—

Hearing the call we know so well  
Fade softly out as it began,  
"Dustman, dustman,  
Dustman!"

THE tall carnations down the garden walks  
Bowed on their stalks.

*The  
Sleepers*

Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods,  
"What are the odds  
That we shall wake up here within the sun,  
When time is done,  
And pick up all the treasures one by one  
Our hands let fall in sleep?" "You have begun  
To mutter in your dreams,"  
Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams,  
And they both slept again.

*The  
Sleepers*

The tall carnations in the sunset glow  
Burned row on row.

Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams,  
"To me it seems  
A thousand years since last you stirred and spoke,  
And I awoke.  
Was that the wind then trying to provoke  
His brothers in their blessed sleep?" "They choke,  
Who mutter in their nods,"  
Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods.  
And they both slept again.

The tall carnations only heard a sigh  
Of dusk go by.

*Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quas nunc aibis in loca?*

*Exit  
Anima*

**C**EASE, Wind, to blow  
And drive the peopled snow,  
And move the haunted arras to and fro,  
And moan of things I fear to know  
Yet would rend from thee,  
Wind, before I go  
On the blind pilgrimage.  
Cease, Wind, to blow.

Thy brother too,  
I leave no print of shoe  
In all these vasty rooms I rummage through,  
No word at threshold, and no clue  
Of whence I come and whither I pursue  
The search of treasures lost  
When time was new.

Thou janitor  
Of the dim curtained door,  
Stir thy old bones along the dusty floor  
Of this unlighted corridor.  
Open! I have been this dark way before;  
Thy hollow face shall peer  
In mine no more. . . .

Sky, the dear sky!  
Ah, ghostly house, good-bye!  
I leave thee as the gauzy dragon-fly  
Leaves the green pool to try  
His vast ambition on the vaster sky,—  
Such valour against death  
Is deity.

*Exit  
Anima*

What, thou too here,  
Thou haunting whisperer?  
Spirit of beauty immanent and sheer,  
Art thou that crooked servitor,  
Done with disguise, from whose malignant leer  
Out of the ghostly house  
I fled in fear?

O Beauty, how  
I do repent me now,  
Of all the doubt I ever could allow  
To shake me like the aspen bough;  
Nor once imagine that unsullied brow  
Could wear the evil mask  
And still be thou!

Bone of thy bone,  
Breath of thy breath alone,  
I dare resume the silence of a stone,  
Or explore still the vast unknown,  
Like a bright sea-bird through the morning blown,  
With all his heart one joy,  
From zone to zone.



LYRICS FROM AN OLD PLAY



WE are the players of a play  
As old as earth,  
Between the wings of night and day,  
With tears and mirth.

*The  
Players*

There is no record of the land  
From whence it came,  
No legend of the playwright's hand,  
No bruited fame

Of those who for the piece were cast  
On that first night,  
When God drew up his curtain vast,  
And there was light.

Before our eyes as we come on,  
From age to age,  
Flare up the footlights of the dawn  
On this round stage.

In front, unknown, beyond the glare  
Vague shadows loom;  
And sounds like muttering winds are there  
Foreboding doom.

Yet wistfully we keep the boards;  
And as we mend  
The blundering forgotten words,  
Hope to the end

To hear the storm-beat of applause  
Fill our desire,  
When the dark Prompter gives us pause  
And we retire.

THE play is Life; and this round earth,  
The narrow stage whereon  
We act before an audience  
Of actors dead and gone.

*In the  
Wings*

There is a figure in the wings  
That never goes away,  
And though I cannot see his face,  
I shudder while I play.



*In the  
Wings*

His shadow looms behind me here,  
Or capers at my side;  
And when I mouth my lines in dread,  
Those scornful lips deride.

Sometimes a hooting laugh breaks out,  
And startles me alone;  
While all my fellows, wondering  
At my stage-fright, play on.

I fear that when my Exit comes,  
I shall encounter there,  
Stronger than fate, or time, or love,  
And sterner than despair,

The Final Critic of the craft,  
As stage tradition tells;  
And yet—perhaps 'twill only be  
The jester with his bells.

*Garden  
Lovers*

WIND, wind, what art thou doing  
Here in the dusk with me?  
Will not thy heart be ruing, ruing,  
When it puts out to sea?

Wind, wind, ah, beware handling,  
Like wintry seas and snows,  
Me who am only thy wayside fondling,  
Only thy wild wild rose!

Wind, wind, why wilt thou wander  
Over the world at all?  
Will fairer things to-morrow and yonder  
Than here and now befall?

Wind, wind, why didst thou waken  
This heart in the crimson dawn  
To be of her dews and her dreams forsaken?  
And now thou wilt be gone!

Wind, wind, O my dear lover,  
Stay, for my death is soon!  
Then go, and be glad! For thee, my rover,  
The forest floors are strewn!

*Garden  
Lovers*

11

Rose of the dusk, didst ever  
Regard the sea's refrain?  
That is no love that never  
Returns with time again.

Because I am the saddest  
Of things beneath the sun,  
Because thou art the gladdest  
That ever he looked on,—

Because no ways to wander  
Allure me any more,  
With white sea-dreams to ponder  
All day beside thy door,—

Because there's not a rover  
But wearies on a day,  
And not a faithless lover  
But sorrow doth repay,—

I rove the world of shadows,  
A wraith of the blue rain,  
And in the dawn's deep meadows  
Return to thee again.

THE lover Wind is away, away,  
Leaving a word with the lady Tree;  
For his heart is out on the golden bay,  
Trampling the perilous floors of sea.

*The Wind  
and the  
Tree*

The lady Tree from her lonely hill  
Sends a sigh through the world to roam  
The Wind's wild way at the Wind's sweet will;  
But her heart abides at home, at home.

*The Wind  
and the  
Tree*

O lover Wind and lady Tree,  
How the old sun must laugh at you,  
Seeing all foolish things must be  
Till the round world is made anew!

*The  
Tragedy of  
Willow*

“WATER, Water of the wood.”  
Said the lissom Willow Tree,  
“Take me with you, tawny Water,  
Down the summer to the sea!”

“Willow, Willow,” said the Water,  
“It is weary far to sea;  
But if you will love me, Willow,  
You shall learn to run with me.”

“Water, Water,” said the Willow,  
“You are brave and you are strong;  
Here among the silent shadows  
I have loved you, loved you long.”

“Willow, Willow, on my bosom,  
Hurry, hurry, hide your face;  
Then across the world together  
We will lead the wind a race.”

“Water, Water, how you babble!  
Yet I know we'll never part,  
For my little face is hidden  
Deeper, deeper in your heart.”

“Hurry, hurry,” said the Water,  
“Let us wander, let us go;  
For I hear the hush of summer,  
And the calling of the snow.”

“Water, Water,” said the Willow,  
“Wait and I will go with you.  
I am only common Willow,  
But I love you, love you true!”

Willow, Willow, how I wonder  
That you can be so deceived,  
When you know the spendthrift Water  
Never yet has stopped or grieved!

Water, Water, how I wonder  
You can make so much ado  
Over simple little Willow—  
And be glad when all is through!

**A**MONG the silver birches  
Brown River Water grew,  
A happy, idle wanderer  
Who danced the summer through.

When first the Wind of April  
Arose and called her clear,  
“Come forth of all the stars and hills,  
O River Water dear!”

Out of the stilly alders  
Which keep the meadow side,  
A murmur of the melting snows  
Awakened and replied,

“From sleep thou dost arouse me  
Under the wintry dome;  
But now thy voice is at the door,  
O mother Wind, I come.

“Shake out the scarlet April,  
And fill the sudden year;  
Drum up the morning on the heights,  
Thy dancing child is here.”

Then all the silver birches  
That dwell by Intervale,  
As though a dream went down the world  
Leaving the dawn to pale,

Heard wander and rewander  
An echoing cry, until,—  
“All’s well, all’s well, all’s well!”—it passed  
And died from hill to hill.

*The  
Tragedy of  
Willow*

*River  
Water*

*River  
Water*

And there was River Water,  
The fairy forest child,  
To dance among their shadow leaves  
And learn their secrets wild.

She knew the joys of roaming  
They ever must let be;  
And she one day must take their song  
And send it to the sea.

There in the wild-rose weather,  
Their River Water brown,  
She danced the gorgeous noon away,  
She danced the twilight down;

She wrapped the stars in slumber,  
She crooned the hills to sleep,  
She danced the barley-coloured moon  
Up from the beryl steep;

She danced the dawn to ashes,  
Then danced the white day through,  
Till the calm night came round again  
With whippoorwills and dew.

And all the silver birches  
Slim, with their leaves astir  
Where the white Winds a-roving went,  
Were glad because of her.

They whispered, "Listen, listen,  
While the River Water sings  
That bubble song of bobolinks  
And wild June things."

Now in the silver birches  
The year begins to fall,  
And in the quiet sunlight  
Where plaintive phoebes call,

I lie and listen, listen,  
While River Water sings  
The murmur song of meadow-bloom  
And white moth wings.

*River  
Water*

I dream a wonder, wonder;  
Beyond the zones of war,  
There is a sound of dancing laid  
On the eternal floor.

It is the Northern Dances,  
Whom God has set to mark  
The measure of the whirling stars  
Over the builded dark.

At night their moving shadows  
Will mount the harvest sky,  
Salmon and daffodil and green,  
Upon the purple ply.

I spread my heart to listen;  
A tremor in their sleep  
Betrays the speed at which they spin,  
Gyring from deep to deep.

And three are dancing with them,  
The sure untrampled way,—  
My River Water, Earth and I,  
Adown the aisles of day.

I hear the beating footfall  
That keeps the world in time,  
And guess what God intends to do  
When he is done with rhyme.

But laughing River Water  
Has not a fear to quell;  
She heeds the lyric of the soul,  
Content that all is well.

And when the moon in winter  
Shall make the night like day,  
When all the creatures are asleep  
And all the birds away,

And then my River Water  
Has the white robe to don  
I know that hill-born heart of hers  
Will still be dancing on.

*Quaker  
Ladies*

S AID Wind to me one morning:  
"Come with me, rover mine!  
I have found the Quaker Ladies  
On their early slopes of pine."

There never was a bidding  
More easy to obey;  
My feet were in the meadows  
Before the break of day.

My guide was on the mountains  
Before the march of noon;  
And when he halted for me  
The pines began to croon.

There, lonely and ancestral,  
Their voices came to me,  
As when the stars of evening  
First tented by the sea:

"Ah, mortal with the wind's will,  
Thy heart shall learn at length  
That the only, only lovers  
Are innocence and strength."

Then I saw the Quaker Ladies,  
Those Innocents that strew  
The floorings of the forest  
With their tiny stars of blue.

I looked upon their faces,  
Companioned yet alone;  
And this foolish heart that loved them  
Grew simple as their own.

For their eyes are full of quiet,  
Their days are full of peace;  
And I will pass to-morrow  
Content to my release,

If but the Wind above me  
Say, "Wayfellow of mine,  
There be other Quaker Ladies,  
Upon other slopes of pine."

*Quaker  
Ladies*

I SAW a little river  
Running beside a wall,  
And over it hung scarlet  
The berried rowans tall.

*Under the  
Rowans*

Beside it for a moment  
The summer-time delayed;  
And cooler fell the sunlight  
Through centuries of shade.

And there was laughing Bronwen  
A-wading to the knee,  
While still the foolish water  
Went racing to the sea.

I whistled, "Love, come over!"  
She was too wild to fear  
The wildness of the forest,  
The ruin of the year.

And when the stars above us  
Hung in the rowans high,  
It was the little river  
That made our lullaby.

Indoors, to-night, and fire-dreams!  
And where I wander, far  
Within a shining country  
That needs no calendar,

There is a little river  
Running beside a wall,  
And over it hang scarlet  
The berried rowans tall.



*Louie Rae*

I N the Garden long ago,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
While God walked to and fro,  
Louie Rae,  
There came to him a thought,  
And he smiled, but hastened not;  
Yet well his dream had thriven,  
Louie Rae.

Such royal red-gold hair,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae!  
Leave one arm bent and bare,  
Louie Rae,  
Under the little head  
To pillow it! And red,  
Such a red mouth and small,  
Louie Rae.

Such slow luxurious passion,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
Made after time's first fashion,  
Louie Rae,  
Smouldering down to the core  
Of being and sense and lore,  
Would melt the bones of the world,  
Louie Rae.

Such dimpled hands and knees,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae!  
Whence come such gifts as these,  
Louie Rae?  
Such solemn great gray eyes,  
Like winter seas and skies  
Far in the lonely North,  
Louie Rae.

God made you soft as sleep,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae;  
(He has given me you to keep,  
Louie Rae!)  
And then when all was through,  
He drenched you in the dew,  
To fine your silky skin,  
Louie Rae!

*Louie Rae*

God made you bright as fire,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae;  
He filled you with desire,  
Louie Rae;  
And then when all was done,  
He touched you with the sun,  
That was your splendid hair,  
Louie Rae.

Then, too, so lithe and tall,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
He gave you under all,  
Louie Rae,  
Some tinge of tiger blood  
To tease that languid mood  
And make you wholly mine,  
Louie Rae.

God made you fair and white,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae;  
God gave me one delight,  
Louie Rae;  
When of your own sweet will,  
Abashed but wayward still,  
Through the white dawn you came,  
Louie Rae.

A thousand ruined years,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
Welled in your brimming tears,  
Louie Rae,  
When glad, unpent and free,  
At last you came to me  
And left the world well lost,  
Louie Rae.

When shy and wild and meek,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae;  
You yearned against my cheek,  
Louie Rae,  
The centuries that stream  
And crumble into dream,  
Parted a moment there,  
Louie Rae;

*Louie Rae* And I remembered well,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
How joylike it befell,  
Louie Rae,  
You stole down through the dawn  
To kiss me, and were gone,  
In the Garden long ago,  
Louie Rae!

For the dear mortal bliss,  
Louie Rae, Louie Rae,  
Outlasts the grievous kiss,  
Louie Rae,—  
Survives the perished prime,—  
Outruns the reach of time.  
Then give the good love room,  
Louie Rae!

Once in the fairy tale sweet Rose Brier  
Climbed to the bent of her heart's desire.  
Poor Rose Brier, as I've heard tell,  
Never came back with her folk to dwell.

This is the legend of sweet Brier Rose  
Out of a country that nobody knows.  
Dear Brier Rose could never aspire,  
Yet came at length to her heart's desire.

*Berris  
Yare: a  
Legend of  
the Brier  
Rose*

**S**INGLE-HEART Brier Rose, gipsy desire,  
Eyes of the Hush-hound and crispy dark hair,  
Lyric of summer dawn, dew-drench and fire,  
Wilding and gentle and shy Berris Yare!

Bide with me, Brier Rose, here for an hour.  
See the red sun, like a great royal rose,  
Flung down the gray for the winter's king flower,  
While Marden sleeps in his mantle of snows.

Far-wandered Brier Rose, how came we here,  
Alien, ease-loving, alone in this North?  
White winter, laid at the heart of the year,  
Heeds us not, needs us not, leads us not forth.

Long ago, Brier Rose, loved we not thus?  
Was it when Alaric marched against Rome?  
Others might win the world; leave love for us!  
Dost thou remember the Visigoth home?

Think again, Summer-heart. Canst not recall  
When thou wert Brier Rose gladsome and fair?  
How I remember thee, shapely and tall,—  
Far away, long ago thee, Berris Yare!

Sword-play for Brier Rose, war song and march;  
Throstle for joy bade the waking world sing;  
Morning waved banners out bold from the larch;  
When we went down on the legions in spring.

Bracelets for Brier Rose, wrought Roman gold;  
Tribute and trophy poured plenty as sand;  
Frost on the flower-garth, rime on the wold;  
When we came triumphing back through the land.

How thy cheek, Brier Rose, signalled aflame;  
How the song rang of the foemen downborne;  
How the brown eyes kindled up as we came  
Through the bowed ranks of the gleaming red corn!

Then the long days when the harvest was done;  
Hand in hand, hill and dale, thou and I there,  
Dreaming of far-off new isles of the sun,  
Never a dream of this day, Berris Yare!

Fairy-tale, home-royal red of the rose,  
Wilding and well-a-day sweet of the brier!  
Here in the gray world engirdled with snows  
Watch the slow sun set the hilltops afire!

What if, my Brier Rose, love were just this:  
One gracious core of the whirled starry dust,  
Round which the swinging motes, never amiss,  
Traverse the infinite dark as they must.

All the earth else a mere seed-plot of clay,  
Fruitless and flowerless, mixed garden mould,  
Awaiting the gardener, inert, to obey  
When the first sunbeam bids, "Blossoms, unfold!"

*Berris  
Yare: a  
Legend of  
the Brier  
Rose*

*Berris  
Yare: a  
Legend of  
the Brier  
Rose*

Then the whole host of them, gold daffodils;  
Poppies so well of red dreamland aware;  
Michaelmas daisies smoke-blue on the hills;  
None like my Brier Rose, my Berris Yare.

Acres of apple-bloom, maids at the door;  
Wind-hands of summer with heart-strings to pull;  
Fruit to the harvesting, men to the war;  
Come winter speedily, love's year is full.

Cherry-mouth Brier Rose, washed in the dew,  
Kiss me again before daylight be done,—  
Once for the old love and twice for the new,  
Thrice for the dearest love under the sun!

Gold heart of sundowns and summers forgot!  
Treasure of solitude, simple and wild!  
God in our poem missed rhyme by a jot;  
Life never yet with poor love reconciled.

Wert thou not Brier Rose once on a time?  
Attar of memory, chivalry's dare!  
Love's the lost echo of flute-notes at prime,  
Wondrous, far wandering. Hark, Berris Yare!

Only the leaves of the oaks brown and sere,  
Garrulous wiseacre, doting old leaves,  
Go whisper others your cumber-world fear,—  
Kill-joy foreboding that croaks and deceives!

Heed them not, Brier Rose. Harken again!  
Nothing? No breath of the music to be?  
Ah! but I hear the low footfall of rain,—  
April's clan Joy making in from the sea.

April. Think, Brier Rose, how the earth's heart,  
Brook rapture, bird rapture, riot of rills,  
Stirs with old dreams that rend slumber apart!  
Then the long twilight dim-blue on the hills.

Hills that will talk to me when thou art gone,—  
That old solicitude, calming despair,  
Sweet as the sundown, austere as the dawn,—  
"Love that lost Brier Rose, found Berris Yare."

April. Then, Brier Rose, some silent eve,  
While the dusk hears the hill-rivers give tongue,  
In the first swamp-robin I shall perceive  
One golden strain that, when being was young,

*Berris  
Yare: a  
Legend of  
the Brier  
Rose*

Kin to the world-cry and kith to the stars,  
Pierced human sorrows such ages ago.  
Leisurely fluting in gold broken bars  
Comes the rehearsal, serenely and slow,

Prelude, re-prelude; and then the full throat,  
Mellowly, mellowly—stops mid-stream—  
Wearily, wearily.—What may denote  
Such incompleteness? Can love be the theme?

Brother of Brier Rose, flute-master mine  
(Then will this heart-ache out cry to him there),  
Thou with the secret in that flute of thine,  
Where is my dream-fellow, lost Berris Yare?

**K**ILRUDDEN ford, Kilrudden dale,  
Kilrudden fronting every gale  
On the lorn coast of Inishfree,  
And Lal's last bed the plunging sea.

*Lal of Kil-  
rudden*

Lal of Kilrudden with flame-red hair,  
And the sea-blue eyes that rove and dare,  
And the open heart with never a care;  
With her strong brown arms and her ankles bare,  
God in heaven, but she was fair,  
That night the storm put in from sea!

The nightingales of Inishkill,  
The rose that climbed her window-sill,  
The shade that rustled or was still,  
The wind that roved and had his will,  
And one white sail on the low sea-hill,  
Were all she knew of love.

*Lal of Kil-  
rudden*

So when the storm drove in that day,  
And her lover's ship on the ledges lay,  
Past help and wrecking in the gray,  
And the cry was, "Who 'll go down the bay,  
With half of the lifeboat's crew away?"  
Who should push to the front and say,  
"I will be one, be others who may,"  
But Lal of Kilrudden, born at sea!

The nightingales all night in the rain,  
The rose that fell at her window-pane,  
The frost that blackened the purple plain,  
And the scorn of pitiless disdain  
At the hands of the wolfish pirate main,  
Quelling her great hot heart in vain,  
Were all she knew of death.

Kilrudden ford, Kilrudden dale,  
Kilrudden ruined in the gale  
That wrecked the coast of Inishfree,  
And Lal's last bed the plunging sea.

*Nell Guy*

**N**OW the will of the North is the will of the wind,  
At the gray world's rim where red suns die,  
The wind that walks in the street and talks;  
But the heart of the North is the heart of Nell Guy.

To-day, were I master of colour and line,  
I could draw you a tall girl frank and fair,  
With the sway of the corn through an August morn,  
With a light in her face and a wave in her hair.

Such a fearless face with its talking eyes,  
Grave and gentle yet teasing too;  
The sort of eyes, not worldly wise,  
That only light when the soul speaks through

But when they do talk—heart of my heart,  
How you shrink in yourself, abashed and shy,  
Hearing the soul of the world outroll  
To bless and forgive from the lips of Nell Guy!

