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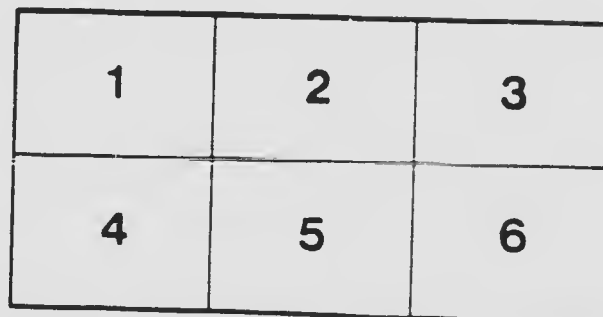
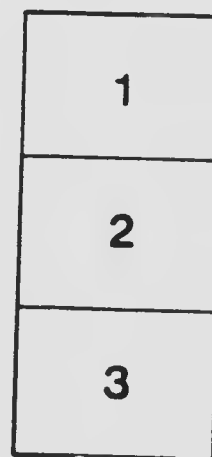
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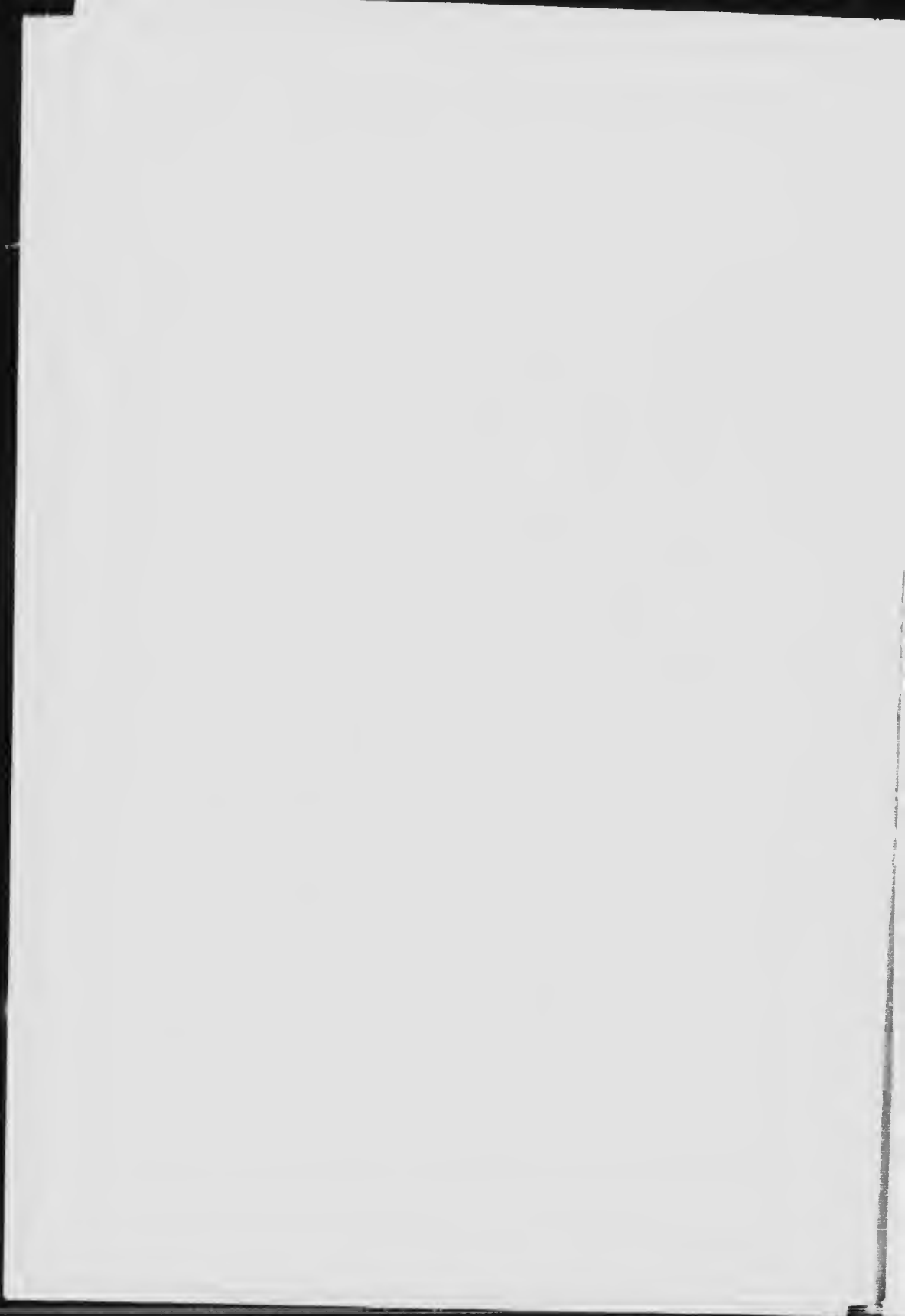


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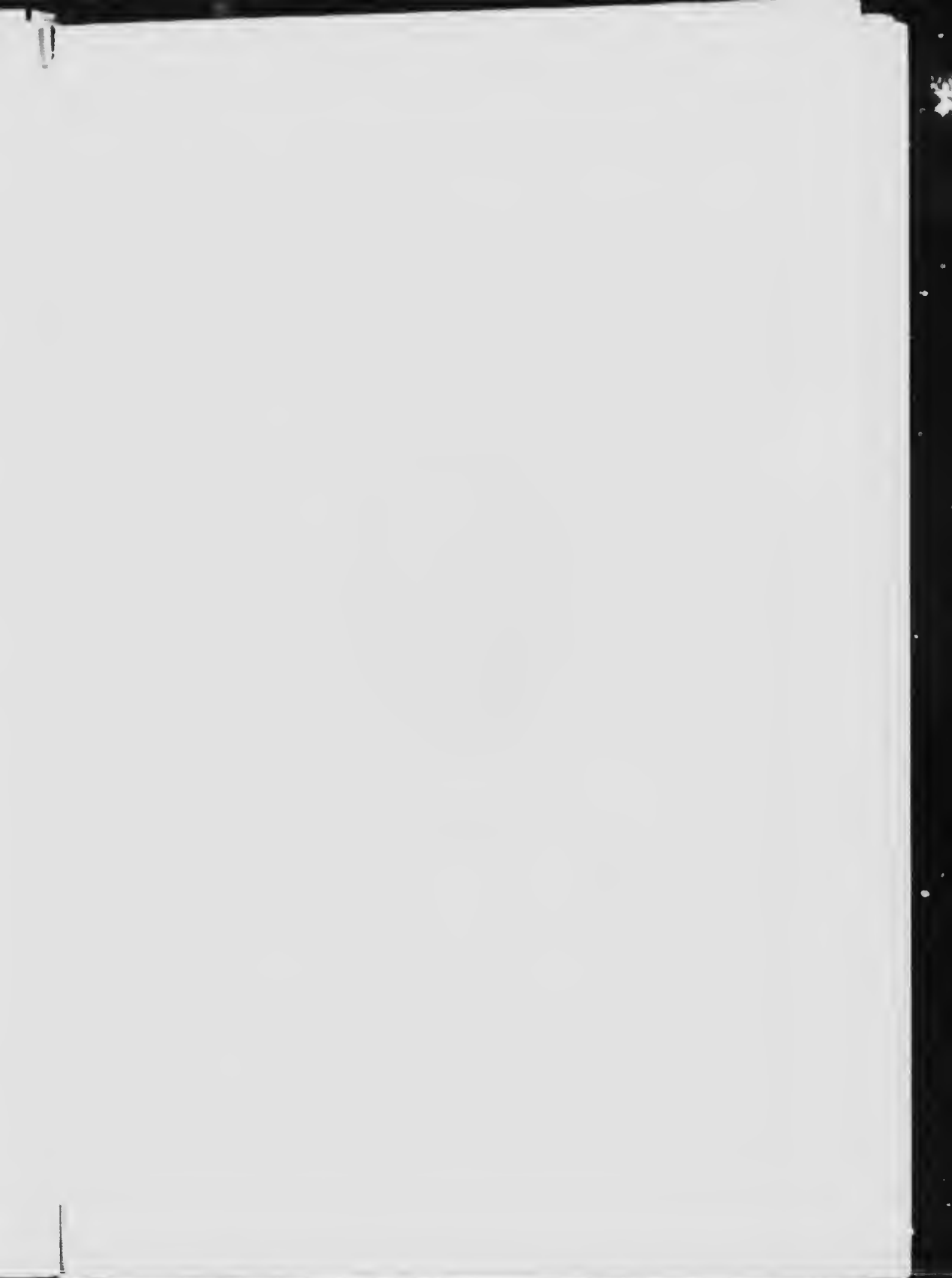
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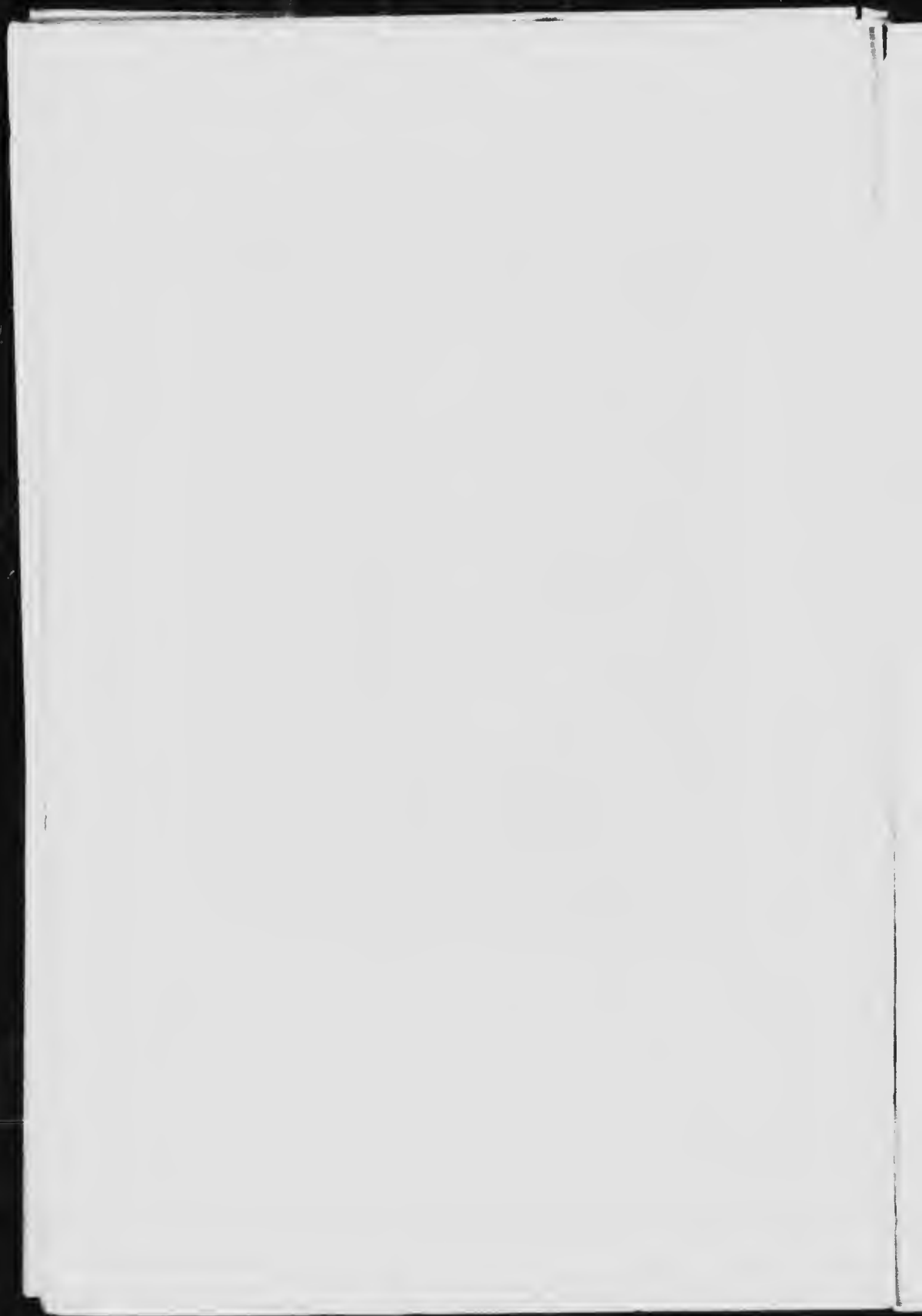












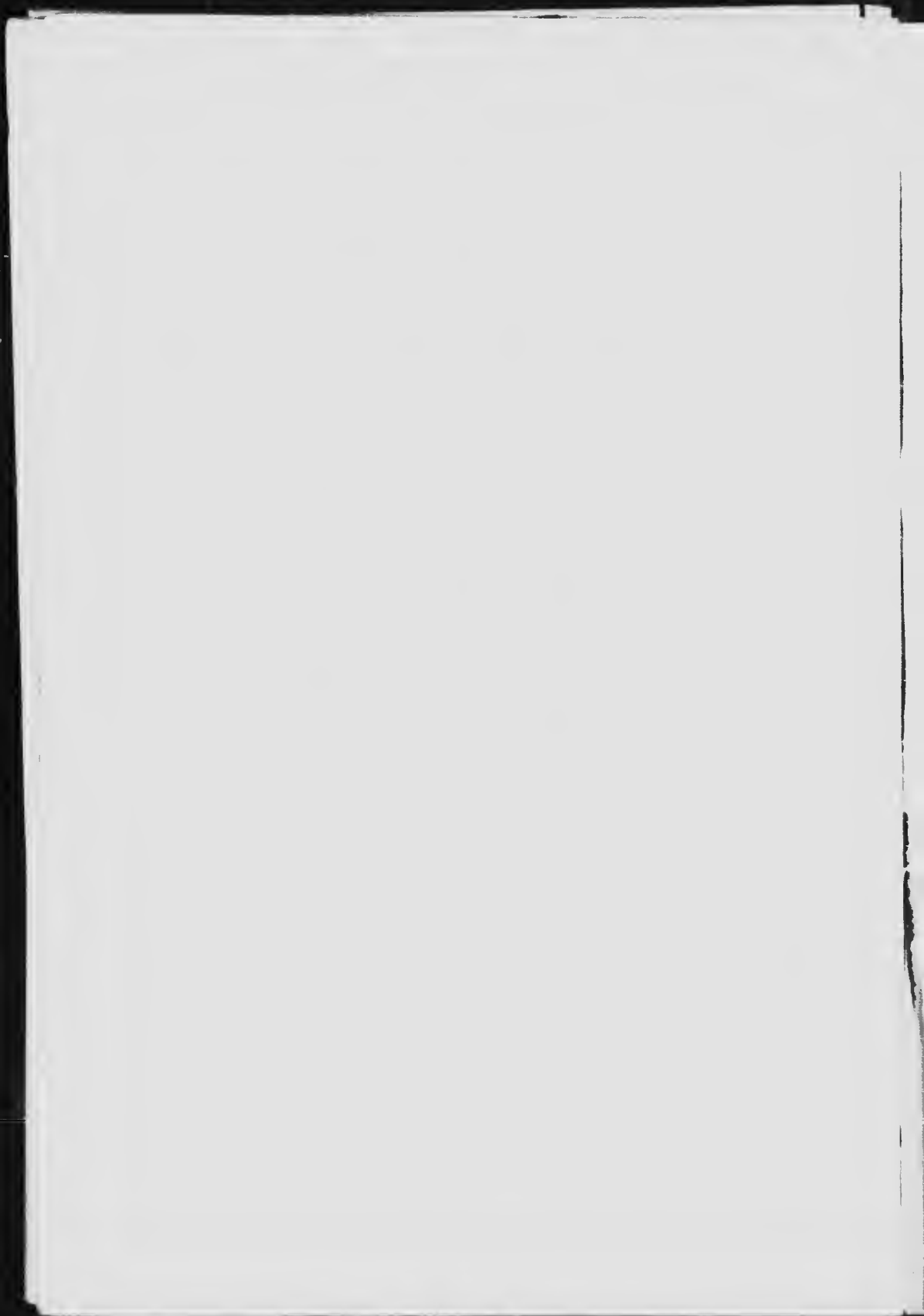
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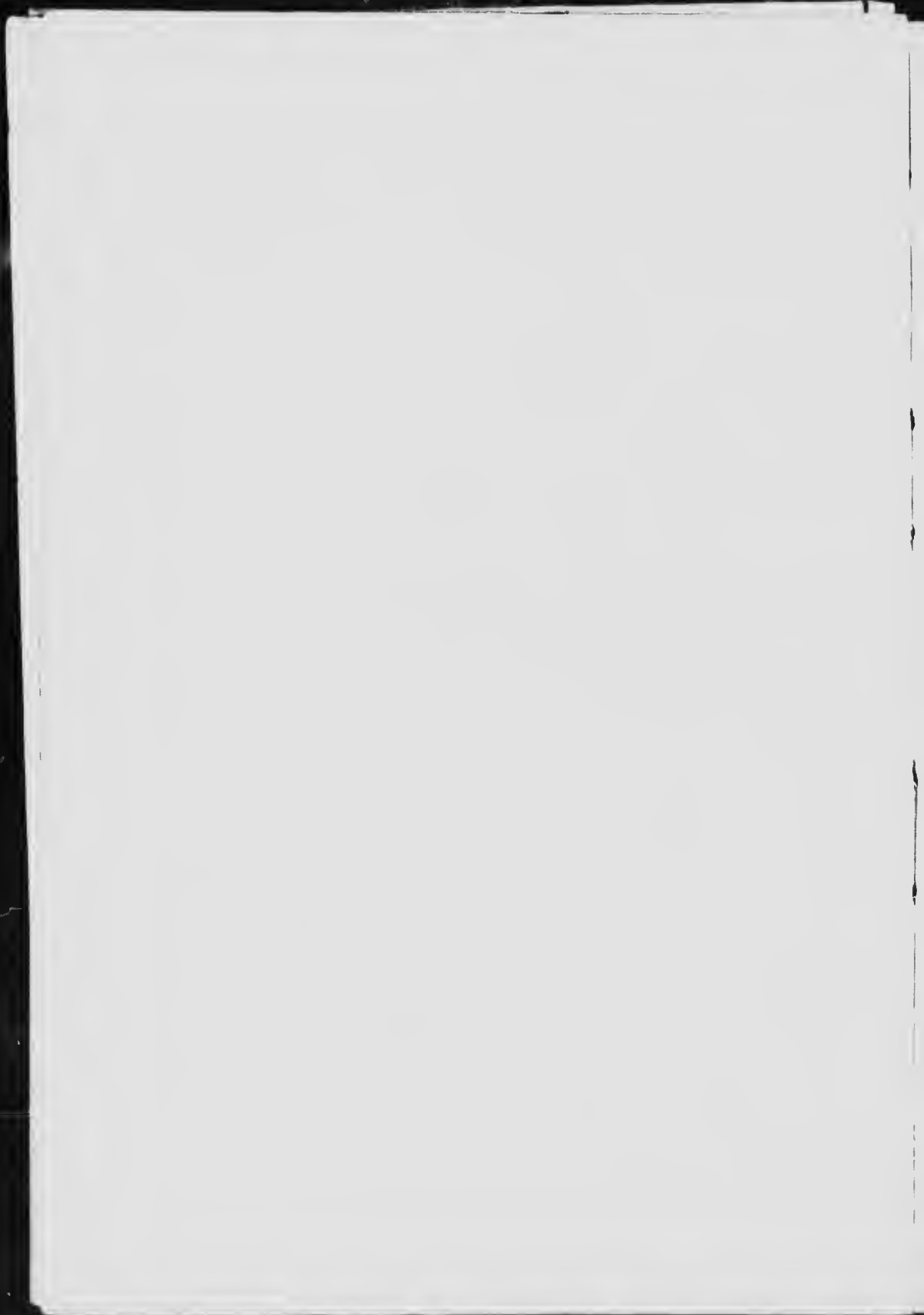
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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

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THE issuing of this edition of Swinburne in two volumes, one "Poems" and the other "Tragedies," we feel is really needed. To get the author's works before this time meant either buying the American edition in eleven volumes or collecting the English edition, in more numerous volumes, at even greater expense. The works of all the other standard poets may be had in some compact form for library use, and Swinburne surely should not be neglected. This edition, with the exception of "Rosamund," "Balen," and a few minor poems, is complete.



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POEMS AND BALLADS.

A BALLAD OF LIFE.

<p>I FOUND in dreams a place of wind and flowers, Full of sweet trees and color of glad grass, In midst whereof there was A lady clothed like summer with sweet hours, Her beauty, fervent as a fiery moon Made my blood burn and swoon Like a flame rained upon. Sorrow had filled her shaken eyelids' blue, And her mouth's sad red heavy rose all through Seemed sad with glad things gone.</p> <p>She held a little cithren by the strings, Shaped heartwise, strung with subtle- colored hair Of some dead lute player That in dead years had done delicious things. The seven strings were named accordingly ; The first string charity, The second tenderness, The rest were pleasure, sorrow, sleep, and sin, And loving kindness, that is pity's kin And is most pitiless.</p> <p>There were three men with her, each gar- mented With gold and shod with gold upon the feet ; And with plucked ears of wheat.</p>	<p>The first man's hair was wound upon his head ; His face was red, and his mouth curled and sad ; All his gold garment had Pale stains of dust and rust. A riven hood was pulled across his eyes ; The token of him being upon this wise Made for a sign of Lust.</p> <p>The next was Shame, with hollow heavy face Colored like green wood when flame kindles it. He hath such feeble feet They may not well endure in any place. His face was full of grey old miseries, And all his blood's increase Was even increase of pain. The last was Fear, that is akin to Death ; He is Shame's friend, and always as Shame saith Fear answers him again.</p> <p>My soul said in me ; This is marvellous, Seeing the air's face is not so delicate Nor the sun's grace so great, If sin and she be kin or amorous. And seeing where maidens served her on their knees, I bade one crave of these To know the cause thereof Then Fear said: I am Pity that was dead. And Shame said: I am borrow comforted. And Lust said: I am Love.</p>
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Thereat her hands began a late-played  
 And her sweet mouth a song in strange  
 tongue;  
 And while she sung  
 There was no sound but long tears follow-  
 ing  
 Long tears upon men's faces, waxen white  
 With extreme sad delight.  
 But those three following men  
 Became as men raised up among the dead;  
 Great glad mouths open, and fair cheeks  
 made red  
 With child's blood come again  
 Then I said: Now assuredly I see  
 My lady is perfect, and transfigureth  
 All sin and sorrow and death,  
 Making them fair as her own eyelids be,  
 Or lips wherein my whole soul's life abides;  
 Or as her sweet white sides  
 And bosom carved to kiss.  
 Now therefore, if her pity further me.

Doubtless for her sake all my days shall be  
 As righteous as she is.  
 Forth, ballad, and take roses in both arms,  
 Lave till the top rose touch thee in the  
 throat  
 Where the least thornprick hurts;  
 And gilded in thy golden singing coat,  
 Come thou before my lady and say this:  
 Porgay, thy gold hairs color burns to  
 me,  
 Thy mouth makes beat my blood in  
 feverish rhymes;  
 Therefore so many of these roses be,  
 Kiss me so many times.  
 Then it may be seeing how sweet she is,  
 That she will stoop herself none other-  
 wise  
 Than a blown vined-ranch doth,  
 And kiss thee with soft laughter on thine  
 eyes,  
 Ballad, and on thy mouth.

### A BALLAD OF DEATH.

KNEEF down, fair Love, and fill thyself  
 with tears,  
 Girdle thyself with sighing for a girth  
 Upon the sides of my mouth,  
 Cover thy lips and eyelids, let thine ears  
 Be filled with rumour of people sorrowing;  
 Make thee soft and soft out of woven sighs  
 Up on the flesh to cleave,  
 Set pains therein and say a grievous thing,  
 And many sorrows unto each his wise  
 For amulet and for good end and for sleeve,  
 O Love's lute heard about the yonds of death,  
 Let it ring upon the trees that were  
 them;  
 O Love and Time and Sin,  
 Three saying mouths that no man now  
 may hear breath,  
 Three lives, each one evil spoken of;  
 O sorrow lips were through this voice of  
 mine  
 Came sister with her praise;  
 Abide a little for our lady's love,  
 The kisses of her mouth were more than  
 wing,

And more than peace the passage of her  
 days,  
 O Love, thou knowest if she were good to  
 see,  
 O Time, thou shalt not find in any land  
 Till cast out of thine hand,  
 The sunlight and the moonlight fall from  
 thee,  
 Another woman fashioned like as this,  
 O Sin, thou knowest that all thy shame in  
 her  
 Was made a goodly thing;  
 Yea, she caught Shame and shamed him  
 with her kiss,  
 With her fair kiss, and lips much lovelier  
 Than lips of amorous roses in late spring,  
 By night there stood over against my bed  
 Queen Venus with a hood striped gold and  
 black,  
 Both sides drawn fully back  
 From brows whereat the sad blood failed  
 of red,  
 And temples drained of purple and full of  
 dawn.

Her curled hair had the wave of sea-water  
 And the sea's gold in it.  
 Her eyes were as a dove's that sickeneth.  
 Strewn dust of gold she had shed over her,  
 And pearl and purple and amber on her  
 feet.

Upon her raiment of dyed sendaline  
 Were painted all the secret ways of love  
 And covered things thereof.  
 That hold delight as grape-flowers hold  
 their wine ;  
 Red mouths of maidens and red feet of  
 doves,  
 And brides that kept within the bride-  
 chamber  
 Their garment of soft shame,  
 And weeping faces of the wearied loves  
 That swoon in sleep and awake wearier,  
 With heat of lips and hair shed out like  
 flame.

The tears that through her eyelids fell on  
 me  
 Made my own bitter where they ran be-  
 tween  
 As blood had fallen therein,  
 She saying ; Arise, lift up thine eyes and  
 see  
 If any glad thing be or any good  
 Now the best thing is taken forth of us ;  
 Even she to whom all praise  
 Was as one flower in a great multitude,  
 One glorious flower of many and glorious,  
 One day found gracious among many days :

Even she whose handmaiden was Love—  
 to whom  
 At kissing times across her stateliest bed  
 Kings bowed themselves and shed  
 Pale wine, and honey with the honeycomb,  
 And spikenard bruised for a burnt-offering ;  
 Even she between whose lips the kiss be-  
 came  
 As fire and frankincense ;  
 Whose hair was as gold raiment on a king,  
 Whose eyes were as the morning purged  
 with flame,  
 Whose eyelids as sweet savor issuing  
 thence.  
 Then I beheld, and lo on the other side  
 My lady's likeness crowned and robed and  
 dead.  
 Sweet still, but now not red,  
 Was the shut mouth whereby men lived and  
 died.

And sweet, but emptied of the blood's blue  
 shade,  
 The great curled eyelids that withheld her  
 eyes.

And sweet, but like spoil gold,  
 The weight of color in her tresses weighed  
 And sweet, but as a vesture with new dyes,  
 The body that was clothed with love of old.

Ah ! that my tears filled all her woven hair  
 And all the hollow bosom of her gown—  
 Ah ! that my tears ran down  
 Even to the place where many kisses were,  
 Even where her parted breast-flowers have  
 place,

Even where they are cloven apart—who  
 knows not this ?

Ah ! the flowers cleave apart  
 And their sweet fills the tender interspace ;  
 Ah ! the leaves grown thereof were things  
 to kiss

Ere their fine gold was tarnished at the  
 heart.

Ah ! in the days when God did good to  
 me,

Each part about her was a righteous thing ;  
 Her mouth an almsgiving,  
 The glory of her garments- charity,  
 The beauty of her bosom a good deed,  
 In the good days when God kept sight of  
 us ;

Love lay upon her eyes,  
 And on that hair whereof the world takes  
 heed :

And all her body was more virtuous  
 Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

Now, ballad-gather poppies in thine hands  
 And she of briar and many rusted  
 sheaves

Rain-rotten in rank lands,  
 Waste marigold and late unhappy leaves  
 And grass that fades ere any of it be mown ;  
 And when thy bosom is filled full thereof  
 Seek out Death's face ere the light altereth,  
 And say "My master that was thrall to  
 Love

Is become thrall to Death."  
 Bow down before him, ballad, sigh and  
 groan,

But make no sojourn in thy outgoing ;  
 For haply it may be  
 That when thy feet return at evening  
 Death shall come in with thee.

## LAUS VENERIS.

ASLEEP or waking is it? for her neck,  
Kissed over close, wears yet a purple speck,  
Wherein the pained blood falters and  
goes out;  
Soft, and stung softly - fairer for a fleck.

But though my lips shut sucking on the  
place,  
There is no vein at work upon her face;  
Her eyelids are so peaceable, no doubt  
Deep sleep has warmed her blood through  
all its ways.

Lo, this is she that was the world's delight;  
The old grey years were parcels of her  
might;  
The strewings of the ways wherein she  
trod  
Were the twin seasons of the day and  
night.

Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs en-  
ticed  
All lips that now grow sad with kissing  
Christ,  
Stained with blood fallen from the feet  
of God,  
The feet and hands whereat our souls were  
priced.

Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair,  
But lo her wonderfully woven hair!  
And thou didst heal us with thy piteous  
kiss;  
But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.

She is right fair; what hath she done to  
thee?  
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes  
and see;  
Had now thy mother such a lip—like  
this?  
Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

Inside the Housel here the air is hot,  
Right little peace one hath for it, God wot;

The scented dusty daylight burns the  
air,  
And my heart chokes me till I hear it not.

Behold, my Venus, my soul's body, lies  
With my love laid upon her garment-wise,  
Feeling my love in all her limbs and  
hair  
And shed between her eyelids through her  
eyes.

She holds my heart in her sweet open  
hands  
Hanging asleep; hard by her head there  
stands,  
Crowned with gilt thorns and clothed  
with flesh like fire,  
Love, wan as foam blown up the salt burnt  
sands—

Hot as the brackish waifs of yellow spume  
That shift and steam—loose clots of arid  
fume  
From the sea's panting mouth of dry  
desire;  
There stands he, like one laboring at a  
loom

The warp holds fast across; and every  
thread  
That makes the woof up has dry specks of  
red;  
Always the shuttle cleaves clean through,  
and he  
Weaves with the hair of many a ruined  
head.

Love is not glad nor sorry, as I deem;  
Laboring he dreams, and labors in the  
dream,  
Till when the spool is finished, lo I see  
His web, reeled off, curls and goes out like  
steam.

Night falls like fire; the heavy lights run  
low,  
And as they drop, my blood and body so

Shake as the flame shakes, full of days  
and hours  
That sleep not neither weep they as they  
go.

Ah yet would God this flesh of mine might  
be  
Where air might wash and long leaves  
cover me,  
Where tiles of grass break into foam of  
flowers,  
Or where the wild's feet shine along the  
sea.

Ah yet would God that stems and roots  
were tied  
Out of my weary body and my head,  
That sleep were sealed upon me with a  
seal,  
And I were as the least of all his dead

Would God my blood were dew to feed  
the grass,  
Mine ears made deaf and mine eyes blind  
as glass,  
My body broken as a turning wheel,  
And my mouth stricken ere it saith Alas!

Ah God, that love were as a flower or flame,  
That life were as the naming of a name,  
That death were not more pitiful than  
desire,  
That these things were not one thing and  
the same!

Behold now, surely somewhere there is  
death:  
For each man hath some space of years, he  
saith.

A little space of time ere time expire,  
A little day, a little way of breath.

And lo, between the sandawn and the sun,  
His day's work and his night's work are  
undone;

And lo, between the nightfall and the  
light,  
He is not, and none knoweth of such an  
one.

Ah God, that I were as all souls that be,  
As any herb or leaf of any tree,  
As men that toil through hours of labor-  
ing night,  
As bones of men under the deep sharp sea.

Outside it must be winter among men;  
For at the gold bars of the gates again  
I feel all night and all the hours of it,  
The wild's wet wings and finger drip with  
rain.

Knight's garter, riding sharp for cold; I  
know  
The ways and woods are strangled with the  
snow;  
And with short song the maidens spin  
and sit  
Until Christ's birthnight, hly-like, arow.

The scent and shadow shed about me make  
The very soul in all my senses ache;  
The hot hard night is fed on my breath,  
And sleep beholds me from afar awake.

Alas, but surely where the hills grow deep,  
Or where the wild ways of the sea are steep,  
Or in strange places somewhere there is  
death,  
And on death's face the scattered hair of  
sleep.

There lover-like with lips and limbs that  
meet  
They lie, they pluck sweet fruit of life and  
eat;  
But me the hot and hungry days devour,  
And in my mouth no fruit of theirs is sweet.

No fruit of theirs, but fruit of my desire,  
For her love's sake whose lips through  
mine espire;

Her eyelids on her eye like flower on  
dower,  
Mine eyelids on mine eyes like fire on fire.

So lie we, not as sleep that lies by death,  
With heavy kisses and with happy breath:  
Not as man lies by woman, when the  
bride  
Laughs low for love's sake and the words  
he saith.

For she lies, laughing low with love; she  
lies  
And turns his kisses on her lips to sighs,  
To sighing sound of lips unsatisfied,  
And the sweet tears are tender with her  
eye

Ah, not as they, but as the souls that were

- Slain in the old time, having found her fair;  
Who, sleeping with her lips upon their  
eyes,  
Heard sudden serpents hiss across her hair.
- Their blood runs round the roots of time  
like rain:  
She casts them forth and gathers them  
again;  
With nerve and bone she weaves and  
multiplies  
Exceeding pleasure out of extreme pain.
- Her little chambers drip with flower-like  
red,  
Her girdles, and the chaplets of her head,  
Her armlets and her anklets; with her  
feet,  
She tramples all that winepress of the dead.
- Her gateways smoke with fume of flowers  
and fires,  
With loves burnt out and unassuaged de-  
sires;  
Between her lips the steam of them is  
sweet,  
The languor in her ears of many lyres.
- Her beds are full of perfume and sad sound,  
Her doors are made with music and barred  
round  
With sighing and with laughter and with  
tears,  
With tears whereby strong souls of men are  
bound.
- There is the knight Adonis that was slain,  
With flesh and blood she chains him for a  
chain;  
The body and the spirit in her ears  
Cry, for her lips divide him vein by vein.
- Yea, all she slayeth; yea, every man save  
me;  
Me, love, thy lover that must cleave to  
thee  
Till the ending of the days and ways of  
earth,  
The shaking of the sources of the sea.
- Me, most forsaken of all souls that fell;  
Me, satiated with things insatiable;  
Me, for whose sake the extreme hell  
racks man,  
Yea, laughter kindles at the heart of hell.
- Alas thy beauty! for thy mouth's sweet  
sake  
My soul is bitter to me, my limbs quake  
As water as the flesh of men that weep,  
As their heart's vein whose heart goes nigh  
to break.
- Ah God, that sleep with flower-sweet finger-  
tips  
Would crush the fruit of death upon my  
lips;  
Ah, God, that death would tread the  
grapes of sleep  
And wring their juice upon me as it drips.
- There is no change of cheer for many days,  
But change of chimes high up in the air,  
that sways  
Rung by the running fingers of the wind;  
And singing sorrows heard on hidden ways.
- Day smiteth day in twain, night sundereth  
night,  
And on mine eyes the dark sits as the light;  
Yea, Lord, thou knowest I know not,  
having sinned,  
If heaven be clean or unclean in thy sight.
- Yea, as if earth were sprinkled over me,  
Such chafed harsh earth as chokes a sandy  
sea,  
Each pore doth yearn, and the dried  
blood thereof  
Gasps by sick fits, my heart swims heavily.
- There is a feverish famine in my veins;  
Below her bosom, where a crushed grape  
stains  
The white and blue, there my lips caught  
and clove  
An hour since, and what mark of me re-  
mains?
- I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss  
Leave my lips charred. Yea, Lord, a lit-  
tle bliss,  
Brief latter bliss, one hath for a great sin;  
Nathless thou knowest how sweet a thing  
it is.
- Sin, is it sin whereby men's souls are thrust  
Into the pit? yet ha' I a good trust  
To save my soul before it slipped therein,  
Trod under by the fire-shod feet of lust.

For if mine eyes fail and my soul takes  
 breath,  
 I look between the iron sides of death  
 Into sad hell where all sweet love hath  
 end,  
 All but the pain that never finisheth.

There are the naked faces of great kings,  
 The singing folk with all their lute-playings;  
 There when one cometh he shall have to  
 friend  
 The grave that covets and the worm that  
 clings.

There sit the knights that were so great of  
 hand,  
 The ladies that were queens of fair green  
 land,  
 Grown grey and black now, brought  
 unto the dust,  
 Soiled, without raiment, clad about with  
 sand.

There is one end for all of them; they sit  
 Naked and sad, they drink the dregs of it,  
 Trodden as grapes in the wine-press of  
 lust,  
 Trampled and trodden by the fiery feet.

I see the marvellous mouth whereby there  
 fell  
 Cities and people whom the gods loved  
 well,  
 Yet for her sake on them the fire gat hold,  
 And for their sakes on her the fire of hell.

And softer than the Egyptian lute-leaf is,  
 The queen whose face was worth the world  
 to kiss,  
 Wearing at breast a suckling snake of  
 gold;  
 And large pale lips of strong Semiramis.

Curled like a tiger's that curl back to feed;  
 Red only where the last kiss made them  
 bleed,  
 Her hair most thick with many a carven  
 gem,  
 Deep in the mane, great-chested, like a  
 steed.

Yea, with red sin the faces of them shine;  
 But in all these there was no sin like mine;  
 No, not in all the strange great sins of  
 them

That made the wine-press froth and foam  
 with wine,

For I was of Christ's choosing, I God's  
 knight,  
 No blinkard heathen stumbling for scant  
 light;  
 I can well see, for all the dusty days  
 Gone past, the clean great time of goodly  
 fight.

I smell the breathing battle sharp with  
 blows,  
 With shriek of shafts and snapping short  
 of bows;  
 The fair pure sword smites out in subtle  
 ways,  
 Sounds and long lights are shed between  
 the rows

Of beautiful mailed men; the edged light  
 slips,  
 Most like a snake that takes short breath  
 and dips  
 Sharp from the beautifully bending head,  
 With all its gracious body lithe as lips

That curl in reaching you; right in this  
 wise  
 My sword cloth, seeming fire in mine own  
 eyes,  
 Leaving all colors in them brown and red  
 And flecked with death; then the keen  
 breaths like sighs,

The caught-up choked dry laughters follow-  
 ing them,  
 When all the fighting face is grown a flame  
 For pleasure, and the pulse that stuns  
 the ears,  
 And the heart's gladness of the goodly  
 game.

Let me think yet a little; I do know  
 These things were sweet, but sweet such  
 years ago,  
 Their savor is all turned now into tears;  
 Yea, ten years since, where the blue rip-  
 ples blow,

The blue curled eddies of the blowing  
 Rhine,  
 I felt the sharp wind shaking grass and  
 vine



<p>Touch my blood, too, and sting me with delight Through all this waste and weary body of mine</p> <p>That never feels clear air; right gladly then I rode alone, a great way off my men, And heard the chiming bridle snite and smite. And gave each rhyme thereof some rhyme again,</p> <p>Till my song shifted to that iron one; Seeing there rode up between me and the sun Some certain of my foe's men, for his three White wolves across their painted coats did run.</p> <p>The first red-bearded, with square cheeks — black, I made my knave's blood turn his beard to black; The slaying of him was a joy to see; Perchance too, when at night he came not back,</p> <p>Some woman fell a-weeping, whom this thief Would beat when he had drunken; yet small grief Hath any for the ridding of such knaves; Yea, if one wept, I doubt her teen was brief.</p> <p>This bitter love is sorrow in all lands, Draining of eyelids, wringing of drenched hands, Sighing of hearts and filling up of graves; A sign across the head of the world he stands,</p> <p>As one that hath a plague-mark on his brow; Dust and spilt blood do track him to his house Down under earth; sweet smells of lip and cheek, Like a sweet snake's breath made more poisonous</p> <p>With chewing of some perfumed deadly grass, Are shed all round his passage if he pass,</p>	<p>And their quenched savor leaves the whole soul weak, Sick with keen guessing whence the per- fume was.</p> <p>As one who hidden in deep sedge and reeds Smells the rare scent made where a panther feeds, And tracking ever slotwise the warm smell Is snapped upon by the sweet mouth and bleeds,</p> <p>His head far down the hot sweet throat of her — So one tracks love, whose breath is deadlier, And lo, one springs and you are fast in hell, Fast as the gin's grip of a wayfarer.</p> <p>I think now, as the heavy hours decrease One after one, and bitter thoughts increase One upon one, of all sweet finished things; The breaking of the battle; the long peace</p> <p>Wherein we sat clothed softly, each man's hair Crowned with green leaves beneath white hoods of vair; The sounds of sharp spears at great tourneyings, And noise of singing in the late sweet air.</p> <p>I sang of love too, knowing nought thereof; "Sweeter," I said, "the little laugh of love Than tears out of the eyes of Magdalen, Or any fallen feather of the Dove.</p> <p>"The broken little laugh that spoils a kiss, The ache of purple pulses, and the bliss Of blinded eyelids that expand again — Love draws them open with those lips of his,</p> <p>"Lips that cling hard till the kissed face has grown Of one same fire and color with their own; Then ere one leep, appeased with sacrifice, Where his lips wounded, there his lips atone."</p> <p>I sang these things long since and knew them not;</p>
--	--

“Lo, here is love, or there is love. God  
wot,  
This man and that finds favor in his  
eyes,”  
I said, “but I, what guerdon have I got?”

“The dust of praise that is blown every-  
where  
In all men’s faces with the common air;  
The bay-leaf that wants chating to be  
sweet  
Before they wind it in a singer’s hair.”

So that one dawn I rode forth sorrowing;  
I had no hope but of some evil thing,  
And so rode slowly past the windy wheat,  
And past the vineyard and the water-spring,

Up to the horse. A great elder-tree  
Held back its heaps of flowers to let me  
see  
The ripe tall grass, and one that walked  
therein,  
Naked, with hair shed over to the knee.

She walked between the blossom and the  
grass;  
I knew the beauty of her, what she was,  
The beauty of her body and her sin,  
And in my flesh the sin of hers, alas!

Alas! for sorrow is all the end of this.  
O sad kissed mouth, how sorrowful it is!  
O breast wherewith some suckling sorrow  
clings,  
Red with the bitter blossom of a kiss!

Ah, with blind lips I felt for you, and  
found  
About my neck your hands and hair en-  
wound,  
The hands that stifle and the hair that  
stings,  
I felt them fasten sharply without sound.

Yea, for my sin I had great store of bliss.  
Rise up, make answer for me, let thy kiss  
Seal my lips hard from speaking of my  
sin,  
Lest one go mad to hear how sweet it is.

Yet I waxed faint with fume of barren  
bowers,

And murmuring of the heavy-headed hours;  
And let the dove’s beak fret and peck  
within  
My lips in vain, and Love shed fruitless  
flowers.

So that God looked upon me when your  
hands  
Were laid about me; yea, God brake my  
bands  
To save my soul alive, and I came forth  
Like a man blind and naked in strange  
lands.

That hears men laugh and weep, and  
knows not whence  
Nor wherefore, but is broken in his sense;  
Howbeit I met folk riding from the north  
Towards Rome, to purge them of their  
souls’ offence.

And rode with them, and spake to none;  
the day  
Stunned me like lights upon some wizard  
way,  
And ate like fire mine eyes and mine  
eyesight;  
So rode I, hearing all these chant and pray,

And marvelled; till before us rose and fell  
White cursed hills, like outer skirts of hell  
Seen where men’s eyes look through the  
day to night,  
Like a jagged shiel’s lips, harsh, untunable.

Blown in between by devils’ wrangling  
breath;  
Nathless we won well past that hell and  
death,  
Down to the sweet land where all airs  
are good,  
Even unto Rome where God’s grace tarrieth.

Then came each man and worshipped at his  
knees  
Who in the Lord God’s likeness bears the  
keys  
To bind or loose, and called on Christ’s  
shed blood,  
And so the sweet-souled father gave him  
ease.

But when I came I fell down at his feet,  
Saying, “Father, though the Lord’s blood  
be right sweet,

The spot it takes not off the panther's  
skin,  
Nor shall an Ethiop's stain be bleached with  
it.

"Lo, I have sinned and have spat out at  
God,  
Wherefore his hand is heavier and his rod  
More sharp because of mine exceeding  
sin,  
And all his raiment redder than bright  
blood

"Before mine eyes : yea, for my sake I wot  
The heat of hell is waxen seven times hot  
Through my great sin." Then spake he  
some sweet word,  
Giving me cheer ; which thing availed me  
not ;

Yea, scarce I wist if such indeed I were said ;  
For when I ceased— lo, as one newly dead  
Who hears a great cry out of hell, I heard  
The crying of his voice across my head.

"Until this dry shred staff, that hath no  
whit  
Of leaf nor bark, bear blossom and smell  
sweet,  
Seek thou not any mercy in God's sight  
For so long shalt thou be cast out from it."

Yea, what if dried-up stems wax red and  
green,  
Shall that thing be which is not nor has  
been ?

Yea, what if sapless bark was green and  
white,  
Shall any good fruit grow upon my sin ?

Nay, though sweet fruit were plucked of a  
dry tree,  
And though men drew sweet waters of the  
sea,

There should not grow sweet leaves on  
this dead stem,  
This waste wan body and shaken soul of  
me.

Yea, though God search it warily enough,  
There is not one sound thing in all thereof ;  
Though he search all my veins through,  
searching them  
He shall find nothing whole therein but  
love.

For I came home right heavy, with small  
cheer,  
And to my love, mine own soul's heart,  
more dear

Than mine own soul, more beautiful  
than God,  
Who hath my being between the hands of  
her—

Fair still, but fair for no man saving me,  
As when she came out of the naked sea  
Making the foam as fire whereon she  
trod,  
And as the inner flower of fire was she.

Yea, she laid hold upon me, and her mouth  
Clove unto mine as soul to body doth,  
And, laughing, made her lips luxurious ;  
Her hair hid smells of all the sunburnt  
south,

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of  
crushed fruit

And perfume the swart kings tread under  
foot  
For pleasure when their minds wax  
amorous,  
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-  
root.

And I forgot fear and all weary things,  
All ended prayers and perished thanks-  
givings,  
Feeling her face with all her eager hair  
Cleave to me, clinging as a fire that clings

To the body and to the raiment, burning  
them ;

As after death I know that such-like flame  
Shall cleave to me for ever ; yea, what  
care,

Albeit I burn then, having felt the same ?

Ah love, there is no better life than this ;  
To have known love, how bitter a thing it is,  
And afterward be cast out of God's sight ;  
Yea, these that know not, shall they have  
such bliss

High up in barren heaven before his face  
As we twain in the heavy-hearted place,  
Remembering love and all the dead de-  
light,  
And all that time was sweet with for a  
space ?

For till the thunder in the trumpet be,  
Soul may divide from body, but not we  
One from another; I hold thee with my  
hand,  
I let mine eyes have all their will of thee,

I seal myself upon thee with my might,  
Abiding alway out of all men's sight  
Until God loosen over sea and land  
The thunder of the trumpets of the night,  
EXPLICIT LAUS VENERIS.

PHÆDRA.

HIPPOLYTUS; PHÆDRA: CHORUS OF TRŒZENIAN WOMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS.

LAY not thine hand upon me; let me go;  
Take off thine eyes that put the gods to  
shame;  
What, wilt thou turn my loathing to thy  
death?

PHÆDRA.

Nay, I will never loosen hold nor breathe  
Till thou have slain me; godlike for great  
brows  
Thou art, and thewed as gods are, with  
clear hair:  
Draw now thy sword and smite me as thou  
art god,  
For verily I am smitten of other gods,  
Why not of thee?

CHORUS.

O queen, take heed of words;  
Why wilt thou eat the husk of evil speech?  
Wear wisdom for that veil about thy head  
And goodness for the binding of thy brows.

PHÆDRA.

Nay, but this god hath cause enow to smite;  
If he will slay me, baring breast and  
throat,  
I lean toward the stroke with silent mouth  
And a great heart. Come, take thy sword  
and slay;  
Let me not starve between desire and death,  
But send me on my way with glad wet lip;  
For in the vein-drawn ashen-colored palm  
Death's hollow hand holds water of sweet  
draught

To dip and slake dried mouths at, as a deer  
Specked red from thorns laps deep and  
loses pain.

Yea, if my mine own blood ran upon my  
mouth,  
I would drink that. Nay, but be swift  
with me;

Set thy sword here between the girdle and  
breast

For I shall grow a poison if I live.  
Are not my cheeks as grass, my body pale,  
And my breath like a dying poisoned man's?  
O whatsoever of go like names thou be,  
By thy chief name I charge thee, thou  
strong god,

And bid thee slay me. Strike, up to the  
gold,

Up to the hand-grip of the hilt; strike  
here;

For I am Cretan of my birth; strike now;  
For I am Theseus' wife; stab up to the rims,  
I am born daughter to Pasiphae.

See thou spare not for greatness of my  
blood,

Nor for the shining letters of my name:  
Make thy sword sure inside thine hand and  
smite,

For the bright writing of my name is black,  
And I am sick with hating the sweet sun.

HIPPOLYTUS

Let not this woman wail and cleave to me,  
That am no part of the god's wrath with  
her;

Loose ye her hands from me lest she take  
hurt.

## CLOTHUS.

Lady, this speckle and majesty are twain;  
Pure shame is of our countenance with the gold.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Man is a beast whose shame stands off  
from him.

## PHEDRA.

Min, what have I to do with shame or  
this?

I am not of our countenance with the gods,  
I am not of the things that are blotted in me,  
I am not of the heart that is son of thine;  
My veins are of my mother and therefore mine I  
mailed.

Yet therefore do not turn on mine own  
heels.

Half a woman made with half a god,  
But thou wast hewn out of an iron womb,  
And fed with molten mother's-milk for  
milk.

A sword was nurse of thine; Hippolyta,  
That had the spear to father, and the axe  
To bridesman, and with blood of sword  
slain men.

For wedding water out of a noble well,  
Even she did bear thee, thinking of a sword,  
And thou wast made a man most manly.  
Nay, for I love thee, I will kiss thy hands,  
Nay, for I will not loose thee, thou art  
sweet.

Thou art my son, I am thy father's wife,  
I ache to feed thee with a bridal food,  
The pulse is heavy in all my marrow-veins,  
My whole face beats, I will feed full of  
thee.

My body is empty of ease, I will be fed,  
I am best to the horse with love, thou  
shalt not go.

I am heart-struck, and mine eyelids pick  
mine eyes.

Thou shalt not sleep, nor eat nor say a  
word.

Thou shalt not sleep, nor eat nor say a  
word.

Thou shalt not sleep, nor eat nor say a  
word.

## CLOTHUS.

This is an evil born with all its teeth,  
When love is cast out of the bound of love.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

There is no hate that is so hateful worthy.

## PHEDRA.

I pray thee turn away from thine my way,  
I see not in thee anything of thine.

I kiss my hand, I bow the brows all out the brow,  
And draw the clashing sword strap down  
from my neck.

What wilt thou do? wilt thou be worse  
than I do with?

Be but as sweet as in the first rest,  
Thou must die, I mean, out of all the gods,  
I am well pleased, Lo, do I crave so  
much?

I do but bid thee be unmerciful,  
I see thee doing things that art. Pity me not;  
Thou wilt not be quick to pity. Think of me  
As of a haggard hound, are keen upon

If the wind would blow in the windy ways,  
And fly me for a spoil. This body of  
mine

Is worth a wild beast's bill or hank of hair,  
And I should die rather than a panther's gram,  
I were but dead if thou wert present;  
I pray thee by thy cold great holy crown  
And by the little leaves of Artemis.

Nay, but thou wilt not. Death is not like  
this.

Albeit men hold him worst of all the gods,  
For of all gods I rather love, not guts,  
Nay, with burnt offering for blood sacrifice  
shalt thou do ought to get thee grace of  
me.

He will have a part of all thy and altar-song,  
And from him only of all the lords in  
the world.

For a good man's a sweet averaged mouth,  
But thou art worse than from thee with baffled  
death.

Back on my lips my tongue falls like a blow,  
And beats upon them dumb. What shall  
I say?

There is no word I can compel thee with  
To do me good and slay me. But take  
thy word.

I say, I will say; I look between thy feet,  
Lest a serpent take them though the ground  
be good.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Shame may do most where fear is found  
most weak.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

That which for shame's sake yet I have not  
done,  
Shall it be done for fear? Take thine own  
way;  
For the foot slip than the whole soul  
swerve.

## PHEDRA.

The man is choice and exquisite of mouth;  
Yet in the end a curse shall curdle it.

## CHORUS.

He goes with cloak upgathered to the lip,  
Holding his eye as with some ill in sight.

## PHEDRA.

A bitter ill he hath in the way thereof,  
And it shall burn the sight out as with fire.

## CHORUS.

Speak no such word whereto mischance is  
kin.

## PHEDRA.

Out of my heart and by fate's leave I speak.

## CHORUS.

Set not thy heart to follow after fate.

## PHEDRA.

O women, O sweet people of this land,  
O goodly city and pleasant way to the roof,  
As I woods with pasturing grass and great  
well-heads,

And hills with light and night between  
your leaves,

As I winds with sound and silence in your  
lips,

And earth and water and all immortal  
things,

I take you to my witness what I am.

There is a god about me like as fire,  
Spring whence, who knoweth, or who  
hath heart to say?

A god more strong than whom slain beasts  
can soothe,

Or honey, or any spilt of blood-like wine,  
Nor shall we please him with a whitened  
brow

Nor wheat nor wool nor aught of plaited  
leaf.

For like my mother am I stung and slain,  
And round my cheeks have such red  
midday

And on my lips such fire and foam as hers.  
This is that Alcœon of Amathus

That breeds in death and gives it one for  
love.

She hath slain mercy, and for dead mercy's  
sake

(being frightened with this sister that was  
living)

Flies from before her, fearful-footed shame,  
And will not bear the bending of her brows  
And long soft arrows flown from under  
them

As from bows bent. Desire flows out of  
her

As out of lips doth speech; and over her  
shines fire, and round her and beneath her  
fire.

She hath sown pain and plague in all our  
house,

Love loathed of love, and mates unmatch-  
able,

Wild wedlock, and the lusts that beat or  
low,

And marriage-fodder snuffed about of kine.  
Lo how the heifer runs with leaping flank

Sleek under shaggy and speckled lies of  
hair,

And chews a horrible lip, and with harsh  
tongue

Laps alien froth and licks a loathlier mouth.  
Alas, a foul first steam of trodden tares,

And fouler of these late grapes underfoot.  
A bitter way of waves and clean-cut foam

Over the sad road of sonorous sea  
The high gods gave king Theseus for no  
love,

Nay, but for love, yet to no loving end.  
Alas the long thwarts and the fervent oars,

And blown hard sails that straightened the  
scant rope!

There were no strong pools in the hollow  
sea

To drag at them and suck down side and  
beak,

No wind to catch them in the teeth and  
hair,

No shoal, no shallow among the roaring  
reefs,

No gulf whereabout the straining tides throw  
spars,

No surf where white bones twist like  
whirled white fire.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>But like to death he came with death, and<br/>sought<br/>And slew and spoiled and gat him that he<br/>would.<br/>For death, for marriage, and for child-<br/>getting,<br/>I set my curse against him as a sword;<br/>Yea, and the severed half thereof I leave<br/>Pittheus, because he slew not (when that<br/>face<br/>Was tender, and the life still soft in it)</p> | <p>The small swathed child, but bred him<br/>for my fate.<br/>I would I had been the first that took her<br/>death<br/>Out from between wet hoofs and reddened<br/>teeth,<br/>Splashed horns, fierce fetlocks of the<br/>brother bull!<br/>For now shall I take death a deadlier way;<br/>Gathering it up between the feet of love<br/>Or off the knees of murder reaching it,</p> |
|--|--|

### THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><b>BEFORE</b> our lives divide for ever,<br/>While time is with us and hands are<br/>free,<br/>(Time, swift to fasten and swift to sever<br/>Hand from hand, as we stand by the sea)<br/>I will say no word that a man might say<br/>Whose whole life's love goes down in a<br/>day;<br/>For this could never have been; and never,<br/>Though the gods and the years relent,<br/>shall be.</p> <p>Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,<br/>To think of things that are well outworn?<br/>Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,<br/>The dream foregone and the deed for-<br/>borne?<br/>Though joy be done with and grief be vain,<br/>Time shall not sever us wholly in twain;<br/>Earth is not spoilt for a single shower;<br/>But the rain has ruined the ungrown corn.</p> <p>It will grow not again, this fruit of my heart,<br/>Smitten with sunbeams, ruined with rain.<br/>The singing seasons divide and depart<br/>Winter and summer depart in twain.<br/>It will grow not again, it is ruined at root,<br/>The bloodlike blossom, the dull red fruit;<br/>Though the heart yet sickens, the lips yet<br/>smart,<br/>With sullen savor of poisonous pain.</p> | <p>I have given no man of my fruit to eat;<br/>I trod the grapes, I have drunken the<br/>wine.<br/>Had you eaten and drunken and found it<br/>sweet,<br/>This wild new growth of the corn and<br/>vine,<br/>This wine and bread without lees or leaven.<br/>We had grown as gods, as the gods in<br/>heaven,<br/>Souls fair to look upon, goodly to greet,<br/>One splendid spirit, your soul and mine.</p> <p><b>In</b> the change of years, in the coil of things<br/>In the clamor and rumor of life to be<br/>We, drinking love as the furthest strings<br/>Covered with love at a covering tree,<br/>We had grown as gods, as the gods above,<br/>Filled from the heart to the lips with love,<br/>Fleed fast in his hands, clothed warm with<br/>his wings,<br/>O love, my love had you loved but me!</p> <p>We had stood as the sure stars stand, and<br/>moved<br/>As the moon moves, loving the world;<br/>and seen<br/>Grief collapse as a thing disproved,<br/>Death consume as a thing unclean.<br/>Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast,<br/>Soul to soul while the years fell past;</p> |
|---|---|

Had you loved me once, as you have not  
loved;

Had the chance been with us that has  
not been.

I have put my days and dreams out of mind,  
Days that are over, seasons that are done.  
Though we were parted, yet we shall  
surely meet.

There is none of them here as now,  
not one.

But clear and shining; the grass and  
the sun.

Where, sure as the eyes reach, ever it find,  
With lips wide open and face burnt and blind,  
The strong sea-daisies feast on the sun.

The low dovens lean to the sea; the stream,  
Ore loose thin pulseless tremulous vein,  
Rapid and vivid and dumb as a dream,

Works downward, sick of the sun and  
the rain;

No wind is rough with the rank rare  
flowers;

The sweet sea, mother of loves and hours,  
budders and shines as the grey winds  
gleam,

Turns her smile to a fugitive pain.

Mother of loves that are swift to fade,  
Mother of mutable woes and hours.

A barren mother, a mother-maid,  
Cold and clean as her faint salt flowers.

I would we twain were even as she,  
To sit in the night and the light of the sea,  
Where faint sounds falter and wan beams  
wade,

Break, and are broken, and shed into  
showers.

The loves and hours of the life of a man,

They are swift and sad, being born of  
the sea.

Hours that rejoice and regret for a span.

Born with a man's breath, mortal as he;  
Loves that are lost ere they come to bath,  
Weeds of the wave, without fruit upon  
earth.

I lose what I long for, save what I can,  
My love, my love, and no love for me!

It is not much that a man can save

On the sands of life, in the straits of time,  
Who swims in sight of the great third  
wave

That never a swimmer shall cross or  
climb,

Some waif washed up with the strays and  
spars

That ebb-tide shows to the shore and the  
stairs;

Weed from the water, grass from a grave.  
A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme,

There will no man do for your sake, I  
think,

What I would have done for the least  
word said.

I had wing life dry for your lips to drink,  
Broken it up for your daily bread;

Body to body and blood for blood,  
As the flow of the full sea risen to flood

That yearns and trembles before it sink,  
I had given, and lain down for you, glad  
and dead.

Yea, hope at highest and all her fruit,

And time at fullest and all his dower,

I had given you surely, and life to boot,  
Were we once made one for a single  
hour.

But now, you are twain, you are cloven  
apart,

Flesh of his flesh, but heart of my heart;

And deep in one is the bitter root,  
And sweet for one is the lifelong flower.

To have died if you cared I should die for  
you, clung

To my life if you had me, played my  
part

As it pleased you these were the thoughts  
that stung,

The dreams that smote with a keener  
dart

Than shafts of love or arrows of death;

These were but as fire is, dust or breath,  
Or poisonous foam on the tender tongue

Of the little snakes that eat my heart.

I wish we were dead together to-day,

Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,  
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,

Out of the world's way, out of the light,  
Out of the ages of worldly weather,

Forgotten of all men altogether,  
As the world's first dead, taken wholly

away.

Made one with death, filled full of the  
night.



How we should slumber, how we should  
 sleep,  
 Far in the dark with the dreams and the  
 dews!  
 And dreaming, grow to each other, and  
 weep,  
 Laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse;  
 Yea, and if in yore, struck through by the  
 dream,  
 Feel the dust quiver and quiver, and seem  
 Alive as of old to the lips, and leap  
 Spirit to spirit as lovers use.

Sick dreams and a sad of a dull delight;  
 For what shall it profit when men are  
 dead  
 To have dreamed, to have loved with the  
 whole soul's might,  
 To have looked for day when the day  
 was fled?  
 Let come what will, there is one thing  
 worth,  
 To have had fair love in the life upon  
 earth  
 To have held love safe till the day grew  
 night,  
 While skies had color and lips were red.

Would I lose you now? would I take you  
 then,  
 If I lose you now that my heart has  
 need?  
 And come what may after death to men,  
 What thing worth this, all the dead  
 years breed?  
 Lose life, lose all; but at least I know,  
 O sweet life's love, having loved by you so,  
 Had I read of you on earth, I should lose  
 not again,  
 In death nor life, nor in dream or deed.

Yea, I know this well; were you once  
 scaled mine,  
 Mine in the blood's beat, mine in the  
 breath,  
 Mixed into me as honey in wine,  
 Not time that sayeth and gainsayeth,  
 Nor all strong things had severed us then;  
 Not wrath of gods, nor wisdom of men,  
 Nor all things earthly, nor all divine,  
 Nor joy nor sorrow, nor life nor death.

I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,  
 You had grown strong as the sun or the  
 sea.

But none shall triumph a whole life through;  
 For death is one, and the fates are three.  
 At the door of life—by the gate of breath,  
 There are worse things waiting for men than  
 death;  
 Death could not sever my soul and you,  
 As these have severed your soul from me.

You have chosen and clung to the chance  
 they sent you,  
 Life sweet as perfume and pure as prayer,  
 But will it not one day in heaven repent  
 you?  
 Will they solace you wholly, the day  
 that were?  
 Will you lift up your eyes between sadness  
 and bliss,  
 Meet mine, and see where the great love is,  
 And tremble and turn and be changed,  
 Content you?  
 The gate is strong; I shall not be there.

But you, had you chosen, had you stretched  
 hand,  
 Had you seen good such a thing were  
 done,  
 I too might have stood with the souls that  
 stand  
 In the sun's sight, clothed with the light  
 of the sun;  
 But who now on earth need care how I  
 live?  
 Have the high gods anything left to give,  
 Save dust and laurel and gold and sand?  
 Which gifts are goodly; but I will none.

O all your lovers about the world,  
 There is none of you, none, that shall  
 comfort me,  
 My thoughts are as dead things, wrecked  
 and whirled  
 Round and round in a gulf of the sea;  
 And still, through the sound and the stram-  
 ing stream,  
 Through the coil and chafe, they gleam in  
 a stream,  
 The bright fine lips so cruelly curled,  
 And strange swift eyes where the soul sits  
 free.

Free, without pity, withheld from woe,  
 Ignorant; fair as the eyes are fair,  
 Would I have you change now, change at a  
 blow,  
 Startled and stricken, awake and aware?

Yea, if I could, would I have you see  
My only love of you tilling me,  
As I would my soul to the quick, as I know  
The brightness and look of your throat and

I will not change you. Nay, though I  
might,

Would I char to my sweet one love with  
a world?