*Nell Guy*

I with my blundering mannish whim,  
She with her spirit swift as flame!  
Can you not see how the world for me,  
Since I knew her first, is never the same?—

How all the tumult and hate and war  
Of poor mad men who sorrow and sin,  
Grove and are gone with a sigh ere the dawn,—  
Is God's bad dream we wander in.

But the dream shall pass, and the dreamer awake,  
In the brightening morning by-and-by,—  
Bethink him, and then refashion us men:  
All this I believe because of Nell Guy.

How else? For she never could learn it here,  
That gracious abundant pitying way  
Of the patient sun, with his journeys done,  
In giant content at another day.

And that slender artist hand of hers,  
Warm as a fold in the autumn hills!  
There sleeps so much in its lingering touch,  
Like the slow quiet the sunlight spills.

That were a place for a king to halt,  
Sheltered and safe where the sunbeams lie;  
Then out again to his marching men,  
With a cheer in the night at the name of Nell Guy!

The raving tide of the rabble world,  
Busy and shifting and foolish and still,  
Goes by her door in the city's roar,  
Heedless and blind as a wind on the hill.

For what would the world with Nell, forsooth?  
And what would the storm on the wild sea-line  
With the buried pearl, like this mere girl,  
Deep in the core of the sea's dark shine?

But wait till the sea falls! Up they come,  
All the hid treasures high and dry,  
Out of the deep and their ageless sleep.  
So the heart of the world is the heart of Nell Guy!



*A Mid-  
winter  
Memory*

NOW the snow is on the roof,  
Now the wind is in the flue,  
Beauty, keep no more aloof,  
Make my winter dreaming true,  
Give my fancy proof.

How the year runs back to June,  
To the day I saw you first!  
In the sultry afternoon  
There the mountains lay immersed  
In a summer swoon.

In the orchard with your book,  
I can see you now as then—  
That serene and smiling look,  
Far away and back again,  
While my spirit shook.

Now the frost is on the pane,  
And the winter on the sea,  
Gold across the iron strain,  
Thought of you comes back to me,  
Like a lost refrain.

What a voice it was I heard!  
All your j's were soft as d's,  
Like the nest-notes of a bird,  
And your fingers clasped your knees,  
As you smiled each word.

Well I knew you for the one  
Sought so long and never found,  
In this country of the sun,  
All these burning summers round.  
There, the search was done!

Now the dark is at the door;  
Now the snow is on the sill;  
And for all I may deplore,  
Time must have his ancient will—  
Mar one lover more.

TWO shapes of august bearing, seraph tall,  
Of indolent imperturbable regard,  
Stood in the tavern door to drink. As the first  
Lifted his glass to let the warm light melt  
In the slow bubbles of the wine, a sunbeam,  
Red and broad as smouldering autumn, smote  
Down through its mystery; and a single fleck,  
The tiniest sun-mote settling through the air,  
Fell on the grape-dark surface and there swam.  
Gently the Drinker with fastidious care  
Stretched hand to clear the speck away. "No, no!"—  
His comrade stayed his arm. "Why," said the first,  
"What would you have me do?" "Ah, let it float  
A moment longer!" And the second smiled.  
"Do you not know what that is?" "No, indeed."  
"A mere dust-mote, a speck of soot, you think,  
A plague-germ still unsatisfied. It is not.  
That is the Earth. See, I will stretch my hand  
Between it and the sun; the passing shadow  
Gives its poor dwellers a glacial period.  
Let it but stand an hour, it would dissolve,  
Intangible as the colour of the wine.  
There, throw it away now! Lift it from the sweet  
Enveloping flood it has enjoyed so well;"  
(He smiled as only those who live can smile)  
"Its time is done, its revelry complete,  
Its being accomplished. Let us drink again."

*The Mote*

ONCE in the Workshop ages ago,  
The clay was wet and the fire was low.

*In the  
Workshop*

And He who was bent on fashioning man  
Moulded a shape from a clod,  
And put the loyal heart therein;  
While another stood watching by.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.  
"A lover," said God.  
And Beelzebub frowned, for he knew that kind.

*In the  
Workshop*

And then God fashioned a fellow shape  
As lithe as a willow rod,  
And gave it the merry roving eye  
And the range of the open road.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.  
"A vagrant," said God.  
And Beelzebub smiled, for he knew that kind.

And last of all God fashioned a form,  
And gave it, what was odd,  
The loyal heart and the roving eye;  
And he whistled, light of care.

"What's that?" said Beelzebub.  
"A poet," said God.  
And Beelzebub frowned, for he did not know.

*In the  
House of  
Idiedaily*

O H, but life went gaily, gaily,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

There were always throats to sing  
Down the river-banks with spring,

When the stir of heart's desire  
Set the sapling's heart on fire.

Bobolincols in the meadows,  
Leisure in the purple shadows,

Till the poppies without number  
Bowed their heads in crimson slumber,

And the twilight came to cover  
Every unreluctant lover.

Not a night but some brown maiden  
Bettered all the dusk she strayed in,

While the roses in her hair  
Bankrupted oblivion there.

Oh, but life went gaily, gaily,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

But this hostelry, The Barrow,  
With its chambers, bare and narrow,

Mean, ill-windowed, damp, and wormy,  
Where the silence makes you squirmy,

And the guests are never seen to,  
Is a vile place, a mere lean-to,

Not a traveller speaks well of,  
Even worse than I heard tell of,

Mouldy, ramshackle, and foul.  
What a dwelling for a soul!

Oh, but life went gaily, gaily,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

There the hearth was always warm,  
From the slander of the storm.

There your comrade was your neighbour,  
Living on to-morrow's labour.

And the board was always steaming,  
Though Sir Ringlets might be dreaming.

Not a plate but scoffed at porridge,  
Not a cup but floated borage.

There were always jugs of sherry  
Waiting for the makers merry,

And the dark Burgundian wine  
That would make a fool divine.

Oh, but life went gaily, gaily,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

*In the  
House of  
Idiedaily*

*In the  
Great  
House*

I HEAR a sound of weeping,  
A dirge of bitter tears,  
Like the long sea rains keeping  
The tally of the years.

I ask myself what sorrow  
Must needs be loosened so;  
Whence mortal grief could borrow  
Such litanies of woe.

And the sad voice, replying,  
Is strange and yet well known;  
It is my own soul crying  
Through God's great house alone!

*In a  
Garden*

THOUGHT is a garden wide and old  
For airy creatures to explore,  
Where grow the great fantastic flowers  
With truth for honey at the core.

There like a wild marauding bee  
Made desperate by hungry fears,  
From gorgeous *If* to dark *Perhaps*  
I blunder down the dusk of years.

*The  
Marching  
Morrow*

NOW gird thee well for courage,  
My knight of twenty year,  
Against the marching morrows  
That fill the world with fear!

The flowers fade before them;  
The summer leaves the hill;  
Their trumpets range the morning,  
And those who hear grow still.

Like pillagers of harvest,  
Their fame is far abroad,  
As gray remorseless troopers  
That plunder and maraud.

The dust is on their corselets ;  
Their marching fills the world ;  
With conquest after conquest  
Their banners are unfurled.

*The  
Marching  
Morrors*

They overthrow the battles  
Of every lord of war,  
From world-dominioned cities  
Wipe out the names they bore.

Sohrab, Rameses, Roland,  
Ramothe, Napoleon, Tyre,  
And the Romeward Huns of Attila—  
Alas, for their desire !

By April and by autumn  
They perish in their pride,  
And still they close and gather  
Out of the mountain-side.

The tanned and tameless children  
Of the wild elder earth,  
With stature of the northlights,  
They have the stars for girth.

There 's not a hand to stay them,  
Of all the hearts that brave ;  
No captain to undo them,  
No cunning to off-stave.

Yet fear thou not ! If haply  
Thou be the kingly one,  
They 'll set thee in their vanguard  
To lead them round the sun.

**W**E are as mendicants who wait  
Along the roadside in the sun.  
Tatters of yesterday and shreds  
Of morrow clothe us every one.

*The  
Mendi-  
cants*

*The  
Mendi-  
cants*

And some are dotards, who believe  
And glory in the days of old;  
While some are dreamers, harping still  
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,  
As lavish Time comes down the way  
And tosses in the suppliant hat  
One great new-minted gold To-day.

Ungrateful heart and grudging thanks,  
His beggar's wisdom only sees  
Housing and bread and beer enough;  
He knows no other things than these.

O foolish ones, put by your care!  
Where wants are many, joys are few;  
And at the wilding springs of peace,  
God keeps an open house for you.

But that some Fortunatus' gift  
Is lying there within his hand,  
More costly than a jar of pearls,  
His dulness does not understand.

And so his creature heart is filled;  
His shrunken self goes starved away.  
Let him wear brand-new garments still,  
Who has a threadbare soul, I say.

But there be others, happier few,  
The vagabondish sons of God,  
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,  
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,  
And loiter through the woods with spring;  
To them the glory of the earth  
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his Day;  
But their wise heart knows many things  
Beyond the sating of desire,  
Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,  
And laughing flipped it in the air;  
But when two strolling pipe-players  
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

*The  
Mendi-  
cants*

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart  
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;  
Then supperless he laid him down  
That night, and slept beneath the stars.

**N**OW the joys of the road are chiefly these: *The Joys of  
the Road*  
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,  
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,  
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;  
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—  
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third  
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,  
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;



*The Joys of  
the Road* The crickets mourning their comrades lost  
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,  
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea  
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,  
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,  
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;  
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,  
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,  
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,  
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,  
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,  
(These are the things I worship in Dick)

No fidget and no reformer, just  
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,  
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,  
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw  
And gave it the weight of His will for law.

And oh the joy that is never won,  
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

*The Joys of  
the Road*

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,  
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,  
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,  
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,  
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,  
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;  
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release  
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;  
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—  
For him who travels without a load.

MAY comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
All the earth is glad again,  
Kind and fair to me.

*May and  
June*

May comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
Set his place at hearth and board  
As they used to be.

*May and  
June*

May comes, day comes,  
One who was away comes;  
Higher are the hills of home,  
Bluer is the sea.

II

June comes, and the moon comes  
Out of the curving sea,  
Like a frail golden bubble,  
To hang in the lilac tree.

June comes, and a croon comes  
Up from the old gray sea,  
But not the longed-for footstep  
And the voice at the door for me.

*A Song of  
the Open*

**G**IVE me freedom, give me space,  
Give me open air and sky,  
With the clean wind in my face  
Where the quiet mountains lie.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,  
The years go over and by,  
And soon will the longest day be past,  
Soon I must lay me down.*

I am sick of roofs and floors,  
Naught will heal me but to roam;  
Open me the forest doors,  
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,  
Narrow ways and cramping creeds;  
Give me back the simpler joys;  
Nothing else my spirit needs.

Give me three days' solitude,  
Sea or hill or open plain,  
And with all the earth renewed,  
I grow strong and glad and sane.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,  
The years go over and by,  
And soon will the longest day be past,  
Soon I must lay me down.*

*A Song of  
the Open*

**W**HAT is this joy to-day,  
Hope, reparation, reprieve?

*Holiday*

Out of the sweltering city,  
Out of the blaring streets  
And narrow houses of men,  
The seaboard express for the North  
Forges, and settles for flight  
Into the great blue summer,  
The wide sweet opulent noon.

Farewell despondency, fear,  
Ambition, and pitiless greed,  
And sordid unlovely regrets!  
And thou, frail spirit in me,  
My journey-fellow these years,  
Behold, thy brothers the elms  
And thy sisters the daisies are here.  
Thou too shalt grow and be glad,  
Companioned of innocence now,  
In the long hours of joy.

How will it be that day  
When the dark train is ready,  
And the inexorable gong  
Sounds through the depot of Time?

“**A**H,” said the Worm,  
As he spun his cocoon,  
“Just wait till you see,  
At the opportune term—  
Say another half-moon—  
The silk that’s in me!”

*The Point  
of View*

*The Point  
of View*

"Pish," said the Snake,  
As he viewed his old skin  
In the fork of a tree,  
"That's only a flake  
Of what I have been;  
That is not me!"

*The Poor  
Traveller*

I CAME to a roadside dwelling  
With great eaves low and wide,  
Asking my way to the village,  
And they bade me step inside.

Welcome and cheer they gave me,—  
Were comrades loving and strong;  
And they bade me wait for supper,  
But I could not stay so long.

Nothing I brought to the house  
But the garb of ruddy and tan,  
Suited for pleasure or wear,  
Befitting a roving man.

Nothing I brought to the inn  
But the traveller's cloak I wore;  
And that, when I came away,  
I needs must drop by the door.

*An  
Epitaph*

WITH the Orient in her eyes,  
Life my mistress lured me on.  
"Knowledge," said that look of hers,  
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves,  
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers.  
And I drank, who now am here,  
Where my dust with dust confers.

BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN

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I WAS born for deep-sea faring;  
I was bred to put to sea;  
Stories of my father's daring  
Filled me at my mother's knee.

*A Son of  
the Sea*

I was sired among the surges;  
I was cubbed beside the foam;  
All my heart is in its verges,  
And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal  
Bourns of being, came to me  
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal  
Memories of the plunging sea.

OH, the shambling sea is a sexton old,  
And well his work is done.  
With an equal grave for lord and knave,  
He buries them every one.

*The Grave-  
digger*

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre  
Went out, and where are they?  
In the port they made, they are delayed  
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,  
As the ships of long ago;  
And the ships of France they led him a dance,  
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing idle lubber to him  
Is the sexton of the town;  
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,  
He shovels the dead men down.



*The Grave-  
digger*

But though he delves so fierce and grim,  
His honest graves are wide,  
As well they know who sleep below  
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,  
And loud is the chorus skirled ;  
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat  
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,  
Where the ballads of eld were sung ;  
And merry enough is the burden rough,  
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,  
And wilful she must have been,  
That she could bide at his gruesome side  
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those  
She greets to his border home ;  
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep  
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough  
To handle the tallest mast ;  
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,  
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore ;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more ;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

*The Yule  
Guest*

AND Yanna by the yule-log  
Sat in the empty hall,  
And watched the goblin firelight  
Caper upon the wall:

*The Yule  
Guest*

The goblins of the hearthstone,  
Who teach the wind to sing,  
Who dance the frozen yule away  
And usher back the spring;

The goblins of the Northland,  
Who teach the gulls to scream,  
Who dance the autumn into dust,  
The ages into dream.

Like the tall corn was Yanna,  
Bending and smooth and fair,—  
His Yanna of the sea-gray eyes  
And harvest-yellow hair.

Child of the low-voiced people  
Who dwell among the hills,  
She had the lonely calm and poise  
Of life that waits and wills.

Only to-night a little  
With grave regard she smiled,  
Remembering the morn she woke  
And ceased to be a child.

Outside, the ghostly rampikes,  
Those armies of the moon,  
Stood while the ranks of stars drew on  
To that more spacious noon,—

While over them in silence  
Waved on the dusk afar  
The gold flags of the Northern light  
Streaming with ancient war.

And when below the headland  
The riders of the foam  
Up from the misty border rode  
The wild gray horses home,

And woke the wintry mountains  
With thunder on the shore,  
Out of the night there came a weird  
And cried at Yanna's door.

*The Yule  
Guest*

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
They buried me away  
In the blue fathoms of the deep,  
Beyond the outer bay.

“But in the yule, O Yanna,  
Up from the round dim sea  
And reeling dungeons of the fog,  
I am come back to thee!”

The wind slept in the forest,  
The moon was white and high,  
Only the shifting snow awoke  
To hear the yule guest cry.

“O Yanna, Yanna, Yanna,  
Be quick and let me in!  
For bitter is the trackless way  
And far that I have been!”

Then Yanna by the yule log  
Starts from her dream to hear  
A voice that bids her brooding heart  
Shudder with joy and fear.

The wind is up a moment  
And whistles at the eaves,  
And in his troubled iron dream  
The ocean moans and heaves.

She trembles at the door-lock  
That he is come again,  
And frees the wooden bolt for one  
No barrier could detain.

“O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
So late, so late you come!”  
The yule-log crumbles down and throws  
Strange figures on the gloom;

But in the moonlight pouring  
Through the half-open door  
Stands the gray guest of yule and casts  
No shadow on the floor.

*The Yule  
Guest*

The change that is upon him  
She knows not in her haste;  
About him her strong arms with glad  
Impetuous tears are laced.

She's led him to the fireside,  
And set the wide oak chair,  
And with her warm hands brushed away  
The sea-rime from his hair.

" O Garvin, I have waited,—  
Have watched the red sun sink,  
And clouds of sail come flocking in  
Over the world's gray brink,

" With stories of encounter  
On plank and mast and spar;  
But never the brave barque I launched  
And waved across the bar.

" How come you so unsignalled,  
When I have watched so well?  
Where rides the Adrianna  
With my name on boat and bell?"

" O Yanna, golden Yanna,  
The Adrianna lies  
With the sea dredging through her ports,  
The white sand through her eyes.

" And strange unearthly creatures  
Make marvel of her hull,  
Where far below the gulfs of storm  
There is eternal lull.

" O Yanna, Adrianna,  
This midnight I am here,  
Because one night of all my life  
At yule-tide of the year,

" With the stars white in heaven,  
And peace upon the sea,  
With all my world in your white arms  
You gave yourself to me.

*The Yule*  
*Guest*

"For that one night, my Yanna,  
Within the dying year,  
Was it not well to love, and now  
Can it be well to fear?"

"O Garvin, there is heartache  
In tales that are half told;  
But ah, thy cheek is pale to-night,  
And thy poor hands are cold!

"Tell me the course, the voyage,  
The ports, and the new stars;  
Did the long rollers make green surf  
On the white reefs and bars?"

"O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Though easily I found  
The set of those uncharted tides  
In seas no line could sound,

"And made without a pilot  
The port without a light,  
No log keeps tally of the knots  
That I have sailed to-night.

"It fell about mid-April;  
The Trades were holding free;  
We drove her till the scuppers hissed  
And buried in the lee.

\* \* \* \* \*

"O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Loose hands and let me go!  
The night grows red along the East,  
And in the shifting snow

"I hear my shipmates calling,  
Sent out to search for me  
In the pale lands beneath the moon  
Along the troubling sea."

"O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
What is the booming sound  
Of canvas, and the piping shrill,  
As when a ship comes round?"

*The Yule  
Guest*

"It is the shadow boatswain  
Piping his hands to bend  
The looming sails on giant yards  
Aboard the Nomansfriend.

"She sails for Sunken Harbour  
And ports of yester year;  
The tern are shrilling in the lift,  
The low wind-gates are clear.

"O Yanna, Adrianna,  
The little while is done.  
Thou wilt behold the brightening sea  
Freshen before the sun,

"And many a morning reddened  
The dark hill slopes of pine;  
But I must sail hull-down to-night  
Below the gray sea-line.

"I shall not hear the snowbirds  
Their morning litany,  
For when the dawn comes over dale  
I must put out to sea."

"O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
To have thee as I will,  
I would that never more on earth  
The dawn came over hill."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then on the snowy pillow,  
Her hair about her face,  
He laid her in the quiet room,  
And wiped away all trace

Of tears from the poor eyelids  
That were so sad for him,  
And soothed her into sleep at last  
As the great stars grew dim.

Tender as April twilight  
He sang, and the song grew  
Vague as the dreams which roam about  
This world of dust and dew:

*The Yule  
Guest*

“ O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Dear Love, look forth to sea  
And all year long until the yule,  
Dear Heart, keep watch for me!

“ O Yanna, Adrianna,  
I hear the calling sea,  
And the folk telling tales among  
The hills where I would be.

“ O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Over the hills of sea  
The wind calls and the morning comes,  
And I must forth from thee.

“ But Yanna, Adrianna,  
Keep watch above the sea;  
And when the weary time is o'er,  
Dear Life, come back to me!”

“ O Garvin, bonny Garvin—”  
She murmurs in her dream,  
And smiles a moment in her sleep  
To hear the white gulls scream.

Then with the storm foreboding  
Far in the dim gray South,  
He kissed her not upon the cheek  
Nor on the burning mouth,

But once above the forehead  
Before he turned away;  
And ere the morning light stole in,  
That golden lock was gray.

“ O Yanna, Adrianna—”  
The wind moans to the sea;  
And down the sluices of the dawn  
A shadow drifts alee.

**A**MONG the wintry mountains beside the Northern sea  
There is a merrymaking, as old as old can be.

*The Mar-  
ring of  
Malyn. I.  
The Merry-  
makers*

Over the river reaches, over the wastes of snow,  
Halting at every doorway, the white drifts come and go.

They scour upon the open, and mass along the wood,  
The burliest invaders that ever man withstood.

With swoop and whirl and scurry, these riders of the  
drift  
Will mount and wheel and column, and pass into the lift.

All night upon the marshes you hear their tread go by,  
And all night long the streamers are dancing on the sky.

Their light in Malyn's chamber is pale upon the floor,  
And Malyn of the mountains is theirs for evermore.

She fancies them a people in saffron and in green,  
Dancing for her. For Malyn is only seventeen.

Out there beyond her window, from frosty deep to deep,  
Her heart is dancing with them until she falls asleep.