I had rather your hair should change in a  
night,

Clear now as the plume of a blackbird right  
bird;

Your rice hair suddenly, cease, turn grey,  
Die as a leaf that lies in May.

I will bury my soul in a place out of sight,  
Far off, where the pulse of it is not heard.

Far off it wills, in a bleak blown space,  
Full of the sound of the sorrow of years.

I have woven a veil for the weeping face,  
Whose lips have drunken the wine of

tears;

I have found a way for the falling feet,  
A place for slumber and sorrow to meet;

There is no rumor about the place,  
Nor light, nor any that sees or hears.

I have hidden my soul out of sight, and I  
said

"Let none take pity upon thee, none  
Comfort thy crying; for be thou at death,

Lie still now, side out of sight of the sun,  
Have I not built thee a grave and wrought

Thy grave-clothes on thine of grievous  
thou?"

With soft spun veils and tears unshed,  
And sweet light vision of things undone?

"I have given thee pearls and lilies  
and myrrh,

And gold, and beautiful burial things,  
But thou be at peace now, make no stir;

Is not thy grave as a royal king's?  
Fret not thyself though the owl were seen;

Sleep, be patient, vex me no more,  
Sleep—what hast thou to do with her?

The eyes that weep, with the mouth that  
sings?"

Where the dead red leaves of the years lie  
rotten,

The cold old crimes and the deeds thrown  
by,

The misbegotten and the misbegotten,  
I would find a man to do ere I die,

Sure to dissolve and destroy me all through,  
That would set you higher in heaven, serve

you  
And leave you happy, when clean forgot-

ten,  
As a dead man out of mind, am I.

Your little hands draw me, your face burns  
through me,

I am swift to follow you, keen to see;  
But love lacks might to redeem or undo me,

As I have been, I know I shall surely be,  
"What should such fellows as I do?"

Nay,  
My part were worse if I chose to play;

For the worst is this after all; if they know  
me,

Not a soul upon earth would pity me.

And I play not for pity of these; but you,  
If you saw with your soul what man

am I,  
You would praise me at least that my soul

all through  
Clove to you, bathing the lives that lie;

The souls and lips that are bought and sold,  
The smiles of silver and kisses of gold,

The lapdog lives that whine as they cleave,  
The little lovers that curse and cry.

There are fairer women, I hear; but my  
be,

But I, that I love you and need you a fair,  
Who are more than fair in my eyes if they

be,  
Do the little gods know of the great

gods care?  
Though the words in my heart for one

were  
Would the flesh fellow of doubtful Heaven,  
That knows not self whether a ghost or

or day be,  
Reverberate words and a foolish prayer?

I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.

I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her

with me;  
Close to her, strive with her, hold her fast;

O fair white mother, in days long past  
Born without sister, born without brother,

Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and  
 the rain,  
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
 Wrought without hand in a world with-  
 out stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving  
 ships,  
 Change as the winds change, veer in the  
 tide;  
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee  
 subside;  
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
 As a rose is fulfilled to the roset of tips  
 With splendid summer and perfume and  
 pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
 Were it once cast off and unwound from  
 me,  
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy way,  
 Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;  
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
 Clothed with the green and crowned with  
 the foam,  
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays.  
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the  
 sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,  
 Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men  
 say  
 Thou hast taken, and shalt not render  
 again;  
 Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as  
 they,  
 But death is the worst that comes of thee;  
 Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O  
 sea,  
 But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or  
 when,  
 Having given us love, hast thou taken  
 away?

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover,  
 Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thine heart.  
 The hopes that hurt and the dreams that  
 hover,

Shall they not vanish away and apart?  
 But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than  
 earth:  
 Thou art strong for leath and fruitful of  
 birth;  
 Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover;  
 From the first thou wert; in the end thou  
 art.

And grief shall endure not for ever, I know.  
 As things that are not shall these things  
 be;  
 We shall live through seasons of sun and  
 of snow,  
 And none be grievous as this to me.  
 We shall hear, as one in a trance that  
 hears,  
 The sound of time, the rhyme of the years;  
 Wrecked hope and passionate pain will  
 grow  
 As tender things of a spring-tide sea

Sea-fruit that swings in the waves that hiss,  
 Drowned gold and purple and royal  
 rings,  
 And all time past, was it all for this?  
 Times unforgetten, and treasures of  
 things?  
 Swift years of liking, and sweet long laugh-  
 ter,  
 That wist not well of the years thereafter  
 Till love woke, smitten at heart by a kiss,  
 With lips that trembled and trailing  
 wings?

There lived a singer in France of old,  
 By the tideless dolorous midland sea.  
 In a land of sand and ruin and gold  
 There shone one woman, and none but  
 she,  
 And finding life for her love's sake fail,  
 Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,  
 Touched land, and saw her as life grew  
 cold,  
 And praised God, seeing; and so died he,

Died, praising God for his gift and grace:  
 For she bowed down to him weeping,  
 and said  
 "Live;" and her tears were shed on his  
 face  
 Or ever the life in his face was shed.  
 The sharp tears fell through her hair, and  
 sang

Once, and her close lips touched him and  
 clung  
 Once, and grew one with his lips for a  
 space;  
 And so drew back, and the man was  
 dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.  
 Sleep, and be glad while the world en-  
 dures.

Be well content as the years wear through;  
 Give thanks for life, and the loves and  
 lures;  
 Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,  
 For the sweet last sound of her feet, her  
 breath,  
 For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,  
 Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest and be glad of the gods; but I,  
 How shall I praise them, or how take  
 rest?

There is not room under all the sky  
 For me that know not of worst or best,  
 Dream or desire of the days before,  
 Sweet things or bitterness, any more.

Love will not come to me now though I  
 sue,  
 As love came close to you, breast to  
 breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;  
 I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note  
 grown strong  
 Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
 As a wave of the sea turned back by  
 song.

There are sounds where the soul's delight  
 takes fire,  
 Face to face with its own desire;  
 A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes,  
 I shall hate sweet music my whole life  
 long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
 The heavens that murmur, the sounds  
 that shine,  
 The stars that sing and the loves that  
 thunder,  
 The music burning at heart like wine,  
 An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
 All senses mixed up in the spirit's cup  
 Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—  
 These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard  
 Once, ere my love and my heart were at  
 strife:  
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,  
 Balm of the wound and heft of the knife,  
 Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep  
 Than overwatching of eyes that weep,  
 Now time has done with his one sweet  
 word,  
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
 Fill the days of my daily breath  
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith;  
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,  
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of  
 your feet,  
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with  
 pleasure  
 To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
 All that life gives and the years let go,  
 The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,  
 The dreams reared high and the hopes  
 I brought low?

Come life, come death, not a word be said;  
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?  
 I never shall tell you on earth; and in  
 heaven  
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or  
 know?

## LES NOVADES.

WHATEVER a man of the world  
Shall say to his heart of the world's love,  
They have shown man verily, once and  
again,

Marvellous mercies and infinite love.

In the wild fifth year of the change of  
things,

When France was glorious and Hood-  
red, fair

With dust of battle and death of kings,  
A queen of men, with helmed hair;

Carrier came down to the Loire and shew,  
Till all the ways and the waves waxed  
red:

Bound and drowned, slaying two by two,  
Maidens and young men, noble and low,  
They brought on a day to his judgment-  
place

One rough with hat and red with night,  
And a lady noble by name and here,  
Faultless, a maiden, wonderful, white.

She knew not, being for shame of the world,  
If his eyes were hot on her face, red  
And the judge have strip and ship them,  
and bind

Bosom to bosom to drown and die.

The white girl winced and whined; but  
he

Caught fire, waxed bright as a great  
bright flame

Seen with thunder far out on the sea,  
Laughed hard as the glad blood went  
and came.

Twice his lips quailed with delight, then  
said,

"I have but a word to you all, one word  
Fear with me; surely I am not dead!"

And all they laughed and mocked him  
and heard.

"Judge, when they open the judgment-  
roll,

I will start in fright before God and pray;  
For God, I've mercy on one man's soul,  
For his mercy was great upon earth, I  
say.

"Lord, if I loved thee, Lord, if I  
loved

If those who drenched thy Son's fair face  
I would with quills, root and branch  
A head's worth, Lord, in the perilous  
place —

"I pray thee say it all to me, O Lord,  
I will face thy wrath, though it bite as a  
sword,

And my soul shall burn for his soul and  
atone.

"For Lord, that I never, O God most  
wise,

How gracious on earth were his deeds  
in and me.

Shall this be a small thing in thine eyes,  
That is greater in mine than the whole  
great sea?"

"I have loved this woman my whole life  
long,

And even for love's sake when have I  
said

"I love you?" when have I done you  
wrong,

Living; but now I shall have you dead.

"Yes, now, do I did you love me, love?  
Love me or loathe, we are one not twain.

But God be praised in his heaven above,  
For this my pleasure and that my pain;

"For never a man, being man like me,  
Shall die like me till the whole world  
dies.

— all shown with her, let her see our love;  
 And she  
 Mix with me, touching me, lips and  
 eyes.

"Shall she not know me and see me all  
 through,  
 Me, on whose heart as a worm I tread?  
 You have given me, O God, to eat you,  
 What man yet never was made of God?"

Could I have one love, O my love's death,  
 Dear, though I had you, I had you,  
 Let me and you, to be true, and I had  
 Not twice in the world, I had you, and I had  
 thus.

Had it been so, and for my love? I had  
 Though the world is full of what is not  
 give.  
 I had it, he said, for the sake of the  
 Cease, and be glad above all that live.

For he had me well, I had driven me down  
 to the sea,  
 And the sea would have pitched us from  
 the world to death;  
 And I would have held you, and you held  
 me,  
 As flesh holds flesh, and the soul the  
 soul.

Could I have you, you, help you to love  
 me, sweet,  
 Could I give you the love that would  
 swallow death,  
 We had it, you, go down, locked hands  
 and feet,  
 Die, down together, and I had catch  
 death;

Had you would have felt my soul in a kiss,  
 And I would have given you my soul;  
 And I would have given my soul for this  
 To burn for ever in burning hell.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

Let us go home, my song; she will not  
 love us,  
 Let us go home together without fear;  
 Keep silence now, for she will hear us  
 over  
 And over all of things as fall from us,  
 She has set, by our means, all words  
 You, though we sing as a melody in her ear,  
 She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know,  
 Let us go so, war has the world, we are  
 All of I down, and and I am; what help is  
 there?  
 There is no help, for all these things are so,  
 And all the world is I, as a tear,  
 And how the things are, though they are  
 to show,  
 She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not  
 love us,  
 We give love many dreams and days to  
 I have  
 I love you without cut, and fruits that would  
 I had you,  
 Saying, "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle  
 and I had  
 All is now, I know no grass left to mow;  
 And we that we had, though all we fell on  
 sleep,  
 She would not weep.

Let us go home and rest; she will not love,  
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,  
 Nor shall we know ways, how were they are and  
 sleep,  
 I had it, let be, lie still; it is enough.

Love, and barren sea, hater and deep;  
And though she saw all heaven in flower  
above,  
She would not love.

It may give us good water, when our  
Tears are dry, and stars are dead, for all the gain,  
A little more, and you have found it move.  
One can easily swim, and sing all the foam  
flowers in;  
Though all these waves went over us, and  
drove  
Deep down the stifling lip, and drowning  
hair  
She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not  
see;  
Sing all once more together; surely she,  
She too, remembering that's and I was that  
were,  
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but  
we,  
We are hence, we are gone, as though  
I did not hear them,  
Nay, and though all men seeing had try  
on me,  
She would not see.

## ITYLUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,  
How can thine heart be full of the spring?  
A thousand summers are over and  
dead.

What hast thou found in the spring to follow?  
What hast thou found in thine heart to  
sing?  
What wilt thou do when the summer is  
shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,  
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the  
south,  
The south whither thine heart is  
set?

Shall not the grief of the old time follow?  
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy  
mouth?  
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,  
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;  
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,  
Shedding my song upon heigh, upon  
hollow,

From tawny body and sweet small mouth  
I feed the heart of the night with thee.

I the nightingale all spring through,  
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,  
All spring through till the spring be done,  
Clothed with the light of the night on the  
dew.

Sing, while the hours and the wild birds  
follow,

Take flight and follow and find the  
sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,  
Though all things feast in the spring's  
pre-chamber,  
How hast thou heart to be glad there  
of yet?

For where thou fleest I shall not follow,  
Till life forget and death remember,  
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O ringing swallow,  
I know not how thine hast heart to sing,  
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?

Why lo! the summer is good to follow,  
 And lo! the fruit of thy lover the spring;  
 But what wilt thou say to the spring  
 thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,  
 My heart in me is a molten crater  
 And over my head the waves have met,  
 But thou wouldst fly or I would I follow,  
 Could I but for thou remember,  
 Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow  
 Thy heart's division, thy feet us,  
 Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;  
 But mine goes forth among sea-gulls hollow  
 To the place of the slaying of Iylus,  
 The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,  
 I pray thee sing not a little space,  
 Are not the roots and the hateful we?  
 The woven web that was plain to follow,  
 The small skinned body, the flower-like  
 face,  
 Can I remember or if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!  
 The hands that cling and the feet that  
 follow,  
 The voice of the child's blood crying  
 yet  
*Who hath remembered me? who hath for-  
 gotten!*  
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,  
 But the world shall end when I forget

## ANACTORIA.

τινοςαὐτὸ πειθοῖ  
 μάψ σαγηνέσας φίλότατα;

SAPPHO.

My life is bitter with thine eyes; thine eyes  
 Bind me, thy tresses bind me, thy sharp  
 sighs  
 Divide my flesh and spirit with soft sound,  
 And my blood strengthens, and my veins  
 sound  
 I pray thee sigh not, speak not, draw not  
 breath;  
 Let life burn down, and dream it is not  
 death.  
 I would the sea had hidden us, the fire  
 (Wilt thou fear that, and fear not my de-  
 sire?)  
 Severed the bowers that bleach, the flesh  
 that cleaves,  
 And let our sifted ashes drop like leaves.

I feel thy blood against my blood; my pain  
 Pains thee, and lips bruise lips, and vein  
 stings vein.  
 Let fruit be crushed on fruit, let flower on  
 flower,  
 Breast kindle breast, and either burn one  
 hour.  
 Why wilt thou follow lesser loves? are  
 thine  
 Too weak to bear these hands and lips of  
 mine?  
 I charge thee for my life's sake, O too sweet  
 To crush love with thy cruel faultless feet,  
 I charge thee keep thy lips from hers or his,  
 Sweetest, till theirs be sweeter than my  
 kiss.





Flood with her smiles, beaten with her  
 Thy young man and the world is on the  
 Have we not here a fair with eyes  
 And summer and the young woman  
 For the time, and I for ever  
 That a man's eyes, and still his  
 and lover of the heart is  
 The heart of the heart is  
 that his eyes and the young woman  
 for my  
 can not be, and flowers not flood  
 should I  
 that my lips were tunchless lips, but  
 the blessed Hesson of thy scorn  
 my mouth for Moses' milk were  
 the sweet flood thy sweets shall we  
 with my tongue I eat them, and I  
 taste  
 that flakes from thy bosom to the  
 waist  
 I could drink thy veins as wine, and  
 eat  
 Thy veins like honey! that from face to  
 foot  
 If they were... list I and...  
 And my flesh thy very flesh...  
 And thy... like a beast it late,  
 like an arrow, like an arrow,  
 sweet, and sweet, gain, and...  
 sweet,  
 The roses and the... of thy feet!  
 My water than... or...  
 and... from a...  
 though the... kisses...  
 thy lips than mine with all...  
 song;  
 The boulders whiter than a fleece of white,  
 And flower-sweet fingers good to raise or  
 late  
 And my tomb of the inmost honey-dell,  
 With diamond-shaped and rose-leaf colored  
 shells,  
 And blood like poppie blossom at the tips,  
 Quivering and pain made perfect in thy  
 lips

For my sake, with... O that I  
 Did not... the... of love with love, and  
 Did not... with joy and delight, and he  
 Did not... into thee!  
 Did not... overmuch?  
 Did not... not to...  
 Did not... with torture, and make  
 Did not... like tears and grievous  
 Strike... as rods is struck  
 ... in thy throat,  
 ... and new-mould with  
 ... agonies?  
 ... and lime and fine  
 With... convulse thy perfect  
 Make thy... in thee and burn  
 And... thy very spirit through the  
 ...?  
 ... love makes all that love him  
 ...  
 As white as heaven and crueller than hell,  
 Me... more bitter toward  
 ...  
 I am... toward man; but were I made  
 ...  
 Who... made all things to break them  
 ...  
 If my foot tread on... stars and sun  
 And souls of men as has have always trod,  
 ... I might be crueller than God,  
 For who shall change with prayers or  
 ...  
 The mystery of the cruelty of things?  
 Or say what God above all pools and years,  
 With... blood-sacrifice of tears,  
 With... from strange lands, from  
 ...  
 With... pastures, from scarred  
 ...  
 From... and from plunging prows of  
 ships  
 Through flame like foam of the sea's closing  
 lips—  
 With thwartings of strange signs, and  
 wind-blown hair  
 Of comets, desolating the dim air,  
 When darkness is made fast with seals and  
 bars,





## HYMN TO PROSE — NE.

(AFTER THE PROCLAMATION IN FOME OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.)

*Lucy, Galilee.*

**I** HAVE lived long enough, having seen one  
 thing, that long hidden one is;  
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be near  
 me now and befriend.  
 Thou art more than the day or the morrow,  
 the seasons that laugh or that weep;  
 For these give joy and sorrow; but thou  
 Prose pour, sleep.  
 Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet  
 the feet of the dove;  
 But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the  
 grapes or love.  
 Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and  
 harpstring of gold,  
 A better God to follow, a beautiful God to  
 behold?  
**I** am sick of singing; the bays burn deep  
 and chafe; I am in  
 To rest a little from praise and grievous  
 pleasure and pain.  
 For the Gods work on not of, who give us  
 our daily breath,  
 We know they are cruel as love or lie, and  
 lovely as death.  
 O Gods! throw I and deceased, cast forth,  
 wipe I out in a day!  
 From your wrath is the world I behead, re-  
 ducing I from your cities, non-age.  
 New Gods are crowned in the city, their  
 boxes have broken your rods;  
 They are merciful, abashed with pity, the  
 young compassionate Gods,  
 But for me their new device is barren, the  
 days are bare;  
 Things long past over sad, and men for-  
 gotten that were,  
 Time and the Gods are at strife; ye dwell  
 in the night then of.  
 Drain out a little life from the barren breast  
 of love,  
**I** say to you, cease, take rest; you, I say,  
 to you all, be at peace,  
 Till the later milk of her breast and the  
 later bosom shall cease.  
 With thou yet take all, Galilean? but these  
 thou shalt not take,  
 The Laurel, the poplar and the pear, the  
 first of the nymphs in the bow;  
 Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble  
 with tender breath;  
 An I all the wings of the Loves, and all the  
 joy before death;  
 All the feet of the hours that sound as a  
 single lyre,  
 Dropped and deep in the flowers, with  
 strings that flicker like fire.  
 More than the world thou give, things fairer  
 than all these things?  
 Nay, for a little we live, and life hath  
 mortal wars.  
 A little while and we die; shall life not  
 thrive as I say?  
 For no man under the sky lives twice, once  
 living his day,  
 And grief is a grievous thing, and a man  
 hath enough of his tears;  
 Why should he labour, and bring fresh  
 grief to broken his years?  
 Then hast thou perished, O pale Galilee, the  
 world has grown grey from thy breath;  
 We have drunken of things Lethean, and  
 fed on the fumes of death.  
 Laurel is green for a season, and love is  
 sweet for a day;  
 But love grows later with treason, and  
 laurel chafes, not May,  
 sleep, shall we sleep after all; for the world  
 is not sweet in the end;  
 For the world is a loss and fall, the new  
 year is not and new,  
 Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is  
 a bird that flies;  
 But her ears are vexed with the roar and  
 her face with the foam of the tides.

O lips that the live blood faints in, the  
 Leavings of racks and rods!  
 O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of  
 gibbeted Gods!  
 Though all men adore them before you in  
 spirit, and all knees bend,  
 I kneel not neither adore you, but stand-  
 ing, look to the end.  
 All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits  
 and sorrows are cast  
 Far out with the foam of the present that  
 sweeps to the surf of the past:  
 Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and  
 between the remote sea-gates,  
 Waste water washes, and tall ships founder,  
 and deep death waits:  
 Where, mighty with opening sides, clad  
 about with the seas as with wings,  
 And impelled of invisible tides, and ful-  
 filled of un-perkable things,  
 White-eyed and poisonous fumed, shark-  
 toothed and serpentine-curved,  
 Rolls, under the whitening wind of the  
 future, the wave of the world,  
 The depths stand naked in sunder behind  
 it, the storms flee away;  
 In the hollow before it the thunder is taken  
 and snared as a prey;  
 In its sides is the north-wind bound; and  
 its salt is of all men's tears;  
 With light of ruin, and sound of changes,  
 and pulse of years:  
 With travail of day after day, and with  
 trouble of hour upon hour;  
 And bitter as blood is the spray; and the  
 crests are as fangs that devour;  
 And its vapor and storm of its steam as the  
 sighing of spirits to be;  
 And its noise as the noise in a dream; and  
 its depth as the roots of the sea:  
 And the height of its heads as the height of  
 the utmost stars of the air;  
 And the ends of the earth at the night  
 thereof tremble, and time is made bare,  
 Will ye bid the deep sea with reins, will  
 ye chasten the high sea with rods?  
 Will ye take her to chain her with chains,  
 who is older than all ye Gods?  
 All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall  
 ye pass and be past:  
 Ye are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and  
 the waves be upon you at last,  
 in the darkness of time, in the deeps of the  
 years, in the changes of things,  
 Ye shall sleep as a child in ships, and  
 the world shall forget you for kings.

Though the feet of thine high priests tread  
 with thy lords and our forefathers trod,  
 Though these that were thine are dead, and  
 thou being dead art a God,  
 Though before thee Phœthia and Cyprian  
 be fallen, and Egea her betel,  
 Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilee, thy  
 dead shall all go down to thee dead.  
 Of the maiden thy mother, men sing as a  
 goddess with grace clad around;  
 Thou art throned where another was king;  
 where mother was queen she is crowned.  
 Yes, once we had sight of another; but now  
 she is queen, say these.  
 Not as thine, not as thine was our mother,  
 a blossom of flowering seas,  
 Clothed round with the world's desire as  
 with raiment, and fair as the foam,  
 And fleetier than kindled fire, and a goddess,  
 and mother of Rome.  
 For thine came pale and a maiden, and  
 sister to sorrow; but ours,  
 Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and  
 color of flowers,  
 White rose of the rose-white water, a silver  
 splendor, a flame,  
 Bent down unto us that besought her, and  
 earth grew sweet with her name.  
 For thine came weeping, a slave among  
 slaves, and rejected; but she  
 Came flushed from the fall-flashed wye,  
 and imperial, her foot on the sea,  
 And the wonderul warts knew her, the  
 winds and the viewless ways,  
 And the roses grew rozier, and bluer the  
 sea-blue stream of the bays,  
 Ye are fallen, our lords by what token? we  
 wist that ye should not fall.  
 Ye were all so fair that care broken; and  
 one more fair than ye all.  
 But I turn to her still, having seen she  
 shall surely abide in the end;  
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be near  
 me now and betwixt.  
 O daughter of earth, of my mother, her  
 crown and blossom of earth,  
 I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I  
 came unto earth.  
 In the night where thine eyes are as moons  
 are in heaven, the night where thou art,  
 Where the silence is more than all time,  
 where sleep overflows from the heart,  
 Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in  
 our world, and the red rose is white,  
 And the wind falls faint as it flows with  
 the tune of the flowers of the night,

And the murderer of sleep shall sleep in the  
 shadow of God's hand,  
 Grows dim in the night, and deep as the  
 deep den of a star,  
 In the sweet light of thy face, under  
 heavens unclouded by the sun,  
 Let my soul with the souls of Iphigenia and  
 forget what is and what is to be,  
 Thou art more than the Gods, who number  
 the days of our lives,  
 For these people shall slumber; let them  
 Prosperity, health,

Thy face now at thy feet I abide for a  
 son in silence, I know  
 I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as  
 they sleep; even so,  
 For the glass of the years is brittle wherein  
 we gaze for a span;  
 A blind soul for a little bears up this corpse  
 which is mine,  
 So long I endure, no longer; and I sigh not  
 grief, neither weep  
 For there is no God found stronger than  
 death; and death is a sleep.

## ILICET.

THERE is an end of joy and sorrow;  
 Peace all day, I sleep all night, all night w,  
 But never a time to laugh nor weep,  
 The end is come of pleasant things,  
 The end of tender words and faces,  
 The end of all, the puffed sleep,  
 No place for sorrow within their hearts,  
 No room to laugh, no time for learning,  
 No lips to laugh, no lips for tears,  
 The old years have run out all their measure;  
 No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,  
 No fragment of the broken years,  
 Outside of all the worlds and I know,  
 There where the fool is as the senseless,  
 There where the slayer is clean of blood,  
 No end, no passage, no hope, no love,  
 There where the spirit lives and is not,  
 There where the good man is not,  
 There is not one thing with another,  
 But I shall die to God, My soul,  
 My brother, I am one with the  
 They shall not strive nor cry for ever,  
 No man shall choose between them, never,  
 Shall this thing end and that thing be,  
 Will'st thou in seas and rivers,  
 Shall he be them, and they shall be them;

None that has lain down shall arise;  
 The stones are sealed across their plates;  
 One shadow is shed on all their faces,  
 One blindness cast on all their eyes,  
 Sleep is it sleep perchance that covers  
 Each eye, as each face were his lover's?  
 Farewell; as men that sleep fare well,  
 The grey's mouth laughs into death,  
 The noise of death and dream and vision,  
 The light of heaven and sorrow of hell,  
 No one shall tell nor lip shall number  
 The names and tribes of you that slumber;  
 No memory, no memorial,  
 Their lowest?—who shall say thou  
 knowest?  
 There is none highest and none lowest  
 An end, an end, an end of all,  
 Good sleep, good rest, good  
 To these that shall not have good morrow,  
 The end is gently to all the  
 Shall he be them, how shall they be?  
 Is there a place in heaven? if they be  
 All things of I for I, or things shall come,

CHAPTER IV. THE SON OF THE

ERICHTHUS.

The stooped man, filling, dips and flashes;  
The bronzed brows are deep in ashes;  
The pale old lips of death are red,  
Shall this dust gather flesh hereafter?  
Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter,  
At sight of all these poor and dead?

Nay, as thou wilt; they know not of it;  
Thy eyes' strong weeping shall not part  
Thy laughter shall not give thee ease;  
Cry aloud, spurn not, cease not crying,  
Sigh, till thou cleave thy sides with sighing;  
Thou shalt not raise up one of these.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine-blisses,  
The breathing flame's mouth curls and  
    kisses  
The small dried rows of frankincense;  
All round the sad red blossoms smouldering,  
Flowers colour I like the fire, but cooler,  
In sign of sweet things take hence.

Yea, for their sake and in death's favor  
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savor  
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;  
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,  
Whereof none knoweth how great the price  
    is,  
And fruit that comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced  
    bosom  
Drips, reddening round the blood-red  
    blossoms,  
The slow delicious bright soft blood,  
Bathing the spices and the pyre,  
Bathing the flowers and fallen lute,  
    Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flume had deadened  
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened  
And warm wet inner petals weep;  
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,  
Balm of balm and purple pleasure,  
    with no native steam of sleep.

    Why do ye weep? what do ye weeping?  
    The waking folk and people sleeping,  
    Sands that fill and sands that fall,  
    The days rose-red, the popped hours,  
Blood, wine, and spice and mead and flowers,  
    There is one end of one and all.

Shall such as one lend love or burn a?  
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?

Shall these give thanks for words or  
    breath?  
Their hate is as their loving-kindness;  
The frontlet of their brows is blindness,  
The armet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder  
All these grave-clothes be rent in sunder,  
He that hath taken, shall he give?  
He hath rent them; shall he bind to-  
    gether?  
He hath bound them; shall he break the  
    tether?  
He hath slain them; shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,  
Fate metes us from the dusty measure  
That hold, the due of all of us;  
We are born with travail and strong crying,  
And from the birth-day to the dying  
The likeness of our life is thus.

One girl's himself to serve another,  
Whose father was the dust, whose mother  
    The little dead red worm therein;  
They find no fruit of things they cherish,  
The goodness of a man shall perish,  
    It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens  
Fol with sharp spring the sweet fruit hard-  
    dens;  
They know not what fruits wane or grow;  
Red summer bins to the utmost ember;  
They know not, neither can remember,  
    The old years and flowers they used to  
    know.

Alas for their sales, so trapped and taken,  
For their, forgotten and forsaken,  
Watch, sleep not, gild thyself with prayer,  
Nay, where the hurt of wrath is broken,  
Where long live ends as a thing spoken,  
How shall thy crying enter there?

Thou shalt the iron of the old world falter  
The likeness of them shall not alter  
    For all the rumor of periods,  
The stars and seasons that come after  
The tears of bitter men, the laughter  
    Of the old unchangeable gods.

    Car up above the years an Nations,  
The high gods, clothed and crown'd with  
    potence.



Endure through days of death-like date;  
They bear the witness of things hidden;  
Before their eyes all life stands childen,  
As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,  
Nor they relent for our desire,

Nor the graves open for their call,  
The end is more than joy and anguish,  
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,  
The poppied sleep, the end of all!

## HERMAPHRODITUS.

## I.

LIFT up thy lips, turn round, look back for  
love,  
Blind love that comes by night and casts  
out rest;  
Or all things tired thy lips look wearied,  
Save the long smile that they are wearied  
of.  
Ah sweet, albeit no love be sweet enough,  
Choose of two loves and cleave unto the  
best;  
Two loves at either blossom of thy breast  
Strive until one be under and one above.  
Their breath is fire upon the amorous air,  
Fire in thine eyes and where thy lips sus-  
pire:  
And whosoever hath seen thee, being so  
fair,  
Two things turn all his life and blood to  
fire;  
A strong desire begot on great despair,  
A great despair cast out by strong desire.

## II.

Where between sleep and life some brief  
space is,  
With love like gold bound round about  
the head,  
Sex to sweet sex with lips and limbs is  
wed,  
Turning the fruitful feud of hers and his

To the waste wedlock of a sterile kiss;  
Yet from them something like as fire is  
shed  
That shall not be assuaged till death be  
dead,  
Though neither life nor sleep can find out  
this.  
Love made himself of flesh that perisheth  
A pleasure-house for all the loves his kin;  
But on the one side sat a man like death,  
And on the other a woman sat like sin,  
So with veiled eyes and sobs between his  
breath  
Love turned himself and would not enter  
in.

## III.

Love, is it love or sleep or shadow or light  
That lies between thine eyelids and thine  
eyes?  
Like a flower laid upon a flower it lies,  
Or like the night's dew laid upon the night,  
Love stands upon thy left hand and thy  
right,  
Yet by no sunset and by no moonrise  
Shall make thee man and ease a woman's  
sighs,  
Or make thee woman for a man's delight.  
To what strange end hath some strange  
god made fair  
The double blossom of two fruitless  
flowers?  
Hid love in all the folds of all thy hair,

Feed thee on summers, watered thee with  
showers,  
Given all the gold that all the seasons wear  
To thee that art a thing of barren hours?

IV.

Yea, love, I see; it is not love but fear,  
Nay, sweet, it is not fear but love, I  
know;  
Or wherefore should thy body's blossom  
flow  
So sweetly, or thine eyelids leave so clear  
Thy gracious eyes that never made a tear—  
Though for their love our tears like blood  
should flow,

Though love and life and death should  
come and go,  
So dreadful, so desirable, so dear?  
Yea, sweet, I know; I saw in what swift  
wise  
Beneath the woman's and the water's  
kiss  
Thy moist limbs melted into Salmacis,  
And the large light turned tender in thine  
eyes,  
And all thy boy's breath softened into  
sigh;  
But Love being blind, how should he  
know of this?

*Au Musée du Louvre, Mars 1863.*

FRAGOLETTA.

O Love! what shall be said of thee?  
The son of grief begot by joy?  
Being sightless, wilt thou see?  
Being sexless, wilt thou be  
Maiden or boy?

I dreamed of strange lips yesterday  
And cheeks wherein the ambiguous flood  
Was like a rose's—yea  
A rose's when it lay  
Within the bud.

What fields have bred thee, or what groves  
Concealed thee, O gay, tedious flower,  
O dost thou rose of Love's,  
With leaves that lure the doves  
From bud to lover?

I dare not kiss it, lest my lip  
Press harder than an indrawn breath,  
And all the sweet life slip  
Forth, and the sweet leaves drip  
Bloodlike, in death

O sole desire of my delight!  
O sole delight of my desire!  
Mine eyelids and eyesight  
Feed on thee day and night  
Like lips of fire.

Lean back thy throat of earven pearl,  
Let thy mouth murmur like the dove's;  
Sly, Venus hath no girl,  
No front of female curl,  
Among her Loves.

Thy sweet low bosom, thy close hair,  
Thy snail soft flanks and slenderer feet,  
Thy virginal strange air,  
Are these not over fair  
For Love to greet?

How should he greet thee? what new name,  
Fit to move all men's hearts, could move  
Thee, dead to love or shame,  
Love's sister, by the same  
Mother as Love?

Ah, sweet, the maiden's mouth is cold,  
Her breast-blossoms are simply red,  
Her hair mere brown or gold,  
But I over simple fold  
Bathing her head.

Thy mouth 's made of fire and wine,  
Thy barren bosom takes my kiss  
And turns my soul to thine  
And turns my lip to mine,  
And make it is.

Thou hast a serpent in thine hair,  
In all the curls that close and cling;  
And ah, thy breast-flower!  
Ah love, thy mouth too fair  
To kiss and sting.

Cleave to me, love, do kiss mine eyes  
Sate thy lips with loving me;  
Nay, for thou shalt not cease;  
Lie still as Love that dies  
For love of thee.

Mine arms are close about thine head,  
My lips are fervent on thy face,  
And where my kiss hath fed  
Thy flower-like blood leaps red  
To the kissed place.

O bitterness of things too sweet  
O broken singing of the dove!  
Love's wings are over fleet,  
And like the panther's feet  
The feet of Love.

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### RONDEL.

THESE many years since we began to  
be,

What have the gods done with us? what  
with me,

What with my love? they have shown me  
fates and hearts,

Harsh things, and that in bitterer than  
the sea,

Grief a fixed star, and joy a vine that  
veers,

These many years.

With her, my love, with her have they  
done well?

But who shall answer for her? who shall  
tell

Sweet things or sad, such things as no man  
hears?

May no tears fall, if no tears ever fell,  
Four eyes more dear to me than starriest  
spheres

These many years!

But if tears ever touched, for any grief,  
Those eyelids folded like a white-rose leaf,  
Deep double shells where through the eye-  
flower peets,

Let them weep once more only, sweet and  
true,

Brief tears and bright, for one who gave  
her tears

These many years.

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### SATIATE SANGUINE.

IF you love me ever so little,  
I could bear the bonds that gall,  
I could bear on the bonds were brittle;  
You do not love me at all.

O beautiful lips. O bosom  
More white than the moon's and warm,  
A sterile, a ruinous blossom  
Is blown your way in a storm.

As the lost white lily in a field,  
 Of the Lesbian Sappho, and it  
 In the waves were the sea-weed swayed,  
 Swam loose for the streams to lit.

My heart swims blue in a sea,  
 That stuns me; swims to and fro,  
 And gathers to wind and land and sea,  
 Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

A broken, an emptied boat,  
 Sea seeps it, winds blow it out,  
 Sick and adrift and aloof,  
 The barren want of a heart.

Where, when the gods would be cruel,  
 Do they go for a torture? where  
 Plant thorns, set pain like a jewel?  
 Ah, not in the flesh, not there:

The racks of earth and the rods  
 Are weak as foam on the sands;  
 In the heart is the prey for gods,  
 Who crucify hearts, not hands.

Mere pangs console and consume,  
 Dead when life dies in the brain;  
 In the infinite spirit is room  
 For the pulse of an infinite pain.

I wish you were dead, my dear;  
 I would give you, had I to give,  
 Some death too bitter to fear,  
 It is better to die than live.

I wish you were stricken of thunder  
 And burnt with a bright flame through,  
 Consumed and cloven in sunder,  
 I dead at your feet like you.

If I could but know after all,  
 I might cease to hunger and ache,  
 Though your heart were ever so small,  
 If it were not a stone or a snake.

You are a cruder, you that we love,  
 Than hatred, hunger, or death;  
 Your eyes, and lips, and hands like a dove,  
 And you kill men's hearts with a death.

As plague in a poisonous city  
 Insults and exults on her dead,  
 So you, when pallid for pity  
 Comes love, and fawns to be fed.

As a tame beast withes and wheedles,  
 He fawns to be fed with wiles;  
 You carve him a cross of needles,  
 And whet them sharp as your smiles.

He is patient of thorn and whip,  
 He is dumb under axe or dart;  
 You suck with a sleepy red lip  
 The wet red wounds in his heart.

You thrill as his pulses dwindle,  
 You brighten and warm as he bleeds,  
 With insatiable eyes that kind,  
 And insatiable mouth that feeds.

Your hands nailed love to the tree,  
 You strip him, scourged him with rods,  
 And drowned him deep in the sea  
 That hides the dead and their gods.

And for all this, die will he not;  
 There is no man sees him but I;  
 You came and went and forgot;  
 I hope he will some day die.

A LITANY.

*Ὁ ὁσυχὸς θάνατος  
 κ' ἴσω πᾶσι ἔπι ἀγαθός,  
 μὴ ἔπ' ὀφθαλμοῦ ἐπὶ ἀνίκτου ἔξει, κ.τ.λ.*

*Anth. Sac.*

FIRST ANTIPHONE.

And the bright lights of heaven  
 I will make dark over thee;

One night shall be as seven  
 That its skirts may cover thee;  
 I will send on thy strong men a sword,

On thy remembrance  
Ye shall know that I am the Lord,  
Saieth the Lord God.

## SECOND ANTHEM.

All the fowls of the fens of heaven,  
That do make melody over us,  
On the night of our wedding seven,  
Thou hast scattered us right cover us;  
Thou hast broken our strings with a sword,  
O Lord our God,  
We know that thou art the Lord,  
O Lord our God.

## THIRD ANTHEM.

As the trees and wings of the wild  
Are scattered and shaken,  
I will scatter of them that have sinned,  
There shall none be taking;  
As a sower that scattereth seed,  
So will I scatter them;  
As one breaketh and shattereth a reed,  
I will break and shatter them.

## FOURTH ANTHEM.

As the wings and the locks of the wild  
Are scattered and shaken,  
Thou hast scattered all them that have  
sinned,  
There was no man taken,  
As a sower that scattereth seed,  
So hast thou scattered us;  
As one breaketh and shattereth a reed,  
Thou hast broken and shattereth us.

## FIFTH ANTHEM.

From all thy lovers that love thee  
I God will smite thee;  
I will make darkness above thee,  
And thick darkness under thee;  
Before me goeth a light,  
Behind me a sword;  
Shall a remnant find grace in my sight?  
I am the Lord.

## SIXTH ANTHEM.

From all our lovers that love us  
Thou god didst smite us;  
Thou madest darkness above us,  
And thick darkness under us;  
Thou hast filled thy wrath for a field,  
And made ready thy sword;

Let a remnant find grace in thy sight,  
We beseech thee, O Lord.

## SEVENTH ANTHEM.

Why shall we bring thee gold for a payment,  
Or incense on this wise?  
For the chattering of taborment,  
And the summer of eyes,  
For the panting of horses,  
And the wandering of trust,  
For the suds of thine high places,  
And delight of thy lust?

For your high things ye shall have lowly,  
For confutations for song;  
For, O Lord, I God am lowly,  
For, O Lord, I am strong;  
Why shall I seek me and shall not reach me,  
Till the wine-press be trod;  
In that hour ye shall turn and beseech me,  
Saieth the Lord God.

## EIGHTH ANTHEM.

Not with fine gold for a payment,  
But with corn of sighs,  
Not with rending of taborment,  
And with weeping of eyes,  
Not with shame of striken faces,  
And with strewing of dust,  
For the suds of secretly places,  
And lordship of lust;

With voices of men made lowly,  
Made empty of song,  
O Lord God most holy,  
O God most strong,  
We reach out hands to reach thee,  
Till the wine-press be trod;  
We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee,  
O Lord our God.

## NINTH ANTHEM.

In that hour thou shalt see to the night,  
Come down and cover us;  
To the cloud on thy left and thy right,  
Be thou spread over us;  
A snare shall be as thy mother,  
And a curse thy bride;  
Thou shalt put her away, and another  
shall lie by thy side.

Thou shalt neither rise up by day,  
Nor lie down by night.

Would I could wear dark! thou light! say:  
 Would I could see thy light!  
 And the sight of thine eyes shall be made  
 As the light of mine;  
 And thy soul shall be my soul  
 For thy soul's dear.

Ye shall your bodies be, I will,  
 But ye shall stand gold on you,  
 The heaven's hell.  
 Still surely take hold on you;  
 Your soul shall be for token,  
 Your gift for a rod;  
 With the breaking of it ye are broken,  
 Such the Lord God.

TENTH ANTI-PHONY.

In our sorrow we said to the night,  
 Fall down and cover us;  
 To the darkness of it I at right,  
 Be thou shed over us;  
 We had breaking of spirit to mother

And cursing to I ride;  
 And one was slain, and another  
 Stood up at our side.

We could not arise by day,  
 Nor lie down by night;  
 Thy sword was sharp in our way,  
 The world in our sight;  
 The light of our souls was made  
 As the light of mine,  
 And our souls became for my friend  
 For our soul's desire.

We were in the world loved well,  
 Laying silver and gold on us,  
 The kingdom of death and of hell  
 Brought up to take hold on us;  
 Our gold was turned to a token,  
 Our staff to a rod;  
 Yet shalt thou bind them up that were  
 Broken  
 O Lord our God.

A LAMENTATION.

Who hath known the ways of time  
 Or trodden behind his feet?  
 There is no such man among men,  
 For chance overcomes him, or crime  
 Changes; for all things sweet  
 In time wax bitter again.  
 Who shall give so row enough,  
 Or who the abundance of tears?  
 Mine eyes are heavy with love  
 And a sword gone through mine ears,  
 A sound like a sword and fire,  
 For pity, for great desire,  
 Who shall ensure me thereof,  
 Lest I die, being full of my fears?

Who hath known the ways and the wrath  
 The sleepless spirit the root  
 And blossom of evil will,

The divine device of a god?  
 Who shall behold it or hath?  
 The twice-tongued prophets are mute,  
 The many speakers are still;  
 No foot has travelled or trod,  
 No hand has meted, his path  
 Man's fate is a blood-red fruit,  
 And the mighty gods have their fill  
 And relax not the rein, or the rod.

Ye were mighty in heart from of old,  
 Ye grew with the spear, and are slain.  
 Keen after heat is the cold,  
 Softer after summer is rain,  
 And I melteth man to the bone,  
 As water he weareth away,  
 As a flower, as an hour in a day,  
 Fallen from laughter to moan,  
 But my spirit is shaken with fear  
 Lest an evil thing begin,

New-born, a spear for a spear,  
 And one for another's soul,  
 Or ever our tears be gone,  
 It was known from of old that I had;  
 One law for a living man,  
 And another law for the dead,  
 For these are fearful and sore,  
 Vain, and I know not what to do;  
 While he lives I have name and life,  
 For none hath joy of his death.

## II.

Who hath known the pain, the old pain of  
 earth,  
 Or all the travail of the sea,  
 The many ways and wave, the birth  
 Endless, the labor nothing worth?  
 Who hath known, who knoweth, O gods?  
 not we.

There is none shall see he hath seen,  
 There is none he hath known,  
 Though he saith, Lo, a lord have I been,  
 I have reaped I and sown;  
 I have seen the desire of mine eyes,  
 The beginning of love,  
 The season of kisses and sighs  
 And the end thereof;  
 I have known the ways of the sea,  
 All the perilous ways;  
 Strange winds have spoken with me,  
 And the tongue of strange days,  
 I have hewn the pine for ships;  
 Where steel is ran arow,  
 I have seen from their brilled lips  
 I have known as the snow,  
 With snapping of chariot poles,  
 And with straining of ours,  
 I have grazed in the field the goats,  
 In the storm the sheep;  
 As a grave is cleft with an arrow  
 At the joint of the knee,  
 I have cleft through the sea's straits narrow  
 To be heart of the sea;  
 Where air was smitten in sunder  
 I have warred on high  
 The ways of the stars and the thunder  
 In the night of the sky;  
 Where the dark brings forth light as a  
 flower,  
 As from lips that disserve;  
 One abeth the space of an hour,  
 One abeth the length of a year,  
 Lo, what hath he seen or known

Of the way and the wave  
 Unhollen, unsided-on, unsown,  
 From the breast to the grave?

Or ever the stars were made, or skies,  
 Grief was born, and the far less night,  
 Mother of gods without form or name,  
 And she has been out of heaven and down,  
 And one of us knows not another's light,  
 But night is one, and her shape the  
 same,  
 But dumb the goddesses under ground,  
 Wait, and we hear not on earth of their  
 feet,  
 Rise, and the night wax load with  
 their wings;  
 Dumb, without word or shadow of sound;  
 And sit in scales and winnow as wheat  
 Men's souls, and sorrow of manifold  
 things.

## III.

Nor less of grief than ours  
 The gods wrought long ago  
 To bruise men one by one;  
 But with the incessant hours  
 Fresh grief and greener woe  
 Spring, as the sudden sun  
 Year after year makes flowers;  
 And these die down and grow,  
 And the next year lacks none.

As the men sleep, have slept  
 The old heroes in time fled,  
 No dream-bynder sleep;  
 And her eyes have wept  
 Than ours, when on her dead  
 Gods have seen Thetis weep,  
 With heavenly hair far-swept  
 Back, heavenly hands outspread  
 Round what she could not keep.

Could not one day withhold,  
 One night; and like as these  
 White ashes of no weight,  
 He met his urn the cold  
 Ashes of Heracles!  
 For all things born one gate  
 Opens, no gate of gold,  
 Opens; and no man sees  
 Beyond the gods and fate.

ANIMA ANCEPS

TILL death have broken  
Sweet life's love-token,  
Till all be spoken  
That shall be said,  
What dost thou praying,  
O soul, and plying  
With song and saying,  
Things flown and fled  
For this we know not—  
That fresh springs flow not  
And fresh grief grows not  
When men are dead;  
When strange years cover  
Lover and lover,  
And joys are over  
And tears are shed.

If one day's sorrow  
Mar the day's morrow—  
If man's life borrow  
And man's death pay—  
If souls once taken,  
If lives once shaken,  
Arise, awaken,  
By night, by day—

Why with strong crying  
And years of sighing,  
Lying and dying,  
Fast ye and pray?  
For all your weeping,  
Waking and sleeping,  
Death comes to reaping  
And takes away.  
Though time rend after  
Roof-tree from rafter,  
A little laughter  
Is much more worth  
Than thus to measure  
The hour, the treasure,  
The pain, the pleasure,  
The death, the birth;  
Grief, when days alter,  
Like joy shall falter;  
Song-book and psalter,  
Mourning and mirth.  
Live like the swallow;  
Seek not to follow  
Where earth is hollow  
Under the earth.

IN THE ORCHARD.

(PROVENÇAL BURDEN.)

LEAVE go my hands, let me catch breath  
and see;  
Let the dew-fall drench either side of me;  
Clear apple-leaves are soft as that  
moon  
Seen sidelong like a blossom in the tree;  
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so  
soon.

The grass is thick and cool, it lets us  
lie,  
Kissed upon either cheek and either  
eye,  
I turn to thee as some green afternoon  
Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die;  
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so  
soon.







- A suckling of his breed you were,  
One harlot to wear;  
But God, who lost you, left you fair,  
We see, Faustine.
- You have the face that suits a woman  
For her soul's screen —  
The sort of beauty that's called human  
In hell, Faustine.
- You could do all things but be good  
Or chaste of mien;  
And that you would not if you could,  
We know, Faustine.
- Even he who cast seven devils out  
Of Magdalen  
Could hardly do as much, I doubt,  
For you, Faustine.
- Did Satan make you to spite God?  
Or did God mean  
To scourge with scorpions for a rod  
Our sins, Faustine?
- I know what queen at first you were,  
As though I had seen  
Red gold and black imperious hair  
Twice crown Faustine.
- As if you fed sarco-phagus  
Spired flesh and skin,  
You come back face to face with us,  
The same Faustine.
- She loved the games men played with death,  
Where death must win;  
As though the slain man's blood and breath  
Revived Faustine.
- Nets caught the pike, pikes tore the net;  
Lithe limbs and lean  
From drained-out pores dripped thick red  
sweat  
To soothe Faustine.
- She drank the steaming drift and dust  
Blown off the scene;  
Blood could not ease the bitter lust  
That galled Faustine.
- All round the foul fat furrews reeked,  
Where blood sank in;  
The circus splashed and scathed and shrieked  
All round Faustine.
- But these are gone now: years entomb  
The dust and din;  
Yet even the bath's fierce reek and fume  
That slew Faustine.
- Was life worth living then? and now  
Is life worth sin?  
Where are the imperial years? and how  
Are you, Faustine?
- Your soul forgot her joys, forgot  
Her times of teen;  
Yet, this lie likewise will you not  
Forget, Faustine?
- For in the time we know not of  
Did fate begin  
Weaving the web of days that wove  
Your doom, Faustine.
- The threads were wet with wine, and all  
Were smooth to spin;  
They wove you like a Bacchanal,  
The first Faustine.
- And Bacchus cast your mates and you  
Wild grapes to glean;  
Your throat wet like lips dashed with dew  
From his, Faustine.
- Your drenched loose hands were stretched  
to hold  
The vine's wet green,  
Long ere they cooled in Roman gold  
Your face, Faustine.
- Then after change of soaring feather  
And winnowing fan,  
You woke in weeks of feverish weather,  
A new Faustine.
- A star upon your birthday burned,  
Whose fierce serene  
Red pulseless planet never yearned  
In heaven, Faustine.
- Stay breaths of Sapphic song that flew  
Through Mitylene  
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you  
By night, Faustine.
- The shameless nameless loves that makes  
Hell's iron gin  
Shut on you like a trap that breaks  
The soul, Faustine.

And when your veins were void and dead,  
What ghosts unclean  
Swarmed round the straitened barren bed  
That hid Faustine?

What sterile growths of sexless root  
Or epicene?  
What flower of kisses without fruit  
Of love, Faustine?

What adders came to shed their coats?  
What coiled obscene  
Small serpents with soft stretching throats  
Carcassed Faustine?

But the time came of famished hours,  
Maimed loves and mean,  
This ghastly thin-faced time of ours,  
To spoil Faustine.

You seem a thing that hinges hold,  
A love-machine  
With clockwork joints of supple gold—  
No more, Faustine.

Not goddess, for you serve one God,  
The Lampsacene,  
Who mete the gardens with his rod :  
Your lord, Faustine.

If one should love you with real love  
(Such things have been,  
Things your fair face knows nothing of  
It seems, Faustine);

That clear hair heavily bound back,  
The lights wherein  
Shift from dead blue to burnt-up black  
Your throat, Faustine,

Strong, heavy, throwing out the face  
And hard bright chin  
And shameful scornful lips that grace  
Their shame, Faustine,

Curled lips, long since half kissed away,  
Still sweet and keen ;  
You'd give him—poison shall we say ?  
Or what, Faustine?

A CAMEO.

THERE was a graven image of Desire  
Painted with red blood on a ground  
of gold  
Passing between the young men and  
the old,  
And by him Pain, whose body shone like  
fire,  
And Pleasure with gaunt hands that grasped  
their hire,  
Of his left wrist, with fingers clenched  
and cold,  
The insatiable Satiety kept hold,

alking with feet unshod that pashed the  
mire,  
The senses and the arrows and the sins,  
And the strange loves that suck the  
breasts of Hate  
Till lips and teeth bite in their sharp  
indenture,  
Followed like beasts with flap of wings  
and fins, [grate,  
Death stood aloof behind a gaping  
Upon whose lock was written *Pera-  
venture.*

SONG BEFORE DEATH.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

1795

SWEET mother, in a minute's span  
Death parts thee and my love of thee  
Sweet love, that yet art living man,

Come back, true love, to comfort me.  
Back, ah, come back ! ah wellaway !  
But my love comes not any day.

As roses, when the warm West blows,  
Break to full flower and sweeten spring,  
My soul would break to a glorious rose  
In such wise at his whispering  
In vain I listen; wellaway!  
My love says nothing any day.

You that will weep for pity of Eve  
On the low place where I am lain,  
I pray you, having wept enough,  
Tell him for whom I bore such pain  
That he was yet, ah! wellaway!  
My true love to my dying day.

## ROCCO.

TAKE hand and part with laughter;  
Touch lips and part with tears;  
Once more and I no more after,  
Whatever comes with years.  
We twain shall not remeasure  
The ways that left us twain;  
Nor crush the lees of pleasure  
From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder,  
What will the maid go to do  
For hate with me, I wonder  
Or what for love with you?  
Forget them till November,  
And I dream there's April yet;  
Forget that I remember,  
And I dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,  
And kissed away his life;  
But what should we do weeping,  
Though light love sleep to death?  
We have drunk of his lips at leisure,  
Till there's no left to drain  
A single sob of pleasure,  
A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once restless  
Might quieten if they would;  
Say that the soul is deathless;  
Dream that the soul is dead;  
Say march may well September,  
And time divorce us yet;  
But not that you remember,  
And I not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places  
What love scarce lives and hears:  
We have seen on feivent faces  
The pallor of strange tears;  
We have had the wine vats treasure,  
When e, ripe to steam and stain,  
Foams round the feet of pleasure  
The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover  
And time bring back to time  
The name of your first lover,  
The name of my first rhyme;  
But rose leaves of December  
The frosts of June shall fret,  
The day that you remember,  
The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses  
In heaven we twain have known;  
The grief of cruel lisses,  
The joy whose mouth makes moan;  
The pulse, pause and measure,  
When in one furtive vein  
Throb, through the heart of pleasure  
The purpler blood of pain.

We have come with tears and treasons  
And love for treason's sake;  
Room for the swift new seasons,  
The years that burn and break,  
Dissemble and dismember  
Men's days and dreams, Juliette;  
For love may not remember,  
But time will not forget.

Life treads down love in flying,  
 Time withers him at root;  
 Bring all dead things and dying,  
 Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,  
 Where, crushed by three days' pressure  
 Our three days' love lies slain;  
 And earlier leaf of pleasure,  
 And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,  
 It may be flame will leap;  
 Unclose the soft close lashes,  
 Lift up the lids and weep,  
 Light love's extinguished ember,  
 Let one tear leave it wet  
 For one that you remember  
 And ten that you forget.

---

### STAGE LOVE.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| When the game began between them for<br>a jest,<br>He played king and she played queen to<br>match the best;<br>Laughter soft as tears, and tears that turned<br>to laughter,<br>These were things she sought for years and<br>sorrowed after. | Time was chorus, gave them cues to laugh<br>or cry;<br>They would kill, befool, amuse him, let<br>him die;<br>Set him webs to weave to-day and break<br>to-morrow,<br>Till he died for good in play, and rose in<br>sorrow.                         |
| Pleasure with dry lips, and pain that walks<br>by night;<br>All the sting and all the stain of long de-<br>light;<br>These were things she knew not of, that<br>knew not of her,<br>When she played at half a love with half a<br>lover.       | What the years mean; how times dies and<br>is not slain;<br>How love grows and laughs and cries and<br>wanes again;<br>These were things she came to know, and<br>take their measure,<br>When the play was played out so for one<br>man's pleasure. |

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### THE LEPER.

NOTHING is better, I well think,  
 Than love; the hidden well-water  
 Is not so del to drink;  
 This was of me and her.

I served her in a royal house;  
 I served her wine and curious meat  
 For will to kiss between her brows  
 I had no heart to sleep or eat.

Were scorn God knows she had of me;  
 A pious ribe, now, ere I could fly,  
 Who pluck'd this cheek, this hood, to look to see  
 Her count'ring lips and amorous cheek.

I vex my heart with thinking this,  
 Yet, though I could, I'd wish her none;  
 And I, that would not that I should  
 Her name be pluck'd out of my tongue.

How she then would have lov'd me,  
 Yet in England could not do,  
 If in the wilds of Scotland I were,  
 Where I can kiss her any day I please.

Nothing is better, I will know,  
 Than to love, to lead, or to be led;  
 Original desires, older shown,  
 That is well seen on her and me.

Three thoughts I make my pleasure of:  
 First, that she lov'd and think of this;  
 That knight's gold hair she chose to love,  
 His mouth she had such will to kiss.

Then I remember that smile when  
 I brought him by a privy way  
 Out at her lattice, and thereon  
 What gracious words she told me say.

(God wishes for such little feet —  
 Both feet could I lie into my hand,  
 A marvel was it of my sweet  
 Her right body could so stand.)

"Sweet friend, God give you thank, and  
 grace  
 Now am I clean and whole of shame,  
 Nor shall men burn me in the flame  
 For my sweet fault that scandal is thine."

I tell you over word by word,  
 She, sitting elbowwise on her bed,  
 Holding her feet, said thus: "The third,  
 A sweeter thing than these, I said,

God, that maketh time and ruins it,  
 And keeps not all that thing God,  
 Change I with disease her body sweet,  
 The body of love wherein she dwells,

Love is more sweet and comlier  
 Than a dove's throat strain'd out to sing;  
 All my strength out and our evil at her  
 And cast her forth for a base thing.

They curs'd her, seeing how God had  
 wrought

This curse to plague her, a curse of his.  
 Fools were they surely, seeing not  
 How sweeter than all sweet she is.

He that had held her by the hair,  
 With kissing lips blinding her eyes,  
 Let her bright bosom, strain'd and bare,  
 Sigh and r him, with short mad cries

Out of her throat and sobbing mouth  
 And body broken up with love,  
 With sweet hot tears his lips were loth  
 Her own should taste the savor of,

Yes, he inside whose grasp all night  
 Her fervent body kept or by,  
 Stained with sharp lasses red and white,  
 Found her a plague to spurn away.

I hid her in this wattled house,  
 I served her water and poor bread,  
 For joy to kiss between her brows  
 Time upon time I was nigh dead.

Bread failed; we got but well-water  
 And gathered grass, with dropping seed.  
 I had such joy of kissing her,  
 I had small care to sleep or feed.

Sometimes when service made me glad  
 The sharp tears I apt between my lids,  
 Falling on her, such joy I had  
 To do the service God forbids.

"I pray you let me be at peace,  
 Get hence, make room for me to die."  
 She said that; her poor lip would cease,  
 Put up to mine, and turn to cry.

I said, "Bethink yourself how love  
 Here I in us twain, what either did;  
 Shall I up to the my soul thereof?  
 That I should do this, God forbid."

Yes, though God hatech us, he knows  
 That hardly in a little thing  
 Love's faultch of the work it does  
 Till it grow ripe for gathering.

Six months, and now my sweet is dead  
 A trouble takes me; I know not  
 If it were done well, all well said,  
 No word or tender deed forgot.

Too sweet, for the least part in her,  
To have shed the ear by negligence yet,  
To ball the close in the catch but the  
    stir,  
I might see something I forget.

      
Six months, and I sit still a while,  
In two cold palms her gold ring hold,  
Her hair, half grey half in red gold,  
    Thrills me and banes me in a cold grip.

In slates and slits she cut through her eyes,  
Her hair are made out such her hair,  
Her wim-off eyelids madlening,  
    That were shot through with purple.

She said, "Be good with me; I go with  
    soured for shame's sake, I shall do  
    You say no him if even so,  
    And she is dead now and shame partly.

You, and the storm she had of me,  
In the old time, doubtless vexed her  
    then.

I never should have kissed her, — So,  
    Aunt fools God's an'et in his cement!

She might have kept her, — what she  
    Had I seen him for a while then.

But if it now she me could make live new  
    She saw me, yet her shame did make,

I took too much upon my love,  
    Having for such a man sworn alone  
    Her company in all the ways thereof,  
    Her love, — and all the sweet thereon.

You, all this while I tended her,  
    I know the old love held her, — I kept her,  
    I know the old love held her, — I kept her,  
    Mixed with sad wonder, in her heart.

It may be all my love went with  
    A girl's work with away and I found,  
    I would alter the blind ever, —  
    Spied music with no pearl's word.

But surely I would fain have done  
    All things the best I could, — Perchance  
    Because I failed, came out of on  
    She kept at heart that other man's.

I am grown blind with all these things,  
    But you be now she little in sight  
    I know the old knowledge, — still there clings  
    The old question, — Will not God do  
    right?

En ce temps luy estoit d'uns en pays, gaud, maître de loques et de moseaux, ce doct le roy, eut grand d'aplesie, ven que Dieu luy estoit mort grièvement couronné. Ors il avint que me noble damoisele appelée Ysabelle, ses cors estant autouste et toute guésie de ce vilain mal, tous ses amis et ses parens ayant devant leurs yeux et par de Dieu la finit, si li firent de leurs mains et en queques ne vouldent ne s'apporter ne confort et ne se valloir de Dieu et a tous les hommes par couché d'elle. Ceste d'ame ay osté en elle et grand de force, et de son corps elle estoit large et de vie laive. Poutant nul des amans qui luy vint souvenit, li avoient et li avoient tantostement ne vouldit plus héberger si li firent de l'ame et si l'ont d'elle pas hors. Un seul cheu qui fice poudement son lo mays et son cors entour en mal se d'ame li avoient chez luy et la récha dans une petite chambre. Li mays et son cors de grande misere et de rude mort, et après che de d'la helle, chose que pour grand amour luy avoient de d'la, et solgure, l'ave, la l'be et deshalille tous les jours de ses mains propres. Ne me d'la mays et me s'ant homme et m'ant li l'be remémorant de la grande beauté passée et guésie de ce femme se de l'ave et m'ant li l'be et l'ave sur sa bonbe orde et l'ave et la coller d'ant emont de ses mains amoureuses. Au sy en l'ave de ce meisme maladie d'la d'la. Ce meisme mal li avoient en l'ave. L'ave estoit le roy Philippe, ceste d'aveventure moult en estoit esmerveillé.

*Grandes Chroniques de France, 1566.*



## A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

- THE burden of a woman. A. In delight,  
And love set clean in some sweet chame-  
fal way,  
And sorrowful old age that comes by night  
As a thief comes that has no heart by  
day,  
And change that tinds fair cheeks and  
leaves them grey,  
And weariness that keeps awake for hire,  
And grief that says what pleasure used  
to say;  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of fough kisses. This is sore,  
A burden without fruit in childbearing;  
Between the nightfall and the dawn three-  
score,  
Three-score between the dawn and even-  
ing,  
The shuddering in thy lips, the shudder-  
ing  
In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,  
Makes love seem shameful and a  
wretched thing.  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel  
down,  
Cover thy head, and weep; for verily  
These market-men that buy thy white and  
brown  
In the last days shall take no thought  
for thee,  
In the last days like earth thy face shall  
be,  
Yea, like a man made thick with laine  
and muck,  
Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of bag living. Thou shalt  
fear  
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy  
bed;  
And say it night: "Would God the day  
were here!"  
And say it day: "Would God the day  
were over!"
- With weary days thou shalt be clothed  
and fed,  
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,  
Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon thine  
head;  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of faight colors. Thou shalt  
see  
Gold tarnished, and the grey above the  
green;  
And as the thing thou see at thy face shall be,  
And no more as the thing beforetime  
seen,  
And thou shalt say of mercy "It hath  
been,"  
And living, watch the old lips and loves  
expire,  
And talking, tears shall take thy breath  
between.  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of sad sayings. In that day  
Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours,  
and tell  
Thy times and ways and words of love, and  
sorrow  
How one was dear and one desirable,  
And sweet was life to hear and sweet to  
smell,  
But now with lights reverse the old hours  
reverse  
And the last hour is shod with fire from  
hell.  
This is the end of every man's desire.
- The burden of four seasons. Rain in  
spring,  
White rain and wind among the tender  
trees;  
A summer of green sorrows gathering,  
Dark autumn in a mist of miseries,  
With sad face set towards the year, that  
goes  
The charred ash chop out of the dropping  
page,  
And winter wan with many maladies;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces, Out of sight  
 And out of love, beyond the reach of  
 hands,  
 Changed in the changing of the dark and  
 light,  
 They walk and weep about the barren  
 lands  
 Where no seed is nor any garner stands,  
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days  
 pass o'er,  
 And time's stained glass lets through the  
 signing sun;  
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness, Life and  
 love,  
 Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight;  
 And underneath the heavy hour strews dust;

And overhead strange weathers burn and  
 bite;  
 And where the red was, lo the bloodless  
 white,  
 And where truth was, the likeness of a  
 liar,  
 And where day was, the likeness of the  
 night;  
 This is the end of every man's desire.