Then all night long through heaven, with stately to  
and fro,  
To music of no measure, the gorgeous dancers go.

The stars are great and splendid, beryl and gold and blue,  
And there are dreams for Malyn that never will come  
true.

Yet for one golden yule-tide their royal guest is she,  
Among the wintry mountains beside the Northern sea.



*The Mar-  
ring of  
Malyn. II.  
A Sailor's  
Wedding*

THERE is a Norland laddie who sails the round  
sea-rim,  
And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to  
him.

The master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the  
line,

He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling  
brine.

He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his  
hand,

For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;  
And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his  
bride.

But their will is the wind's will who traffic on the tide.  
Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down  
to light

The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding  
night.

She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and  
swings,

Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.  
The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts  
of rain;

And in the Ardise country the spring comes back  
again.

It is the brooding April, haunted and sad and dear,  
When vanished things return not with the returning  
year.

Only, when evening purples the light in Malyn's dale,  
With sound of brooks and robins, by many a hidden  
trail,

With stir of lulling rivers along the forest floor,  
The dream-folk of the gloaming come back to Malyn's  
door.

The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky  
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.  
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's  
room;

And out at sea the Snowflake is driving through the  
gloom.

The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of  
white surge

They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.

The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below, *The Mar-*  
 And down the world's wide border they perish as *ring of*  
 they go. *Malyn. II.*  
 They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and *A Sailor's*  
 glimmer and flee, *Wedding*  
 Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.  
 They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to  
 stern,  
 Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clew to  
 ear'n'.  
 And where they move uneasy, chill is the light and  
 pale;  
 They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before  
 the gale.  
 They revel with the Snowflake, and down the close  
 of day  
 Among the boisterous dancers she holds her dancing  
 way;  
 And then the dark has kindled the harbour light alee,  
 With stars and wind and sea-room upon the gurdy sea.  
 The storm gets up to windward to heave and clang and  
 brawl;  
 The dancers of the open begin to moan and call.  
 A lure is in their dancing, a weird is in their song;  
 The snow-white Skipper's daughters are stronger than  
 the strong.  
 They love the Norland sailor who dares the rough sea  
 play;  
 Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him  
 away.  
 They promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips,  
 To make before the morning the port of missing ships,  
 Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth  
 again,  
 And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain.  
 A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears,  
 For him, and no more tidings of the departed years!  
 For there of old were fashioned the chambers cool  
 and dim,  
 In the eternal silence below the twilight's rim.  
 The borders of that country are slumberous and wide;  
 And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide.  
 Within their arms immortal, no mortal fear can be;  
 But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea.

*The Mar-  
ring of  
Malyn. II.  
A Sailor's  
Wedding*

And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind  
astern,

And through the boding twilight are blown the shrill-  
ing tern.

The light is on the headland, the harbour gate is wide;  
But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide.

Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Norland  
gloom;

The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with  
doom.

Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run!  
There'll be a merrymaking to-morrow in the sun.

A cloud of straining canvas, a roar of breaking foam,  
The Snowflake and the sea-drift are racing in for home.

Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale  
The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her  
trail.

They scour and fly together, until across the roar  
He signals for a pilot—and Death puts out from shore.

A moment Malyn's window is gleaming in the lee,  
And then—the ghost of wreckage upon the iron sea.

Ah, Malyn, lay your forehead upon your folded arm,  
And hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of  
storm!

Loud laughs the surly Skipper to feel the fog drive in,  
Because a blue-eyed sailor shall wed his kith and kin,

And the red dawn discover a rover spent for breath  
Among the merrymakers who fondle him to death.

And all the snowy sisters are dancing wild and grand,  
For him whose broken beauty shall slacken to their  
hand.

They wanton in their triumph, and skirl at Malyn's  
plight;

Lift up their hands in chorus, and thunder to the  
night.

The gulls are driven inland; but on the dancing tide  
The master of the Snowflake is taken to his bride.

And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea-  
plain,

The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind  
again.

Once more that gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night  
is done,  
And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the  
sun.  
The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with  
glee,  
And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea.

*The Mar-  
ring of  
Malyn. II.  
A Sailor's  
Wedding*

THE year grows on to harvest, the tawny lilies  
burn  
Along the marsh, and hillward the roads are  
sweet with fern.

*III. The  
Light on  
the Marsh*

All day the windless pavilions the sea-blue,  
Then twilight comes and drenches the sultry dells  
with dew.

The lone white star of evening comes out among the  
hills,

And in the darkling forest begin the whip-poor-wills.  
The fireflies that wander, the hawks that flit and  
scream,

And all the wilding vagrants of summer dusk and  
dream,

Have all their will, and reck not of any after thing,  
Inheriting no sorrow and no foreshadowing.

The wind forgets to whisper, the pines forget to moan,  
And Malyn of the mountains is there among her own.  
Malyn, whom grief nor wonder can trouble never-  
more,

Since that spring night the Snowflake was wrecked  
beside her door,

And strange her cry went seaward once, and her soul  
thereon

With the vast lonely sea-winds, a wanderer, was gone.  
But she, that patient beauty which is her body fair,  
Endures on earth still lovely, untenanted of care.

The folk down at the harbour pity from day to day;  
With a "God save you, Malyn!" they bid her on  
her way.

She smiles, poor feckless Malyn, the knowing smile  
of those

Whom the too sudden vision God sometimes may  
disclose

*The Mar-  
ring of  
Malyn.  
III. The  
Light on  
the Marsh*

Of his wild lurid world-wreck, has blinded with its sheen.

Then, with a fond insistence, pathetic and serene,  
They pass among their fellows for lost minds none can save,

Bent on their single business, and marvel why men rave.

Now far away a sighing comes from the buried reef,  
As though the sea were mourning above an ancient grief.

For once the restless Mother of all the weary lands  
Went down to him in beauty, with trouble in her hands,

And gave to him forever all memory to keep,  
But to her wayward children oblivion and sleep,  
That no immortal burden might plague one living thing,

But death should sweetly visit us vagabonds of spring.  
And so his heart forever goes inland with the tide,  
Searching with many voices among the marshes wide.  
Under the quiet starlight, up through the stirring reeds,

With whispering and lamenting it rises and recedes.  
All night the lapsing rivers croon to their shingly bars  
The wizardries that mingle the sea-wind and the stars.  
And all night long wherever the moving waters gleam,  
The little hills hearken, hearken, the great hills hear  
and dream.

And Malyn keeps the marshes all the sweet summer night,

Alone, foot-free, to follow a wandering wisp-light.  
For every day at sundown, at the first beacon's gleam,  
She calls the gulls her brothers and keeps a tryst with them.

"O gulls, white gulls, what see you beyond the sloping blue?"

And where away 's the Snowflake, she 's so long overdue?"

Then, as the gloaming settles, the hilltop stars emerge  
And watch that plaintive figure patrol the dark sea verge.

She follows the marsh fire; her heart laughs and is glad;

She knows that light to seaward is her own sailor lad!

What are these tales they tell her of wreckage on the shore? *The Mar-*

Delay but makes his coming the nearer than before! *ring of*

Surely her eyes have sighted his schooner in the lift! *Malyn.*

But the great tide he homes on sets with an outward drift. *III. The*

So will-o'-the-wisp deludes her till dawn, and she *Light on*

In unperturbed assurance, "To-morrow he will come." *the Marsh.*

This is the tale of Malyn, whom sudden grief so marred.

And still each lovely summer resumes that sweet regard,—  
The old unvexed eternal indifference to pain;

The sea sings in the marshes, and June comes back again.

All night the lapsing rivers lisp in the long dike grass,  
And many memories whisper the sea-winds as they pass;

The tides disturb the silence; but not a hindrance bars  
The wash of time, where founder even the galleon stars.

And all night long wherever the moving waters gleam,  
The little hills hearken, hearken, the great hills hear  
and dream.

**O**N the long slow heave of a lazy sea,  
To the flap of an idle sail,  
The Nancy's Pride went out on the tide;  
And the skipper stood by the rail.

*The  
Nancy's  
Pride*

All down, all down by the sleepy town,  
With the hollyhocks arow  
In the little poppy gardens,  
The sea had her in tow.

They let her slip by the breathing rip,  
Where the bell is never still,  
And over the sounding harbour bar,  
And under the harbour hill.

*The  
Nancy's  
Pride*

She melted into the dreaming noon,  
Out of the drowsy land,  
In sight of a flag of goldy hair,  
To the kiss of a girlish hand.

For the lass who hailed the lad who sailed,  
Was—who but his April bride?  
And of all the fleet of Grand Latite,  
Her pride was the Nancy's Pride.

So the little vessel faded down  
With her creaking boom a-swing,  
Till a wind from the deep came up with a creep,  
And caught her wing and wing.

She made for the lost horizon line,  
Where the clouds a-castled lay,  
While the boil and seethe of the open sea  
Hung on her frothing way.

She lifted her hull like a breasting gull  
Where the rolling valleys be,  
And dipped where the shining porpoises  
Put ploughshares through the sea.

A fading sail on the far sea-line,  
About the turn of the tide,  
As she made for the Banks on her maiden cruise,  
Was the last of the Nancy's Pride.

To-day a boy with goldy hair,  
In a garden of Grand Latite,  
From his mother's knee looks out to sea  
For the coming of the fleet.

They all may home on a sleepy tide,  
To the flap of the idle sail;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That answers a human hail.

They all may home on a sleepy tide  
To the sag of an idle sheet;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That draws men down the street.

On the Banks to-night a fearsome sight  
The fishermen behold,  
Keeping the ghost watch in the moon  
When the small hours are cold.

*The  
Nancy's  
Pride*

When the light wind veers, and the white fog clears,  
They see by the after rail  
An unknown schooner creeping up  
With mildewed spar and sail.

Her crew lean forth by the rotting shrouds,  
With the Judgement in their face;  
And to their mates' "God save you!"  
Have never a word of grace.

Then into the gray they sheer away,  
On the awful polar tide;  
And the sailors know they have seen the wraith  
Of the missing Nancy's Pride.

THERE'S a schooner out from Kingsport,  
Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,  
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy  
With a norther on her beam.

*The  
Master of  
the Scud*

How the tough wind springs to wrestle,  
When the tide is on the flood!  
And between them stands young daring—  
Arnold, Master of the Scud.

He is only "Martin's youngster,"  
To the Minas coasting fleet,  
"Twelve year old, and full of Satan  
As a nut is full of meat."

With a wake of froth behind him,  
And the gold green waste before,  
Just as though the sea this morning  
Were his boat pond by the door,



*The  
Master  
of the  
Scud*

Legs a-straddle, grips the tiller  
This young waif of the old sea;  
When the wind comes harder, only  
Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free.

Little wonder, as you watch him  
With the dash in his blue eye,  
Long ago his father called him  
"Arnold, Master," on the sly,

While his mother's heart foreboded  
Reckless father makes rash son.  
So to-day the schooner carries  
Just these two whose will is one.

Now the wind grows moody, shifting  
Point by point into the east.  
Wing and wing the Scud is flying  
With her scuppers full of yeast.

And the father's older wisdom  
On the sea-line has descried,  
Like a stealthy cloud-bank making  
Up to windward with the tide,

Those tall navies of disaster,  
The pale squadrons of the fog,  
That maraud this gray world border  
Without pilot, chart, or log,

Ranging wanton as marooners  
From Minudie to Manan.  
"Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!"  
Cries he; when no will of man

Spills the foresail, but a clumsy  
Wind-flaw with a hand like stone  
Hurls the boom round. In an instant  
Arnold, Master, there alone

Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward,  
With the gray doom in its face;  
And the climbing foam receives it  
To its everlasting place.

What does Arnold, Master, think you?  
Whimper like a child for dread?  
That's not Arnold. Foulest weather  
Strongest sailors ever bred.

*The  
Master of  
the Scud*

And this slip of taut sea-faring  
Grows a man who throttles fear.  
Let the storm and dark in spite now  
Do their worst with valour here!

Not a reef and not a shiver,  
While the wind jeers in her shrouds,  
And the flauts of foam and sea-fog  
Swarm upon her deck in crowds,

Flies the Scud like a mad racer;  
And with iron in his frown,  
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,  
Arnold, Master, rides her down.

Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads!  
Let the licking seas go glut  
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled!  
Arnold's making for the Gut.

Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains  
Give that one port on the coast;  
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine!  
Missed, the little Scud is lost!

Come now, fog-horn, let your warning  
Rip the wind to starboard there!  
Suddenly that burly-throated  
Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

The young master hauls a little,  
Crowds her up and sheets her home,  
Heading for the narrow entry  
Whence the safety signals come.

Then the wind lulls, and an eddy  
Tells of ledges, where away;  
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,  
Through the rifts, and—there's the bay!

*The  
Master of  
the Scud*

Like a bird in from the storm-beat,  
As the summer sun goes down,  
Slows the schooner to her moorings  
By the wharf at Digby town.

All the world next morning wondered.  
Largest letters, there it stood,  
"Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring.  
Arnold, Master of the Scud."

*The Ships  
of St. John*

SMILE, you inland hills and rivers!  
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!  
But my roving heart is seaward  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,  
Meadow island, shingly bar,  
Open barns and breezy twilight,  
Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country  
The old habitude takes on,  
But my wintry heart is outbound  
With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,  
Till the man-child was a man,  
Canada, great nurse and mother  
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me  
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;  
Now far alien countries call me  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!  
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!  
I was born to be your fellow;  
You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,  
Doubt, the derelict is gone;  
Sane and glad I clear the headland  
With the white ships of St. John.

*The Ships  
of St. John*

Loyalists, my fathers, builded  
This gray port of the gray sea,  
When the duty to ideals  
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting  
Puts the wreath of maple on,  
I must cheer too,—slip my moorings  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,  
Be a word to lift the world,  
Till the many see the signal  
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
Past the crimson rising sun,  
There are dreams go down the harbour  
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them  
As they clear the island bar,—  
Fade, till speck by speck the midday  
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,  
Wider leeway, longer run,  
Whose discoverers return not  
With the ships of gray St. John.

**W**ILD across the Breton country,  
Fabled centuries ago,  
Riding from the black sea border,  
Came the squadrons of the snow.

*The King  
of Ys*

*The King  
of Ys*

Piping dread at every latch-hole,  
Moaning death at every sill,  
The white Yule came down in tumult  
Upon Ys, and had its will.

Walled and dreamy stood the city,  
Wide and dazzling shone the sea,  
When the gods set hand to smother  
Ys, the pride of Brittany.

Morning drenched her towers in purple;  
Light of heart were king and fool;  
Fair forebode the merrymaking  
Of the seven days of Yule.

Laughed the king, "Once more, my mistress,  
Time and place and joy are one!"  
Bade the balconies with banners  
Match the splendour of the sun;

Eyes of urchins shine with silver,  
And with gold the pavement ring;  
Bade the war-horns sound their bravest  
For *The Mistress of the King*.

Mountebanks and ballad-mongers  
And all strolling traffickers  
Should block up the market corners  
With none other name than hers.

Laughed the fool, "To-day, my Folly,  
Thou shalt be the king of Ys!"  
O wise fool! How long must wisdom  
Under motley hold her peace?

Then the storm came down. The valleys  
Wailed and ciphered to the dune  
Like huge organ pipes; a midnight  
Stalked those gala streets at noon;

And the sea rose, rocked and tilted  
Like a beaker in the hand,  
Till the moon-hung tide broke tether  
And stampeded in for land.

*The King  
of Ys*

All day long with doom portentous,  
Shreds of pennons shrieked and flew  
Over Ys; and black fear shuddered  
On the hearthstone all night through.

Fear, which freezes up the marrow  
Of the heart, from door to door  
Like a plague went through the city,  
And filled up the devil's score;

Filled her tally of the craven,  
To the sea-wind's dismal rote;  
While a panic superstition  
Took the people by the throat.

As with morning still the sea rose  
With vast wreckage on the tide,  
And their pasture rills, grown rivers,  
Thundered in the mountain side,

"Vengeance, vengeance, gods to vengeance!"  
Rose a storm of muttering;  
And the human flood came pouring  
To the palace of the king.

"Save, O king, before we perish  
In the whirlpools of the sea,  
Ys thy city, us thy people!"  
Spake the king then, "What would ye?"

But his wolf's eyes talked defiance,  
And his bearded mouth meant scorn,  
"O our king, the gods are angry;  
And no longer to be borne

"Is the shameless face that greets us  
From thy windows, at thy side,  
Smiling infamy. And therefore  
Thou shalt take her up, and ride.

"Down with her into the sea's mouth,  
And there leave her; else we die,  
And thy name goes down to story  
A new word for cruelty."

*The King  
of Ys*

Ah, but she was fair, this woman!  
Warm and flaxen waved her hair;  
Her blue Breton eyes made summer  
In that bleak December air.

There she stood whose burning beauty  
Made the world's high roof-tree ring,  
A white poppy tall and wind-blown  
In the garden of the king.

Her throat shook, but not with terror;  
Her eyes swam, but not with fear;  
While her fair hands caught and clung to  
The one man they had found dear.

"Lord and lover,"—thus she smiled him  
Her last word,—“it shall be so,  
Only the sea's arms shall hold me,  
When from out thine arms I go.”

Swore he, “By the gods, my mistress,  
Thou shalt have queen's burial.  
Pearl and amber shall thy tomb be;  
Shot with gold and green thy pall.

“And a million-throated chorus  
Shall take up our dirge to-night;  
Where our slumber's starry watch-fires  
Shall a thousand years be bright.”

Then they brought the coal-black stallion,  
Chafing on the bit. Astride  
Sprang the young king; shouted, “Way there!”  
Caught the girl up to his side;

And a path through that scared rabble  
Rode in pageant to the sea.  
And the coal-black mane was mingled  
With gold hair against his knee.

“Love, be not dismayed!” he murmured,  
“A blind world shall not control  
The one splendour of a lifetime,  
The one lordship of the soul.”

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Sure as the wild gulls make seaward,  
From the west gate to the beach  
Rode these two for whom now freedom  
Landward lay beyond their reach.

*The King  
of Ys*

So they came down to the sea's mouth,  
Where the tides were racing doom;  
And the great horse, scenting peril,  
Snorted at the flying spume;

But at one last word of daring,  
With those lovers reared and sprang  
Clear across the long white combers.  
And that turmoil's iron clang

Closed above them for a moment,  
And the tempest held its breath.  
Then a thousand eyes looked wonder,  
While they swam that trough of death,

Steering seaward through the welter.  
As they settled out of sight,  
Waved above them one gold streamer,  
Valour bid the world good-night!

Not a trace, while the long summers  
Warm the heart of Brittany,  
Save one stone of Ys, as remnant,  
For a white mark in the sea.

re!"  
ONCE of old there stood a fabled city  
By the Breton sea,  
Towered and belled and flagged and wreathed  
and pennoned

*The City in  
the Sea*

For the pomp of Yule-tide revelry;  
All its folk, adventurous, sea-daring,  
Gay as gay could be.

And at night when window, torch, and bonfire  
Lighted up the sky,  
Down the wind came galleon and pinnace,  
Steered for that red lantern, riding high;  
Every brown hand hard upon the tiller,  
Shoreward every eye.



*The City in  
the Sea*

Well I see that hardy Breton sailor  
With the bearded lip,—  
How he laughed out, holding his black racer  
Where the travelling sea-hills climb and slip,  
Chased by storm and lighted on to haven,  
Ship by homing ship.

Every sail came in, like deep-sea rover  
Who had heard afar  
Wild and splendid hyperborean rumours  
Of a respite made to feud and war,—  
Making port where sea-wreck and disaster  
Should not vex them more.

What of Ys? Where was it when gray morning  
Gloomed o'er Brittany?  
Smothered out in elemental fury,  
Wrecked and whelmed in the engulfing sea,  
To become the name of a sea-story  
In lost legendry.

In my heart there is a sunken city,  
Wonderful as Ys.  
All day long I hear the mellow tolling  
Of its sweet-sad lonely bells of peace,  
Rocked by tides that wash through all its portals  
Without let or cease.

Pale and fitful as the wan auroras  
Are its nights and days;  
In from nowhere flush the draughty sea-turns  
By forgotten and neglected ways;  
Through the entries and the doors of being  
That faint music strays;

Tolling back the wandered and the way-worn  
From far alien lands;  
Tolling back the gipsy joy of beauty  
With mysterious and soft commands;  
Tolling back the spirit that within me  
Hears and understands.

On some May night, with a scent of lilacs  
In the magic air,  
Through the moonlight and the mad spring weather,  
(Old love's fervour and new love's despair),  
I go down to my beloved dream city,  
By-way, court, and square.

*The City in  
the Sea*

Of a sudden at a well-known corner,  
In the densest throng,  
Unexpected at the very moment  
As an April robin's gush of song,  
Some one smiles; and there's the perfect comrade  
I have missed so long.

Then, at just a touch of hand on shoulder  
Bidding grief be gone,  
I forget the loneliness of travel  
For the while the parted ways are one,—  
Know the meaning of the world's great gladness  
Underneath the sun.

That's the story of my sounding sea-bells,  
Chiming all night long,—  
The eternal cadence of sea-sorrow  
For Man's lot and immemorial wrong,—  
The lost strain that haunts this human dwelling  
With a ghost of song.