UNVOY.

Things, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,  
 Heed well this rhyme before your plea-  
 sure tinneth;  
 For life is sweet, but after life is death,  
 This is the end of every man's desire.

RONDEL.

KISSING her hair I sat against her feet,  
 Wove and unwove it, wound and found it  
 sweet  
 Made fast therewith her languid, drew down  
 her eyes,  
 Deep as deep flowers and I drew my like dim  
 skies;  
 With her own tresses bound and found I her  
 fair,  
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,  
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;  
 What pain could get between my face and  
 hers?  
 What new sweet thing would love not relish  
 worse?  
 Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed  
 me there,  
 Kissing her hair?

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

(VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE.)

INSCRIBED TO J. A. WHISTLER.

WHITE rose in red rose-garden  
 Is not so white;  
 Snowdrops that plead for pardon

And pine for fright  
 Because the hard East blows  
 Over their maiden rows  
 Grow not as this face grows from pale to  
 bright.

Behind the veil, fo'ld o'er  
 Shut up in a night,  
 Love, is there, or no, w'ildly,  
 Is there aught lit?  
 Is thy dower of grief,  
 White as that of weary life,  
 Late is it whose he red me, whose loves  
 are light?

Soft snows that hand winds laden  
 Tuller in the tone  
 I'll fill the flower's garden  
 Whose flower took flight  
 Long since when summer ceased,  
 And men rose up from their  
 And willow weep now cast, and  
 wail a day night.

## II.

"Come now, come wind or thunder  
 High up near,  
 I watch my heart, and wonder  
 At my bright hair;  
 Nought else exalts or grieves  
 The rose at heart, that loves  
 With love of her own leaves and lips that  
 pair.

"She knows not loves that kiss'd her  
 She knows not where,  
 Art thou the ghost, my sister,  
 White sister there,  
 Art thou the ghost, who knows?  
 My hand, a fallen rose,  
 Lies snow-white on white snows, and  
 takes no care.

"I cannot see what pleasures  
 Or what pains were;  
 What pile of loves and treasures  
 New years will bear;  
 What beam will fall, what shower,  
 What grief or joy for dower;  
 But one thing knows the flower; the  
 flower is fair."

## III.

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,  
 Since joys go by;  
 Sad, but not bent with sadness,  
 Since sorrows die;  
 Deep in the gleaming glass  
 She sees all past things pass,  
 And all sweet life that was lie down and  
 lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers  
 Draw down, draw nigh;  
 And wings of swift spent hours  
 Take flight and fly;  
 She sees by formless gleams,  
 She hears across cold streams,  
 Dead mouths of many dreams that sing  
 and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,  
 With sleepless eye  
 She sees old loves that drifted,  
 She knew not why  
 Old loves and faded tears  
 Float down a stream that hears  
 The flowing of all men's tears beneath  
 the sky.

## EROTION.

SWEET for a little even to fear, and sweet,  
 O I will be thy victim at love's fair feet;  
 Shall not I see thy honey of his breath  
 Lie sweet on lips that touch the lips of  
 death?  
 Yet leave me not; yet, if thou wilt, be free;  
 Love me, or I will love my love of thee,  
 Love where thou wilt, and live thy life;  
 And I,  
 One thing I can, and one love cannot die.

Pass from me; yet thine arms, thine eyes,  
 thine hair,  
 Feed my desire and deaden my despair.  
 Yet once more ere time change us, ere my  
 cheek  
 Whiten, ere hope be dumb or sorrow speak  
 Yet once more ere thou hate me, one full  
 kiss;  
 Keep other hours for others, save me to;  
 Yea, and I will not (if it please thee) weep

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Lest thou be sad; I will but sigh, and sleep,<br/>Sweet, does death hurt? thou canst not do<br/>me wrong;<br/>I shall not lack thee, as I loved thee, long,<br/>Hast thou not given me above all that live<br/>Joy, and a little sorrow shalt not give?<br/>What even though fairer fingers of strange<br/>girls<br/>Pass nestling through thy beautiful boy's<br/>curls<br/>As mine did, or those curled lithe lips of<br/>thine<br/>Meet theirs as these, all theirs come after<br/>mine;<br/>And though I were not, though I be not,<br/>best,<br/>I have loved and love thee more than all<br/>the rest.<br/>O love, O lover, loose or hold me fast,<br/>I had thee first, whoever have thee last;</p> | <p>Fairer or not, what need I know, what care?<br/>To thy fair bud my blossom once seemed<br/>fair.<br/>Why am I fair at all before thee, why<br/>At all desired? seeing thou art fair, not I.<br/>I shall be glad of thee, O fairest head,<br/>Alive, alone, without thee, with thee, dead;<br/>I shall remember while the light lives yet.<br/>And in the night-time I shall not forget.<br/>Though (as thou wilt) thou leave me ere<br/>life leave,<br/>I will not, for thy love I will not, grieve;<br/>Not as they use who love not more than I,<br/>Who love not as I love thee though I die;<br/>And though thy lips, once mine, be oftener<br/>prest<br/>To many another brow and balmier breast,<br/>And sweeter arms, or sweeter to thy mind,<br/>Lull thee or lure, more fond thou wilt not<br/>find.</p> |
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IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>BACK to the flower-town, side by side,<br/>The bright months bring,<br/>New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,<br/>Freedom and spring.</p> <p>The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,<br/>Filled full of sun;<br/>All things come back to her, being free;<br/>All things but one.</p> <p>In many a tender wheaten plot<br/>Flowers that were dead<br/>Live, and old suns revive; but not<br/>That holier head.</p> <p>By this white wandering waste of sea,<br/>Far north, I hear<br/>One face shall never turn to me<br/>As once this year:</p> | <p>Shall never smile and turn and rest<br/>On mine as there,<br/>Nor one most sacred hand be prest<br/>Upon my hair.</p> <p>I came as one whose thoughts half linger,<br/>Half run before;<br/>The youngest to the oldest singer<br/>That England bore.</p> <p>I found him whom I shall not find<br/>Till all grief end,<br/>In holiest age our mightiest mind,<br/>Father and friend.</p> <p>But thou, if anything endure,<br/>If hope there be,<br/>O spirit that man's life left pure,<br/>Man's death set free,</p> |
|--|---|

Not with disdain of days that were  
 Look southward now;  
 Let dreams revive the reverend hair,  
 The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life  
 Where thou art not  
 We find none like thee, Time and strife  
 And the world's lot.

Move thee no more; but love at least  
 And reverent heart

May move thee, royal and released,  
 Soul, as thou art.

And thou, His Florence, to thy trust  
 Receive and keep,  
 Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
 His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,  
 Mix with thy name  
 As morning-star with evening-star  
 His faultless fame.

### A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER, 1852.

PUSH hard across the sand,  
 For the salt wind gathers breath;  
 Shoulder and wrist and hand,  
 Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,  
 The foam-heads loosen and flee;  
 It swells and welters and swings,  
 The pulse of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff  
 The long corn flickers and shakes;  
 Push, for the wind holds stiff,  
 And the gawale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,  
 The quiver and beat of the sea!  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there,  
 On with her over the sand,  
 Let the kings keep the earth for their share!  
 We have done with the shavers of land.

They have tied the world in a tether,  
 They have bought over God with a fee;  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,  
 The thief's mouth red from the feast,  
 The blood on the lips of the king,  
 And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,  
 Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!  
 The old red shall be floated again  
 When the rank that are thin shall be  
 thinned,  
 When the names that were twenty are  
 ten;

When the devil's riddle is mastered  
 And the galley-oench creaks with a  
 Pope,  
 We shall see Buonaparte the bastard  
 Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

While the shepherd sets wolves on his  
 sheep  
 And the emperor halters his kine,  
 While Shame is a watchman asleep  
 And Faith is a keeper of swine.

In the wind shall our flag like a tooth,  
 Take the places of the foam of the world;  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to bear,  
 From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;

Loth, with the rain in our hair  
 And the salt sweet foam in our lips;

In the teeth of the hard glad weather,  
 In the blown wet face of the sea;  
 While three men hold together,  
 The kingdoms are less by three.

### A SONG IN TIME OF REVOLUTION. 1860.

THE heart of the rulers is sick, and the  
 high-priest covers his head:  
 For this is the song of the quick that is  
 heard in the ears of the dead.

The poor and the halt and the blind are  
 keen and mighty and fleet:  
 Like the noise of the blowing of wind is  
 the sound of the noise of their feet.

The wind has the sound of a laugh in the  
 clamor of days and of deed:  
 The priests are scattered like chaff, and  
 the rulers broken like reeds.

The high-priest sick from qualms, with his  
 raiment bloodily dashed;  
 The thief with branded palms, and the liar  
 with cheeks abashed.

They are smitten, they tremble greatly, they  
 are pained for their pleasant things:  
 For the house of the priests made stately,  
 and the might in the mouth of the  
 kings.

They are grieved and greatly afraid; they  
 are taken, they shall not flee:  
 For the heart of the nations is made as the  
 strength of the springs of the sea.

They were fair in the grace of gold, they  
 walked with delicate feet:

They were clothed with the cunning of old,  
 and the smell of their garments was  
 sweet.

For the breaking of gold in their hair they  
 halt as a man made lame:  
 They are utterly naked and bare; their  
 mouths are bitter with shame.

Wilt thou judge thy people now, O king  
 that wast found most wise?  
 Wilt thou lie any more, O thou whose  
 mouth is emptied of lies?

Shall God make a pact with thee, till his  
 hook be found in thy sides?  
 Wilt thou put back the time of the sea, or  
 the place of the season of tides?

Set a word in thy lips, to stand before God  
 with a word in thy mouth:  
 That "the rain shall return in the land,  
 and the tender dew after death."

But the arm of the elders is broken, their  
 strength is unbound and undone:  
 They wait for a sign of a token; they cry,  
 and here cometh none.

Their moan is in every place, the cry of  
 them filleth the land:  
 There is shame in the sight of their face,  
 there is fear in the thews of their hand.

They are girdled about the reins with  
 curse for the girdle thereon:  
 For the noise of the rending of chain the  
 face of their color is gone.

They were all of a living of it they  
 They were all of a living of it they  
 They were all of a living of it they

There is no one of them all that is whole;  
 their lips are open for the while;  
 They are all of a living of it they  
 and the shape of the living of death.

The wind is all in their feet; it is all  
 of the shaking of north;  
 one shaketh the sides of a sheet, so it  
 shaketh the ends of the cart.

The sword, the sword is made green; the  
 iron has opened its mouth;  
 The corn is red that was green; it is bound  
 for the sheaves of the south.

The sound of a word was shed, the sound  
 of the wind as a breath

In the ears of the souls that were dead, in  
 the dust of the deepness of death;

Where the face of the moon is taken, the  
 ways of the stars undone,  
 The light of the whole sky shaken, the  
 light of the face of the sun;

Where the waters are emptied and broken,  
 the waves of the waves are stayed;  
 Where God has bound for a to en the  
 darkness that maketh afraid;

Where the sword was covered and hidden,  
 and dust had grown in its side,  
 A word came forth which was bidden, the  
 crying of one that cued;

The sides of the two edged sword shall be  
 bare, and its mouth shall be red,  
 For the breath of the face of the Lord that  
 is felt in the bones of the dead.

### 15. VICTOR HUGO.

IN the fair days when good  
 By man as godlike trod  
 And each alike was Greek, alike was free  
 God's lightning spared, they said,  
 Alone the happier head  
 Whose laurels screened it; fruitless grace  
 for thee,  
 To whom the high gods gave of right  
 Their thunders and their laurels and their  
 light.

Sunbeams and bays before  
 Our master's servants wore,  
 For these Appoll's left in all men's lands  
 But far from these ere now  
 And watched with jealous brow  
 Lay the blind lightnings shut between  
 God's hands,  
 And only loosed on slaves and kings  
 The terror of the tempest of their wings.

Born in those younger years  
 That shone with storms of spears  
 And shook in the wind blown from a dead  
 world's pyre,  
 When by her back-blown hair  
 Napoleon caught the fair  
 And fierce Republic with her feet of fire  
 And stayed with iron words and hands,  
 Her flight, and freedom in a thousand lands;

Thou sawest the tides of things  
 Close over heads of kings,  
 And thine hand felt the thunder and to  
 thee  
 Laurels and lightnings were  
 As sunbeams and soft air  
 Mixed each in other, or as mist with sea  
 Mixed, or as memory with desire,  
 Or the lute's pulses with the louder lyre.

For thee man's spirit and  
 And hear the heart of the most secret houses;  
 And to thee hail no more tame  
 Than birds in winter come  
 High hopes and unknown things for us of  
 power,  
 And from thy table and sang  
 Till with the tune men's ears took fire and  
 rang.

Even all men's eyes and ears  
 With fiery sound and tears  
 Waved hot, and cheeks caught flame and  
 eyelids light,  
 At those high songs of thine  
 That stung the sense like w  
 Or fell more soft than dew or snow by  
 night,  
 Or wailed as in some flooded cave  
 Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

But we, our master, we  
 Whose hearts, uplift to thee,  
 Ache with the pulse of thy remembered  
 song,

We ask not, nor await  
 From the clenched hands of fate,  
 As thou, remission of the world's old  
 wrong;

Respite we ask not, nor release;  
 Freedom a man may have, he shall not  
 peace.

Though thy most fiery hope  
 Stands heaven, to set wide open  
 The all-right-for gate whence God or  
 Chance debar

All feet of men, all eyes  
 The old night resumes her skies,  
 Her hollow hiding-place of clouds and  
 stars,

Where nought save these is sure in  
 sight  
 And, paven with death, our days are  
 roofed with night.

One thing we can; to be  
 Awhile, as men may, free;  
 But not by hope or pleasure the most stern  
 Goddess, most awful-eyed,  
 Sits, but on either side  
 Sits sorrow and the wrath of hearts that  
 burn,  
 Sad faith, that cannot hope or fear,

And memory grey with many a flowerless  
 year.

Not that in stranger's wise  
 I lift not loving eyes  
 To the fair foster-mother France, that  
 Beyond the pale fleet foam  
 Help to my sires and home,  
 Whose great sweet breast could shelter  
 those and save  
 Whom from her nursing breasts and  
 hands  
 Their land cast forth of old on gentler  
 lands.

Not without thoughts that ache  
 For theirs and for thy sake,  
 I, born of exiles, hail thy banished head  
 I whose young song took flight  
 Toward the great heat and light  
 On me a child from thy fur splendour shed,  
 From thine high place of soul and  
 song,  
 Which, fallen on eye yet feeble, made  
 them strong.

Ah, not with lessening love,  
 For memories born hereof,  
 I look to that sweet mother-land, and see  
 The old fields and fair full streams,  
 And skies, but fled like dreams  
 The feet of freedom and the thought of  
 thee;  
 And all between the skies and graves  
 The mirth of mothers and the shame of  
 slaves.

And with noisome air,  
 And still so fair,  
 "Where shall there be freedom," and  
 there was  
 France; and as a lance  
 The fiery eyes of France  
 Touched the world's sleep and as a sleep  
 made pass  
 Forth of men's heavier eyes and eyes  
 Smitten with fire and thunder from new  
 skies

Are they men's friends indeed  
 Who watch them weep and bleed?  
 Because thou hast loved us, shall the gods  
 love thee?  
 Thou first of men and friend,  
 Seest thou, even thou, the end?



Thou knowest what hath been, knowest  
 thou what shall be?  
 Evils may pass and hopes endure;  
 But fade is dim, and all the gods obscure.

O nursed in air's apart,  
 O poet highest of heart,  
 Hast thou seen time, who hast seen so  
 many things?  
 Are not the years more wise,  
 More sad than keenest eyes,  
 The years with soulless feet and sounding  
 wings?  
 Passing we hear them not, but past  
 The clamor of them thrills us, and their  
 blast.

Thou art chief of us, and lord;  
 Thy song is as a sword  
 Keen-edged and scented in the blade from  
 flowers;  
 Thou art lord and king but we  
 Lift younger eyes; and see  
 Less of high hope, less light on wandering  
 hours;  
 Hours that have borne men down so  
 long,  
 Seen the right fail, and watched uplift the  
 wrong.

But thine imperial soul  
 As years and ruins roll  
 To the same end, and all things and all  
 dreams  
 With the same wreck and roar  
 Drift on the dim same shore,  
 Still in the bitter foam and brackish  
 streams  
 Tracks the fresh water-spring to be  
 And sudden sweeter fountains in the sea.

As once the high God bound  
 With many a rivet round  
 Man's saviour, and with iron nailed him  
 through,

At the wild end of things,  
 Where even his own bird's wings  
 Flagged whence the sea shone like a drop  
 of dew,

From Caucasus beheld below  
 Past fathoms of unfathomable snow;

So the strong God, the chance  
 Central of circumstance,  
 Still shows him exile who will not be slave;

All thy great fame and thee  
 Girt by the dim strait sea  
 With multitudinous walls of wandering  
 wave;

Shows us our greatest from his throne  
 Fate-stricken, and rejected of his own.

Yea, he is strong, thou say'st,  
 A mystery many-faced,  
 The wild beasts know him and the wild  
 birds flee;  
 The blind night sees him, death  
 Shrinks beaten at his breath,  
 And his right hand is heavy on the sea:  
 We know he hath made us, and is  
 king;  
 We know not if he care for anything.

Thus much, no more, we know;  
 He bade what is be so,  
 Bade light be and bade night be, one by  
 one;  
 Bade hope and fear, bade ill  
 And good redeem and kill,  
 Till all men be weary of the sun  
 And this world turn in its own flame  
 And bear no witness longer of his name.

Yet though all this be thus,  
 Be those men praised of us  
 Who have loved and wrought and sorrowed  
 and not sinned  
 For fame or fear or gold,  
 Nor waxed for winter cold,  
 Nor changed for changes of the world's  
 wind;

Praised above men of men be these.  
 Till this one world and work we know  
 shall cease.

Yea, one thing more than this,  
 We know that one thing is,  
 The splendor of a spirit without blame  
 That not the laboring years  
 Bind-born, nor any fears,  
 Nor men nor any gods can tire or tame;  
 But purer power with fiery breath  
 Fills, and exalts above the gulfs of death.

Praised above men be thou,  
 Whose laurel-laden brow,  
 Made for the morning, droops not in the  
 night;  
 Praised and beloved, that none  
 Of all thy great things done

Flies higher than thy most equal spirits flight; | Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the  
Praised, that nor doubt nor hope could | end.  
bend

## BEFORE DAWN.

SWEET life, if life were stronger,  
Earth clear of yeas that wrong her,  
Then two things might live longer  
Two sweeter things than they;  
Delight, the rootless flower,  
And love, the bloodless bower;  
Delight that lives an hour,  
And love that lives a day.

From evensong to daytime,  
When April melts in Maytime,  
Love lengthens out his playtime,  
Love lessens breath by breath,  
And kiss by kiss grows older  
On listless throat or shoulder  
Turned sidewise now, turned colder  
Than life that dreams of death.

This one thing once worth giving  
Life gave, and secured worth living;  
Sin sweet beyond forgiving  
And brief beyond regret:  
To laugh and love together  
And weave with foam and feather  
And wand and words the tether  
Our memories play with yet.

Ah, one thing worth beginning,  
One thread in life worth spinning,  
Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning  
With all the whole soul's will;  
To lull you till one stilled you,  
To kiss you till one killed you,  
To feed you till one filled you,  
Sweet lips, if love could fill;

To hurt sweet Love and lose him  
Between white arms and bosom,  
Between the bud and blossom,  
Between your throat and chin;

To say of shame—what is it?  
Of virtue—we can miss it,  
Of sin—we can but kiss it,  
And it's no longer sin:

To feel the strong soul, stricken  
Through fleshly pulses, quicken  
Beneath swift sighs that thicken,  
Soft hands and lips that smite;  
Lips that no love can tire,  
With hands that sting like fire,  
Weaving the web Desire  
To snare the bird Delight.

But love so lightly plighted,  
Our love with torch unlighted,  
Paused near us unafrighted,  
Who found and left him free;  
None, seeing us cloven in sunder,  
Will weep or laugh or wonder;  
Light love stands clear of thunder,  
And safe from winds at sea.

As, when late larks give warning,  
Of dying lights and dawning,  
Night murmurs to the morning,  
"Lie still, O love, lie still,"  
And half her dark limbs cover  
The white limbs of her lover,  
With amorous plumes that hover  
And fervent lips that chill;

As scornful day represses  
Night's void and vain caresses,  
And from her cloudier tresses  
Unwinds the gold of his,  
With limbs from limbs dividing  
And breath by breath subsiding;  
For love has no abiding,  
But dies before the kiss.

So hath it been, so be it;  
For who shall live and flee it?  
But look that no man see it  
Or hear it unaware;

Lest all who love and choose him  
See Love, and so refuse him;  
For all who find him lose him,  
But all have found him fair.

## DOLORES.

(NOTRE-DAME DES SEPT DOULEURS.)

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel  
 Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour:  
 The heavy white limbs, and the cruel  
 Red mouth like a venomous flower;  
 When these are gone by with their glories,  
 What shall rest of thee then, what remain,  
 O mystic and sombre Dolores  
 Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;  
 But thy sins, which are seventy times  
 seven,  
 Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,  
 And then they would haunt thee in  
 heaven:  
 Fierce midnight and famishing sorrow,  
 And the loves that complete and control  
 All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows  
 That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded  
 O garden where all men may dwell,  
 O tower not of ivory, but huddled  
 By hands that reach heaven from hell;  
 O mystic rose of the mare,  
 O house not of gold but of gum,  
 O house of unquenchable fire,  
 Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,  
 Curled snakes that are fed from thy kisses,  
 Bite hard, lest remembrance come for  
 And press with new lips where you  
 pressed.  
 For my heart too springs up at the pressure,

Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;  
 Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,  
 Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,  
 Out of sight though they lie of to-day,  
 There have been and there yet shall be sor-  
 rows,  
 That smite not and bite not in play.  
 The life and the love thou despisest,  
 These hurt us indeed, and in vain,  
 O wise among women, and wisest,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories  
 That stung thee, what visions that smote?  
 Went thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,  
 When desire took thee first by the throat?  
 What bud was the shell of a blossom  
 That all men may smell to and pluck?  
 What milk fed thee first at what bosom?  
 What sins gave thee suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,  
 Thou art noble and nude and antique;  
 Libatina thy mother, Priapus  
 Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.  
 We play with light loves in the portal,  
 And wine and idleness and refrain;  
 Loves die, and we know thee immortal,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits feed and love dies and time ranges;  
 Thou art fed with perpetual breath,  
 And alive after infinite changes.

And fresh from the kisses of death ;  
Of languors rekindled and rallied,  
Of barren delights and unclean,  
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid  
And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I  
hurt you ?

Men touch them, and change in a trice  
The lilies and languors of virtue  
For the raptures and roses of vice ;  
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,  
These crown and caress thee and chain,  
O splendid and sterile Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,  
There are deeds it may be to delight.  
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover ?  
What new passions for daytime or night ?  
What spells that they know not a word of  
Whose lives are as leaves overblown ?  
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,  
Unwritten, unknown ?

Ah beautiful passionate body  
That never has ached with a heart !  
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,  
Though they sting till it shudder and  
smart,  
More kind than the love we adore is,  
They hurt not the heart or the brain,  
O bitter and tender Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,  
From the lips and the foam and the fangs  
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,  
No dream of impossible pangs ?  
With the sweet of the sins of old ages  
Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore ?  
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,  
Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,  
And bared all thy beauties to one ?  
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,  
If the worst that can be has been done ?  
But sweet as the rind was the core is ;  
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,  
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion,  
By the thirst of unbearable things,  
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,

By the pleasure that winces and stings,  
The delight that consumes the desire,  
The desire that outruns the delight,  
By the cruelty deaf as a fire  
And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten  
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,  
By the lips intertwined and bitten  
Till the foam has a savor of blood,  
By the pulse as it rises and falters,  
By the hands as they slacken and strain,  
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdaining  
The light fire in the veins of a boy ?  
But he comes to thee sad, without feigning,  
Who has wearied of sorrow and joy ;  
Less careful of labor and glory  
Than the elders whose hair has uncurled ;  
And young, but with fancies as hoary  
And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal  
To the shrine where a sin is a prayer ;  
What care though the service be mortal ?  
O our lady of Torture, what care ?  
All thine the last wine that I pour is,  
The last in the chalice we drain,  
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,  
The fruit of four lips as they cling  
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,  
The foam of a serpentine tongue,  
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,  
More salt than the foam of the sea,  
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure  
As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,  
Marked cross from the womb and per-  
verse !  
They have found out the secret to cozen  
The gods that constrain us and curse ;  
They alone, they are wise, and none other ;  
Give me place, even me, in their train,  
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,  
Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes  
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust ;  
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,

And love is more cruel than lust,  
Time turns the old days to derision,  
Our loves into corpses or wives;  
And marriage and death and division  
Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee  
And satiate with comfortless hours;  
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,  
And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;  
The passion that slays and recovers,  
The pangs and the kisses that rain  
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,  
Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces  
Is more than the wisdom of years,  
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,  
Though the foliage be sodden with tears.  
For the lords in whose keeping the door is  
That opens on all who draw breath  
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,  
The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the  
measure,

And they mixed and made peace after  
strife;

Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;  
Death tingled with blood, and was life.

Like lovers they melted and tingled,  
In the dusk of thine innermost fame;  
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,

Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,  
In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,  
To a tune that entralls and entices,  
They were wed, and the train were as  
one.

For the tune from thine altar hath sounded  
Since God bade the world's work begin,  
And the fume of thine incense abounded,  
To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,  
Through his curls as the crown on them  
slips,

Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,  
And laughs with insatiable lips.

Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,  
With music that scares the profane;  
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he  
wrestle,

Thou shalt chain his light limbs though  
he strive;

In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,  
In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.  
In the daytime thy voice shall go through  
him,

In his dreams he shall feel thee and ache;  
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him  
Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses  
With juice not of fruit nor of bud;  
When the sense in the spirit reposes,  
Thou shalt quicken the soul through the  
blood.

Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,  
Who would live and not languish or feign,  
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,  
In a lull of the tides of thy life,

Of the days without name, without number,  
When thy will sting the world into strife,

When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion  
Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;  
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,  
Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter,  
When the city lay red from thy rods,

And thine hands were as arrows to scatter  
The children of change and their gods;

When the blood of thy foemen made terven'  
A sand never moist from the main,  
As one smote them, their lord and thy  
servant,

Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,  
Nor wet from the washing of tides:

Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,  
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;

But red from the print of thy paces,  
Made smooth for the world and its lords,

Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,  
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,  
Drew bitter and perilous breath;

There torments laid hold on the treasure  
Of limbs too delicious for death;

When thy gardens were lit with live torches,

When the world was a steel for thy rein;  
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,  
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,  
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,  
The implacable beautiful tyrant,  
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;  
And a sound as the sound of loud water  
Smote far through the light of the fires,  
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter  
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more  
is,  
The old kingdoms of earth and the  
kings?

Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,  
For these, in a world of new things?  
Eat thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,  
No hunger compel to complain  
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,  
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was  
lighter,  
Through thy garments the grace of thee  
glows,

The white wealth of thy body made whiter  
By the blushes of amorous blows,  
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fin-  
gers,  
And branded by kisses that bruise;  
When all shall be gone that now lingers,  
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,  
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,  
And move to the music of passion  
With little and lascivious regret,  
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you  
For creeds that refuse and restrain?  
Come down and redeem us from virtue,  
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless;  
But the flame has not fallen from this,  
Though obscure be the god, and though  
nameless  
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;  
Low fires that love sits by and forges  
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;  
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies  
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and color,  
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.  
Let it brighten and bleat and grow duller,  
We know it, the flames and the flakes,  
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,  
Round skies where a star is a stain,  
And the leaves with thy litanies written,  
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,  
There are none such as knew it of old.  
Was it Alciphron once or Anisbe,  
Male ringlets or feminine gold  
That thy lips met with under the statue,  
Whence a look shot out sharp after  
thieves  
From the eyes of the garden god at you  
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons, and mois-  
ter,  
One god had a wreath to his shrine;  
The love was the pearl of his oyster,\*  
And Venus rose red out of wine.  
We have all done amiss, choosing rather  
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;  
Intercede for us thou with thy father,  
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,  
Red corn in the heat of the year,  
Then hoary green olives that harden  
When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;  
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus  
And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;  
And ye said, "We have seen, he hath seen  
us,  
A visible God."

What broke off the garlands that girt you?  
What sundered you spirit and clay?  
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue  
To the strength of the sins of that day.  
For dried is the blood of thy lover,  
Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;  
Cry aloud, "Will he rise and recover,  
Our Lady of Pain?"

Cry aloud; for the old world is broken:  
Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,  
And rears not the bountiful token  
And spreads not the fatherly feast.

\* "Nam te precipue in suis urbibus colit ora  
Hellasponia, caeteris ostreosior oris."  
CATULLI, *Carm.* xviii

From the midmost of Ida, from shady  
 recesses that murmur at noon,  
 They have brought and baptized her, Our  
 Lady,  
 A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,  
 And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;  
 Old poets censing and outlove us,  
 And Carullus makes mouths at our speech.  
 Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,  
 With such lips as he sang with, again?  
 Intercede for us all of thy pity,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Car of Dindymus heavily laden  
 Her lions draw bound and unfed  
 A woman, a mortal, a maiden,  
 A queen over death and the dead.  
 She is cold, and her habit is lowly,  
 Her temple of branches and sods;  
 Most fruitful and virginal, holy,  
 A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with the time high places,  
 She hath hidden and marred and made  
 sad  
 The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces  
 Of gods that were goodly and glad,  
 She slays, and her hands are not bloody;  
 She moves as a moon in the wane,  
 White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,  
 The gods and the priests that are pure.  
 They shall pass, and shalt thou not be  
 shal'en?  
 They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?  
 Death laughs, breathing close and relentless  
 In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,  
 With a pinch in his fingers of scentless  
 And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses,  
 Thou shalt change and transmute as a  
 god,  
 As the roe to a serpent that hisses,  
 As the serpent again to a roe.  
 Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;  
 Thou shalt live until evil be slain.  
 And good shall die last, said thy prophet,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,  
 Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,  
 Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,  
 Sm's child by incestuous Death?  
 Did he find out in fire at his waking,  
 Or discern as his eyelids lost light,  
 When the bands of the body were breaking  
 And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,  
 Or the tyrannous secrets of time?  
 Though we march not the dead men that  
 bore us  
 At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—  
 Though the heathen outface and outlive us,  
 And our lives and our longings are twain—  
 Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,  
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee  
 With spices and savors of song?  
 What is time, that his children should face  
 thee?  
 What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?  
 I could hurt thee—but pain would delight  
 thee;  
 Or caress thee—but love would repel;  
 And the lovers whose lips would excite thee  
 Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,  
 Thy lovers, when temple were built  
 And the hair of the sacrifice braided  
 And the blood of the sacrifice spilt,  
 In Lampsacus fervent with faces,  
 In Aphaca red from thy reign,  
 Who embraced thee with awful embraces,  
 Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,  
 Astarte or Ashtarooh, where?  
 Do their hands as we touch come between  
 us?  
 Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?  
 From their lips have thy lips taken fever,  
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?  
 Hast thou left upon earth a believer  
 If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,  
 Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,  
 Thy lovers, in haunts unbeholden,  
 In marvellous chambers of thine.  
 They are fled, and their footprints escape  
 us,

Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,  
O daughter of Death and Priapus,  
Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,  
To praise thee with timorous breath,  
O mistress and mother of pleasure,  
The one thing as certain as death?  
We shall change as the things that we  
cherish,  
Shall fade as they faded before,

As foam upon water shall perish  
As sand upon shore

We shall know what the darkness discovers,  
If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;  
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,  
We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.  
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,  
Find out whether tares be not grain,  
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,  
Our Lady of Pain.

### THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

HERE, where the world is quiet,  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green held growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer;  
They drive adrift, and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,

But blossom's buds of peppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine,  
Pale bed of blowing rushes,  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They low themselves and slumber  
All night till light is born;  
And like a soul belated,  
In hell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist abated  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Though one were fair as roses,  
His beauty clouds and closes;  
And well though love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;



Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her  
To men that anxiously meet her  
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;  
And loaves and seed and swallow  
Fly winging her and follow  
When summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There, so the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
And all the days forsaken  
That snows that snows have shaken,  
And all the leaves that winds have taken,  
And all the strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
Nor of joy was never sure;

To-day will be to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light;  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight;  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.

### HESPERIA.

Out of the golden remote wild west where  
The sea without shore is,  
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with  
The fulness of joy,  
As a wind sets in with the autumn that  
Blows from the region of stories,  
Blows with a perfume of songs and of  
Memories beloved from a boy,  
Blows from the capes of the past oversea to  
The bays of the present,  
Filled as with shadow of sound with the  
Pulse of invisible feet,  
Far out to the shallows and straits of the  
Future, by rough ways or pleasant,

Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it  
Thither to me, O my sweet?  
For thee, in the steam of the deep tide-  
wind blowing in with the water,  
Thou I beheld as a bird borne in with the  
wind from the west,  
Straight from the sunset, across white waves  
whence rose as a daughter  
Venus thy mother, in years when the  
world was a water at rest.  
Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream  
that abides after slumber,  
Strayed from the fugitive flock of the  
night, when the moon overhead

Wanes in the wan waste heights of the  
 heaven, and stars without number  
 Die without sound, and are spent like  
 lamps that are burnt by the dead,  
 Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me  
 with touch of forgotten caresses,  
 One warm dream clad about with a fire  
 as of life that endures;  
 The delight of thy face, and the sound of  
 thy feet, and the wind of thy tresses,  
 And all of a man that regrets, and all of  
 a maid that allures.  
 But thy bosom is warm for my face and  
 profound as a manifold flower,  
 Thy silence as music, thy voice as an  
 odor that fades in a flame;  
 Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy  
 mouth, and the bountiful hour  
 That makes me forget what was sin, and  
 would make me forget were it shame  
 Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that  
 are tender, thy lips that are loving,  
 Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn  
 of a moon like a dream;  
 And my heart yearns baffled and blind,  
 moved vainly toward thee, and mov-  
 ing  
 As the reffluent seaweed moves in the  
 languid exuberant stream,  
 Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under  
 water in prison,  
 That stretches and swings to the slow  
 passionate pulse of the sea,  
 Closed up from the air and the sun, but  
 alive, as a ghost re-arisen,  
 Pale as the love that revives as a ghost  
 re-arisen in me,  
 From the beautiful infinite west, from the  
 happy memorial places  
 Full of the stately repose and the lordly  
 delight of the dead,  
 Where the fortunate islands are lit with the  
 light of ineffable faces,  
 And the soul of a sea without wind is  
 about them, and sunse, is red,  
 Come back to redeem and release me from  
 love that recalls and represses,  
 That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till  
 the serpent has eaten his fill;  
 From the bitter delights of the dark, and  
 the feverish, the furtive caresses  
 That murder the youth in a man or ever  
 his heart have its will,  
 Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes can  
 not weep; thou art pale as a rose is,  
 Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover  
 the blush of the bud;  
 And the heart of the dower is compassion,  
 and pity the core it encloses,  
 Pity, not love, that is born of the breath  
 and decays with the blood.  
 As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the  
 edge of it bruises her bosom,  
 So love wounds as we grasp it, and  
 blackens and burns as a flame;  
 I have loved overmuch in my life; when the  
 live bud bursts with the blossom,  
 Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and  
 the wine thereof shame.  
 As a heart that its anguish divides is the  
 green bud cloven asunder;  
 As the blood of a man self-slain is the  
 flush of the leaves that allure;  
 And the perfume as poison and wine to  
 the brain, a delight and a wonder;  
 And the thorns are too sharp for a boy;  
 too slight for a man, to endure.  
 Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose;  
 and I cared not for glory's:  
 Only the blossoms of sleep and of plea-  
 sure were mixed in my hair.  
 Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was  
 woven with, O my Dolores?  
 Was it pallor or slumber, or blush as of  
 blood, that I found in thee fair?  
 For desire is a respite from love, and the  
 flesh not the heart is her fuel;  
 She was sweet to me once, who am fled  
 and escaped from the rage of her  
 reign;  
 Who behold as of old time at hand as I  
 turn, with her mouth growing cruel,  
 And flushed as with wine with the blood  
 of her lovers,  
 Our Lady of Pain.  
 Low down where the thicket is thicker with  
 thorns than with leaves in the sum-  
 mer,  
 In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a  
 hissing of tongues that I knew;  
 And the lithe long throats of her snakes  
 reach round her, their mouths over-  
 come her,  
 And her lips grow cool with their foam,  
 made moist as a desert with dew.  
 With the thirst and the hunger of lust  
 though her beautiful lips be so bitter

With the cold foul foam of the snakes  
 they soften and redden and smile;  
 And her fierce mouth sweetens, her eye  
 as wide as her eyelashes; then,  
 And she laughs with a sound of brass,  
 her face, and a saucer of brass,  
 She laughs, and her hands reach together, her  
 hair blows in their and in ours,  
 As a low-lit flame in wind, blown  
 till it shudders and laps;  
 Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul,  
 nor her poisonous kisses,  
 To consume it alive and divide from thy  
 bosom, Our Lady of Sleep,  
 Ah daughter of sunset and slumber, if now  
 it return into prison,  
 Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if  
 thou wilt, let us fly;  
 Let us take to us, now that the white skies  
 thrill with a moon unarisen,  
 Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight  
 and depart and not die.  
 They are swifter than dreams, they are  
 stronger than death; there is none  
 that hath ridden,  
 None that shall ride in the dim strange  
 ways of his life as we ride:

By the meadows of meadows the highlands  
 and the sloping that is hidden,  
 Where his horse is lone and unseen, a  
 sonorous invisible tread;  
 By the sands where his horse has trodden,  
 the salt pools bitter and sterile,  
 By the unending reef and the low sea-  
 wall and the channel of year,  
 Our wild steeds press on the night  
 hard through pleasure and peril,  
 Labor and listen and pant not or pause  
 for the peril that nears;  
 At the sound of their trampling the way  
 cleaves right as an arrow asunder,  
 And slow by the sand hill and swift by  
 the down with its glimpses of grass  
 Sudden and then the music, as eight hoofs  
 trample out thunder,  
 Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of  
 the night as we pass;  
 Still shrieks in our faces the blind bland  
 air that was mute as a maiden,  
 Stung into storm by the speed of our  
 passage, and deaf where we past;  
 And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine  
 holy but mine heavy-laden,  
 As we burn with the fire of our flight; ah,  
 love, shall we win at the last?

### LOVE AT SEA.

We are in love's land to-day;  
 Where shall we go?  
 Love, shall we start or stay,  
 Or sail or row?  
 There's many a wind and way,  
 And never a May but May;  
 We are in love's hand to-day;  
 Where shall we go?

Our landwind is the breath  
 Of sorrows kissed to death  
 And joys that were;

Our ballast is a rose;  
 Our way lies where God knows  
 And love knows where.  
 We are in love's hand to-day—

Our seams are fledged Loves,  
 Our masts are bills of doves,  
 Our decks fine gold;  
 Our ropes are dead maids' hair,  
 Our stores are love-shafts fair  
 And manifold.

We are in love's land to-day—

Where all we find you, sweet?  
 On fields of strange men's feet,  
 Or held near home?  
 Or where the fire flowers blow,  
 Or where the flowers of snow  
 Or flowers of foam?

We are in love's hand to-day—

I and me, she says, where love  
 Shows but one shaft, one dove,  
 One heart, one hand.  
 —A shore like that, my dear,  
 Lies where no man will steer,  
 No maiden land.

*Imitated from Theophile Gautier.*

## APRIL

## FROM THE FRENCH OF THE VIFAME DE CHARTRES.

12—?

WHEN the fields catch flower  
 And the underwood is green,  
 And from lower unto lower  
 The songs of the birds begin,  
 I sing with sighing between.  
 When I laugh and sing,  
 I am heavy at heart: for my sin;  
 I am sad in the spring  
 For my love that I shall not win,  
 For a foolish thing.

This profit I have of my woe,  
 That I know, as I sing,  
 I know he will needs have it so  
 Who is master and king,  
 Who is lord of the spirit of spring.  
 I will serve her and will not spare  
 Till her pity awake  
 Who is good, who is pure, who is fair,  
 Even her for whose sake  
 Love hath ta'en me and slain unaware.

O my Lord, O Love,  
 I have laid my life at thy feet;  
 Have thy will thereof,  
 Do as it please thee with it,  
 For what shall please thee is sweet.  
 I am come unto thee  
 To do thee service, O Love;

Vet cannot I see  
 Thou wilt take any pity thereof,  
 Any mercy on me.

But the grace I have long time sought  
 Comes never in sight,  
 If in her it abideth not,  
 Through thy mercy and might,  
 Whose heart is the world's delight.  
 Thou hast sworn without fail I shall die,  
 For my heart is set  
 On what hurts me, I wot not why,  
 But cannot forget  
 What I love, what I sing for and sigh.

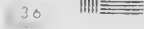
She is worthy of praise,  
 For this grief of her giving is worth  
 All the joy of my days  
 That lie between death's day and birth  
 All the lordship of things upon earth.  
 Nay, what have I said?  
 I would not be glad if I could;  
 My dream and my dread  
 Are of her, and for her sake I would  
 That my life were fled.

Lo, sweet, if I durst not pray to you,  
 Then were I dead;  
 If I sang not a little to say to you,  
 (Could it be said)  
 O my love, how my heart would be fed;



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Ah sweet who hast hold of my heart  
 For thy love's sake I live,  
 Do but tell me, ere either depart,  
 What a lover may give

For a woman so fair as thou art.  
 The lovers that disbelieve,  
 False rumors shall gr'ive  
 And evil-speaking shal' part.

---

BEFORE PARTING.

A MONTH or twain to live on honey-omb  
 Is pleasant; but one tires of scented tyme,  
 Cold sweet recurrence of accepted rhyme,  
 And that strong purple under juice and  
 foam  
 Where the wine's heart has burst;  
 Nor feel the latter kisses like the first.

Once yet, this poor one time; I will not  
 pray  
 Even to change the bitterness of it,  
 The bitter taste ensuing on the sweet,  
 To make your tears fall where your soft hair  
 lay  
 All blurred and heavy in some perfumed  
 wise  
 Over my face and eyes.

And yet who knows what end the scythed  
 wheat  
 Makes of its foolish poppies' mouths of  
 red?  
 These were not sown, these are not har-  
 vested,  
 They grow a month and are cast under feet  
 And none has care thereof,  
 As none has care of a divided love.

I know each shadow of your lips by rote,  
 Each change of love in eyelids and eye-  
 brows;  
 The fashion of fair temples tremulous  
 With tender blood, and color of your throat;  
 I know not how love is gone out of this,  
 Seeing that all was his.

Love's likeness there endures upon all  
 these:  
 But out of these one shall not gather love.  
 Day hath not strength nor the night shade  
 enough  
 To make love whole and fill his lips with  
 ease,  
 As some bee-builed cell  
 Feels at filled lips the heavy honey swell.

I know not how this last month leaves your  
 hair  
 Less bill of purple color and hid spice,  
 And that luxurious trouble of closed eyes  
 Is mixed with meaner shadow and waste  
 care;  
 And love, kissed out by pleasure, seems not  
 yet  
 Worth patience to regret.

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## THE SUNDEW.

A LITTLE marsh-plant, yellow green,  
And pricked at lip with tender red.  
Tread close, and either way you tread  
Some faint black water jets between  
Lest you should bruise the curious head.

A live thing may be; who shall know?  
The summer knows and suffers it;  
For the cool moss is thick and sweet  
Each side, and saves the blossom so  
That it lives out the long June heat.

The deep scent of the heather burns  
About it; breathless though it be,  
Bow down and worship; more than we,  
Is the least flower whose life returns,  
Least weed renascent in the sea.

We are vexed and cumbered in earth's sight  
With wants, with many memories;  
These see their moth—what she is,  
Glad-growing, till August leave more bright  
The apple-colored cranberries.

Wind blows and bleaches the strong grass,  
Blown all one way to shelter it  
From trample of strayed kine, with feet

Felt heavier than the moorhen was,  
Strayed up past patches of wild wheat

You call it sundew: how it grows,  
If with its color it have breath,  
If life taste sweet to it, if death  
Pain its soft petal, no man knows:  
Man has no sight or sense that saith.

My sundew, grown of gentle days,  
In these green miles the spring begun  
Thy growth ere April had half done  
With the soft secret of her ways  
Or June made ready for the sun.

O red-lipped mouth of marsh-flower,  
I have a secret halved with thee,  
The name that is love's name to me  
Thou knowest, and the face of her  
Who is my festival to see.

The hard sun, as thy petals knew,  
Colored the heavy moss-water:  
Thou wert not worth green midsummer  
Nor fit to live to August blue,  
O sundew, not remembering her.

## FÉLISE.

*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan.*

WHAT shall be said between us here,  
Among the downs, between the trees,  
In fields that knew our feet last year,  
In sight of quiet sands and seas,  
This year, Félisé?

Who knows what word were best to say?  
For last year's leaves lie dead and red  
On this sweet day, in this green May,

And barren corn makes bitter bread,  
What shall be said?

Here as last year the fields begin,  
A fire of flowers and glowing grass:  
The old fields we laughed and lingered in,  
Seeing each our souls in last year's glass,  
Félisé, alas!



Shall we not laugh, shall we not weep,  
Not we, though this be as it is?  
For love awake or love asleep  
Ends in a laugh, a dream, a kiss,  
A song like this.

I that have slept awake, and you  
Sleep, who last year were well awake.  
Though love do all that love can do,  
My heart will never ache or break  
For your heart's sake.

The great sea, faultless as a flower,  
Throbs, trembling under beam and  
breeze,  
And laughs with love of the amorous hour.  
I found you fairer once, Felise,  
Than flowers of seas.

We played at bondsman and at queen;  
But as the days change men change too;  
I find the grey sea's notes of green,  
The green sea's fervent flake of blue,  
More true than you.

Your beauty is not over fair  
Now in mine eyes, who am grown up  
wise,  
The smell of flowers in all your hair  
Allures not now; no sigh replies  
If your heart sighs.

But you sigh seldom, you sleep sound,  
You find love's new name good enough,  
Less sweet I find it than I found  
The sweetest name that ever love  
Grew weary of.

My snake with bright bland eyes, my snake  
Grown tame and glad to be caressed,  
With lips athirst for mine to slake  
Their tender fever! who had guessed  
You loved me best?

I had died for this last year, to know  
You loved me. Who shall turn on fate?  
I care not if love come or go  
Now, though your love seek mine for  
mate,  
It is too late.

The dust of many strange desires  
Lies deep between us; in our eyes  
Dead smoke of perihellic fires  
Flickers, a fume in air and skies,  
A steam of sighs.

You loved me and you loved me not;  
A little, much, and overmuch.  
Will you forget as I forgot?  
Let all dead things lie dead; none such  
Are soft to touch.

I love you and I do not love,  
Too much, a little, not at all;  
Too much, and never yet enough.  
Birds quick to fledge and fly at call  
Are quick to fall.

And these love longer now than men,  
And larger loves than ours are these.  
No diver brings up love again  
Dropped once, my beautiful Felise,  
In such cold seas.

Gone deeper than all plummet's sound,  
Where in the dim green dayless day  
The life of such dead thing lies bound  
As the sea feeds on, wreck and stray  
And castaway.

Can I forget? yea, that can I,  
And that can all men; so will you,  
Alive, or later, when you die,  
Ah, but the love you plead was true?  
Was mine not too?

I loved you for that name of yours  
Long ere we met, and long enough.  
Now that one thing of all endures—  
The sweetest name that ever love  
Waxed weary of.

Like colors in the sea, like flowers,  
Like a cat's splendid circled eyes  
That wax and wane with love for hours,  
Green as green flame, blue-grey like skies,  
And soft like sighs—

And all these only like your name,  
And your name full of all of these.  
I say it, and it sounds the same—  
Save that I say it now at ease,  
Your name, Felise.

I said "she must be swift and white  
And subtly warm, and half perverse  
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,  
And like a snake's love lithe and fierce."  
Men have guessed worse.

What was the song I made of you  
Here where the grass forgets our feet  
As afternoon forgets the dew?  
Ah that such sweet things should be fleet,  
Such fleet things sweet!

As afternoon forgets the dew,  
As time in time forgets all men,  
As our old place forgets us two,  
Who might have turned to one thing  
then,  
But not again.

O lips that mine have grown into  
Like April's kissing May,  
O fervent eyelids letting through  
Those eyes the greenest of things blue,  
The bluest of things grey,

If you were I and I were you,  
How could I love you, say?  
How could the roseleaf love the rue,  
The day love nightfall and her dew,  
Though night may love the day?

You loved it may be more than I;  
We know not; love is hard to seize,  
And all things are not good to try;  
And lifelong loves the worst of these  
For us, Felise.

Ah, take the season and have done,  
Love well the hour and let it go;  
Two souls may sleep and wake up one,  
Or dream they wake and find it so,  
And then — you know.

Kiss me once hard as though a flame  
Lay on my lips and made them fire;  
The same lips now, and not the same;  
What breath shall fill and re-inspire  
A dead desire?

The old song sounds hollower in mine ear  
Than thin keen sounds of dead men's  
speech —  
A noise one hears and would not hear;  
Too strong to die, too weak to reach  
From wave to beach.

We stand on either side the sea,  
Stretch hands, blow kisses, laugh and  
lean  
I toward you, you toward me;  
But what hears either save the keen  
Grey sea between?

A year divides us, love from love,  
Though you loved now, though I loved  
then.

The gulf is strait, but deep enough;  
Who shall recross, who among men  
Shall cross again?

Love was a jest last year, you said,  
And what lives surely, surely dies.  
Even so; but now that love is dead,  
Shall love rekindle from wet eyes,  
From subtle sighs?

For many loves are good to see;  
Mutable loves, and loves perverse;  
But there is nothing, nor shall be,  
So sweet, so wicked, but my verse  
Can dream of worse.

For we that sing and you that love  
Know that which man may, only we,  
The rest live under us; above,  
Live the great gods in heaven, and see  
What things shall be.

So this thing is and must be so;  
For man dies, and love also dies.  
Though yet love's ghost moves to and fro  
The sea-green mirrors of your eyes,  
And laughs, and lies.

Eyes colored like a water-flower,  
And deeper than the green sea's glass;  
Eyes that remember one sweet hour —  
In vain we swore it should not pass;  
In vain, alas!

Ah my Felise, if love or sin,  
If shame or fear could hold it fast,  
Should we not hold it? Love wears thin,  
And they laugh well who laugh the last.  
Is it not past?

The gods, the gods are stronger; time  
Falls down before them, all men's knees  
Bow, all men's prayers and sorrows climb  
Like incense towards them; yea, for  
these  
Are gods, Felise.

Immortal are they, clothed with powers,  
Not to be comforted at all;  
Lords over all the fruitless hours;  
Too great to appease, too high to appal,  
Too far to call.

For none shall move the most high gods,  
Who are most sad, being cruel; none  
Shall break or take away the rods  
Wherewith they scourge us, not as one  
That smites a son.

By many a name of many a creed  
We have called upon them, since the  
sands  
Fell through time's hour-glass first, a seed  
Of life; an' out of many lands  
Have we stretch'd hands.

When have they heard us? who hath  
known  
Their tates, climbed unto their feet,  
Felt them and found them? Laugh or  
groan,  
Doth heaven requiratur and repeat  
Sad sounds or sweet?

Do the stars answer? in the night  
Have ye found comfort? or by day  
Have ye seen gods? What hope, what light,  
Falls from the farthest starriest way  
On you that pray?

Are the skies wet because we weep,  
Or fair because of any mirth?  
Cry out; they are gods; perchance they  
sleep;  
Cry; thou shalt know what prayers are  
worth,  
Thou dust and earth.

O earth, thou art fair; O dust, thou art  
great  
O laughing lips and lips that mourn,  
Pray, will ye feel the exceeding weight  
Of God's intolerable scorn,  
Not to be borne.

Behold, there is no grief like this;  
The barren blossom of thy prayer,  
Thou shalt feel out how sweet it is.  
O fool, and blind, what seek ye there,  
High up, in the air?

Ye must have gods, the friends of men,  
Merciful gods, compassionate,  
And these shall answer you again.  
Will ye beat always at the gate,  
Ye fools of fate?

Ye fools and blind; for this is sure,  
That all ye shall not live, but die.  
Lo, what thing have ye found endure?  
Or what thing have ye found on  
high  
Past the blind sky?

The ghosts of words and dus. dreams,  
Old memories, faiths infirm and dead.  
Ye fools; for which among you deems  
His prayer can alter green to red  
Or stones to bread?

Why should ye bear with hopes and fears  
Till all these things be drawn in one,  
The sound of iron-footed years,  
And all the oppression that is done  
Under the sun?

Ye might end surely, surely pass  
Out of the multitude of things,  
Under the dust, beneath the grass,  
Deep in dim death, where no thought  
sings,  
No record clings.

No memory more of love or hate,  
No trouble, nothing that aspires,  
No sleepless labor thwarting fate,  
And thwarted; where no travail tires,  
Where no faith fires.

All passes, nought that has been is,  
Things good and evil have one end.  
Can anything be otherwise  
Though all men swear all things would  
mend  
With God to friend?

Can ye beat off one wave with prayer,  
Can ye move mountains? bid the flower  
Take flight and turn to a bird in the air?  
Can ye hold fast for shine or shower  
One wingless hour?

Ah sweet, and we too, can we bring  
One sigh back, bid one smile revive?  
Can God restore one ruined thing,  
Or he who slays our souls alive  
Make dead things thrive?

Two gifts perforce he has given us yet,  
Though sad things stay and glad things  
fly;

Two gifts he has given us, to forget  
All glad and sad things that go by,  
And then to die.

We know not whether death be good,  
But life at least it will not be :  
Men will stand saddening as we stood,  
Watch the same fields and skies as we  
And the same sea.

Let this be said between us here,  
One love grows green when one turns  
grey;

This year knows nothing of last year,  
To-morrow has no more to say  
To yesterday.

Live and let live, as I will do  
Love and let love, and so will I.  
But, sweet, for me no more with you :  
Not while I live, not though I die.  
Good-night, good-bye.

### AN INTERLUDE.

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,  
I rode where the woods were wet,  
Between the dawn and the daytime ;  
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,  
Though the ways and the woods smelt  
sweet ;  
The breath at your lips that panted,  
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,  
And the green grew golden above ;  
And the flag-flowers lightened with laugh-  
ter,  
And the meadow sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses  
Moved soft as a weak wind blows ;  
You passed me as April passes,  
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,  
Your bright foot paused at the sedge ;  
It might be to watch the tender  
Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches,  
With flowery frost of May :  
It might be a bird in the branches,  
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger  
With foot drawn back from the dew,  
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger  
Struck sharp through the leaves at you

And a bird overhead sang *Fellow*,  
And a bird to the right sang *Love* ;  
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,  
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,  
I knew what the bird's note said ;  
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,  
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember  
Recalls a regret of the sun,  
I remember, forget, and remember  
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,  
The day and the way we met ;  
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,  
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower  
Seemed still to murmur and smile  
As you murmured and smiled for an hour,  
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom  
 You lifted, and waved, and passed,  
 With head hung down to the bosom,  
 And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is  
 That neither is most to blame  
 If you've forgotten my kisses  
 And I've forgotten your name.

### HENDECASYLLABICS.

Is the month of the long decline of roses  
 I, beholding the summer dead before me,  
 Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent,  
 Gazing eagerly where above the sea-mark  
 Flame as fierce as the fervid eyes of lions  
 Half divided the cyclids of the sunset;  
 Till I heard as it were a noise of waters  
 Moving tremulous under feet of angels  
 Multitudinous, out of all the heavens;  
 Knew the fluttering wind, the fluttered  
 foliage,  
 Shaken fitfully, full of sound and shadow;  
 And saw, trodden upon by noiseless angels,  
 Long mysterious reaches fed with moon-  
 light  
 Sweet sea-straits in a soft subsiding  
 channel,  
 Blown about by the lips of winds I knew  
 not,  
 Winds not born in the north nor any  
 quarter,  
 Winds not warm with the south nor any  
 sunshine;  
 Heard between them a voice of exultation,  
 "Lo, the summer is dead, the sun is faded,  
 Even like as a leaf the year is withered,

All the fruits of the day from all her  
 branches  
 Gathered, neither is any left to gather.  
 All the flowers are dead, the tender blos-  
 soms,  
 All are taken away; the season wasted,  
 Like an ember among the fallen ashes.  
 Now with light of the winter days, with  
 moonlight,  
 Light of snow, and the bitter light of frost,  
 We bring flowers that fade not after autumn  
 Pale white chaplets and crowns of latter  
 seasons,  
 Fair false leaves (but the summer leaves  
 were falsest)  
 Woven under the eyes of stars and planets  
 When low light was upon the windy reaches  
 Where the flower of foam was blown, a hly  
 Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows  
 And green fields of the sea that make no  
 pasture:  
 Since the winter begins, the weeping winter,  
 All whose flowers are tears, and round his  
 temples  
 Iron blossom of frost is bound for ever."

### SAPPHICS.

All the night sleep came not upon my eye-  
 lids,  
 Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a  
 feather,  
 Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of  
 iron  
 Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision  
 Came without sleep over the seas and  
 touched me,  
 Softly touched mine eyelids and lips; and I  
 too,  
 Full of the vision,

Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,  
Saw the hair unbound, and the feet un-  
saddled  
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;  
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves  
that drew her,  
Looking always, looking with necks re-  
verted,  
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills where-  
under  
Shone Mitylene;

Hear! the flying feet of the Loves behind  
her  
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,  
As the thunder flung from the strong un-  
closing  
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with  
awful  
sound of feet and thunder of wings around  
her;  
While behind a clamour of singing women  
Severed the twilight.

All the singing, all the delight, the passion!  
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with  
anguish,  
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;  
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they  
knew not,  
Ah the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine were  
silent,  
None endured the sound of her song for  
weeping;  
Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns; but about her fore-  
head,  
Round her woven tresses and a shen temples  
White as dead snow, paler than grass in  
summer,  
Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown for ever.  
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite  
Paused, and almost wept; such a song was  
that song,  
Yea, by her name to

Called her, saying, "Turn to me, O my  
Sappho!"  
Yet she turned her face from the Loves, she  
saw not  
Tears or laughter darken immortal eyelids,  
Heard not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,  
Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite  
Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken  
raiment,  
Saw not her hands wrung;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their  
smitten  
Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound  
of lute-strings,  
Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand, her  
chosen,  
Fairer than all men;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,  
Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,  
Full of music; only beheld among them  
Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,  
Made of perfect sound and exceeding  
passion,  
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,  
Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoiced she, laughing with love, and  
scattered  
Roses, awful roses of holy blossom;  
Then the Loves thronged sadly with hidden  
faces  
Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were  
silent;  
Yea, the gods waxed pale; such a song  
was that song,  
All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,  
Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was  
barren,  
Full of fruitless women and music only.  
Now perchance, when winds are assuaged  
at sunset,  
Lulled at the dewfall,

the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard  
of,  
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,  
Ghosts of outcast women return lament-  
ing,  
Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears,  
and singing  
Songs that move the heart of the shaken  
heaven,  
Songs that break the heart of the earth  
with pity,  
Hearing, to hear them.

## AT ELEUSIS.

MEN of Eleusis, ye that with long staves  
Sit in the market-houses, and speak words  
Made sweet with wisdom as the rare wine is  
Thickened with honey; and ye sons of these  
Who in the glad thick streets go up and  
down

For pastime or grave traffic or mere chance;  
And all fair women having rings of gold  
On hands or hair; and chiefest over these  
I name you, daughters of this man the  
king,

Who dipping deep smooth pitchers of pure  
brass

Under the bubbled wells, till each round lip  
Stooped with loose gurgle of waters in-  
coming,

Found me an old sick woman, lamed and  
lean,

Beside a growth of budded olive boughs  
Whence multiplied thick song of thick-  
plumed throats--

Also wet tears filled up my hollow hands  
By reason of my crying into them--  
And pitied me; for as cold water ran  
And washed the pitchers full from lip to lip,  
So washed both eyes full the strong salt of  
tears.

And ye put water to my mouth, made sweet  
With brown hill-berries; so in time I spoke  
And gathered my loose knees from under  
me.

Moreover in the broad fair hills this month  
Have I found space and bountiful abode  
To please me. I Demeter speak of this,  
Who am the mother and the mate of things;  
For as ill men by drugs or singing words

Shut the doors inward of the narrowed  
womb

Like a lock bolted with round iron through,  
Thus I shut up the body and sweet mouth  
Of all soft pasture and the tender land,  
So that no seed can enter in by it

Though one sow thickly, nor some grain get  
out

Past the hard elods men cleave and bite  
with steel

To widen the sealed lips of them for use.  
None of you is there in the peopled street  
But knows how all the dry-drawn furrows  
ache

With no green spot made count of in the  
black;

How the wind finds no comfortable grass  
Nor is assuaged with laid nor breath of  
ferbs;

And in hot autumn when ye house the  
stacks.

All fields are helpless in the sun, all trees  
Stand as a man stripped out of all fat skin.  
Nevertheless ye sick have help to get  
By means and established ordinance of God;  
For God is wiser than a good man is.  
But never shall new grass be sweet in earth  
Till I get righted of my wound and wroth  
By changing counsel of ill-minded Zeus.  
For of all other gods is none save me  
Clothed with like power to lull and break  
the year.

I make the lesser green begin, when spring  
Touches not earth but with one fearful foot;  
And as a careful gatherer with grave art  
Soberly of its soil completes the face.

Mouth, chin, and all, of some sweet wool  
 In stone,  
 To see the shape of grass and tender corn,  
 And color the ripe edges and long spikes,  
 With the red in the seeds and the grace of gold,  
 No tradesman in soft wools is cunninger  
 To kill the secret of the fine white fleece,  
 With stains of blue and purple wrought in it,  
 Three moons were made, and three moons  
 burnt as they  
 While I, Hades, journey hither out of Crete  
 Comfortless, tended by grave Hecate  
 Whom my wound stung with dealle iron  
 point,  
 For all my face was like a cloth wrung out  
 With close and weeping wrinkles, and both  
 lids  
 Sodden with salt continuance of tears,  
 For Hades and the seldom will of Zeus  
 And that lame wisdom that has writhen  
 feet,  
 Cunning, begotten in the bed of Shame,  
 These three took evil will at me, and made  
 Such counsel that when time got wing to fly  
 This Hades out of summer and low fleets  
 Forced the bright body of Persephone:  
 Out of pure grass, where she lying down,  
 red flowers  
 Made their sharp little shadows on her  
 sides,  
 Pale heat, pale color on pale maiden flesh —  
 And chill water slid over her reddening  
 feet,  
 Killing the throbs in their soft blood; and  
 birds,  
 Perched next her elbow and pecking at  
 her hair,  
 Stretched their necks more to see her than  
 even to sing.  
 A sharp thing is it I have need to say:  
 For Hades holding her white wrists of  
 hers  
 Unloos'd the girdle and with knot and knot  
 Bound her between his wheels up on the  
 seat,  
 Bound her pure body, holiest yet and dear  
 To me and God as always, clothed about  
 With blossoms loosened as her knees went  
 down,  
 Let fall as she let go of this and this  
 By tens and twenties, tumbled to her feet,  
 White waifs or purple of the postunage,  
 Therefore with only going up and down  
 My feet were wasted, and the gracious air,  
 To me discomfortable and dun, became

As weak smoke blowing in the under world,  
 And finding in the process of ill days  
 What part I had Zeus herein and how as  
 mate  
 He coped with Hades, yoked flow in sin,  
 I set my lips against the meat of gods  
 And drank not, neither ate nor slept in  
 heaven,  
 Nor in the golden shining of their mouths  
 Did ear take rote of word or eye at all  
 Trick my feet going in the ways of them,  
 Like a great line on some strait slip of land  
 Between two washing inlets of wet sea  
 That burns the grass up to each lip of  
 beach  
 And strengthens, waxing in the growth of  
 wind  
 So burnt my soul in me at heaven and  
 earth,  
 Each way a ruin and a hungry plager,  
 Visible evil; nor could any night  
 Put cool between mine eyelids, nor the sun  
 With competence of gold fill out my want.  
 Yea so my flame burnt up the grass and  
 stones,  
 Shone to the salt-white edges of thin sea,  
 Distempered all the gracious work, and  
 made  
 Sick change, unseasonable increase of days  
 And scant avail of seasons; for by this  
 The fair gods faint in hollow heaven: there  
 comes  
 No taste of burnings of the twofold fat  
 To leave their palates smooth, nor in their  
 lips  
 Soft rings of smoke and weak scent wander-  
 ing;  
 All cattle grow old and rot, and their ill smell  
 Grow always of the lank unsavory flesh,  
 That no man shall offer as offering; the sea  
 And water grow barren on the heath and  
 corn  
 Leave the fish to rot, and the fish  
 of river and the sea to rot smooth;  
 But all earth is barren of man or bird  
 (Except the swine and the eel and the  
 that looks no more to the  
 loss,  
 Men and the gods are  
 Was some man or god that went and  
 some I  
 I eat and nostril  
 Faint grape-flower  
 And the just grain was  
 salt



Made me content; yet my hand loosened not  
 Its grip on you, your loveliest all year long.  
 While I, true warrior, amttled in war the h  
 And waste exerted a pendulous face,  
 Preserved the levels of my wrath and love  
 Patiently mild, and with soft omens  
 Cooled the sharp noons and lanced the  
 warm night.  
 In care of this new choice, the dabbly  
 child is,  
 In problems, the king's selected son;  
 That this fair young body, which hath  
 grown  
 Strong with strange milk upon the moon  
 I  
 And nerved with half a god, might come  
 to  
 Out of the back and the bare scope of  
 the  
 And waxen over large to hold within  
 Base birth of yours and this impoverished  
 air,  
 I might exalt him past the flame of stars,  
 The limit and willed reach of the great  
 world.  
 Therefore my breast made common to his  
 mouth  
 Immortal savors, and the taste whereat  
 Twice their hard life strains out the colored  
 veins  
 And twice its brain confirms the narrow  
 shell.  
 Al at night, unwinding cloth from cloth  
 As she unlinks an almond to the white  
 And postures curiously the puer taste,  
 I bared the gracious limbs and the soft feet,  
 Unswaddled the weak hands, and in mid  
 ash  
 Laid the sweet flesh of either feeble side,  
 More tender for impressure of some touch  
 Than wax to any pen; and lit around  
 Fine, and made crawl the white worm-  
 shaper flame,  
 And leap in little angers spark by spark  
 At head at once and feet; and the faint hair  
 Hissed with rare sprinkles in the closer  
 curl,  
 And like sealed orange of a keen thin fish  
 In sea-water, so in pure fire his feet  
 Struck out, and the flame bit not in his  
 flesh  
 But like a kiss it curled his lip, and heat  
 Fluttered his eyelids; so each night I blew  
 The hot ash red to purge him to full god,  
 Ill is it when tear lingers in the soul  
 For pain fulfils it, and chokes thereof, being  
 red;  
 And all start eyes interpret the straight sun,  
 but in their scope its white is wried  
 black;  
 By the queen Metanira mean I this;  
 For with sick wrath upon her lips and  
 heart,  
 Narrowing with fear the spleenful passages,  
 She thought to thread this web's fine ravel  
 out,  
 Nor leave her shuttle split in combing it;  
 Therefore she stole on us, and with hard  
 sight  
 Peered, and stooped close; then with pain  
 open mouth  
 As the fire—none her in the eyes between  
 Cried, and the child's laugh sharply short-  
 ening  
 As fire doth under rain, fell off; the flame  
 Writhed once all through and died, and in  
 the dark  
 Tears fell from mine on the child's weep-  
 ing eyes.  
 Eyes dispossessed of strong inheritance  
 And mortal fallen anew. Who not the less  
 From bud of beard to pale-grey flower of  
 hair  
 Shall wax vinewise to a lordly vine, whose  
 grapes  
 Plead the red heavy Hood of swoln soft  
 wine,  
 Siftle with sharp leaves' intricacy, until  
 Fall of white yeans and blossom of heavy  
 days  
 I take him perfected; for whose one sake  
 I am thus gracious, to the least who stands  
 Filleted with white wool and girt upon  
 As he whose prayer endures upon the lip  
 And falls not waster; wherefore let sacrifice  
 Burn and run red in all the wider ways;  
 Seeing I have sworn by the pale temples  
 hand  
 And popped hair of gold Perseph-  
 Sal-dressed and pleached low down out  
 her brows,  
 And by the sorrow in her lips and death  
 Her dumb and mournful-mouthed minister,  
 My word for you is eased of its harsh weight  
 And douled with soft promise; and your  
 king  
 Triptolemus, this Celex dead and swathed  
 Purple and pale for golden burial,  
 Shall be your helper in my services,  
 Dividing earth and reaping fruits thereof

In fields where want, well girt, was  
 well-learned all  
 The heavy-harvested ears all year  
 Saving the choice of warm spear-headed  
 grain,

And stooping sharp to the fact would have  
 All things that for with the reaper  
 And  
 With their bowed necks of burden equable.

## AUGUST

THERE were four apples on the bough,  
 Half gold half red, that one might know  
 The blood was ripe inside the core;  
 The color of the leaves was more  
 Like stems of yellow corn that grow  
 Through all the gold June meadow's floor

The warm smell of the fruit was good  
 To feed on, and the split green wood,  
 With all its bearded lips and stains  
 Of mosses in the cloven veins,  
 Most pleasant, if one lay or stood  
 In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,  
 Red stained through gold, that all might  
 see  
 The sun went warm from core to rind;  
 The green leaves made the summer blind  
 In that soft place they kept for me  
 With golden apples shut behind.

The leaves caught gold across the sun  
 And where the bluest air began,  
 Thirsted for song to help the heat;  
 As I to feel my lady's feet  
 Draw close before the day were done;  
 Both lips grew dry with dreams of it.

In the mute August afternoon  
 They trembled to some undertune  
 Of music in the silver air;  
 Great pleasure was it to be there  
 Till green turned duskier and the moon  
 Colored the corn-sheaves like gold hair.

In August time it was delight  
 To watch the red moons wane to white  
 'Twixt grey seamed stems of apple-trees;  
 A sense of heavy harmonies  
 Grew on the growth of patient night,  
 More sweet than shapen music is.

But some three hours before the moon  
 The air, still eager from the noon,  
 Flagged after heat, not wholly dead;  
 Against the stem I leant my head;  
 The color soothed me like a tune,  
 Green leaves all round the gold and red

I lay there till the warm smell grew  
 More sharp, when flecks of yellow dew  
 Between the round-tipped leaves had blurred  
 The rind with stain and wet; I heard  
 A wind that blew and breathed and blew,  
 Too weak to alter its one word.

The wet leaves next the gentle fruit  
 Felt smoother, and the brown tree-foot  
 Felt the mould warmer: I too felt  
 (As water feels the slow gold melt  
 Right through it when the day burns mute)  
 The peace of time wherein love dwelt.

There were four apples on the tree,  
 Gold stained on red that all might see  
 The sweet blood filled them to the core  
 The color of her hair is more  
 Like stems of fair faint gold, that be  
 Mown from the harvest's middle-floor.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.\*

THREE damsels in the queen's chamber,  
The queen's mouth was most fair;  
She spake a word of God's mother  
As the combs went in her hair.  
Mary that is of might,  
Bring us to thy Son's sight.

They held the gold combs out from her,  
A span's length off her head;  
She sang this song of God's mother  
And of her bearing-bed  
Mary most full of grace,  
Bring us to thy Son's face.

When she sat at Joseph's hand,  
She looked against her side;  
And either way from the short silk band  
Her girle was all wried.  
Mary that is good may,  
Bring us to thy Son's way.

Mary had three women for her bed,  
The twain were maiden's clean;  
The first of them had white and red,  
The third had riven green.  
Mary that is so sweet,  
Bring us to thy Son's feet.

She had three women for her hair,  
Two were gloved soft and shal;  
The third had feet and finger bare,  
She was the likest God.  
Mary that wicketh hand,  
Bring us to thy Son's hand.

She had three women for her ease,  
The twain were good women;  
The first two were the two Marias,  
The third was Magdalen.  
Mary that perfect is,  
Bring us to thy Son's kiss.

Joseph had three workmen in his stall,  
To serve him well upon;  
The first of them were Peter and Paul,  
The third of them was John.  
Mary, God's landwarden,  
Bring us to thy Son's ken.

"If your child be none other man's,  
But if it be very mine,  
The bedstead shall be gold two spans,  
The bedfoot silver fine.  
Mary that made God mirth,  
Bring us to thy Son's birth.

"If the child be some other man's,  
And if it be none of mine,  
The manger shall be straw two spans,  
Betwixen kine and kine."  
Mary that made sin cease,  
Bring us to thy Son's peace.

Christ was born upon this wise,  
It fell on such a night,  
Neither with sounds of psalteries  
Nor with fire for light.  
Mary that is God's spouse,  
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east  
With a great sound and sweet;  
Kings gave gold to make him feast  
And myrrh for him to eat.  
Mary, of thy sweet mood,  
Bring us to thy Son's good.

He had two handmaids at his head,  
One handmaid at his feet;  
The twain of them were fair and red,  
The third one was right sweet.  
Mary that is most wise,  
Bring us to thy Son's eyes. Amen.

\* Suggested by a drawing of Mr. D. G. Rossetti's.

## THE MASQUE OF QUEEN BERSABE.

## A MIRACLE-PLAY

KING DAVID.

KNIGHTS mine, all that be in hall,  
I have a council to you all,  
Because of this thing God lets fall  
Among us for a sign.  
For some days hence as I did eat  
From kingly dishes my good meat,  
There flew a bird between my feet  
As red as any wine.  
This bird had a long bill of red  
And a gold ring above his head;  
Long time he sat and nothing said,  
Put softly down his neck and feet  
From the gilt patens fine:  
And as I marvelled at the last  
He shut his two keen eyen fast  
And suddenly woxe big and brast  
Ere one should tell to nine.

PRIMUS MILES.

Sir, note this that I will say:  
That Lord who maketh corn with hay  
And morrows each of yesterday,  
He hath you in his hand.

SECUNDUS MILES (*Paganus quidam*).

By Satan I hold no such thing;  
For if wine swell within a king  
Whose ears for drink are hot and ring,  
The same shall dream of wine-bibbing  
Whilst he can lie or stand.

QUEEN BERSABE.

Peace now, lords, for God is head,  
Ye chirk as starlings that be fed  
And gape as fishes newly dead;  
The devil put your bodies to bed,  
Lo, this is all to say.

SECUNDUS MILES.

By Mahound, lords, I have good will  
This devil's bird to wring and spill;  
For now meseems our game goes ill,  
Ye have scant hearts to play.

TERTIUS MILES.

Lo, sirs, this word is there said,  
That Urias the knight is dead  
Through some ill craft; by Poulis head,  
I doubt his blood hath made so red  
This bird that flew from the queen's bed  
Whereof ye have such fear.

KING DAVID.

Yea, my good knave, and is it said  
That I can raise men from the dead?  
By God I think to have his head  
Who saith words of my lady's bed  
For any thief to hear.  
*Et percutiat eum in capite.*

QUEEN BERSABE.

I wis men shall spit at me,  
And say it were but right for thee  
That one should hang thee on a tree;  
Ho! it were a fair thing to see  
The big stones bruise her false body;  
Fie! who shall see her dead?

KING DAVID.

I rede you have no fear of this.  
For as ye wot, the first good kiss  
I had must be the last of his;  
Now are ye queen of mine, I wis,  
And lady of a house that is  
Full rich of meat and bread.

## PRIMUS MILES.

I bid you make good cheer to be  
So fair a queen as all men see.  
And hold us for your lieges free;  
By Peter's soul that hath the key,  
Ye have good hap of it.

## SECUNDUS MILES.

I would that he were hanged and dead  
Who hath no joy to see your head  
With gold about it, barred on red;  
I hold him as a sow of lead  
That is so scant of wit.

*Tunc dicit NATHAN propheta.*

O king, I have a word to thee;  
The child that is in Bersabe  
Shall wither without light to see;  
This word is come of God by me  
For sin that ye have done.  
Because herein ye did not right,  
To take the fair one lamb to smite  
That was of Urias the knight;  
Ye wist he had but one.  
Full many sheep I wot ye had,  
And many women, when ye bade  
To do your will and keep you glad;  
And a good crown about your head  
With gold to show thereon.  
This Urias had one poor house  
With low-barred latoun shot-windows  
And scant of corn to fill a mouse;  
And rusty basnets for his brows,  
To wear them to the bone.  
Yea the roofs also, as men saun,  
Were thin to hold against the rain;  
Therefore what rushes were there lain  
Grew wet withouten foot of men;  
The stancheons were all gone in twain  
As sick man's flesh is gone.  
Nathless he had great joy to see  
The long hair of this Bersabe  
Fall round her lap and round her  
Even to her small soft feet, that be  
Shod now with crimson royally  
And covered with clean gold.  
Likewise great joy he had to kiss  
Her throat, where now the scarlet is  
Against her little chin, I wis,  
That then was but cold.  
No scarlet then her kirtle had  
And little gold about it sprad;

But her red mouth was always glad  
To kiss, albeit the eyes were sad  
With love they had to hold.

## SECUNDUS MILES.

How! old thief, thy wits are lame;  
To clip such it is no shame;  
I rede you in the devil's name,  
Ye come not here to make men game;  
By Termagaunt that maketh game,  
I shall to-bete thine head.  
*Hic Diabolus capiat eum.*  
This knave hath sharp fingers, perfoy;  
Mahound you thank and keep alway,  
And give you good knees to pray;  
What man hath no lust to play,  
The devil wring his ears, I say;  
There is no more but wellaway,  
For now am I dead.

## KING DAVID.

Certes his mouth is wried and black,  
Full little pence be in his sack;  
This devil hath him by the back,  
It is no boot to lie.

## NATHAN.

Sitteth now still and learn of me  
A little while and ye shall see  
The face of God's strength presently.  
All queens made as this Bersabe,  
All that were fair and foul ye be,  
Come hither; it am I.  
*Et hic omnes cantabunt.*

## HERODIAS.

I am the queen Herodias,  
This headband of my temples was  
King Herod's gold band woven me,  
This broken dry staff in my hand  
Was the queen's staff of a great land  
Betwixen Perse and Samarie.  
For that one dancing of my feet,  
The fire is come in my green wheat  
From one sea to the other sea.

## AHOLIBAH.

I am the queen Aholibah.  
My lips kissed dumb the word of Ah  
Sighed on strange lips grown sick  
thereby  
God wrought to me my royal bed;

The inner work thereof was red,  
The outer work was ivory,  
My mouth's heat was the heat of flame  
For lust towards the kings that came  
With horsemen riding royally.

## CLEOPATRA.

I am the queen of Ethiopie,  
Love bade my kissing eyelids ope  
That men beholding might praise love,  
My hair was wonderful and curled;  
My lips held fast the mouth o' the world  
To spoil the strength and speech there-  
of.

The latter triumph in my breath  
Bowed down the beaten brows of death,  
Ashamed they had not wiath enough.

## ABIHAIL.

I am the queen of Tyrians,  
My hair was glorious for twelve spans,  
That dried to loose dust afterward,  
My stature was a strong man's length:  
My neck was like a place of strength,  
Built with white walls, even and hard,  
Like the first noise of rain leaves catch  
One from another, snatch by snatch,  
Is my praise, hissed against and marred.

## AZUBAH.

I am the queen of Amorites,  
My face was like a place of lights  
With multitudes at festival,  
The glory of my gracious brows  
Was like God's house made glorious  
With colors upon either wall,  
Between my brows and hair there was  
A white space like a space of glass  
With golden candles over all.

## AHOLAH.

I am the queen of Amalek,  
There was no tender touch or fleck  
To spoil my body or bare feet  
My words were soft like dulcimers,  
And the first sweet of grape-flowers  
Made each side of my bosom sweet,  
My raiment was as tender fruit  
Whose mild smells sweet of spice tree root,  
Bruised balm-blossom and budded  
wheat.

## AHINOAM.

I am the queen Ahinoam  
Like the throat of a soft slain lamb  
Was my throat, softer veined than his:  
My lips were as two grapes the sun  
Lays his whole weight of heat upon  
Like a mouth heavy with a kiss:  
My hair's pure purple a wrought fleece,  
My temples therein as a piece  
Of a pomegranate's cleaving is.

## ATARAH.

I am the queen Sidonian,  
My face made faint the face of man,  
And strength was bound between my  
brows,  
Spikenard was hidden in my ships,  
Honey and wheat and myrrh in strips,  
White wools that shine as color does  
Soft linen dyed upon the fold,  
Split spice and cores of scented gold  
Cedar and broken calamus.

## SEMIRAMIS.

I am the queen Semiramis,  
The whole world and the sea that is  
In fashion like a chrysopras,  
The noise of all men laboring,  
The priest's mouth tired through thanks-  
giving,  
The sound of love in the blood's pause,  
The strength of love in the blood's heat,  
All these were cast beneath my feet  
And all found lesser than I was.

## HESIONE.

I am the queen Hesionë,  
The seasons that increased in me  
Made my face fairer than all men's,  
I had the summer in my hair;  
And all the pale gold autumn air  
Was as the habit of my sense,  
My body was as fire that shone;  
God's beauty that makes all things one  
Was one among my handmaidens.

## CHRYSOTHEMIS.

I am the queen of Samothrace,  
God, making roses, made my face  
As a rose filled up full with red,  
My brows made sharp the straitened seas  
From Pontus to that Chersonese

Whereon the cabled Asian stream is  
shed,

My hair was as sweet scent that drips;  
Love's breath began al out my lips  
Kindled the lips of people dead.

## THOMYRIS.

I am the queen of Scythians,  
My strength was like no strength of man's,  
My face like day, my breast like  
spring,

My fame was felt in the extreme land  
That hath sun-shine on the one hand  
And on the other star-shining,  
Yea, and the wine thro' fails of breath;  
Yea, and their life is waste like death;  
Yea, and there death is a glad thing.

## HARRHAS.

I am the queen of Anakim,  
In the spent years whose speech is dim,  
Whose raiment is the dust and death,  
My stately body without stain  
Shone as the shining race of rain  
Whose hair a great wind scattereth,  
Now hath God turned my lips to scabs,  
Plucked off mine eyelids from mine eyes,  
And sealed with seals my way of breath.

## MYRRINA.

I am the queen Arabian,  
The tears wherewith mine eyelids ran  
Smelt like my perumed eyelids' smell,  
A harsh thirst made my soft mouth hard,  
That ached with kisses afterward;  
My brain rang like a beaten bell,  
As tears on eyes, as fire on wood,  
Sin fed upon my face, th and blood,  
Sin made my breasts subside and swell.

## PASIPHAE.

I am the queen Pasiphae,  
Not all the pure clean-colored sea  
Could cleanse or cool my yearning  
veins;  
Nor any root nor herb that grew,  
Flag-leaves that let green water through,  
Nor washing of the dews and rains,  
From shame's pressed out I wring the  
sweet  
Fruit's savour that was death to eat,  
Whereof no seed but death remains.

## SAPHRO.

I am the queen of Lesbians,  
My love, that had no part in man's,  
Was sweeter than all shape of sweet,  
The intolerable infinite de fire  
Made my face pale like faded fire  
When the ashien pyre falls through with  
heat,  
My blood was hot wan wine of love,  
And my song's sound the sound thereof,  
The sound of the delight of it.

## MESSALINA.

I am the queen of Italy,  
There were the sign God set on me;  
A barren beauty subtle and sleek,  
Curled carven hair, and cheeks worn wan  
With fierce false lips of many a man,  
Large temples where the soul ran  
weak,  
A mouth athirst and amorous  
And hungering as the grave's mouth does,  
That, being an-hungered, cannot speak.

## AMISTRIS.

I am the queen of Per-sians,  
My breasts were lordlier than bright swans,  
My body as amber fair and thin,  
Strange flesh was given my lips for bread,  
With poisonous hours my days were led,  
And my feet shod with adder-skin,  
In Shushan toward Ecbatane  
I wrought my joys with tears and pain,  
My loves with blood and bitter sin.

## EPHRATH.

I am the queen of Rejehim,  
God, that some while hath kept him,  
Made in the end of all of us,  
My ramon was upon the world  
As strong sound of a horn that led  
Through porches of the straining sea,  
My hair was like the day-flower,  
And my breast's carven godlier  
Than beryl with chalcedony.

## PASTHILA.

I am the queen of Cypriote,  
Mine oarsmen, billowing with bowy throats,  
Song of me, on my tender throat,  
My milk-blens, curled loose and uncoiled  
With gold from room to white waist,

Praised me between their wool-combing,  
 All that praise Venus all night long  
 With lips like speech and lips like song  
 Praised me till song lost heart to sing.

## ALACIEL.

I am the queen Alaciel,  
 My mouth was like that moist gold cell  
 Whereon the thickest honey drips  
 Mine eyes were as a grey-green sea;  
 The amorous blood that smote on me  
 Smote to my feet and finger-tips.  
 My throat was whiter than the dove,  
 Mine eyelids as the seal of love,  
 And as the doors of love my lips.

## ERIGONE.

I am the queen Erigone  
 The wild wine shed as blood on me  
 Made my face brighter than a bride's,  
 My large lips had the old thirst of earth,  
 Mine arms the might of the old sea's girth  
 Bound round the whole world's iron  
 sides,

Within mine eyes and in mine ears  
 Were music and the wine of tears,  
 And light, and thunder of the tides.  
*Et hic exant, et illat Bersabe regina.*

Alas, God, for thy great pity  
 And for the might that is in thee,  
 Behold, I woul' Bersabe  
 Cry out with stoopings of my knee  
 And thy wrath laid and bound on me  
 Till I may see thy love.  
 Behold, Lord, this child is grown  
 Within me between bone and bone  
 To make me mother of a son,  
 Made of my body with strong moan;  
 There shall not be another one  
 That shall be made hereof.

## KING DAVID.

Lord God, alas, what shall I say?  
 Lo, thou art as an hundred men  
 Both to break and build again;  
 The wild ways thou makest plain  
 Thine hands hold the hail and corn,  
 And thy fingers both grape and grain;  
 Of their largess we be all well fain,  
 And of thy great pity,  
 Thy sun thou madest of good gold,

Of clean silver the moon cold,  
 All the great stars thou hast told  
 As thy cattle in thy fold  
 Every one by his name of old;  
 With land water thou hast in hold,  
 Both the land and the long sea;  
 Both the green sea and the land,  
 Lord God, thou hast in hand,  
 Both white water and grey sand;  
 Upon thy right or thy left hand  
 There is none that may stand;  
 Look thou on me on me,  
 O wise Lord, if thou be keen  
 To note things amiss that been,  
 I am not worth a shell of bean  
 More than an old mare meagre and lean  
 For all my wrong-doing with my queen,  
 It grew not of our hearties clean.

But it began of her body,  
 For it fell in the hot May  
 I stood within a paven way  
 Vault of fair bright stone, per fay,  
 That is as sure of night and day  
 And lighteth all my house,  
 The ein be neither stoness nor sticks,  
 Neither red nor white bricks,  
 But for cubits five or six  
 There is most goodly sandonyx  
 And amber laid in rows.

It goes round about my roots,  
 (If ye list ye shall have proof-)  
 There is good spice for horse and hoof,  
 Plain and nothing perilous,  
 For the fair green weather's heat,  
 And for the smell of leaves sweet,  
 It is no marvel, well ye weet,  
 A man to waxen amorous.

This I say now by my case  
 That spied forth of that royal place;  
 There I saw in no great space  
 Mine own sweet, both body and face,  
 Under the fresh boughs.

In a water that was there  
 She wesshe her goodly body bare  
 And dried it with her owen hair;  
 Both her arms and her knees fair,  
 Both bosom and brows;  
 Both shoulders and eke thighs  
 Though she wesshe upon this wise;  
 Ever she sighed with little sighs,  
 And ever she gave God thank.

Yea, God wot I can well see yet  
 Both her breast and her sides all wet  
 And her long hair withouten let  
 Spred sideways like a drawing net;  
 Full dear bought and full far fet



Was that sweet thing there y-set:  
 It were a hard thing to forget  
 How both lips and eyen met,  
     Breast and breath sank,  
 So goodly a sight as there she was,  
 Lying looling o'er her glass,  
 By wan water in green grass,  
     Yet saw never man,  
 So soft and great she was and bright  
 With all her body waxen white,  
 I wove nigh blind to see the light  
 Shed on of it to left and right;  
 This bitter sin from that sweet sight  
     Between us twain began

NATHAN.

Now, sir, be merry anon,  
 For ye shall have a full wise son,  
 Goodly and great of flesh and bone;  
 There shall no king be such an one,  
     I swear by Gods rood,  
 Therefore, lord, be mercifull here,  
 And go to me it withouten fear,  
 And hear a mass with goodly cheer;  
 For to all folk ye shall be dear,  
     And all folk of yeer blood.

*Et tunc dicant Laudamus.*

## ST. DOROTHY.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>It hath been seen and yet it shall be seen<br/>         That out of tender mouths Gods praise<br/>             hath been<br/>         Made perfect, and with wool and simple<br/>             string<br/>         He that played in it sweet as shawm-<br/>             playing<br/>         To please himself with softness of all sound;<br/>         And no small thing but hath been some-<br/>             time found<br/>         Full sweet of use, and no such humbleness<br/>         But God hath bruised withal the sentences<br/>         And evidence of wise men witnessing;<br/>         No leaf that is so soft a hidden thing<br/>         It never shall get sight of the great sun;<br/>         The strength of ten has been the strength<br/>             of one,<br/>         And lowliness has waxed imperious.<br/>         There was in Rome a man Theophilus<br/>         Of right great blood and gracious ways,<br/>             that had<br/>         All noble fashions to make people glad<br/>         And a soft life of pleasurable days;<br/>         He was a goodly man for one to praise.<br/>         Flawless and whole upward from foot to<br/>             head;<br/>         His arms were a red hawk that alway fed<br/>         On a small bird with feathers gnawed upon,</p> | <p>Beaten and plucked about the bosom-bone<br/>         Whereby a small round fleck like fire there<br/>             was:<br/>         They called it in their tongue lampadiaz:<br/>         This was the banner of the lordly man.<br/>         In many straits of sea and reaches wan<br/>         Full of quick wind, and many a shaken<br/>             firch,<br/>         It had seen fighting days of ether earth,<br/>         Westward or east of waters Gaditane<br/>         (This was the place of sea-rocks under Spain<br/>         Called after the great praise of Hercules)<br/>         And north beyond the washing Pontic seas,<br/>         For windy Russian places fabulous,<br/>         And salt fierce tides of storm-swoln Bos-<br/>             phorus.<br/>         Now as this lord came straying in Rome<br/>             town<br/>         He saw a little lattice open down<br/>         And after it a press of maidens' heads<br/>         That sat upon their cold small quiet beds<br/>         Talking, and played upon short-stringed<br/>             lutes;<br/>         And other some ground perfume out of roots<br/>         Gathered by marvellous moons in Asia<br/>         Saffron and aloes and wild cassia,<br/>         Colored all through and smelling of the<br/>             sun;</p> |
|--|--|

And over all these was a certain one  
Clothed softly, with sweet herbs about her  
hair

And bosom flowerful; her face more fair  
Than sudden-singing April in soft lands;  
Eye! like a gracious bird, and in both  
hands

She held a psalter painted green and red.  
This Theophile laughed at the heart, and  
said;

Now God so help me hither and St. Paul,  
As by the new time of their festival  
I have good will to take this maid to wife.  
And herewith fell to fancies of her life  
And soft half-thoughts that ended suddenly.  
Thus is man's guise to please himself, when  
he

Shall not see one thing of his pleasant  
things,

Nor with outwatch of many travailsings  
Come to be eased of the least pain he hath  
For all his love and all his foolish wrath  
And all the heavy manner of his mind.

Thus is he like a fisher far a boat  
That casts his nets across the boat awry  
To strike the sea, but lo, he striketh dry  
And plucks them back all broken for his  
pain

And bites his beard and casts across again  
And reaching wrong slips over in the sea,  
So hath this man a strangled neck for fee,  
For all his cost he chuckles in his throat.  
This Theophile that little hereof wote

Laid wit to hear of her what she might be:  
Men told him she had name of Dorothy,  
And was a lady of a worthy house.

Thereat this knight grew inly glorious  
That he should have a love so fair of place.  
She was a maiden of most quiet face,  
Tender of speech and had no hardihood  
But was nigh feeble of her tearful blood;  
Her mercy in her was so marvellous

From her least years, that seeing her school-  
fel'ows

That read beside her stricken with a rod,  
She would cry sore and say some word to  
God

That he would ease her fellow of his pain.  
There is no touch of sun or fallen rain  
That ever fell on a more gracious thing.

In middle Rome there was in stone-  
working

The church of Venus painted royally,  
The chapels of it were some two or three,  
In each of them her tabernacle was

And a wide window of six feet in glass  
Colored with all her works in red and gold.  
The altars had bright cloths and cups to  
hold

The wine of Venus for the services,  
Made out of honey and crushed wood-  
berries

That shed sweet yellow through the thick  
wet red,

That on high days was borne upon the head  
Of Venus' priest for any man to drink;  
So that in drinking he should fall to think  
On some fair face, and in the thought  
thereof

Worship, and such should triumph in his  
love.

For this soft wine that did such grace and  
good

Was new trans-shaped and mixed with love's  
own blood,

That in the fighting Trojan time was bled;  
For which came such a woe to Diomed  
That he was stilled after in hard sea.

And some said that this wine-shedding  
should be

Made of the falling of Adonis' blood,  
That curled upon the thorns and broken  
wood

And round the gold silk shoes on '15'  
feet;

The taste thereof was as hot honey sweet  
And in the mouth ran soft and riotous.  
This was the holiness of Venus' house.

It was their worship that in August days  
Twelve maidens should go through their  
Roman ways

Naked, and having gold across their brows  
And their hair twisted in short golden rows  
To minister to Venus in this wise:

All twelve men chosen in their companies  
To watch these maidens by the altar-stair,  
All in one habit, crowned upon the hair  
Among these men was chosen Theophile.