Oh, but is there any lost sea-city  
Buried in the main,  
Where we shall go down in days hereafter,  
Having said good-bye to grief and pain,  
Joy and love at last made one with beauty,  
Glad and free again?

You believe not? Hark, there comes the pealing  
Of my bells once more,  
That far-heard and faint fantastic music  
From my city by the perilous shore,  
Sounding the imperious allegiance  
I shall not deplore.

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

1

BURIED alive in calm Rochelle,  
Six in a row by a crystal well,

All summer long on Bareau Fen  
Slumber and sleep the Kelpie men;

By the side of each to cheer his ghost,  
A flagon of foam with a crumpet of frost.

Hear me, friends, for the years are fleet;  
Soon I leave the noise and the street

For the silent uncompanioned way  
Where the inn is cold and the night is gray.

But noon is warm and the world is still  
Where the Kelpie riders have their will.

For never a wind dare stir or stray  
Over those marshes salt and gray;

No bit of shade as big as your hand  
To traverse or trammel the sleeping land,

Save where a dozen poplars fleck  
The long gray grass and the well's blue beck.

Yet you mark their leaves are blanched and sear,  
Whispering daft at a nameless fear.

While round the bole of one is a rune,  
Black in the wash of the bleaching noon.

"Ride, for the wind is awake and away.  
Sleep, for the harvest grain is gray."

No word more. And many a mile,  
A ghostly bivouac rank and file,

They sleep to-day on the marshes wide;  
Some far night they will wake and ride.

Once they were riders hot with speed,  
"Kelpie, Kelpie, gallop at need!"

With hills of the barren sea to roam,  
Housing their horses on the foam.

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

But earth is cool and the hush is long  
Beneath the lull of the slumber song

The crickets falter and strive to tell  
To the dragon-fly of the crystal well;

And love is a forgotten jest,  
Where the Kelpie riders take their rest,

And blossoming grasses hour by hour  
Burn in the bud and freeze in the flower.

But never again shall their roving be  
On the shifting hills of the tumbling sea,

With the salt, and the rain, and the glad desire  
Strong as the wind and pure as fire.

II

One doomful night in the April tide  
With riot of brooks on the mountain side,

The goblin maidens of the hills  
Went forth to the revel-call of the rills.

Many as leaves of the falling year,  
To the swing of a ballad wild and clear

They held the plain and the uplands high;  
And the merry-dancers held the sky.

The Kelpie riders abroad on the sea  
Caught sound of that call of eerie glee,

Over their prairie waste and wan;  
And the goblin maidens tolled them on.

The yellow eyes and the raven hair  
And the tawny arms blown fresh and bare,

*The Kelpie Riders* Were more than a mortal might behold  
And live with the saints for a crown of gold.

The Kelpie riders were stricken sore;  
They wavered, and wheeled, and rode for the shore.

“Kelpie, Kelpie, treble your stride!  
Never again on the sea we ride.

“Kelpie, Kelpie, out of the storm;  
On, for the fields of earth are warm!”

Knee to knee they are riding in:  
“Brother, brother,—the goblin kin!”

The meadows rocked as they clomb the scaur;  
The pines re-echo for evermore

The sound of the host of Kelpie men;  
But the windflowers died on Bateau Fen.

Over the marshes all night long  
The stars went round to a riding song:

“Kelpie, Kelpie, carry us through!”  
And the goblin maidens danced thereto.

Till dawn,—and the revel died with a shout,  
For the ocean riders were wearied out.

They looked, and the grass was warm and soft;  
The dreamy clouds went over aloft;

A gloom of pines on the weather verge  
Had the lulling sound of their own white surge;

A whip-poor-will, far from their din,  
Was saying his litanies therein.

Then voices neither loud nor deep:  
“Tired, so tired; sleep! ah, sleep!”

“The stars are calm, and the earth is warm,  
But the sea for an earldom is given to storm.

"Come now, inherit the houses of doom;  
Your fields of the sun shall be harried of gloom." *The Kelpie  
Riders*

They laid them down; but over long  
They rest,—for the goblin maids are strong.

The sun goes round; and Bateau Fen  
Is a door of earth on the Kelpie men,—

Buried at dawn, asleep, unslain,  
With not a mound on the sunny plain,

Hard by the walls of calm Rochelle,  
Row on row by the crystal well.

And never again they are free to ride  
Through all the years on the tossing tide,

Barred from the breast of the barren foam,  
Where the heart within them is yearning home,—

For one long drench of the surf to quell  
The cursing doom of the goblin spell.

Only, when bugling snows alight  
To smother the marshes stark and white,

Or a low red moon peers over the rim  
Of a winter twilight crisp and dim,

With a sound of drift on the buried lands,  
The goblin maidens loose their hands;

A wind comes down from the sheer blue North;  
And the Kelpie riders get them forth.

III

Twice have I been on Bateau Fen,  
But the son of my son is a man since then.

Once as a lad I used to bear  
St. Louis' cross through the chapel square,

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

Leading the choristers' surpliced file  
Slow up the dusk Cathedral aisle.

I was the boy of all Rochelle  
The pure old father trusted well.

But one clear night in the winter's heart,  
I wandered out to that place apart.

The shafts of smoke went up to the stars,  
Straight as the Northern Streamer spars,

From the town's white roofs, so still it was.  
The night in her dream let no word pass,

Nor ever a breath that one could feel;  
Only the snow shrieked under my heel.

Yet it seemed when I reached the poplar bole,  
The ghost of a voice was crying, "Skoal!"

"Rouse thee and drink, for the well is sweet,  
And the crystal snow is good to eat!"

I heeded little, but stooped on my knee,  
And ate of a handful dreamily.

'Twas cool to the mouth and slaking at first,  
But the lure of it was ill for thirst.

The voice cried, "Soul of the mortal span,  
Art thou not of the Kelpie clan?"

"What are you doing there in the ground,  
Kelpie rider, and never a sound

"To roam the night but the ghost of a cry?"  
Ringing and swift there came reply,

"He is asleep where thou art afraid,  
In the tawny arms of a goblin maid!"

Then I knew the voice was the voice of a girl,  
And I marvelled much (while a little swirl

Of snow leaped up far off on the plain  
Of sparkling dust and died again),

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

For what do the cloisters know, think ye,  
Of women's ways? They be hard to see.

Again the voice cried, "Kin of my kin,  
The child of the Sun shall win, shall win!"

'Twas an evil weird that so befell;  
Yet I leaned and drank of the bubbling well.

I looked for my face in the crystal spring,  
But the face that flickered there was a thing

To make the nape of your neck grow chill,  
And every vein surge back and thrill

With a passion for something not their own—  
In a life their life has never known.

For raven hair and eyes like the sun  
Are merry but dour to look upon.

She smiled through her lashes under the wave,  
And my soul went forth her bartered slave.

I swore, "By St. Louis, I'll come to thee,  
Though I ride to my doom in the gulfs of the sea!

"Thy Kelpie rider shall wake and rue  
His ruined life in the loss of you."

Then I fled in the start of a terror of joy,  
O'er leagues where a legion might deploy;

For the acres of snow were level and hard,  
Every flake like a crystal shard.

I was the runner of all Rochelle,  
Could run with the hounds on Haric Fell;

And something stark as a gust of the sea  
Had a grip of the whimsy boy in me.



*The Kelpie  
Riders*

I ran like the drift on the ice low curled  
When the winds of Yule are abroad on the world.

Sudden, the beat of a throbbing sound  
Lost in the core of the blue profound:

"Kelpie, Kelpie, Kelpie, come!"  
Was it my heart?—But my heart was numb.

"Kelpie, Kelpie!" Was it the sea?  
Far on, at the verge of Bareau lea,

I saw like an army, shield and casque,  
The breakers roll in the Roads of Basque.

"Kelpie, Kelpie!" Was it the wolves?  
In the dusk of pines where night dissolves

To streamers and stars through the mountain gorge,  
I heard the blast of a giant forge.

Then I knew the wind was awake from the North,  
And the ocean riders were freed and forth.

Time, there is time (now gallop, my heart!)  
Ere the black riders disperse and depart.

The dawn is late, but the dawn comes round,  
And Fleetfoot Jean has the wind of a hound.

The hue and cry of the Kelpie horde  
Was growing and grim on that white seaboard.

It rolled and gathered and died and grew  
Far off to the rear; a smile thereto

I turned. A fathom behind my ear  
A rider rode with a shadowy leer.

I sickened and sped. He laughed aloud,  
"Wind for a mourner, snow for a shroud!"

On and on, half blown, half blind,  
Shadow and self, and the wind behind!

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

I slackened, he slackened; I fled, he flew;  
In a swirl of snow-drift all night through

I scoured along the gusty fen,  
A quarry for hunting Kelpie men.

But only one could hold at my side:  
"Brother, brother, I love thy stride.

"Wilt thou follow thy whim to win  
My merry maid of the goblin kin?"

I swerved from my trail, for he haunted my ear  
With his moaning jibe and his shadowy leer.

So by good hap as we sped it fell,  
I fetched a circuit back for the well.

Like a spilth of spume on the crest of the bore  
When the combing tides make in for shore,

That runner ran whose love was a wraith;  
But the rider rode with revenge in his teeth.

Another league, and I touch the goal,—  
The mystic rune on the poplar bole,—

When the dusky eyes and the raven hair  
And the lithe brown arms shall greet me there!

I ran like a harrier on the trace  
In the leash of that ghoul, and the wind gave chase.

A furlong now; I caught the gleam  
Of the bubbling well with its tiny stream;

An arrowy burst; I cleared the beck;  
And—the Kelpie rider bestrode my neck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dawn, the still red winter dawn;  
I awoke on the plain; the wind was gone;—

All gracious and good as when God made  
The living creatures, and none was afraid.

*The Kelpie  
Riders* I stooped to drink of the wholesome spring  
Under the poplars whispering.

Face to my face in that water clear—  
The Kelpie rider's jabbering leer!

Ah, God! not me: I was never so!  
Sainted Louis, who can know

The lords of life from the slaves of death?  
What help avail the speeding breath

Of the spirit that knows not self's abode,—  
When the soul is lost that knows not God?

I turned me home by St. Louis' Hall,  
Where the red sun burns on the windows tall.

And I thought the world was strange and wild,  
And God with his altar only a child.

IV

Again one year in the prime of June,  
I came to the well in the heated noon,

Leaving Rochelle with its red roof tiles  
By the Pottery Gate before St. Giles,—

There where the flower-market is,  
Where every morning up from Duprissé

The flower-girls come by the long white lane  
That skirts the edge of Bateau plain;—

To the North the city wall in the sun,  
To the left, the fen where the eye may run

And have its will of the blazing blue.  
The while I loitered the market through,

Halting a moment to converse  
With old Babette who had been my nurse,

There passed through the stalls a woman, bright  
With a kirtle of cinnabar and white

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

Among the kerseys blue; and I said,  
"Who is it, Babette, with lifted head,

"And the startled look, possessed and strange,  
Under the paint—secure from change?"

"Ah, 'Sieur Jean, do ye not ken  
Of the eerie folk of Bateau Fen?"

I blenched, and she knew too well I wist  
The fearsome fate of the goblin tryst.

"The street is a cruel home, 'Sieur Jean,  
But a weird uncanny drives her on.

"'Tis a bitter tale for Christian folk,  
How once she dreamed, and how she woke."

"Ay, ay!" I passed and reached the spring  
Where the poplars kept their whispering,

Hid for an hour in the shade,  
In the rank marsh grass of a tiny glade.

There crossed the moor from the town afar,  
In kirtle of white and cinnabar,

A wanderer on that plain of tears,  
Bowed with a burden not of the years,

As one that goeth sorrowing  
For many an unforgotten thing.

To the crystal well as the sun drew low  
There came that harridan of woe.

She stooped to drink; I heard her cry:  
"Ah, God, how tired out am I!

"I called him by the dearest name  
A girl may call; I have my shame.

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

“‘Yet death is crueller than life,’  
Once they said, ‘for all the strife.’

“And so I lived; but the wild will,  
Broken and bitter, drives to ill.

“And now I know, what no one saith,  
That love is crueller than death.

“How I did love him! Is love too high,  
My God, for such lost folk as I?”

Her tears went down to the grass by the well,  
In that passion of grief, and where they fell

Windflowers trembled pale and white.  
A craven I crept away from the sight;

And turned me home to St. Louis' Hall,  
Where the sunflowers burn by the eastern wall.

The vesper frankincense that day  
Rose to the rafters and melted away,

And was no more than a cloud that stirs  
Among the spires of Norway firs.

And I said, “The holy solitude  
Of the hoary crypt and the wild green wood

“Are one to the God I have never known,  
Whose kingdom has neither bourn nor throne.”

V

Now I am old, and the years delay;  
But I know, I know, there will come a day,—

When April is over the Norland town,  
And the loosened brooks from the hills go down,

When tears have quenched the sorrow of time,—  
Wherein the earth shall rebuild her prime,

And the houses of dark be overthrown;  
When the goblin maids shall love their own,—

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Their arms forever unlaced from their hold  
Of the carls of the sea on that alien wold,—

*The Kelpie  
Riders*

And the feckless light of their golden eyes  
Shall forget the desire that made them wise;

When the hands of the foam shall beckon and flee,  
And the Kelpie riders ride for the sea;

And the whip-poor-will the whole night long  
Repeat his litanies of song,

Till morning whiten the world again,  
And the flowers revive on Bareau Fen,

Over the acres of calm Rochelle  
Fresh by the stream of the crystal well.

SHIPMATE, leave the ghostly shadows,  
Where thy boon companions throng!  
We will put to sea together  
Through the twilight with a song.

*A Captain  
of the Press-  
Gang*

Leering closer, rank and girding,  
In this Black Port where we bide,  
Reel a thousand flaring faces;  
But escape is on the tide.

Let the tap-rooms of the city  
Reek till the red dawn comes round.  
There is better wine in plenty  
On the cruise where we are bound.

I've aboard a hundred messmates  
Better than these 'long-shore knaves.  
There is wreckage on the shallows;  
It's the open sea that saves.

Hark, lad, dost not hear it calling?  
That's the voice thy father knew,  
When he took the King's good cutlass  
In his grip, and fought it through.

32  
*A Captain  
of the Press-  
Gang* Who would palter at press-money  
When he heard that sea-cry vast?  
That's the call makes lords of lubbers,  
When they ship before the mast.

Let thy cronies of the tavern  
Keep their kisses bought with gold;  
On the high seas there are regions  
Where the heart is never old,

Where the great winds every morning  
Sweep the sea-floor clean and white,  
And upon the steel-blue arches  
Burnish the great stars of night;

There the open hand will lose not,  
Nor the loosened tongue betray.  
Signed, and with our sailing orders,  
We will clear before the day;

On the shining yards of heaven  
See a wider dawn unfurled. . . .  
The eternal slaves of beauty  
Are the masters of the world.

*Aboard the  
Galleon*

'MORNING, shipmates! 'Drift and chartless?  
Laded deep and rolling hard?  
Never guessed, outworn and heartless,  
There was land so close aboard?

Ice on every shroud and eyelet,  
Rocking in the windy trough?  
No more panic; Man's your pilot;  
Turns the flood, and we are off!

At the story of disaster,  
From the continents of sleep,  
I am come to be your master  
And put out into the deep.

What tide current struck you hither,  
Beating up the storm of years?  
Where are those who stood to weather  
These uncharted gulfs of tears?

*Aboard the  
Galleon*

Did your fellows all drive under  
In the maelstrom of the sun,  
While you only, for a wonder,  
Rode the wash you could not shun?

We'll crowd sail across the sea-line—  
Clear this harbour, reef and buoy,  
Bowling down an open lee-line  
For the latitudes of joy;

Till beyond the zones of sorrow,  
Past grief's haven in the night,  
Some large simpler world shall morrow  
This pale region's northern light.

Not a fear but all the sea-room,  
Wherein time is but a bay,  
Yet shall sparkle for our lee-room  
In the vast Altrurian day.

And the dauntless seaworn spirit  
Shall awake to know there are  
What dominions to inherit,  
Anchored off another star!

*Gras vogens iterabimus aequor.*

WIND of the dead men's feet,  
Blow down the empty street  
Of this old city by the sea  
With news for me!

*A Song  
before  
Sailing*

Blow me beyond the grime  
And pestilence of time!  
I am too sick at heart to war  
With failure any more.



*A Song  
before  
Sailing*

Thy chill is in my bones;  
The moonlight on the stones  
Is pale, and palpable, and cold;  
I am as one grown old.

I call from room to room  
Through the deserted gloom;  
The echoes are all words I know,  
Lost in some long ago.

I prow from door to door,  
And find no comrade more.  
The wolfish fear that children feel  
Is snuffing at my heel.

I hear the hollow sound  
Of a great ship coming round,  
The thunder of tackle and the tread  
Of sailors overhead.

That stormy-blown hulloo  
Has orders for me, too.  
I see thee, hand at mouth, and hark,  
My captain of the dark.

O wind of the great East,  
By whom we are released  
From this strange dusty port to sail  
Beyond our fellows' hail,

Under the stars that keep  
The entry of the deep,  
Thy sombre voice brings up the sea's  
Forgotten melodies;

And I have no more need  
Of bread or wine or creed,  
Bound for the colonies of time  
Beyond the farthest prime.

Wind of the dead men's feet,  
Blow through the empty street!  
The last adventurer am I,  
Then, world, good-bye!

NOONS of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Scarlet leagues along the sea;  
Flaxen hair afloat in sunlight,  
Love, come down the world to me!

*Noons of  
Poppy*

There's a Captain I must ship with,  
(Heart, that day be far from now!)  
Wears his dark command in silence  
With the sea-frost on his brow.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Purple shadows by the sea;  
How should love take thought to wonder  
What the destined port may be?

Nay, it love have joy for shipmate  
For a night-watch or a year,  
Dawn will light o'er Lonely Haven,  
Heart to happy heart, as here.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Scarlet acres by the sea  
Burning to the blue above them;  
Love, the world is full for me.

THERE are legends of Lost Haven,  
Come, I know not whence, to me,  
When the wind is in the clover,  
When the sun is on the sea.

*Legends  
of Lost  
Haven*

There are rumours in the pine-tops,  
There are whispers in the grass;  
And the flocking crows at nightfall  
Bring home hints of things that pass

Out upon the broad dike yonder,  
All day long beneath the sun,  
Where the tall ships cloud and settle  
Down the sea-curve, one by one.

*Legends  
of Lost  
Haven*

And the crickets in fine chorus—  
Every slim and tiny reed—  
Strive to chord the broken rhythmus  
Of the world, and half succeed.

There are myriad traditions  
Treasured by the talking rain;  
And with memories the moonlight  
Walks the cold and silent plain.

Where the river tells his hill-tales  
To the lone complaining bar,  
Where the midgets thread their dances  
To the yellow twilight star,

Where the blossom bends to hearken  
To the bee with velvet bands,  
There are chronicles enciphered  
Of the yet uncharted lands.

All the musical marauders  
Of the berry and the bloom  
Sing the lure of soul's illusion  
Out of darkness, out of doom.

But the sure and great evangel  
Comes when half alone I hear,  
At the rosy door of silence,  
Love, the lord of speech, draw near.

Then for once across the threshold,  
Darkling spirit, thou art free,  
As thy hope is every ship makes  
Some lost haven of the sea.

*The  
Shadow  
Boatswain*

**D**ON'T you know the sailing orders?  
It is time to put to sea,  
And the stranger in the harbour  
Sends a boat ashore for me.

With the thunder of her canvas  
Coming on the wind again,  
I can hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men.

Is it firelight or morning,  
That red flicker on the floor?  
Your good-bye was braver, sweetheart,  
When I sailed away before.

*The  
Shadow  
Boatswain*

Think of this last lovely summer!  
Love, what ails the wind to-night?  
What's he saying in the chimney  
Turns your berry cheek so white?

What a morning! How the sunlight  
Sparkles on the outer bay,  
Where the brig lies waiting for me  
To trip anchor and away!

That's the Doomkeel. You may know her  
By her clean run aft; and, then,  
Don't you hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men?

Off the freshening sea to windward,  
Is it a white tern I hear  
Shrilling in the gusty weather  
Where the far sea-line is clear?

What a morning for departure!  
How your blue eyes melt and shine!  
Will you watch us from the headland  
Till we sink below the line?

I can see the wind already  
Steer the scurf marks of the tide,  
As we slip the wake of being  
Down the sloping world and wide.

I can feel the vasty mountains  
Heave and settle under me,  
And the Doomkeel veer and shudder,  
Crumbling on the hollow sea.

There's a call, as when a white gull  
Cries and beats across the blue;  
That must be the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow crew.

*The  
Shadow  
Boatswain*

There 's a boding sound, like winter  
When the pines begin to quail;  
That must be the gray wind moaning  
In the belly of the sail.

I can feel the icy fingers  
Creeping in upon my bones;  
There must be a berg to windward  
Somewhere in these border zones.

Stir the fire. . . . I love the sunlight,—  
Always loved my shipmate sun.  
How the sunflowers beckon to me  
From the dooryard one by one!

How the royal lady roses  
Strew this summer world of ours!  
There'll be none in Lonely Haven;  
It is too far north for flowers.

There, sweetheart! And I must leave you.  
What should touch my wife with tears?  
There 's no danger with the Master;  
He has sailed the sea for years.

With the sea-wolves on her quarter,  
And a white bone in her teeth,  
He will steer the shadow cruiser,  
Dark before and doom beneath,

Down the last expanse, till morning  
Flares above the broken sea,  
And the midnight storm is over,  
And the Isles are close alee.

So some twilight, when your roses  
Are all blown and it is June,  
You will turn your blue eyes seaward  
Through the white dusk of the moon,

Wondering, as that far sea-cry  
Comes upon the wind again,  
And you hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men.

THERE is rumour in Dark Harbour,  
And the folk are all astir;  
For a stranger in the offing  
Draws them down to gaze at her,

*The  
Master of  
the Isles*

In the gray of early morning,  
Black against the orange streak,  
Making in below the ledges,  
With no colours at her peak.

Something makes their hearts uneasy  
As they watch the long black hull,  
For she brings the storm behind her  
While before her there is lull.

With no pilot and unspoken,  
Where the dancing breakers are,  
Presently she veers and races  
In across the roaring bar,—

Rounds and luffs and comes to anchor,  
While the wharf begins to throng.  
Silence falls upon the women,  
And misgiving stirs the strong.

Then with some obscure foreboding,  
As a gray-haired watcher smiles,  
They perceive the fearless captain  
Is the Master of the Isles.

They recall the bleak December  
Many streaming years ago,  
When the stranger had been sighted  
Driving shoreward with the snow;

When the Master came among them  
With his calm and courtly pride,  
And had sailed away at sundown  
With pale Dora for his bride;

How again he came one summer  
When the herring schools were late,  
And had cleared before the morning  
With old Alec's son for mate.

*The  
Master of  
the Isles*

There was glamour with the Master;  
He had tales of far-off seas;  
But his habit and demeanour  
Were of other lands than these.

He had never made the Harbour  
But there sailed away with him  
Wife or child or friend or lover,  
Leaving eyes to strain and swim,—

Strain and wait for their returning;  
Yet they never had come back;  
For the pale wake of the Master  
Is a wandering fading track.

Just beyond our utmost fathom  
Is the anchorage we crave,  
But the Master knows the soundings  
By the reach of every wave.

Just beyond the last horizon,  
Vague upon the weather-gleam,  
Loom the Faroff Isles forever,  
The tradition of a dream.

There a white and brooding summer  
Haunts upon the gray sea-plain,  
Where the gray sea-winds are quiet  
At the sources of the rain.

There where all world-weary dreamers  
Get them forth to their release,  
Lie the colonies of the kindred,  
In the provinces of peace.

Thither in the stormy sunset  
Will the Master sail to-night;  
And the village will be silent  
When he drops below the light.

Not a soul on all the hillside  
But will watch her when she clears,  
Dreaming of the Port o' Strangers  
In the roadstead of the years.

"Port o' Strangers, Port o' Strangers!"  
"Where away?" "On the weather bow."  
"Drive her down the closing distance!" . . .  
That's to-morrow, but not now.

*The  
Master of  
the Isles*

What imperial adventure  
Some wide morning it will be,  
Sweeping in to Lonely Haven  
From the chartless round of sea!

How imposing a departure,  
While this little harbour smiles,  
Steering for the outer sea-rim  
With the Master of the Isles!

COMRADES, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the sea,  
With a flag across my breast  
And my sword upon my knee.

*The Last  
Watch*

Steering out from vanished headlands  
For a harbour on no chart,  
With the winter in the rigging,  
With the ice-wind in my heart,

Down the boundless slopes of sea-room,  
With the long gray wake behind,  
I have sailed my cruiser steady  
With no pilot but the wind.

Battling with relentless pirates  
From the lower seas of Doom,  
I have kept the colours flying  
Through the roar of drift and gloom,

Scudding where the shadow foemen  
Hang about us grim and stark,  
Broken spars and shredded canvas,  
We are racing for the dark.



*The Last  
Watch*

Sped and blown abaft the sunset  
Like a shriek the storm has caught;  
But the helm is lashed to windward,  
And the sails are sheeted taut.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the night.  
I can hear the bell-buoy calling  
Down below the harbour light.

Steer in shoreward, loose the signal,  
The last watch has been cut short;  
Speak me kindly to the islesmen,  
When we make the foreign port.

We shall make it ere the morning  
Rolls the fog from strait and bluff;  
Where the offing crimsons eastward  
There is anchorage enough.

How I wander in my dreaming!  
Are we northing nearer home,  
Or outbound for fresh adventure  
On the reeling plains of foam?

North I think it is, my comrades,  
Where one heart-beat counts for ten,  
Where the loving hand is loyal,  
And the women's sons are men;

Where the red auroras tremble  
When the polar night is still,  
Lighting home the worn seafarers  
To their haven in the hill.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the North.  
Lower me the long-boat, stay me  
In your arms, and bear me forth;

Lay me in the sheets and row me,  
With the tiller in my hand,  
Row me in below the beacon  
Where my sea-dogs used to land.

Has your captain lost his cunning  
After leading you so far?  
Row me your last league, my sea-kings;  
It is safe within the bar.

*The Last  
Watch*

Shoulder me and house me hillward,  
Where the field-lark makes his bed,  
So the gulls can wheel above me,  
All day long when I am dead;

Where the keening wind can find me  
With the April rain for guide,  
And come crooning her old stories  
Of the kingdoms of the tide.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the sun;  
I have carried my sealed orders  
Till the last command is done.

Kiss me on the cheek for courage,  
(There is none to greet me home,)  
Then farewell to your old lover  
Of the thunder of the foam;

For the grass is full of slumber  
In the twilight world for me,  
And my tired hands are slackened  
From their toiling on the sea.

**A** LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,  
I have put out for the port of gloom.

*Outbound*

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,  
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day  
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,  
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

*Outbound* The great winds come, and the heaving sea,  
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,  
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,  
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,  
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream  
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

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OUT of doors are budding trees, calling birds,  
and opening flowers,  
Purple rainy distances, fragrant winds and length-  
ening hours.

Only in the loving heart, with its unforgetting mind,  
There is grief for seasons gone and the friend it can-  
not find.

For upon this lovely earth mortal sorrow still must  
bide,  
And remembrance still must lurk like a pang in  
beauty's side.

Ah, one wistful heartache now April with her joy  
must bring,  
And the want of you return always with returning  
spring!

NOW who will tell me aright  
The way my lost companion went in the  
night?  
My vanished comrade who passed from the roofs of men,  
And will not come again.

*The Lost  
Comrade,  
R. H.*

I have wandered up and down  
Through all the streets of this bright and busy town,  
Yet no one has seen a trace of him since the day  
He silently went away.

I have haunted the wharves and the slips,  
And talked with foreigners from the incoming ships;  
But when I questioned them closely about my friend,  
They seemed not to comprehend.

From men of book-learning, too,  
I have sought knowledge, confident that they knew;  
But when I inquired simply about my chum,  
They glanced at me and were dumb.

*The Lost  
Comrade,  
R.H.*

I have entered your churches of stone,  
And heard discourse about God and the throng round  
his throne;  
But the preacher knew nothing at all, when I broke  
in with, "Where?"  
And the people could only stare.

Ah, no, you may read and read,  
Pile modern heresy upon ancient creed!  
But for all your study you know no more than I,  
Under the open sky.

So 't is, Back to the Inn! for me,  
Where my great friend and I were happy and free.  
And I will remember his beautiful words and his ways,  
For the rest of my days.

How eager he was for truth,  
Yet never scorned the good things of his youth,  
The soul of gentleness and the soul of love!  
I shall be wise enough.

*In Memory of Gleason White.*

*Non Omnis  
Moriar*

**T**HIS paragraph cannot be true;  
For such a man could not have died.  
Death is so lonely, hard and cold,—  
Not gentleness personified.

What manner was it in the man  
That makes the story seem untrue?  
Death is for fighters, rakes, and kings;  
Malice nor greed he never knew.

He never seemed to strive to live;  
His spirit was too sure for strife,—  
Too glad, unquerulous and fair,  
To take the sordid tinge of life.

The pompous folly of the world  
Could never touch that radiant mien;  
He moved unstained among the crowd,  
Loyal, courageous, and serene

No bargainer for wealth nor fame  
Nor place, his was a better part,—  
The simple love of all his kind,  
And lifelong fervour in his art.

*Non Omnis  
Moriar*

It must have been his charity,  
That tender human heart of his,  
That rare unfailing kindness,  
Could make his death seem so amiss.

In London where he lived and toiled,  
I saw him smile across the throng,  
The unembittered smile of those  
Whose sweetness triumphs over wrong.

With that unvexed Chaucerian mood,  
That zest unsevered from repose,  
He is as wise as Omar now,  
Or any Master of the Rose.

And here in the November dusk  
There comes an echo, faint and far,  
Of that gay valiant careless voice  
That cried, *Non omnis moriar!*

Behind the mask of lore and creed  
There dwells an instinct, strong and blind,  
Refuting sorrow, bidding grief  
Be something better than resigned.

There is a part of me that knows,  
Beneath incertitude and fear,  
I shall not perish when I pass  
Beyond mortality's frontier;

But greatly having joyed and grieved,  
Greatly content, shall hear the sigh  
Of the strange wind across the lone  
Bright lands of taciturnity.

In patience therefore I await  
My friend's unchanged benign regard,—  
Some April when I too shall be  
Spilt water from a broken shard.



*A New  
England  
Poet*

FIELDS by Massachusetts Bay,  
Where is he who yesterday

Called you Home, and loved to go  
Where the cherry spreads her snow,

Through the purple misty woods  
Of your soft spring solitudes,

Listening for the first fine gush  
Of his fellow, the shy thrush—

Harkening some diviner tone  
Than our ears have ever known?

Woodland-musing by the hour  
When the locust comes in flower,

He would watch by hill and swamp  
Every sign of her green pomp

Where your matchless June once more  
Leads her pageant up the shore.

Slopes of bayberry and fern,  
While you wait for his return,

Can it be that he would test  
Some far region of the West,

Tracking some great river course  
To its undiscovered source?

Or an idler would he be  
In the Islands of the Sea?

Can it be that he is gone,  
Like so many a roving one,

The dread Arctic to explore,  
Never to be heard of more—

Or with those who sail away  
Every year from Gloucester Bay

*A New  
England  
Poet*

For the Banks, and do not come  
When the fishing fleets come home?

Stony uplands where the quail  
Whistles by the pasture rail,

Where is one to whom you lent  
Of your wise serene content,

Minstrel of your pagan psalm  
With an Emersonian calm?

Open fields along the sea,  
'T was your sweet sincerity

Made him what his fellows knew,  
Sober, gentle, sane and true.

Whippoorwill and oriole,  
He had your untarnished soul;

He your steadfast brother was,  
Lowly field-bird of the grass.

Shores of Massachusetts Bay,  
Teach us only in our day

Half as well your face to love  
And your lovingkindness prove.

Now the wind he loved so well  
Makes the dune grass rock and swell,

And the marshy acres run  
White with charlock in the sun,

Should he not be here to see  
All your brave felicity!

Through these orchards green and dim,  
Whose old calm was good to him,

Let the tiny yellow birds  
Still repeat their shining words,  
183

*A New  
England  
Poet*

While across our senses steal  
Hints of things no words reveal.

Let the air he used to know  
From the iris meadows blow

At evening through the open door  
With the cool scents of the shore,

While across our spirits sweep  
Sea-turns from a vaster deep.

Sunlit fields, how gently now  
Your white daisies nod and bow,

Where the soft wind and the sun  
Grieve not for a mortal one!

Only the old sea the more  
Seems to whisper and deplore,

Murmuring like a childless crone  
With her sorrow left alone—

The eternal human cry  
To the heedless passer-by.

Marshes, while your channels fill  
And the June birds have their will,

While the elms along your edge  
Wave above the rusty sedge,

And the bobolinks day long  
Ply their juggleries of song,

While the sailing-ships go by  
To their ports below the sky,

Still the old Thalassian blue  
Bounds this lovely world for you,

And the lost horizon lies  
Past your wonder or surmise.

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Fields by Massachusetts Bay,  
When your questioner shall say,

"Where is he who should have been  
Poet of your lovely mien,

And your soul's interpreter?"  
Answer, every larch and fir,

"He was here, but he is gone.  
Some high purpose not his own

Summoned his unwasted powers  
From our common woods and flowers.

All too soon from our abode  
Back he wended to the road,

Rich in love, if not in fame.  
Philip Savage was his name."

*A New  
England  
Poet*

*In Memory of John Keats.*

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

*By the  
Aurelian  
Wall*

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

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

*By the  
Aurelian  
Wall*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*By the  
Aurelian  
Wall*

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

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

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

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

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

*For the Centenary of the Birth of Shelley.*

1

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

*The White  
Gull*

*The White  
Gull*

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

II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did the cold Norns who pattern life  
With haste and rest  
Take thought to cheer their pilgrims on  
Through trackless twilights vast and wan,  
Across the failure and the strife,  
From quest to quest,—  
189



*The White  
Gull*

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

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

V

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

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

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

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

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

*The White  
Gull*

VI

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

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

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

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

VII

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

*The White  
Gull*

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

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

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

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

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

VIII

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

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

*The White  
Gull*

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

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

*The  
Country of  
Har*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The  
Country of  
Har*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The  
Country of  
Har*

"Be a gopeller of things  
Nowhere written through the wild,  
With that gloaming call of Spring's,  
When old secrets haunt the child.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Listen humbly," said my guide.  
"I am drear, for I am death,"  
Whispered Snow; but Wind replied,  
"I outlive thee by a breath,"  
195

*The  
Country of  
Har*

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

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

*To Richard  
Lovelace*

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

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

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

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

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

*A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson.*

*A Seamark*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*A Seamark*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*A Seamark*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*A Seamark*

*In Memory of R. L. S.*

YOU hearken, fellows? Turned aside  
Into the road-house of the past!  
The prince of vagabonds is gone  
To house among his peers at last.

*At the  
Road-  
House*

The stainless gallant gentleman,  
So glad of life, he gave no trace,  
No hint he even once beheld  
The spectre peering in his face;

But gay and modest held the road,  
Nor feared the Shadow of the Dust;  
And saw the whole world rich with joy,  
As every valiant farer must.

I think that old and vasty inn  
Will have a welcome guest to-night,  
When Chaucer, breaking off some tale  
That fills his hearers with delight,

Shall lift up his demure brown eyes  
To bid the stranger in; and all  
Will turn to greet the one on whom  
The crystal lot was last to fall.

Keats of the more than mortal tongue  
Will take grave Milton by the sleeve  
To meet their kin, whose woven words  
Had elvish music in the weave.

Dear Lamb and excellent Montaigne,  
Sterne and the credible Defoe,  
Borrow, De Quincey, the great Dean,  
The sturdy leisurist Thoreau;

*At the  
Road-  
House*

The furtive soul whose dark romance,  
By ghostly door and haunted stair,  
Explored the dusty human heart  
And the forgotten garrets there;

The moralist it could not spoil,  
To hold an empire in his hands;  
Sir Walter, and the brood who sprang  
From Homer through a hundred lands

Singers of songs on all men's lips,  
Tellers of tales in all men's ears,  
Movers of hearts that still must beat  
To sorrows feigned and fabled tears;

Horace and Omar, doubting still  
What mystery lurks beyond the seen,  
Yet blithe and reassured before  
That fine unvexed Virgilian mien;

These will companion him to-night,  
Beyond this iron wintry gloom,  
When Shakespeare and Cervantes bid  
The great joy-masters give him room.

No alien there in speech or mood,  
He will pass in, one traveller more;  
And portly Ben will smile to see  
The velvet jacket at the door.

*A Toast to  
Tusitala*

EIGHT men sat at the board,  
From the West and the East they came;  
And many and light were the toasts that night,  
Till some one named a name.

"To Robert Louis!" Then all  
Stood up with a single mind;  
And sober and brave was the health they gave  
The prince of the roving kind.

"Silent and Standing!" Ay,  
For the East and the West are one,  
And the loving man has the world for his clan,  
When all is said and done.

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

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

*The Word  
of the  
Water*

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

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

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

*An Ode for the Twelfth of February.*

**M**Y friends and gentlemen,  
The year brings round again  
One of the whitest feast-days known to fame.  
Our hope, our faith, our love  
Could place no day above  
This one we set apart in Lincoln's name.

*Lincoln*

This day Kentucky bore  
That great true man, who wore  
His manhood with such sweet simplicity,  
That every saving grace  
And instinct of his race  
Throbb'd through him as the tides thro' through the sea.

Consider all his ways,  
Indifferent to praise;  
No smug conceit, no pompous pedantry,  
No selfishness, no greed,  
No impulse but to heed  
That hidden word—man's utmost destiny.

*Lincoln* In his deep human heart  
Bitterness had no part,  
Nor overhaste, nor malice, nor disdain;  
Tender he was and strong,  
Hating the mean and wrong,  
Yet understanding the frail human strain.

Until the hour drew on  
Which he could serve alone,  
And save his country from the ruck of time,  
(His country? Rather say  
The world; for in that day  
Was there no fear lest truth be made a crime?)

And did not evil stalk  
Our streets by day, to baulk  
Our mother Liberty of her fair will?  
Was there no fear that all  
Man's splendid dream should fall,  
And freedom fade like sunlight from a hill?)

Think how he lived till then  
Among his fellow men,  
Droll, patient, kind, unflinching and free,  
Immovably serene  
And fixed, in every scene,  
Like some great bending yet abiding tree,

Which grows from the dark sod,  
And spreads its leaves to God,  
When his breath whispers to the morning field.  
Its murmurs sweet and strong  
Are fragments of a song  
Of exaltation mystically revealed.

Such was this man of ours,  
Whose rich ripe human powers  
Had all the sap and virtue of the earth;  
And in whose rugged soul  
No falsehood could control,  
The spirit of the martyrs had rebirth;

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A prophet of the true,  
Born to make all things new  
And bear fresh witness to the God in man,  
Which still inspires our dust  
In spite of greed and lust  
And every flaw that checks the mortal plan.

He had no doubt nor fear,  
But with his vision clear  
Saw how the world is founded upon right,  
And set his saintly will  
Stubbornly to fulfil  
The giant task of all the sons of light;

Not once to shrink nor quail  
Till they can make prevail  
Beauty and joy and truth—God's threefold will,—  
That old and splendid theme  
Of our immortal dream,—  
To liberate the soul from mighty ill.

To bring the world's rough scope  
Nearer the human hope,  
And make all nature serve the nobler need.  
What is that need? The blind  
Sure instinct of mankind,  
That love is the first thing his soul must heed.

And what did Lincoln do,  
But dare be simply true  
To that great love which welled in his great heart?  
That ancient homely lore  
He lived and laboured for—  
His only wisdom and his only art.

He was too near the earth  
In his keen kindly mirth,  
To palter with ambition and cold pride;  
And yet his lonely soul  
Walked too near heaven's goal,  
Ever to lay ideals once aside.



*Lincoln*

And so he kept his poise  
Through sorrows, hopes, and joys,  
A loved humane large rough-hewn shape of clay—  
The figure of a man  
We call American,  
Our only plea for greatness in our day.

And how shall we, my friends,  
Best honour him? What ends,  
What aims, what aspirations make our own?—  
What cause would he approve  
With his great human love,  
Now his revered republic is full grown?

Surely there is but one  
Such way beneath the sun—  
The long Way of Perfection old as time—  
To make the spirit free,  
Now and eternally  
To follow truth and beauty to their prime;

To make unrighteousness  
And evil less and less,  
Just as this modern man of sorrows did,  
That hearts no more in shame  
Need whisper love's great name,  
Nor treasures in some far-off heaven be hid.

With beauty we must store  
The good world more and more,  
This very day be artists, every one,  
Till we have longed and wrought  
With truth in every thought,  
And without gladness not a hand's turn done.

And what does this imply?  
What part have you and I  
With Lincoln and the cause of liberty?  
Are there no slaves to-day?  
While we sit here at play,  
Have we no brothers in adversity?

None sorry nor oppressed,  
Who without hope or rest  
Must toil and have no pleasure in their toil?  
These are your slaves and mine:  
Where is the right divine  
Of idlers to encumber God's good soil?

*Lincoln*

There is no man alive,  
However we may strive,  
Allowed to own the work of his own hands.  
Landlords and waterlords  
At all the roads and fords,  
Taking their toll, imposing their commands.

Not until every man  
Is free to choose and plan  
What service he will do for beauty's sake,—  
How vent that one supreme  
Desire, the artist's dream,  
Bidding new wonders at his touch awake,—

Not until he is made  
The lord of his own trade,  
Can any man be glad or strong or free.  
There looms the coming war.  
Which captain are you for,  
The chartered wrong, or Christ and liberty?

YOU may doubt, but I heard the story  
Just as I tell it to you;  
And whatever you think of the setting,  
I believe the substance true.

*Ballad of  
Father  
Hudson*

The great North Seaboard Province,  
From Fundy to Chaleurs,  
Is a country of many waters  
And sombre hills of fir,

Where the moose still treads his snow-yard,  
Breaking his paths to browse,  
Where the caribou rove the barrens,  
And the bear and the beaver house;

*Ballad of  
Father  
Hudson*

Where Killooleet sings from the ridge-pole  
All through the night and the rain,  
When the great blue Northern Summer  
Comes back to the wilds again.

In that land of many rivers,  
Bogan and lake and stream,  
You may follow the trail in the water  
With the paddle's bend and gleam,

Where the canoe, like a shadow  
Among the shadows, slips  
Under the quiet alders  
And over the babbling rips;

You may go for a week together,  
Reading footmark and trace  
Of the wild shy woodland creatures,  
Ere you meet a human face.

There when the Loyalists came  
And the houses of men were few,  
Little was all their wealth  
And great were the hardships they knew;

But greater the hardy faith  
They kept unflinching and fine,  
And chose to be naught in the world  
For the pride of a loyal line.

And there came Father Hudson,  
As I've heard my father tell,  
To serve the wilderness missions  
With sound of a Sunday bell.

Sober he was and a toiler,  
Cared not for ease nor place;  
They speak of his humour, too,  
And the long droll shaven face.

Labour he did, and spared not,  
In that vineyard wild and rough,  
And often was sore with travel,  
And often hungry enough,

Doubt not, as he carried the word  
By portage and stream and trail,  
That still in the mind of his people  
The fire of truth should prevail.

*Ballad of  
Father  
Hudson*

And once was a church to build,  
Little, lonely, apart,  
Hardly more than a token  
In the forest's great green heart.

With his own hands he reared it,  
And often was wet to the hide,  
And often slept on the shavings  
Till the birds sang outside;

Then up in the fragrant morning,  
And back to hammer and saw,  
Building into the timbers  
Love and devotion and awe.

So the fair summer went by,  
And the church was finished at last;  
But Father Hudson was called  
To a country still more vast.

In the land of the creaking snow-shoe  
And the single track in the snow,  
There's many a thing of wonder  
No man will ever know.

It happened about the feast  
Of the blessed Nativity,  
When the snow lay heavy and silent  
On every bending tree,

When the great north lights went stalking  
Through the purple solitude,  
Father Hudson's successor  
Passed by the church in the wood.

And it came to his mind to ponder  
What the requital may be  
For toil that is done in the body,  
When the soul is at last set free;

*Ballad of  
Father  
Hudson*

Whether the flame of fervour  
That is quenched in service here,  
Survives through self-surrender  
To illumine another sphere.

Then he saw the place all lighted  
Though it was not the hour of prayer,  
And the strains of a triumphing organ  
Came to him on the air.

In amazement he turned aside.  
Who could the player be?  
And who had lighted the lights?  
The door still fast, the key

On its nail in the little porch!  
He turned, put one foot on the sill,  
Unlocked, opened, and entered.  
The church was dark and still!

The white-robed spruces around it  
Stood still with never a word;  
The sifting snow at the window  
Was all the good man heard.

Verily, Father Hudson,  
Strong was thy sturdy creed,  
But stronger and more enduring  
The humble and holy deed,

Which so could enthrall the senses  
And lend the spirit sight,  
To behold the glory of labour  
And love's availing might.

O brave are the single-hearted  
Who deal with this life, and dare  
To live by the inward vision,—  
In the soul's native air.

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**T**HIS is the white winter day of his burial.  
Time has set here of his toiling the span  
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through  
the portal,

*Phillips  
Brooks*

Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Phillips*  
*Brooks*

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

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

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

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

*John Eliot*  
*Bowen*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*John Eliot  
Bowen*

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

*Henry  
George*

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

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

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



*Ilicet*

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

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

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

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

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

*Ilicet*

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

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

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

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

**B**ROWNING, old fellow,  
Your leaves grow yellow,  
Beginning to mellow  
As seasons pass.  
Your cover is wrinkled,  
And stained and sprinkled,  
And warped and crinkled  
From sleep on the grass.

*In a Copy of  
Browning*

*In a Copy of  
Browning*

Is it a wine stain,  
Or only a pine stain,  
That makes such a fine stain  
On your dull blue,—  
Got as we numbered  
The clouds that lumbered  
Southward and slumbered  
When day was through?

What is the dear mark  
There like an earmark,  
Only a tear mark  
A woman let fall?—  
As bending over  
She bade me discover,  
“Who *plays* the lover,  
He loses all!”

With you for teacher  
We learned love's feature  
In every creature  
That roves or grieves;  
When winds were brawling,  
Or bird-folk calling,  
Or leaf-folk falling,  
About our eaves.

No law must straiten  
The ways they wait in,  
Whose spirits grieve  
And hearts aspire.  
The world may dwindle,  
And summer brindle,  
So love but kindle  
The soul to fire.

Here many a red line,  
Or pencilled headline,  
Shows love could wed line  
To golden sense;  
And something better  
Than wisdom's fetter  
Has made your letter  
Dense to the dense.

No April robin,  
Nor clacking bobbin,  
Can make of Dobbin  
A Pegasus;  
But Nature's pleading  
To man's unheeding,  
Your subtile reading  
Made clear to us.

You made us farers  
And equal sharers  
With homespun wearers  
In home-made joys;  
You made us princes  
No plea convinces  
That spirit winces  
At dust and noise.

When Fate was nagging,  
And days were dragging,  
And fancy lagging,  
You gave it scope,—  
When caves were drippy,  
And pavements slippy,—  
From Lippo Lippi  
To Evelyn Hope.

When winter's arrow  
Pierced to the marrow,  
And thought was narrow,  
You gave it room;  
We guessed the warder  
On Roland's border,  
And helped to order  
The Bishop's Tomb.

When winds were harshish,  
And ways were marshish,  
We found with Karshish  
Escape at need;  
Were bold with Waring  
In far seafaring,  
And strong in sharing  
Ben Ezra's creed.

*In a Copy of  
Browning*

We felt the menace  
Of lovers pen us,  
Afloat in Venice  
Devising fibs;  
And little mattered  
The rain that pattered,  
While Blougram chattered  
To Gigadibs.

And we too waited  
With heart elated  
And breathing bated,  
For Pippa's song;  
Saw Satan hover,  
With wings to cover  
Porphyria's lover,  
Pompilia's wrong.

Long thoughts were started,  
When youth departed  
From the half-hearted  
Riccardi's bride;  
For, saith your fable,  
Great Love is able  
To slip the cable  
And take the tide.

Or truth compels us  
With Paracelsus,  
Till nothing else is  
Of worth at all.  
Del Sarto's vision  
Is our own mission,  
And art's ambition  
Is God's own call.

Through all the seasons,  
You gave us reasons  
For splendid treasons  
To doubt and fear;  
Bade no foot falter,  
Though weaklings palter,  
And friendships alter  
From year to year.

Since first I sought you,  
Found you and bought you,  
Hugged you and brought you  
Home from Cornhill,  
While some upbraid you,  
And some parade you,  
Nine years have made you  
My master still.

*In a Copy of  
Browning*

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

*To Raphael*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*To Raphael*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To Paul  
Verlaine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*To Paul  
Verlaine*

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

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

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

*A Norse  
Child's  
Requiem*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*A Norse  
Child's  
Requiem*

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

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

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

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

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

*In the  
Heart of  
the Hills*

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

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

*In the  
Heart of  
the Hills*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*In the  
Heart of  
the Hills*

*To G. B. R.*

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

*An After-  
word*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*An After-  
word*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Seven  
Wind  
Songs*

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

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

1  
Wind of the northern land,  
Wind of the sea,  
No more his dearest hand  
Comes back to me.

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

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

11  
Wind of the low red morn  
At the world's end,  
Over the standing corn  
Whisper and bend.

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

*Seven  
Wind  
Songs*

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

III

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

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

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

IV

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

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

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

V

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

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

*Seven Wind  
Songs*

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

VI

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

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

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

VII

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

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

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



*Seven Wind  
Songs*

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

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

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

*Andrew  
Straton*

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

At his birth the mighty Mother  
Made of him a fondling one,  
Hushed from pain within her arms,  
With her seal upon his lips;  
And from that day he was numbered  
With the sons of consolation,  
Peace and cheer were in his hands,  
And her secret in his will.

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

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

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

*Andrew  
Straton*

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

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

As the woodland brooks at noon  
Were his brown and gentle hands,  
And his face as the hill country  
Touched with the red autumn sun  
Frank and patient and untroubled  
Save by the old trace of doom  
In the story of the world.  
So the years went brightening by.

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

*Andrew  
Straton*

Now the uplands hold an echo  
From the meadow lands at morn;  
And the marshes hear the rivers  
Rouse their giant heart once more,—  
Hear the crunching floe start seaward  
From a thousand valley floors;  
While far on amid the hills  
Under stars in the clear night,  
The replying, the replying,  
Of the ice-cold rivulets  
Plashing down the solemn gorges  
In their arrowy blue speed,  
Fills and frets the crisp blue twilight  
With innumerable sound,—  
With the whisper of the spring.

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

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

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

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

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

*Andrew  
Straton*

I must hear the roar of cities  
And the jargon of the schools,  
With no word of that one spirit  
Who was steadfast as the sun  
And kept silence with the stars.  
I must sit and hear the babble  
Of the worldling and the fool,  
Prating know-alls and reformers  
Busy to improve on man,  
With their chatter about God;  
Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,  
With their swift and grave regard,  
Falling on me with God's look.

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

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

Now along the wondrous trail  
Andrew Straton loved to follow  
Day by day and year on year,  
The awaited sure return  
Of all sleeping forest things  
Is reheralded abroad,  
Till the places of their journey,—  
Wells the frost no longer hushes,  
Ways no drift can bury now,  
Wood and stream and road and hillside,—  
Hail their coming as of old.

*Andrew  
Straton*

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

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

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

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

Out of the blue melting distance  
Of the dreamy southward range  
Journey back the vagrant winds,  
Sure and indolent as time;  
And the trembling wakened wood-flowers  
Lift their gentle tiny faces  
To the sunlight; and the rainbirds  
From the lonely cedar barrens  
Utter their far pleading cry.

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

*Andrew  
Straton*

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

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

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

*The Grave-  
Tree*

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

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

*The Grave-  
Tree*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Grave-  
Tree*

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

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

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

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

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





SONGS OF THE SEA  
CHILDREN



*Prelude*

THESE are the little songs  
The wild sea children sang,  
When the first gold arch of light  
From the rim to zenith sprang;

When all the glad clean joys  
Of being came to birth,  
Out of the darkling womb  
Of the morning of the earth.

And these are the lyric songs  
The earthborn children sing,  
When wild-wood laughter throngs  
The shy bird-throats of spring;

When there's not a joy of the heart  
But flies like a flag unfurled,  
And the swelling buds bring back  
The April of the world.

These are the April songs  
The vernal children sing,  
When the yellow pollen dust  
Floats on the stream in spring;

When the swelling streams go down  
Through the deep and grassy floors,  
And the gold-fish and the turtle  
Bask at their river doors.

And these are the innocent songs  
The forest children sing,  
When the whip-poor-will's unrest  
Is a pulse in the heart of spring;

When the dark of the frail new moon  
Is a globe of dim sea green,  
And no soul fears what its strange  
Sea-memories may mean.

These are the happy songs  
The first sea children made,  
When the red morning roused them  
In the deep forest shade;

*Prelude*

When Hillborn said to Seaborn,  
"Sweetheart, but thou art fair!"  
And the shining silver sea-mist  
Made moonstones in her hair.

These are the liting songs  
The dark sea children knew,  
When the sands emerged, and the sea  
Was a lotus of Indian blue;

When, blossom by wind-blown blossom,  
Their virginal zones undone,  
The world was a wide sunflower  
Turning her face to the sun.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

I  
THERE is a wise Magician,  
Who sets a yellow star  
To seal the cinders of the night  
Within a hollow jar.

And when the jar is broken,  
A marvel has been done;  
There lies within the rosy dusk  
That coal we call the sun.

But more than any wonder  
That makes the rose of dawn,  
Is this inheritance of joy  
My heart is happy on.

II  
The day is lost without thee,  
The night has not a star.  
Thy going is an empty room  
Whose door is left ajar.

Depart: it is the footfall  
Of twilight on the hills.  
Return: and every rood of ground  
Breaks into daffodils.

Thy coming is companioned  
By presences of bliss;  
The rivers and the little leaves  
All know how good it is.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

III

Thou art the sense and semblance  
Of things that never were,  
The meaning of a sunset,  
The tenor of a star.

Thou art the trend of morning,  
The burden of June's prime,  
The twilight's consolation,  
The innocence of time.

Thou art the phrase for gladness  
God coined when he was young,  
The fare-thee-well to sadness  
By stars of morning sung,

The lyric revelation  
To rally and rebuoy  
The darker earth's half sinking  
Temerity of joy.

Out of the hush and hearkening  
Of the reverberant sea,  
Some happier golden April  
Might fashion things like thee.

Or if one heart-beat faltered  
In oblivion's drum-roll,  
That perfect idle moment  
Might be thy joyous soul.

And the long waves of sorrow  
Will search and find no shore  
In all the seas of being,  
When thou shalt be no more.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

IV

Thou art the pride and passion  
Of the garden where God said,  
"Let us make a man." To fashion  
The beauty of thy head,

The iron æons waited  
And died along the hill,  
Nor saw the uncreated  
Dream of the urging will.

A thousand summers wandered  
Alone beside the sea,  
And guessed not, though they pondered,  
What his design might be.

But here in the sun's last hour,  
(So fair and dear thou art!)  
He shuts in my hand his flower,  
His secret in my heart.

V

In the door of the house of life,  
Beside the fabled sea,  
I am a harpstring in the wind,  
Æolian for thee.

It was a cunning idler  
Who strung the even cords  
Across the drift of harmonies  
Impossible to words.

It was the old Musician,  
With nothing else to do,  
One April when he felt the stir  
Revive him and renew,

Made me thy naught but lover,  
A frayed imperfect strand  
Reverberant to every note,  
Alive beneath thy hand.

But smile, and I am laughter;  
Look sorrow, and I mourn—  
A spirit from the cave of fears,  
Fantastic and forlorn.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Sing low—the world is waiting  
Such radiance as thine  
To welcome her returning ships  
Above the dark sea-line.

Rejoice—I know the cadence,  
Thou innocent and glad,  
To make of every hillside flower  
A dancing Oread.

A thing of sense and spirit,  
And moods and melody,  
I am a harpstring in the wind,  
Æolian for thee.

VI

Love, by that loosened hair,  
Well now I know  
Where the lost Lilith went  
So long ago.

Love, by those starry eyes  
I understand  
How the sea maidens lure  
Mortals from land.

Love, by that welling laugh  
Joy claims its own  
Sea-born and wind-wayward  
Child of the sun.

VII

Once more in every tree-top  
I hear the hollow wind  
A-blowing the last remnants  
Of winter from the land.



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Far down the April morning,  
With battle-clang and glee,  
The Boreal intruders  
Are driven to the sea.

Then softly, buds of scarlet,  
Warm rain, and purple wing—  
The tattered glad uncumbered  
Camp-followers of spring!

VIII

Under the greening willow  
Wanders a golden cry;  
Oriole April up in the world  
With morning day goes by.

Out of the virgin quiet  
Like an awakening sigh,  
With the wild, wild heart for ever  
A journeyer am I.

We are the wind's own brothers,  
Sorrow and joy and I;  
But thou art the hope of morrows  
That shall be by-and-by.

IX

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With the cold moon,  
Free to range, fleet to change,  
So far and soon?

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With the hoar sea?  
Love alone is his own  
Eternity.

Dear, what hast thou to do  
With anything  
In the wide world beside  
Joyance and spring?

X

As sudden winds that freak  
The fresh face of the sea,  
The tinge upon her cheek  
Tells what the storm will be.

As purple shadows rise  
Up to the setting sun,  
Her wonderful gray eyes  
Will tell when love is done.

XI

As down the purple of the night  
I watch the flaring meteors race,  
The gorgeous Bedouins of the dusk  
Making across the glooms of space,

To my fantastic heart's unrest  
That would be gay, that would be gone,  
They seem like trysting lovers' souls  
Too long delayed and hurrying on.

XII

In the Kingdom of Boötes,  
Whose vast cordon none can tell,  
Mirac answers to Arcturus,  
"All is well!"

What to them are days and seasons,  
Storm and triumph, plague and war—  
With their large serene appointments,  
Star for star?

In this handbreadth of the midnight,  
These heart-confines where we dwell,  
I can hear your spirit answer,  
"All is well!"

What to us is night or morrow,  
Or the little pause of death,  
In the rhythm of joy we measure  
Breath by breath?

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XIII

Look, love, along the low hills  
The first stars!  
God's hand is lighting the watchfires for us,  
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whip-poor-wills!  
Those weird bars,  
Full of dark passion, will pierce the dim forest,  
All night, on and on,

Till the overbrimmed bowl of life spills,  
And time mars  
The one perfect piece of his handcraft, love's lifetime  
From dewrise till dawn.

Foolish heart, fearful of ills!  
Shall the stars  
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?  
Heed thou love alone!

XIV

The rain-wind from the East,  
So long a wanderer  
Beyond the sources of the sun,  
Brings back the crocus April and the showers.  
A heart upwelling in the forest flowers  
Has made them lovers every one.  
Who makes the twilight seem to stir  
In happy tears released?  
There, there, sweetheart!

The night-wind from the West,  
The broad eaves of the sky,  
Brings back across the orchard hills  
The memories of a thousand springs with him;  
And the white apple valleys in a dream  
Listen to the dark whip-poor-wills.  
Is the old burden of their joy  
So great they cannot rest?  
There, there, sweetheart!

## XV

O purple-black are the wet quince boughs,  
 Where the buds begin to burn!  
 And fair enough is Spring's new house,  
 Made fresh for Love's return.

*Songs of  
 the Sea  
 Children*

She has taken him in and locked the door,  
 And thrown away the key.  
 When Free-foot finds his Rove-no-more,  
 What use is liberty?

## XVI

An unseen hand went over the hill,  
 And lit the cresset stars,  
 And below the summer sea was strewn  
 With mysterious nenuphars.

The little wind of twilight came  
 With the gladdest of words to me,  
 "The tide is full, the night is fair,  
 And Her window waits for thee!"

## XVII

The very sails are singing  
 A song not of the wind;  
 A fire dance is creaming  
 Our wake that runs behind.

In all the shining splendid  
 White moonflower of the sea,  
 There's not a runnel sleeping  
 For ecstasy of thee.

## XVIII

Where the blue comes down to the brine,  
 And the brine goes up to the blue,  
 It's shine, shine, shine,  
 The whole day through,  
 The whole summer day long, dear.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Till the sun like a harbour buoy,  
Is riding afloat in the west,  
And it's joy, joy, joy,  
For the place of his rest,  
The haven of No-more-fear.

Then the stars come out on the sea,  
To dance on the purple floor.  
Their Master has turned the key  
In the silver door,  
And my heart's delight draws near.

XIX

As if the sea's eternal rote  
Might cease to set remembrance wild,  
The breezy hair, the lyric throat  
Were given to the suri-born child.

And the great forest found a voice  
For her along the brookside brown,  
That bids the purple dusk rejoice,  
And croons the golden daylight down.

XX

O wind and stars, I am with you now;  
And ports of day, Good-bye!  
When my captain Love puts out to sea,  
His mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,  
And launch from the pebbly shore.  
The tide pulls out, and hints of time  
Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing  
Crowding the gloom with haste;  
I scud through the large and solemn world,  
And skim the wan gray waste.

O stars and wind, be with me now;  
And ports of night, draw near!  
No sooner the longed-for seamark shines,  
Than the very dark grows dear.

## XXI

All the zest of all the ages  
 Shimmers in my sea-bird's wing,  
 Flickering above the surges  
 Of the sea.

All the quiet of the ages  
 Slumbers in my sea-bird's wing,  
 Where it settles down the verges  
 Of the sea.

All the questing soul's behesting  
 Pent and freed in one white wing,  
 Joying there above the dirges  
 Of the sea.

Be thou, sweetheart, such a sweetheart!  
 All the valour of the spring  
 Crowds thy pulses with the urges  
 Of the sea;

Till this drench of joy, thou sweetheart,  
 Fills the spaces of the spring,  
 And the large fresh night emerges  
 From the sea.

## XXII

Eyes like the blue-green  
 Shine of the sea,  
 Where the swift shadows run,  
 Whose soul is free.

Shimmer of sunlight,  
 Shadow of gloom,  
 Wayward as ecstasy,  
 Solemn as doom.

Triumph, transplendour,  
 Joy through and through,  
 Till the soul wonders what  
 Sense next may do.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Hair like the blown grass  
Brown on the hill,  
Where the wide wandering  
Wind has his will.

Spirit, the nomad,  
Whither to wend,  
Knows not and fears not,  
To the world's end.

Seadusk or Dawnbright  
Name the earth's child,  
Like the wind, like the sea,  
Virginal wild.

XXIII

"Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
How come you here,  
Daring the upper world,  
Blithe without fear?"

"Goldy plume, goldy plume,  
Ages ago,  
Came to my House of Dark  
One through the snow."

"Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
What was the word,  
Down in the frozen earth,  
Sleeping, you heard?"

"Goldy plume, goldy plume,  
Deep in the mould,  
Somebody whispered me,  
'Budkin, be bold!'"

"Crimson bud, crimson bud,  
What was his name—  
Taught you such valour  
And girt you with flame?"

" Ah, fellow wayfarer,"  
Whispered the gloom,  
" When they shall question, say,  
Love bade me come!"

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XXIV

We wandered through the soft spring days,  
And heard the flowers  
Talking among themselves of joys  
That were not ours.

Till April in a softening mood  
Faltered a word  
The pretty gossips of the wood  
Had scarcely heard.

But somehow you, you caught the lilt  
Of that wild speech  
The tiny tribesmen found occult  
Beyond their reach.

Now when the rainman walks the field,  
And robin sings,  
I hark to promises that hold  
A thousand springs.

XXV

You pipers in the swales,  
Tune up your reedy flutes,  
And blow and blow to bring me back  
My little girl in spring!

Take all the world beside,  
And flute it far away  
For less than naught, but give me back  
One sleepless night in spring.

XXVI

To-night I hear the rainbirds  
Piercing the silver gloom;  
The scent of the sea-blown lilacs  
Wanders across my room.



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Caught in their wake I follow  
The drift of memory;  
Once more the summer twilight  
Settles upon the sea.

I shut my eyes and see you  
Under the lilacs stand,  
While the soft mists of sea-rain  
Are blowing in to land.

Your little hands steal upward,  
Our fingers interlace;  
And through the driving sea-dark  
I feel your burning face.

One little hour of heaven  
Lost in a single kiss;  
And then we two for ever  
The castaways of bliss.

To-night the scent of lilacs  
Comes up to me again,  
And ghosts of buried summers  
Walk with the lonely rain.

But ah, what roof-tree shelters  
To-night the dear black head?  
Only the sea wind answers—  
And leaves of the word unsaid.

XXVII

Lord of the vasty tent of heaven,  
Who hast to thy saints and sages given  
A thousand nights with their thousand stars,  
And the star of faith for a thousand years.

Grant me, only a foolish rover  
All thy beautiful wide world over,  
A thousand loves in a thousand days,  
And one great love for a thousand years.

## XXVIII

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

In the cool of dawn I rose;  
Life lay there from hill to hill  
In the core of a blue pearl,  
As it seemed, so deep and still.

Not a word the mountains said  
Of the day that was to be,  
As I crossed them, till you came  
At the sunrise back with me.

Then we heard the whitethroat sing,  
And the world was left behind.  
A new paradise arose  
Out of his untarnished mind.

The brown road lay through the wood,  
And the forest floor was spread  
For our footing with the fern  
And the cornel berries red.

There the woodland rivers sang;  
Not a sorrow touched their glee,  
Dancing up the yellow sun,  
From the purple mountain sea.

Towns and turbulence and fame  
Were as fabled things that lay  
Through the gateway of the notch,  
Long ago and far away.

There we loitered and went on,  
Where the roadside berries grew;  
Earth with all its joy once more  
Was made over for us two.

And at last a meaning filled  
The round morning fair and good,  
Waited for a thousand years,  
There was no more solitude.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XXIX

Up from the kindled pines,  
Lo, the lord Sun!  
What shall his children find  
When day is done?

Ere thy feet follow him  
Over the sea,  
Love, turn thy glorious  
Eyes once to me!

High in the burning noon,  
Lo, the lord Sun  
Sleeps, with his hand slack,  
His girdle undone.

Ere thy feet follow him  
Over the hill,  
Love, lace thy heart to mine,  
Time has stood still.

Down by the valley-night  
Sings the great sea;  
Over the mountain rim  
Day walks for thee.

Ere thy feet follow him  
Into far lands,  
Love, lift thy mouth to me  
Up through thy hands!

Well do they journey  
Who joy as they go;  
Hear his hills whispering,  
"So, it is so."

Ere thy feet follow him  
Down to the shade,  
Love, loose thy zone to me,  
Mistress and maid!

Down to the kindling pines,  
Lo, the lord Sun  
Goes unreluctant,  
And day is done.

XXX

The skyey shreds of rain  
Are all blown loose again,  
And bright among the dripping chestnut boles  
Whistle the orioles;

As if wise Nature knew  
The finest thing to do,  
And touched her forestry, supremely done,  
With these few flakes of sun.

To-night by the June sea  
You are come back to me,  
Through all the mellow dark from hill to hill  
That gladdens and grows still;

As though wise Nature guessed  
Her love joys were the best,  
When down the darkling spaces of desire  
She sent your song and fire.

XXXI

On the meridian of the night  
Alcar the Tester marks high June;  
Arcturus knows his zenith fame;  
No grass-head sleeps upon the dune.

And up from the south-eastern sea,  
Antares, the red summer star,  
Brings back the ardours of the earth,  
Like fire opals in a jar,—

The frail and misty sense of things  
Beyond mortality's ado,  
The soft delirium of dream,  
And joy pale virgins never knew.

XXXII

Love, lift your longing face up through the rain!  
In the white drench of it over the hills,  
Blurring remembrance and quieting pain,  
Stretch the strong hands of the sea.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Love, lift your longing face up through the rain!  
In the bleak rote of it through the far hills,  
Rhythmed to joy and untarnished of pain,  
Calls the great heart of the sea.

XXXIII

Swing down, great sun, swing down  
And beat at the gates of day,  
To open and let thee forth!  
I would not have thee stay.

Swing up, dear stars, and shine  
Over the baths of the sea!  
To-night, my beautiful one  
Will open her arms for me.

XXXIV

The world is a golden calyx,  
A-swing in the bloom of time,  
Where floret to floret ripens  
And the starry blossoms rhyme.

Thou art the fair seed vessel  
Waiting all day for me,  
Who ache with the golden pollen  
The night will spill for thee.

XXXV

Eyes like summer after sundown,  
Hands like roses after dew,  
Lyric as a blown rose garden  
The wind wanders through.

Swelling breasts that bud to crimson,  
Hair like cobwebs after dawn,  
And the rosy mouth wind-rifed  
When the wind is gone.

XXXVI

The sun is lord of a manor fair,  
And the earth his garden old,  
Whose dewy beds where he walks at morn  
Flower by flower unfold.

When he goes at night and leaves the stars  
Lit in the trees to shine,  
Blossom by blossom the flowerheads sleep—  
And a rosy head by mine.

XXXVII

In God's blue garden the flowers are cold,  
As you tell them over star by star,  
Sirius, Algol, pale Altair,  
Lone Arcturus, and Algebar.

In love's red garden the flowers are warm,  
As I count them over and kiss them by,  
From the sultry royal rose-red mouth  
To the last carnation dusk and shy.

XXXVIII

First by her starry gaze that falls  
Aside, as if afraid to know  
The stronger self who stirs and calls,  
I think she came from a land of snow.

Then by her mood that melts to mine  
Her body and her soul's desire,  
Under the shifting forest shine,  
I think she came from a land of fire.

XXXIX

The alchemist who throws his worlds  
In the round crucible of the sun,  
Has laid our bodies in the forge  
Of love to weld them into one.

The hypnotist who waves his hand  
And the pale streamers walk the night,  
A moment for our souls unbars  
The lost dominions of delight.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XI.

Thy mouth is a snow apple,  
Thy tongue a rosy melon core,  
Thy breasts are citrons odorous of the East.  
I know that nursery tale of Eden now,  
Where God prepared the feast  
Beneath the bow.  
I ask no more.

The apple-trees have whispered  
The only word I listened for  
Through all the legends babbled in my ears.  
I know what manner of unbitten fruit  
The first man took with fears  
And found so sweet.  
I ask no more.

XI.I

As orchards in an apple land,  
That whiten to the moon of May,  
Hear the first rainbird's ecstasy  
Peal from the dark hills far away;

The wintry spaces of my soul,  
Snowed under by the drift of time,  
Feel immortality begin  
As your long kisses surge and climb.

XI.II

Noon on the marshes and noon on the hills,  
And joy in the white sail that shivers and fills.

Gold are the grain lands, and gold is the sea,  
And gold is my little love maid to me.

XI.III

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your hands!  
Here in the bracken shade will we not well  
Wring the warm summer world dry of its honey?  
God made a heaven before he made hell.

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your eyes;  
Let their shy quivering rapture and deep  
Melt as they merge in mine melting above them!  
God made surrender before he made sleep.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Berrybrown, Berrybrown, give me your mouth,  
Till all is done 'twixt a breath and a breath!  
Naught shall undo the one joy-deed for ever,  
God made desire before he made death.

XLIV

Wait for me, Cherrychild, when the blue dusk  
Falls from the silent star-spaces and fills  
With utter peace the great heart of the hills,  
Child, Cherrychild!

Call to me, Cherrychild, when the blue dusk  
First throbs to passion among the dark hills,  
In the brown throats of the lone whippoorwills,  
Child, Cherrychild!

Come to me, Cherrychild, in the blue dusk!  
Forlorn and loverless as the wild sea,  
Long have I lain alone, longing for thee,  
Child, Cherrychild.

XLV

Summer love, open your eyes to me now!  
June 's on the mountain and day 's at the door.  
Time shall turn back for us one crimson hour,  
Ere the white seraph winds walk the sea floor.

Summer heart, open your arms to me now!  
Beautiful wonder-eyed spirit's home, here  
With the eternal ache quenched in the bliss,  
One golden minute outmeasures a year.

Sweet heaven! Open your arms to me now!  
There, dearest body, cease trembling, lie still!  
Joy, how the June birds are shivered with song!  
And see, the first shreds of dawn over the hill.



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XLVI

Through what strange garden ran  
The sultry stream whereon  
This languorous nenuphar of love could grow?  
Such melting ardours spending to the moon,  
From swoon to swoon!

My wondrous moonflower white,  
Outspread in the warm night,  
Tinged with a rosy tint, a golden glow,  
And fervours of enchantment it must hide  
Till daylight died.

It lies so soft and fond,  
Wilted in my hot hand,  
That was so dewy fresh an hour ago.  
"Can life be, then," my soul is pondering,  
"So frail a thing?"

And all because I laid  
The snowy petals wide;  
Having heard tell, yet longing still to know,  
What sweet things youth might barter ignorance for,  
Once and no more.

XLVII

Let the red dawn surmise  
What we shall do,  
When this blue starlight dies  
And all is through.

If we have loved but well  
Under the sun,  
Let the last morrow tell  
What we have done.

XLVIII

A breath upon my face,  
A whisper at my ear,  
Filling this leafy place,  
Tell me love is here.

The sea-gloom of her eyes,  
The apples of her breast,  
The shadows where she lies,  
A-tremble or at rest,

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

The little rosy knees,  
The beech-brown of her hair—  
A thousand things like these  
Tell me love is fair.

The clinging of her kiss,  
Her heart that looks beyond,  
The joys she will not miss,  
Tell me love is fond.

And when I am away,  
A weary dying fall,  
Haunting the wind by day,  
Tells me love is all.

XLIX

I was a reed in the stilly stream,  
Heigh-ho!  
And thou my fellow of moveless dream,  
Heigh-lo.

Hardly a word the river said,  
As there we bowed him a listless head.

Only the yellowbird pierced the noon;  
And summer died to a drowsier swoon,

Till the little wind of night came by,  
With the little stars in the lonely sky,

And the little leaves that only stir,  
When shyest wood-fellows confer.

It shook the stars in their purple sphere,  
And laid a frost on the lips of fear.

It woke our slumbering desire,  
As a breath that blows a mellow fire,  
263

*Songs of* And the thrill that made the forest start,  
*the Sea* Was a little sigh from our happy heart.  
*Children*

This is the story of the world,  
Heigh-ho!  
This is the glory of the world,  
Heigh-lo.

L

I was the west wind over the garden,  
Out of the twilit marge and deep;  
You were the sultry languorous flower,  
Famished and filled and laid to sleep.

I was the rover bee, and you—  
With the hot red mouth where a soul might drown,  
And the buoyant soul where a man might swim—  
You were the blossom that drew me down.

L I

A touch of your hair, and my heart was furl'd;  
A drift of fragrance, and noon stood still;  
All of a sudden the fountain there  
Had something to whisper the sun on the hill.

Rose of the garden of God's desire,  
Only the passionate years can prove  
With sorrow and rapture and toil and tears  
The right of the soul to the kingdom of love.

L II

In the land of kisses  
The very winds were stirred  
To mortal speech. But this is  
The only tale I heard.

In the land of kisses  
Your mouth is a red bloom,  
Aching to know the blisses  
That perish and consume.

In the land of kisses  
My mouth is a red moth  
Searching in the dusk. And this is  
The rapture for us both.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

LIII

I think the sun, when he turns at night  
And lays his face against the sea's,  
Must have such thoughts as these.

I think the wind, when he wakes at dawn,  
Must wonder, seeing hill by hill,  
That they can sleep so still.

LIV

I see the golden hunter go,  
With his hound star close at heel,  
Through purple fallows above the hill,  
When the large autumn night is still  
And the tide of the world is low.

And while to their unwearied quest  
The sister Pleiads pass,  
That seventh loveliest and lost  
Desire of all the orient host  
Is here upon my breast.

LV

You old men with frosty beards,  
I am wiser than you all;  
I have seen a fairer page  
Than Belshazzar's wall.

You young men with scornful lips,  
I am stronger than you all;  
I have sown the Cadmian field  
Where no shadows fall.

For a woman yesterday  
Loved me, body, soul, and all.  
Saints will lift their crowns to me  
At the Judgement Call.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

LVI

It was the tranquil hour  
Of earth's expectancy,  
When we lay on the Wishing Sands  
Beside the sleeping sea.

We saw the scarlet moon rise  
And light the pale gray land;  
We heard the whisper of the tide,  
The sighing of the sand.

I felt the ardent flutter  
Your heart gave for delight;  
You knew how earth is glad and hushed  
Under the tent of night.

We dreamed the dream of lovers,  
And told our dream to none;  
And all that we desired came true,  
Because we wished as one.

LVII

The mountain ways one summer  
Saw joy and life go past,  
When we who fared so lonely  
Were hand in hand at last.

Till over us the pine woods  
Their purple shadows cast,  
And the tall twilight laid us  
Hot mouth to mouth at last.

O hills, beneath your slumber,  
Or pines, below your blast,  
Make room for your two children,  
Cold cheek to cheek at last!

LVIII

Poppy, you shall live forever  
With the crimson of her kiss,  
Through a summer day undreamed of  
In a land like this.

Once I bartered with Oblivion.  
For the crimson of her kiss  
I would give a thousand morrows  
Of a day like this.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

But I was a foolish buyer;  
For the crimson of her kiss  
Woke me, and I heard the wind say,  
"Nevermore like this!"

Poppy, you shall sleep forever  
With the crimson of her kiss  
Through the centuries, undreamed of  
In a rhyme like this.

LIX

I loved you when the tide of prayer  
Swept over you, and kneeling there  
In the pale summer of the stars,  
You laid your cheek to mine.

I loved you when the auroral fire,  
Like the world's veriest desire,  
Burned up, and as it touched the sea,  
You laid your limbs to mine.

I loved you when you stood tiptoe  
To say farewell, and let me go  
Into the night from your laced arms,  
And laid your mouth to mine.

And I shall love you on that day  
The wind comes over the sea to say  
Your golden name upon men's mouths,  
And mix your dust with mine.

LX

Once of a Northern midnight,  
By dike and mountain side,  
With fleeces for her habit,  
The moon went forth to ride.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Up from the ocean caverns,  
Where ancient memories bide,  
Returning with his secret  
We heard the muttering tide.

But fear was not upon you;  
Your woman's arms were wide;  
The world's poor shreds and tatters  
Of mumming laid aside.

The sea-rote for our rubic,  
Our ritual and guide,  
There was a virgin wedding  
Whose vows no priest supplied.

And there until the dawn-wind  
Up from the marshes sighed,  
Whispered among the aspens,  
Shivered and passed and died,

Our scene-shifter the moonlight,  
Our orchestra the tide,  
I was a prince of fairy,  
You were a prince's bride.

LXI

The forest leaves were all asleep,  
The yellow stars were on the hill,  
The roving winds were all away,  
Only the tide was restless still,

When I awoke. My chamber dim  
Was flooded by the cool, sweet night,  
And in the hush I seemed aware  
Of premonitions of delight.

Who called me lightly as I slept?  
Who touched my forehead with soft hands?  
Who summoned me without a sound  
Back from the vague mysterious lands?

It must have been my sleepless heart  
Knocking upon his prison door,  
To bid old Reason have a care  
Lest Joy should pass and come no more.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

LXII

There sighed along the garden path  
And through the open door a stir;  
'Twas not the rustle of the corn,  
Nor yet the whisper of the fir.

There passed an Eastern odour, fraught  
With the delirium of sense;  
'Twas not the attar of the rose,  
Nor the carnation's redolence.

Then came a glimmering of white,  
The drench of sheer diaphanous lawn,  
More palpable than light of stars,  
And more delectable than dawn.

The Paphian curve from throat to waist,  
From waist to knee, then lost again,  
Told me how beauty such as hers  
Spreads like a madness among men.

LXIII

And then I knew the first vague bliss  
That swept through Lilith like strange fire,  
Consuming all her loveliness  
With one imperious desire,

When in the twilight she beheld,  
Through the green apple shades obscure,  
The Lord God moulding from the dust  
Her splendid virgin paramour.

I knew what aching shudder ran  
Through the dark bearers, file on file,  
When Pharaoh's daughter went to merge  
Her peerless beauty in the Nile;



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

What slumbering deliciousness  
Awoke beside the Dorian stream  
When the young prince from over sea  
Broke on the lovely Spartan's dream;

And all the fervour and desire,  
The raptures and the ecstasies,  
Of Aucassin and Nicolette,  
Of Abelard and Héloïse,

And all the passionate despair,  
So bravely borne for many a year,  
Of Tristram and the dark Iseult,  
Of Launcelot and Guinevere!

LXIV

I knew, by that diviner sense  
Which wakes to beauty sweet and lone,  
Once more beneath the moonlit boughs  
Astarte had unloosed her zone;

Immortal passion, fair and wild,  
Remembering her joys of yore,  
Had taken on the human guise  
To glad one mortal lover more.

LXV

A moon-white moth against the moon  
A sea-blue raindrop in the sea,  
A grain of pollen on the air,  
This little virgin soul might be.

As if a passing breath of wind  
Should stir the poplars in the night,  
Her wondrous spirit woke from sleep,  
And shivered with unknown delight.

As if a sudden garden door  
Should open in a granite wall,  
She trembled at the brink of joy,  
So great and so ephemeral.

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## LXVI

What is it to remember?  
 How white the moonlight poured into the room,  
 That summer long ago!  
 How still it was  
 In that great solemn midnight of the North,  
 A century ago!

*Songs of  
 the Sea  
 Children*

And how I wakened trembling  
 At soft love-whispers warm against my cheek,  
 And laughed it was no dream!  
 Then far away,  
 The troubled reflux murmuring of the sea,  
 A sigh within a dream!

## LXVII

She had the fluttering eyelids  
 Like petals of a rose;  
 I had the wisdom never learned  
 From any musty prose.

She had the melting ardour  
 That hesitates yet dares;  
 And I had youthful valour's look,  
 That is so like despair's.

She had the tender bearing  
 Of daffodils in spring;  
 And I had sense enough to know  
 Love is a fleeting thing.

She had the heart of tinder;  
 I had the lips of flame;  
 And neither of us ever heard  
 Procrastination's name.

She had the soft demeanour,  
 Discreet as any nun's;  
 And each of us had all the joy  
 God gives his foolish ones.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

LXVIII

The land lies full, from brim to brim  
Of the great smoke-blue mountains' rim,  
Of yellow autumn and red sun.  
A giant in content, the day  
Idles the solemn hours away  
To dreamland one by one.

Life is the dominance of good,  
And love the ecstasy of mood,  
Your hand in my hand says to me.  
Yet, somewhere in the waste between  
Being and sense, I hear a threne  
Wash like the dirging sea.

LXIX

In the blue opal of a winter noon,  
When all the world was a white floor  
Lit by the northern sun,  
I saw with naked eyes a midday star  
Burn on like gleaming spar,  
Where all its fellows of the mighty dusk  
Had perished one by one.

When I shall have put by the vagrant will,  
And down this rover's twilight road  
Emerge into the sun,  
Be thou my only sheer and single star,  
Known, named, and followed far,  
When all these Jack-o'-lantern hopes and fears  
Have perished one by one!

LXX

Far hence in the infinite silence  
How we shall learn and forget,  
Know and be known, and remember  
Only the name of regret!

Sown in that ample quiet,  
We shall break sheath and climb,  
Seeds of a single desire  
In the heart of the apple of time.

We shall grow wise as the flowers,  
And know what the bluebirds sing,  
When the hands of the grasses unravel  
The wind in the hollows of spring.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

And out of the breathless summer  
The aspen leaves will stir,  
At your low sweet laugh to remember  
The imperfect things we were.

LXXI

Of the whole year, I think, I love  
The best that time we used to call  
The Little Summer of All Saints,  
About the middle of the fall,

Because there fell the golden days  
Of that gold year beside the sea,  
When first I had you at heart's will,  
And you had your whole will of me.

It is the being's afternoon,  
The second summer of the soul,  
When spirits find a way to reach  
Beyond the sense and its control.

Then come the firmamental days,  
The underseason of the year,  
When God himself, being well content,  
Takes time to whisper in our ear.

Sweetheart, once more by every sign  
Of blade and shadow, it must be  
The Little Summer of All Saints  
In the red autumn by the sea.

LXXII

At night upon the mountains  
The magic moon goes by,  
And stops at every threshold  
With lure and mystery.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

And then my lonely fancy  
Can bide content no more,  
But through an autumn country  
Must search from door to door,

Till in a quiet valley,  
Under a quiet sky,  
Is found the one companion  
To bid the world good-bye.

And once again at moonrise  
We wander hand in hand,  
With the last grief forgotten,  
Through an enchanted land.

LXXIII

Once more the woods grow crimson,  
Once more the year burns down,  
Once more my feet come home  
To the little seaboard town.

Once more I learn desire  
Prevails but to endure,  
And the heart springs to meet  
Your hand-touch—and be sure.

LXXIV

Once when the winds of spring came home  
From the far countries where they roam,  
I heard them tell  
Of things I could not understand,  
And strange adventures in a land  
Where all was well.

I do not wonder any more  
What Autumn at his open door  
Is dreaming of;  
I am so happy to have done  
With all the things underneath the sun  
Save only love.

LXXXV

The world is swimming in the light,  
Sheer as a bubble green and gold.  
On the purpleal autumn wal s  
Once more time's rubric is unrolled.

As if the voice of the blue sea  
Sufficed for summer's utmost speech,  
But now the very hills must help  
And lift their heart to the lyric reach.

Scarlet, diaphanous and glad,  
The valiant message waves and burns,  
The elemental cry that lurks  
Deep as the cold heart of the Norns.

LXXXVI

When the October wind stole in  
To wake me in my chamber cool,  
With dancing sunlight on the wall,  
From the still vestibule

Fluttered a sound like rustling leaves,  
Or the just-heard departing stir  
Of silk, a hint of presence gone,  
A waft of lavender.

I saw upon my arms strange marks,  
Traced when my eyes were unaware,  
Like petal-stains of some green rose  
Or faint kiss-bruises there;

And wondered, as there came the sad  
Eternal whisper of the sea,  
Which one of all my pale dead loves  
Had spent the night with me.

LXXXVII

The red frost came with his armies  
And camped by the sides of the sea.  
The maples and the oaks took on  
His gorgeous livery.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

They dyed their tents a madder,  
Alizarin and brown,  
And dipped their banners in the sun  
To give their joy renown.

And lo, when twilight sobered  
Their dauntless cinnabars,  
Along the outposts of the sea  
The watch-fires of the stars!

And I for love of roving  
Am 'listed with the king,  
Because I knew the password,  
"Joy is the only thing!"

LXXVIII

Dearest, in this so golden fall,  
When beauty aches with her own bliss,  
One thought the pause to my desire  
And my small consolation is.

I am a child. A thistle seed  
On the boon wind is more than I,  
Yet will the hand that sows the hills  
Have care of me too when I die.

When I who love thee without words  
Sink as a foam-bell in the sea,  
One who has no regard for fame  
Will neither have contempt for me.

LXXIX

Her hair was crocus yellow,  
Her eyes were crocus blue,  
Her body was the only gate  
Of paradise I knew.

Her hands were velvet raptures,  
Her mouth a velvet bliss;  
Not Lilith in the garden had  
So wonderful a kiss.

To know her was to banish  
Reason for once and all.  
Her voice was like a silver door  
Set in a scarlet wall.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

For when she said, "I love you,"  
It was as when the tide  
Yearns for the naked moonlight,  
An unreluctant bride.

And when she said, "Ah, leave me,"  
It was as when the sea  
Sighs at the ebb, or a spent wind  
Dies in the aspen tree.

LXXX

Out of the dust that bore thee,  
What wonder walking came,—  
What beauty like blown grasses,  
What ardour like still flame!

What patience of the mountains,  
What yearning of the sea,  
What far eternal impulse  
Endowed the world with thee?

A reed within the river,  
A leaf upon the bough,  
What breath of April ever  
Was half so dear as thou?

LXXXI

Remnants of this soul of mine,  
This same self that once was me,  
Flock and gather and grow one,  
Whole once more at thought of thee.

Never yet was such a love,  
So supremely fond as thou;  
Never mortal lover yet  
So beloved as thine is now.



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children* I a foam-head in the sea,  
Thou the tide to lift and run;  
I a sombre-crested hill,  
Thou the purple light thereon.

Tide may ebb and light may fail,  
But not love's sincerity,—  
More enduring than the sun,  
More compelling than the sea.

LXXXII

What is this House at the End of the World,  
Where the sun leaves off and the snow begins,  
And the drift of the gray sea spins?

O this is the house where I was born,  
At the world's far edge one April day,  
Within sound of the white sea spray.

The place is lone, where the hills recede,  
And the sea slopes over the world's far side,  
And nothing moves but the tide,—

The moaning tide and the silent sun,  
The wind and the stars and the Northern light,  
Changing the watch by night.

And of all the travellers who questioned me,  
Why I make my home in so quiet a land,  
Not a soul could understand.

Till the day you came with love in your eyes,  
And asked no more than the sun on the wall,  
Yet understood it all.

And my house has been filled to overflow  
With beauty and laughter and peace since then,  
And joys of the world of men.

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## LXXXIII

The willows are all golden now,  
 And grief is past and olden now;  
 To the wild heart  
 There comes a start  
 Will help it and embolden now.

*Songs of  
 the Sea  
 Children*

The birch tips are all slender now;  
 The April light is tender now;  
 And the soft skies  
 Are calm and wise  
 With vision of new splendour now.

The streets are full of gladness now,—  
 Forget their look of sadness now;  
 While up and down  
 The flowery town  
 Comes back the old spring madness now.

## LXXXIV

O wonder of all wonders,  
 The winter time is done,  
 And to the low bleak bitter hills  
 Comes back the melting sun!

O wonder of all wonders,  
 The soft spring winds return,  
 And in the sweeping gusts of rain  
 The glowing tulips burn!

O wonder of all wonders,  
 That tenderness divine,  
 Bearing a woman's name, should knock  
 At this poor door of mine!

## LXXXV

This is the time of the golden bough,  
 The April ardour, the mystic fire,  
 And the soft wind up from the South,  
 Lingering rainy and warm,  
 Dissolving sorrow and bidding new life aspire,—  
 New spirit take form,—  
 Through the waking green earth now.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

This is the time of the golden tress,  
The heaving heart and the shining glance,  
And the little head that bows  
Meekly to love at last.  
Then two behold the flowery world in a trance  
Through the spring's new vast  
Of sunshine and tenderness.

LXXXVI

When Spring comes up the slope of the gray old sea,  
Like a green galleon,  
With joy in her wake, with light on her sails,  
What will she bring to us, my Yvonne?

The long sweet lisp and drench of the sweetness of rain,  
The strong glad youth of the sun,  
And a touch of the madness that makes men wise  
With the wisdom of lovers, my Yvonne.

LXXXVII

Now spring comes up the world, sweetheart,  
What shall we find to do?  
The hills grow purple in the rain,  
The sea is gold and blue;

The door is open to the sun,  
The window to the sky;  
The odour of the cherry bough,  
A freighted dream, goes by;

The spruces tell the southwest wind  
Where the white windflowers are;  
The brooks are babbling in the dusk  
To one great yellow star;

In all the April-coloured land,  
Where glints and murmurs stray,  
There's not a being that draws breath  
But will go mad to-day—

Go mad with piercing ecstasy,  
Afoot, afloat, awing,  
And wild with all the aching sweet  
Delirium of spring.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Now April fills the world with love,  
There's not a thing to do  
But to be happy all night long,  
Then glad the whole day through.

LXXXVIII

The rain on the roof is your laughter;  
The wind in the eaves is your sigh;  
The sun on the hills is your gladness  
In spring going by.

The sea to its uttermost morning,  
Gold-fielded, unfrontiered and blue,  
Is the light and the space and the splendour  
My heart holds for you.

LXXXIX

Sweetheart, sweetheart, delay no more,  
Nor in this prosy street abide!  
The fairy coach is at the door;  
The fairy ship is on the tide.

For I have built of golden dreams,  
And furnished with delight for thee,  
And lit with wondrous starry beams,  
A fairy palace over sea.

Then, footman, up! Good horses, speed!  
Then, lads, aboard and make all sail!  
The wind is fair, the cable freed;  
Now what can all the world avail?

XC

Out of the floor of the greenish sea  
Flowers the scarlet moon,  
Thrusting the tip of her budding lip  
Through its watery sheath in the waiting June.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Out of the gray of forgotten things  
My heart shall arise at full,  
And illumine space to find your face  
By a love-light quiet and wonderful.

XCI

There's not a little boat, sweetheart,  
That dances on the tide,—  
There's not a nodding daisy-head  
In all the meadows wide,—

In all the warm green orchards,  
Where bright birds sing and stray,  
There's not a whistling oriole  
So glad as I this day.

XCII

She said, "In all the purple hills,  
Where dance the lilies blue,  
Where all day long the springing larks  
Make fairy-tales come true,

"Where you can lie for hours and watch  
The unfathomable sky,  
There's not a breath of all the June  
That's half so glad as I!"

XCIII

I saw the ships come wing by wing  
Up from the golden south with spring;  
And great was the treasure they had in hold  
Of food and raiment and gems and gold,  
The loot and barter of many lands  
Brought home by daring and hardy hands.

For love is the only seed that sows  
The waste of the sea which no man knows.

My sailing thoughts came back to me  
From faring over the great dream sea;  
And every one was laden deep  
With riches of memory to keep,  
Laughter and joy and the smooth delight  
Of the little friend and the starry night.

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For love is the only seed that sows  
The waste of the heart which no man knows.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

XCIV

Up and up, they all come up  
Out of the noon together,  
The flowering sails on the slope of the sea  
In the white spring weather.

In and in, they all draw in—  
A streaming flock together—  
From the lone and monstrous waste of sea  
By a single tether.

Home, come home, they all make home  
In a racing fleet together—  
The little white wishes I sent to you  
In the golden weather.

XCV

I saw you in the gloaming, love,  
When all the fleets were homing, love,  
And under the large level moon the long gray seas  
were combing, love.

I saw you tall and splendid, love,  
And all my griefs were ended, love,  
When on me, as I put to land, your seaward eyes were  
bended, love.

The little boats were stranded, love,  
And all their rich bales landed, love;  
But all my wealth awaited me low-voiced and gentle-  
handed, love.

XCVI

How unutterably lonely  
Is the vast gray round of sea,  
Till the yellow flower of heaven  
Breaks and blossoms and gets free,  
Lighting up the lilac spaces  
With her golden density!  
Hope of sailors and of lovers,  
Swings the lantern of the sea.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Not the moon it was that lighted  
One gray waste of heart I know,  
Warmed with loving, touched with magic,  
And made molten and aglow,  
When your beauty flowered above it  
From a twilight soft and slow.  
Dearest face that still must beacon  
Where your lover still must go!

XCVII

Do you know the pull of the wind on the sea?  
That is the thought of you over my heart,  
The long soft breath of the soul drawing back to me,  
From the desolate lone of outer space,  
At dead of night when we are apart.

Do you know the sound of the surf on the shore,  
At the lilac close of a soft spring day?  
That is the fairy music I hear once more,  
As I remember your last farewell,  
In the blue still night when you are away.

And the wondrous round of the moon on the hill,  
When blue dusk covers the rim of the sea?  
More desired and strange and loved and lovelier still  
Is the vision that comes with love in her eyes—  
Your wonderful eyes—forever to me.

XCVIII

The fishers are sailing; the fleet is away;  
The rowlocks are throbbing at break of day.

The cables are creaking; the sails are unfurled;  
The red sun is over the rim of the world.

The first summer hour is white on the hill;  
The sails in the harbour-mouth belly and fill,—

Each boat putting out with the breast of a gull  
For the mighty great deep that shall rock them and lull.

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There, there, they all pass out of sight one by one,— *Songs of  
Gleam, dazzle, and sink in the path of the sun,— the Sea  
Children*

The last tiny speck to melt out and be free  
As a roseleaf of cloud on the rim of the sea.

XCIX

My love said, "What is the sea?"  
I said, "The unmeasured sea  
Is my heart, sweetheart,  
That is stormy or still  
With its great wild will,  
Glorying, stainless and free,  
Or sad with a sorrow beyond man's speech to impart,  
But for ever calling to thee,  
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the tide?"  
I said, "The unshackled tide  
Is my love, sweetheart,  
The draught and sweep  
Of the restless deep,  
Made clean as the stars and wide,  
That forever must yearn to the land above and apart,  
Till the day when she sinks to his side,  
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the land?"  
I said, "The summer land  
Is thy face, sweetheart,  
Dreamy and warm and glad,  
In a benediction clad,  
With sunshine sweetened and tanned;  
And there is the set of the tide, the end and the start,  
The sea's despair and demand,  
Heart of my heart!"

C

The moonlight is a garden  
Upon the mountain side,  
Wherein your gleaming spirit  
All lovely and grave-eyed,



*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

Touched with the happy craving  
That will not be denied,  
Aforetime used to wander  
Until it reached my side.

O wild white forest flower,  
Rose-love and lily-pride,  
And staunch of burning beauty  
Against your lover's side!

CI

The lily said to the rose,  
"What will become of our pride,  
When Yvonne comes down the path?"  
And the crimson rose replied,

"Our beauty and pride must wane,  
Yet we shall endure to stir  
The pulse of lovers unborn  
With metaphors of her."

CII

The white water-lilies, they sleep on the lake,  
Till over the mountain the sun bids them wake.

At the rose-tinted touch of the long level ray,  
Each pure perfect blossom unfolds to the day.

Each affluent petal outstretched and uncurled  
To the glory and gladness and shine of the world.

O whiter land-lily, asleep in the dawn,  
While yet the cool curtain of stars is half drawn,

And all the dark forest is mystic and still,  
With the great yellow planet aglow on the hill,

Hark, somewhere among the gray beeches a thrush,  
Sends the first thrill of sound to requicken the hush!

With a flutter of eyelids, a sigh soft and deep,  
An unfolding of rosy warm fingers from sleep,

For one perfect day more to love, gladden and roam,  
Thy spirit comes back to its flowerlike home.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

CIII

What are the great stars white and blue,  
Sparkling along the twilight there?  
They are the dewy gems let fall,  
When I loosed your hair.

What is the great pale languorous moon  
On the floor of the sea alone?  
That is the yellow rose let fall,  
When I loosed your zone.

CIV

What is that spreading light far over the sea,  
In the thin cool dawn, in the wash of the summer air,  
When the planets pale  
And the soft winds fail,  
But Yvonne with her yellow hair?

What is that deep dark shine in the heart of the sea,  
The glory and glow and darkle and dim surprise,  
Melting and clear  
Beyond fathom of fear,  
But Yvonne with her smoke-blue eyes?

What is that burning disk on the rim of the sea,  
When autumn brushfires smoulder and birds go South,  
When twilight fills  
The imperial hills,  
But Yvonne with her scarlet mouth?

CV

Over the sea is a scarlet cloud,  
And over the cloud the sun.  
And over my heart is a shining hope,  
And over that, Yvonne.

CVI

What lies across my lonely bed  
Like tropic moonlight soft and pale?  
What deeper gold is that outspread  
Across my pillow like a veil?

What sudden fragrances are these  
That voyage across the gloom to me,  
With faint delirious ecstasies  
From fairy gardens over sea?

What rustles in the curtained dusk  
With the remembrance of a sigh,  
As if a breath of wandering air  
Should stir the poppies going by?

Lover of beauty, can it be  
That from some far off foreign clime  
The sumptuous night has brought to thee  
The Rose of Beauty of all time?

CVII

Another day comes up,  
Wears over, and goes down;  
And it seems an age has passed  
In a little seaboard town,

To one who must weary and wait  
Till the sun comes round once more,  
Before he may tap on the pane  
And lift the latch of your door.

CVIII

Three things there be in the world, Yvonne;  
And what do you guess they mean?  
The stable land, the heaving sea,  
And the tide that hangs between.

Three things there be in this life, Yvonne;  
And what do you guess they mean?  
Your sun-warm soul, my wind-swept soul,  
And the current that draws between.

## CIX

The first soft green of a Northern spring,  
 Lit by a golden sun:  
 That is the little frock you wore  
 When our love was begun,  
 In the house by the purple shore:

*Songs of  
 the Sea  
 Children*

The gold-red flush of early fall,  
 And the tinge of sun on the sea:  
 That is the maiden vest you wore  
 When you came to my knee,  
 And the firelight danced on the floor.

## CX

Now all the twigs and grasses  
 Are feathery with snow;  
 The land is white and level,  
 The brooks have ceased to flow.

No song is in the woodland,  
 There is no light of sun,  
 But bright and warm and tender  
 Is my sweetheart, Yvonne.

The lower hills are purple,  
 The farther peaks are lost;  
 There's nothing left alive now,  
 Except the bitter frost.

Yes, two there be that heed not  
 How cold the year may run:  
 The fire upon the hearthstone,  
 And my sweetheart, Yvonne.

## CXI

Our isle is a magic ship;  
 You can feel it swing and dip,  
 Running the long blue slopes  
 Of sliding sea,  
 With you and me  
 The only adventurers.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

The sails of the snow are spread.  
See how we forge ahead!  
Good-bye, old summers and sorrows!  
O brave and dear,  
Whom never a fear  
Of the breathless voyage deters!

CXII

The sails of the ship are white, love;  
What are they?  
The hauling clouds, you say.

The ropes are weather-worn, love;  
What are they?  
The strands of rain, you say.

The lights ashore are lit, love;  
What are they?  
The beacon stars, you say.

How shall we keep the course, love,  
By night and day?  
By a secret chart, you say.

But how shall we reckon true, love,  
Without time of day?  
By a tick of the heart, you say.

And how shall we know the land, love,  
On that day?  
You smile and will not say.

CXIII

Look, where the Northern streamers wave and fold,  
Bluish and green and gold,

At the far corner of the quiet land,  
Moved by an unseen hand!

Some one has drawn the curtains of the night,  
And taken away the light.

It is so still I cannot hear a sound,  
Except the mighty bound

Your little heart makes beating in your side,  
And the first sob of tide,

As the sea turns from ebb far down the shore  
To his old task once more.

O surging stifling heart, have all your will,  
In the blue night and still!

Love till the Hand folds up the firmament,  
And the last stars are spent!

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

CXIV

I do not long for fame,  
Nor triumph, nor trumpets of praise;  
I only wish my name  
To endure in the coming days,

When men say, musing at times,  
With smiling speech and slow,  
"He was a maker of rhymes  
Yvonne loved long ago!"

CXV

I know how the great and golden sun  
Will come up out of the sea,  
Stride in to shore  
And up to her door,  
To touch her hand and her hair,  
With so much more than a man can say,  
Bidding Yvonne good day.

I know how the great and quiet moon  
Will come up out of the sea,  
And climb the hill  
To her window-sill  
And enter all silently,  
And lie on her little cot so white,  
Kissing Yvonne good night.

*Songs of  
the Sea  
Children*

I know how the great and countless stars  
Will come up out of the sea,  
To keep their guard  
By her still dooryard,  
Lest the soul of Yvonne should stray  
And be lost for ever there by the deep,  
In the wonderful hills of sleep.

CXVI

Now comes the golden sunlight  
Up the glad earth once more,  
And every forest dweller  
Comes to his open door.

And now the quiet rain-wind  
Comes from the soft gray sea,  
To haunt thy April lover  
With lonely pangs for thee!

CXVII

In the blue mystery of the April woods,  
Thy spirit now  
Makes musical the rainbird's interludes,  
And pink the peach-tree bough.

In the new birth of all things bright and fair,  
'Tis only thou  
Art very April, glory, light and air,  
And joy and ardour now!

*Aftersong*

THESE are the joyous songs  
The shy sea children sing,  
When the moon goes down the west,  
Soft as a pale moth wing;

When the gnat and the bumblebee  
In the gauze of sleep are fast,  
And a fairy summer dream  
Is the only thing will last.

*Aftersong*

These are the ever-songs  
The heart of the sea will sing,  
When ash-coloured birds are building,  
And lilac thickets ring;

When June is an open road  
For every soul that stirs;  
When scarlet voices summon,  
And not a foot defers.

These are the twilight songs  
Out of the simple North,  
Where the marchers of the night  
In silent troops go forth;

Where Alioth sails and sails  
Forever round the Pole,  
And wonder brings no sad  
Disquietude of soul.

And all their bodily beauty  
Must flower a moment and die,  
As the rain goes down the sea-rim,  
The streamers up the sky;

Till time as a falling echo  
Shall sift them over and o'er,  
And the wind between the stars  
Can tell their words no more.

Yet the lyric beat and cry  
Which frets the poor frail things  
Shall pass from joy to joy  
Up through a thousand springs,

Teasing the sullen years  
Out of monotony,  
As reedbirds pour their rapture  
By the unwintered sea.

END OF VOL. I.



CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