This knight went out and prayed a little  
while,

Holding queen Venus by her hands and  
knees;

I will give thee twelve royal images  
Cut in glad gold, with marvels of wrought  
stone

For thy sweet priest to lean and pray upon,  
Jasper and hyacinth and chrysopras,  
And the strange Asian thalomite that was  
Hidden twelve ages under heavy sea  
Among the little sleepy pearls, to be

A shine lit over with soft candle-flame  
 Burning all right red as hot brows of shame,  
 So thou wilt be my lady without sin,  
 Goddess that art all gold out of and in.  
 Help me to serve thee in thy holy way,  
 Thou knowest, Love, that at my Learning day  
 There shone a lighter in the staging stars  
 Round the god-ceiled lute bed where  
 Mars  
 Touch'd thee and had thee in your kissing  
 wise.  
 Now, then, fore, sweet kiss thou my maiden's  
 eyes  
 That they may open graciously towards me;  
 And this new fashion of thy shine I'll be  
 As set with gold as thine own happy head.  
 The goddess, that was painted with face  
 red  
 Between two long green tumbled sides, a  
 sea,  
 Stoop'd her neck sideways, and spake  
 pleasantly:  
 Thou shalt have grace as thou art thrall of  
 mine,  
 And with his came a savor of shed wine  
 And plucked-out petals from a rose's head;  
 And softly with slow laughs of lip she said,  
 Thou shalt have never all thy days of me.  
 Then came Theophilus to Dorothy,  
 Saying: O sweet, if one should strive or  
 speak  
 Against God's ways, he gets a beaten cheek  
 For all his wage and shame above all men,  
 Therefore I have no will to turn again  
 When God saith "go," lest a worse thing  
 fall on  
 Then she, misdoubting lest he went about  
 To catch her wits, made answer somewhat  
 thus:  
 I have no will, my lord Theophilus,  
 To speak against this worthy word of yours;  
 Knowing how God's will in all things en-  
 dures,  
 That save by grace there may no thing be  
 said,  
 Then Theophile waxed light from foot to  
 head,  
 And softly fell upon this answering,  
 It is well seen you are a chosen thing  
 To do God service in his gracious way,  
 I will that you make haste and holiday  
 To go next year upon the Venus star,  
 Covered none else, but crowned up on your  
 hair,  
 And do the service that a maiden doth.

She said; but I that am Christ's maid were  
 loth  
 To do this thing that hath such bitter name.  
 Thereat his brows were beaten with sore  
 shame  
 And he came off and said no other word,  
 Then his eyes chanced upon his banner-  
 bird,  
 And he fell fidgeting at the star of it  
 And laugh'd for wrath and stared between  
 his feet,  
 And out of a chafed heart he spake as thus:  
 Lo, how she japes at me Theophilus,  
 Fidgeting her self a fool and hard to love;  
 Yet in good time for all she boasteth of  
 She shall be like a little beaten bird,  
 And while his mouth was open in that word  
 He came upon the house Janiculum,  
 Where some went busily, and other some  
 Talked in the gate called the gate glorious,  
 The emperor, which was one Gabalus,  
 Sat over all and drank chill wine alone,  
 To whom is come Theophilus anon,  
 And said thus: *Bonjour, Dieu vous aide.*  
 And afterward sat under him, and said  
 All this thing though as ye have wholly  
 heard,  
 This Gabalus laughed thickly in his  
 beard,  
 Yea, this is righteousness and maiden rule,  
 Truly, he said, a maid is but a fool,  
 And japed at them as one full villainous,  
 In a lewd wise, this he, hen Gabalus,  
 And sent his men to bind her as he bade,  
 Thus have they taken Dorothy the maid,  
 And haled her forth as men hale pick-  
 purses:  
 A little need God knows they had of this,  
 To hale her by her maiden gentle hair,  
 Thus went she lowly, making a soft prayer,  
 As one who stays the sweet wine in his  
 mouth,  
 Muzzling with eased lips and is most  
 loth  
 To have done wholly with the sweet of it.  
 Christ king, fair Christ, that knowest all  
 men's wit  
 And all the feeble fashion of my ways,  
 O perfect God, that from all yesterdays  
 Abidest whole with morrows perfected,  
 I pray thee by thy mother's holy head  
 Thou help me to do right, that I not slip;  
 I have no speech nor strength upon my lip,  
 Except thou help me who art wise and  
 sweet.

Do this too for those nails that clove thy feet,

I to die maiden after many pains.

Though I be least among thy handmaidens,  
Doubtless I shall take death more sweetly  
thus.

Now have they brought her to King  
Galulus,

Who laughed in all his throat some breathing  
whiles.

By God, he said, if one should lea—two  
miles,

He were not pained about the sides so  
much.

This were a soft thing for a man to touch.  
Shall one so chafe that hath such little  
bones?

And shook his throat with thick and  
chuckled moans

For laughter that she had such holiness.

What aileth thee, wilt though do services.

It were good fare to fare as Venus doth.

Then said this lady with her maiden  
mouth,

Shamefaced, and something paler in the  
cheek:

Now, sir, albeit my wit and will to speak

Gave me no grace in sight of worthy men,

For all my shame yet know I this again,

I may not speak, nor utter downlying

Rise up to take delight in lute-playing,

Nor sing nor sleep, nor sit and fold my  
hands,

But my soul in some measure understands

God's grace laid like a garment over me.

For this fair God that out of strong sharp sea

Lifted the shapely and green-colored land,

And hath the weight of heaven in his hand

As one might hold a bird, and under him

The heavy golden planets beam by beam

Building the feasting-chambers of his house,

And the large world he holdeth with his  
brows,

And with the light of them astonisheth

All place and time and face of life and  
death

And motion of the north wind and the  
south,

And is the sound within his angel's mouth

Of singing words and words of thanksgiving.

And is the color of the latter spring

And heat upon the summer and the sun,

And is beginning of all things begun

And gathers in him all things to their end,

And with the fingers of his hand doth bend  
The stretch-bout sides of heaven like a  
sail

And with his breath he maketh the red pale

And fill with blood faint faces of men dead,

And with the sound between his lips are led

Iron and fire and the white body of snow,

And blossom of all trees in places low,

And small bright herbs on the little hills,

And fruit prickled softly with birds' tender  
bills,

And flight of foam about green banks of sea,

And fourfold strength of the great winds  
that he

Moved always outward from beneath his  
feet,

And growth of grass and growth of sheaved  
wheat

And all green flower of goodly-growing  
lands;

And all these things he gathers with his  
hands

And covers all their beauty with his wings;  
The same, even God that governs all these  
things,

Hath set my feet to be upon his ways.

Now therefore for no painfulness of days

I shall put on this service bound on me.

Also, fair sir, ye know this certainly,

How God was in his flesh full chaste and  
meek

And gave his face to shame, and either  
cheek

Gave up to smiting of men tyrannous.

And here with a great voice this Galulus

Cried out and said: By God's blood and his  
bones,

This were good game betwixen night and  
nones

For one to sit and hearken to such saws:

I were as lief fall in some big beast's jaws

As hear these women's jaw-teeth chattering;

By God a woman is the harder thing,

One may not put a hook into her mouth.

Now by St. Luke I am so sore adrouth

For all these saws I must needs drink again

But I pray God deliver all us men

From all such noise of women and their  
heat.

That is a noble scripture, well I weet,

That likens women to an empty can;

When God said that he was a full wise man.

I trow no man may blame him as for that.

And herewithal he drank a draught, and  
spat

And said: Now shall I make an end hereof.  
Come near all men and hearken for God's  
love,

And ye shall hear a jeer or twain, God wot.  
And spake as this, with mouth full thick and  
hot;

But thou do this, thou shalt be shortly slain.  
Lo, sir, she said, this death and all the  
pain

I take in penance of my latter sin.  
Yea, now, quoth Galahus, the game begins.  
Lo, without sin one shall not live or spin.  
Lo, this is she that would not look on man  
Between her fingers folded in thwar-wre.  
See how shame hath smitten in her eyes.  
That was so clean she had not heard of  
shame.

Certes, he said, by Galahus my name,  
This two years back I was not so well  
pleased.

This were good mirth for sick men to be  
eased.

And rise up whole and laugh at hearing of.  
I pray thee show us something of thy love.  
Since thou wast maid thy gown is waxen  
wide.

Yea, maid I am, she said, and somewhat  
sighed,

As one who thought upon the low fair  
house

Where she sat working, with soft bended  
brows

Watching her threads, among the school-  
maidens.

And she thought well now God hath brought  
her thence

She should not come to sew her gold again.  
Then cried King Galahus upon his men

To have her faith and draw her with steel  
gins.

And as a man hag ridden beats and grins  
And bends his body sidelong in his bed,

So wagged he with his body and knave's  
head,

Gaping at her, and blowing with his breath.  
And in good time he ga, an evil death

Out of his lewfulness with his cursed wives:  
His bones were hewn asunder as with  
knives

For his mi-living, certes it is said,  
But all the evil wrought upon this maid,

It were full hard for one to hanle it.  
For her soft blood was shed upon her feet,

And all her body's color bruised and faint.  
But she, as one abiding God's great samt,

Spoke not nor wept for all this travail hard.  
When fore the king commanded a'terward

To lay her peacefully in all men's sight,  
As it was now an hour upon the night

And winter froge, and late stars began.  
The weather was yet felle, and all was  
forn

For beating of a weathy wind and snow.  
And he com, wylking in soft wise and  
slow,

And many men with faces piteous,  
Then came this heavy cursing Galahus,

That swore full hard matol's schind on beard;  
And forthly after without any word

Came Ekeghil, some paces off the king,  
And in the middle of this waytynge,

Fell tenderly beholding her he said:  
There is no word of comfort with men  
dead

Nor my face and color of things sweet;  
But always with bencheol's and lifted feet

These dead men be all a hung to the blood  
With bitter cold, then I frowe withouten  
hood

Beating for chill, their bodies swathed full  
thin:

Alas, what hire shall any have to rein  
To give his life and get such bitterness?

Also the soul going forth bodiless  
Is hurt with raked cold, and no man saith

If there be house or covering for death  
To hide the soul that is discomforted.

Then she beholding him a little said:  
Alas, fur lord, ye have no wit of this:

For on one side death is full poor of bliss  
And as ye say full sharp of bone and lean:

But on the other side is good and green  
And hath soft flower of tender-colored hair

Grown on his head, and a red mouth as  
far

As may be kissed with lips: thereto his  
face

Is as God's face, and in a perfect place  
Full of all sam and color of straight boughs

And waterheads about a painted house  
That hath a mile of flowers either way

Outward from it, and blossom-grass of May  
Thickening on many a side for length of  
heat,

Hath God set death upon a noble seat  
Covered with green and flowered in the  
feld,

In likeness of a great king grown full old  
And gentle with new temperance of blood;

And on his brow a purpled purple hood,  
They may not carry any golden thing;

And plays some tune with subtle fingering  
On a small cithern, full of tears and sleep  
And heavy pleasure that is quick to weep  
And sorrow with the honey in her mouth;  
And for this night of music that to doth  
Are all souls drawn toward him with great  
love

And weep for sweetness of the noise thereof  
And bow to him with worship on their  
knees:

And all the flidell's thick with companies  
Of fair-bodied men that ply on shawm  
and lute

And gather honey of the yellow fruits  
Between the branches waxen soft and wile;  
And all this peace endureth in either side  
Of the green land, and God be holdeth all,  
And this is girdled with a round fair wall  
Made of red stone and cool with heavy  
leaves

Grown out against it, and green blossom  
cleaves

To the green chinks, and lesser wall-wood  
sweet,

Kissing the crannies that are split with  
heat,

And branches where the summer draws to  
head.

And Theophile burnt in the cheek, and  
said:

Yea, could I see it, this were marvellous.  
I pray you, at your coming to this house,  
Give me some leaf of all those tree-branches;  
Seeing how so sharp and white our weather  
is,

There is no green nor gracious red to see.

Yea, sir, she said, that shall I certainly,  
And from her long sweet throat without a  
fleck

Y'ndid the gold, and through her stretched  
out neck

The cold axe clove, and smote away her  
head:

Out of her throat the tender blood full red  
Fell suddenly through all her long soft hair,  
And with good speed for hardness of the air  
Each man departed to his house again.

Lo, as fair color in the face of men  
At seed-time of their blood, or in such wise  
As a thing seen increaseth in men's eyes,  
Caught first far off by sickly fits of sight—  
So a word said, if one shall hear aright,  
Abides against the season of its growth.  
This Theophile went slowly, as one doth  
That is not sure for sickness of his feet;

And counting the white net-work of the  
street,

Tears fell out of his eyes for wrath and love,  
Making him weep more for the shame  
thereof

Than for true pain; so went he half-smil-  
ing,  
And women mocked him, saying: The o-  
phile,

Lo, she is dead; what shall a woman have  
That loveth such an one? so Christ may love,  
I were as hot to love a man new-hum-  
bled.

Surely this man hath bitten on his tongue,  
This makes him sad and writhed in his fo-  
rehead

And when they came upon the paven  
place

That was called sometime the place Amer-  
ous,

There came a churl before Theophiles,  
Bearing a basket, and said suddenly:  
Fair sir, this is my mistress Dorothy  
That sends you greeting, and with this love  
gives me.

In all this earth there is not such an one  
For color and straight stature made  
The tender growing gold of his part  
Was as wheat growing, and his mouth a  
flame.

God called him Holy after his own name,  
With gold cloth like fire burning he was  
clad.

But for the fair green basket that he had,  
It was filled up with heavy white and red  
Great roses stained still where the first  
blood

Burning at heart for shame their heart with  
hobbs;

And the sad color of strong margolds  
That have the sun to kiss their lips  
love;

The flower that Venus' hair is woven,  
The color of fair apples in the sun,

Late peaches gathered when the heat  
done

And the slain air get breath; and after these  
The fair faint-headed poppies drunk with  
ease,

And heaviness of hollow lilies red.  
Then cried they all that saw these things,  
and said

It was God's doing, and I was marvellous,  
And in that while this bright Theophiles  
Is waxen full of faith, and wane such  
Before the king of God and love and death  
For which the king had hang him pre-  
sently.

A gallow's of a body pluck'd of thee  
 This Galahad, that's a name of thee,  
 Forth of this world is fled  
 With a wind that's gone  
 Than he that hath a twain  
 But truly God is true  
 There's weal that's in the world  
 Nor all the people plucking at his feet;

But in his face his eyes  
 And his lips that are long lips are  
 God's grace, a joy to be among  
 I pray you, pray for me  
 For your sake, for your sake  
 And pray you, pray for me  
 And pray you, pray for me

## THE TWO DREAMS.

(FROM BOCCACCIO.)

I WILL that if I say a word  
 Your tongue shall give me, ye know  
 Has flocks and fies of pain to be pluck'd  
 And walks some while with water-bitten  
 Moreover it sounds often well to fit  
 One string, when ye play music, keep at  
 The whole song through; one pet that is  
 Confirms the roses, he that white or red  
 Dead sorrow is not sorrowful to her  
 As the thick noise that breaks and  
 The sick sound when in a life of rest  
 Turns to sharp silver of a perfect rest  
 And though the rain fall cold and with  
 Late autumn falls on the leaf and  
 I deem that God is not dead  
 Also while men are dead, he is  
 They shall be full with  
 There grew a tree in the  
 land

More fair than many; all red summers  
 The leaves sweet and sharp of rain,  
 Sideway with tender wind, and therein fall  
 Sweet sound wherewith the green waxed  
 A bird's will to being disturbed his throat  
 And set the sharp wings forward like a boat  
 Broken through soft water, moving his  
 Smoothish pen as a riddle, and shook with  
 His deep warm bosom, till the heavy sun's  
 Set of heat stopped all the songs at  
 The ways were clean to walk and debilitate;  
 And when the windy white of March grew  
 Before the trees took heart to face the sun  
 With yellowed raiment of lean winter,  
 The ways were thick and hot with hollow  
 So on roads away a lordly house there  
 God with broad courts and lattice passage  
 In meadow flowers and lilies ripe to set,

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Sown close among the strewings of the floor;

And either wall of the slow corridor  
Was dim with deep device of gracious things;

Some angels' steady mouth and weight of wings

Shut to the side; or Peter with straight stole  
And beard cut blue against the aureole  
That spanned his head from nose to crown;  
there

Mary's gold hair, thick to the girdle-tie  
Wherem was bound a child with tender feet;

Or the broad cross with blood-nigh brown  
on it.

Within this house a righteous lord abode,  
Ser Averardo; patient of his mood,  
And just of judgment; and to child he had  
A maid so sweet: that her mere sight made glad

Men sorrowing, and unbound the brows of hate;

And where she came, the lips that pain made strait

Waxed warm and wide, and from untender grew

Tender as those that sleep bring patience to,  
Such long locks had she, that with knee to chin

She might have wrapped and warmed her feet therein.

Right seldom fell her face on weeping wise;  
Gold hair she had, and golden-colored eyes,

Filled with clear light and fire and large repose

Like a fair hound's; no man there is but knows

her face was white, and thereto she was tall;

In no wise lacked there any praise at all  
To her most perfect and pure maidenhood;  
No sin I think there was in all her blood.

She, where a gold grate shut the roses in,  
Dwelt daily through deep summer weeks,  
through green

Flushed hours of rain upon the leaves;  
and there

Love made him room and space to worship her

With tender worship of bowed knees, and wrought

Such pleasure as the pained sense prizes  
not

For weariness, but at one time undoes  
The heart of it strong sweet, is ravenous  
Of all the hable honey, words and sense  
Laid through the time's imperious prevalence.

In a poor house this lover kept apart,  
Long communing with patience next his heart

If love of his might move that face at all,  
Turned sideways with colors musical;  
Then after length of days he said thus: —  
"Love,

For love's own sake and for the love thereof

Let no harsh words untune your gracious mood;

For good it were, if anything be good  
To comfort me in this pain's plague of mine;

Seeing thus, how neither sleep nor bread  
nor wine

Seem — — — to me; yea, nothing that is  
Seem — — — at me; only I know this,

My teeth are sharp for palms of piteous  
et

To travel, but the end of each is sweet:  
Not so to with me as seem in you the best."

She mused a little, as one holds his gun  
By the hand musing, with her face borne down:

Then said: "Yea, though such litter see I  
be sown,

Have no more care of all that you have said;

Since if there is no sleep will bind your head,

Lo, I am fain to help you certainly;  
Christ knoweth, sir, if I would have you die;

There is no pleasure when a man is dead.  
Thereat he kissed her hands and yellow head

And clipped her fair long body many times;  
I have no wit to shape in written rhymes

A scanted title of this great joy they had

They were too near love's secret to be glad

As whose deems the core will surely melt  
From the warm fruit his lips cares, hath felt

Some bitter kernel where the teeth shut hard;

Or as sweet music sharpens afterward,  
Being half distasteful both for sharp and sweet;

As sea-water, having killed over-heat



In a man's body, chills it with faint heat;  
 So their sense, lundened only for love's  
 sake,  
 Failed for pure love; yet so true saved  
 their wit,  
 They saved each day some gold leaves of  
 it,  
 Being wis'r in love: till death made  
 Whom moments feed with life, change  
 clarity,  
 All things felt sweet were felt sweet over-  
 made;  
 The rose thorn's prickle dangerous to  
 touch,  
 And the fire of fire in the rain left had  
 out;  
 Took from the heart the fire of the  
 eye,  
 Its red too harsh a weight on fear'd  
 eyes;  
 They were so true in love as  
 Beyond all hope and all  
 Where pleasure lies for kinsfolk sleep and  
 death,  
 And strength of soul and body was  
 blind  
 For weariness of flesh, entic'd with  
 mind,  
 When the keen edge of sense for  
 taste  
 Even the green place the summer  
 seem'd  
 Seem'd half of flower and half  
 with  
 In their stray'd eyes, the gold flower-  
 famed eye  
 Burnt out to be the sun's low  
 The midnoon's prayer, a  
 giving,  
 The tree's weight lundening the  
 less air,  
 The shape of her stilled eyes, for  
 her  
 Her body's lance from the moving  
 All this, her fair, lack'd yet  
 sweet  
 It had some arrow'd  
 On May's new walk, the  
 So those same walks the  
 in  
 All April through, and  
 Of the gold leaves, when  
 blows—  
 The dead red rain out of the  
 rose—  
 The last year's laurel, in the  
 love,  
 Fade, and grow things that  
 weary of.

What man will gather in red summer-time  
 The fruit of some of scime and hoary rhyme  
 Had last midwinter, taste the heart in it,  
 Would the smooth emotions afresh, rent  
 The fair leaves mired, flush the dead blood  
 through  
 With a car, in the all bro's beauties new  
 For love's raw lesson, shall not such find  
 pain  
 When the mired music, laboring in his  
 brain  
 Lists him with sweet sharp fragments, and  
 the lip  
 Or want that might have satisfied his  
 lips  
 One touch that might put fire in all the  
 cherries?  
 The way for pain to miss from all sweet  
 words  
 Some steel sound, diverse and delicate—  
 Some such the old love found out to  
 despise  
 For a loss of but lip and drowsiness—  
 Some may some won the old love found  
 out  
 Possible months and madlighted weeks,  
 The flowers had lost their summer-scented  
 cheeks  
 Their lips were no more sweet than daily  
 the lip  
 The year was plagued with instances of  
 the lip  
 so that there were  
 With leaves of an, and many a bird there  
 was  
 Where the green shadow thickliest im-  
 phed  
 Some fruit of with a spray and blossom  
 the lip  
 Dry in the sun or washed with rains to  
 white  
 Her riddle was pure silk, the bosom bright  
 With purple as purple water and gold  
 with a bit in  
 One touch he found of with dusk her lips  
 and chin  
 Made a chit of the throat, abashed with  
 the lip  
 The year's bright plaited work: but  
 the lip  
 The year's large lips on the luxurious hair.  
 Her grey was new color to the air  
 And made to the silk many birds  
 Love was an hampered for some perfect  
 words

To praise her with; but only her low name  
"Andrevuola" came thrice, and thrice put  
shame

In her clear cheek, so fruitful with new red  
That for pure love straightway shame's self  
was dead.

Then with lids gathered as who late had  
wept

She began saying: "I have so little slept  
My lids drowse now against the very sun;  
Yea, the brain aching with a dream begun  
Beats like a fitful bloom; kiss but let's  
brows,

And you shall pluck my thoughts grown  
dangerous

Almost away." He said that, kissing them;  
"O sole sweet thing that God is glad to  
name,

My one gold gift, if dreams be sharp and  
sore

Shall not the waking time increase much  
more

With taste and sound, sweet eyesight or  
sweet scent?

Has any heat too hard and insolent  
Burnt bare the tender-manned leaves, un-  
done

The maiden grass shut under from the sun?  
Where in this world is room enough for  
pain?"

The **teverish** finger of love had touched  
again

Her lips with happier blood; the pain lay  
meek

In her fair face, nor altered lip nor cheek  
Web-palor or with pulse; but in her mouth

Love thirsted as a man with ylfing doth,  
Making it humble as weak hunger is.

She lay close to him, bade do this and this,  
Say that, sing thus; then almost weeping-  
ripe

Crouched, then laughed low. As one that  
vain would wipe

The old record out of old things done and  
dead,

She rose, she heaved her hands up, and  
waxed red

For wild heart and blameless fear of  
blame;

Saying "Though my wits be weak, this is  
no shame

For a poor maid whom love's copan'sleth  
With heats of hesitation and stopped breath

That with my dreams I live yet heavily  
For pure sad heart and faith's humility.

Now be not wroth and I will shew **you**  
this,

"Methought our lips upon their second  
kiss

Met in this place, and a fair day we had  
And far soft leaves that waxed and were  
not sad

With drunken rain or bitten through with  
drouth;

When I, beholding ever how your mouth  
Waited for mine, the throat being fallen  
back,

Saw crawl thereout a live thing flaked with  
blac'

Specks of brute slime and leper-colored  
scale,

A devil's hide with foul flame-writhen grail  
Fashioned where hell's heat testeth loath-  
somest;

And that brief speech may ease me of the  
rest,

Thus were you slain and eaten of the thing,  
My waked eyes felt the new day shuddering  
On their low lids, felt the whole east so  
heat,

Part with close pulse of such a plague-  
struck heat,

As if the palpitating dawn drew breath  
For horror, breathing between life and  
death,

Till the sun sprang blood-bright and vio-  
lent,"

So finishing, her soft strength wholly spent,  
Gazed each way, lest some brute-hooved  
thing,

The timeless travail of hell's childbearing,  
Should threat upon the sudden; whereat he,  
For relish of her twisted misery

And tender little the impact of her pain,  
Laughed with mere love. What lover  
among men

But hath his sense fed sovereignly 'twixt  
whiles

With tears and covered eyelids and sick  
smiles

And soft disaster of a pained face?

What pain, established in so sweet a place,  
In the plucked leaf of it small, fragrant?

What color burning man's wide-open eye  
But may be pleasantly seen? what sense  
Keeps in its hot sharp extreme violence

No savor of sweet things? The bereaved  
blood

And empyed flesh in their most broken  
mood

Fail not so wholly, famish not when thus  
 Past honey keeps the starved lip covetous,  
 Therefore this speech from a glad mouth  
 began,  
 Breathed in her tender hair and temples  
 wan  
 Like one prolonged kiss while the lips had  
 breath:  
 "Sleep, that aboles in y<sup>e</sup> stage of death,  
 And in death's service wears out half his  
 age,  
 Hath his dreams full of dooibly vassalage,  
 Shadow and sound of things ungracious;  
 Fair shallow faces, blood of bloodless crow,  
 And mouths past kissing; yea, myself have  
 had  
 As harsh a dream as holds your eyelids so I.  
 "This dream I tell you came three nights  
 ago;  
 In full mid sleep I took a whim to know  
 How sweet things might be; so I turned  
 and thought;  
 But save my dream all sweet availed me  
 not.  
 First came a smell of pounded spice and  
 scent  
 Such as God ripens in some continent  
 Of utmost amber in the Syrian sea;  
 And I treatis as though some costly rose  
 could be  
 Spoiled slowly, wa'nted by sore bitter fire  
 To burn the sweet out leaf by leaf, and tire  
 The flower's poor heart with heat and  
 waste, to make  
 Strong magic for some perfumed woman's  
 sake,  
 Then a cool naked sense beneath my feet  
 Of lute and blossom; and sound of veins  
 that beat  
 As if a lute should play of its own heart  
 And feathily, not smitten of either part;  
 And all my blood it filled with shrip and  
 sweet  
 As gold swoln grain fills out the husked  
 wheat;  
 So I rose naked from the bed, and stood  
 Counting the mo'ile measure in my blood  
 Some pleasant while, and through each  
 limb there came  
 Swift little jets of spirit as a flame,  
 Felt in the thrilling flesh and veins, as  
 much  
 As the inner soul that feel the hand's first  
 touch  
 Thrill to the ribs and saucer as from fire;

And blind between my dream and my desire  
 I seemed to stand and held my spirit still  
 Lest this should cease. A child whose  
 fingers spill  
 Honey from cells forgotten of the bee  
 Is less afraid to stir the hive and see  
 Some wasp's bright back noddle, than I to  
 feel  
 Some finger-touch disturb the flesh like  
 steel.  
 I prayed thus; Let me catch a secret here  
 So sweet, it sharpens the sweet taste of  
 fear  
 And takes the mouth with edge of wine; I  
 would  
 Have here some color and smooth shape as  
 good  
 As those in heaven whom the chief garden  
 hides  
 With low grape-blossom veiling their white  
 sides  
 And lesser tendrils that so find and blind  
 Their eyes and feet, that if one come  
 behind  
 To touch their hair they see not, neither  
 fly;  
 This would I see in heaven and not die.  
 So praying; I had nigh cried out and knelt,  
 So wholly my prayer filled me; till I felt  
 In the dumb night's warm weight of glow-  
 ing gloom  
 Somewhat that altered all my sleeping-  
 room,  
 And made it like a green low place wherein  
 Maids mix to bathe; one sets her wall  
 warm chin  
 Against a ripple that the angry pearl  
 May flow like flame about her; the next  
 curl  
 Dips in some dully colored of the sun  
 To wash the dirt well out; another one  
 Holds a straight ankle in her hand and  
 swings  
 With lavi h body sidelong, so that rings  
 Of fierce sweet water, swollen and splendid,  
 full  
 All round her fine and floated body pale,  
 Swayed flower-fashion, and her balanced  
 side  
 Sweived edgeways lets the weight of water  
 slide,  
 As when in some underflow of sea  
 Sweives the linked gold of sea-flowers;  
 But she

Palls down some branch to keep her perfect head

Clear of the river: even from wall to bed,  
I tell you, was my room transfigured so,  
Sweet, green and warm it was, no cold I  
    me know

If there were walls or leaves, or if there was  
No Ted's green curtain, but mere panele  
    glass.

There were set also hard against the  
Gold plates with honey and green grapes  
    to eat,

With the cool water's noise to hear in  
    rhymes:

And a wind warned me full of haze and  
    limes

And all hot sweets the heavy summer fills  
To the round brim of smooth cup-sha  
    hills.

Next the grave walking of a woman's feet  
Made my veins hesitate, and glad as feet  
Made thick the lids and leaden as mine  
    eyes:

And I thought ever, surely it were w  
Not yet to see her: this may last (who  
    knows?)

Five minutes; the poor rose is twice a rose  
Because it turns a face to her, the wind  
Sings that way; hath this woman ever  
    sinned,

I wonder? as a boy with apple-smell,  
I played with pleasures, made them to my  
    mind,

Changed each ore tasting. When she came  
    indeed.

First her hair touched me, then I go w  
    feel

Of the sense of her hand; her mouth at  
    last

Touched me between the cheek and lip  
    and past

Over my face with kisses here and there,  
Sown in and out across the eyes, and I was  
Still I said nothing; till she, of her face,  
More close and hither on the kisses, I  
And her mouth caught like a snake's mouth,  
    and stung

So faint and tenderly, the fang  
    clung

More than a bird's foot, yet a wound  
    grew,

A great one, let this red mark witness, yet  
Under the left breast; and the stroke  
    of

So clove my sense that I woke out of love

And knew not what this dream was nor  
    I live;

But now God knows if I have skill of it."  
Then at she laid one palm against her  
    lips

To stop their trembling; as when water  
    ships

Out of a beak-mouthed vessel with faint  
    noise

And chuckles in the narrow throat and  
    choys

The heaven rims with murmuring, so came  
Words in her lips with no word right of  
    them,

A broken speech thick and disconsolate,  
Till her smile ceasing waxed compassionate  
Of her sore tear that grew from anything

The sound of the strong summer thickening  
To hated leaves of the smooth apple-trees;  
The day's breath felt about the ash-branches  
And noises of the noon whose weight still  
    grew

Of the hot heavy-headed flowers, and  
    dew

The red mouths open till the rose-heart  
    bled;

For eastward all the crowding rose was  
    slaked

And clothed with shade; but westward all  
    the growth

Seemed to breathe hard with heat as a man  
    doth

Who feels his temples newly feverous,  
And can with such motion in her brow,

As that in which in whom sick days begin,  
She mined her throat and spake, her voice  
    being thin

As a sick man's, sudden and tremulous;  
"Now it, if this end be mine indeed on us,  
Let us love more," and held his mouth  
    with hers.

As the first sound of flooded hill-waters,  
Tossed by people of the meadow-mass,  
Or over a wandering waf of ruin pass  
With whirling stones and foam of the brown  
    cascades

Flashed with fierce yellow; so beholding  
    him

She felt for the tears cause her eyelids wet,  
Saw the face deadly thin where life was  
    yet,

Heard his throat's harsh last moan before  
    it ceased

And he, with close mouth passionate and  
    dumb

Burned at her lips—so lay they without  
 speech,  
 Each grasping other, and the eyes of each  
 Fell in the other's face; till suddenly  
 He cried out with a little broken cry  
 This word: "O help me, sweet, I am but  
 dead."  
 And even so saying, the color of his red  
 Was cut out of his face, and his blood's  
 fell  
 Fell in stark death in deep plas up-  
 ward feet  
 And pointed hands; and with a sigh he  
 died,  
 Pain smote her sudden in eye brows and  
 side,  
 Strained her lips open and made turn her  
 eyes:  
 For the pure sharpness of her miseries  
 She had no heart to grieve, but mere body's  
 weak;  
 But at the last her beaten blood drew back  
 Slowly upon her face, and her stunned  
 face  
 Suddenly grown, was all piteous  
 Gashed, blossomed, and her eyes shone, her  
 hard breath  
 Came as though one might dead came back  
 from death;  
 Her lips throbb'd, and the friend led through  
 her hair,  
 And in brief while she thence led to bury  
 there  
 The dead man that her love was with  
 him  
 For sweet he, under the roses, lay  
 And soft each round the branched apple  
 trees,  
 Full of hushed heat and heavy with great  
 care,  
 And no man entering dived him thence,  
 Wherefore she bade one of her hand-  
 maids  
 To be her help to do upon this wise  
 And saying so the tears out of her eyes  
 Fell without noise and comforted her heart:  
 Yea, her great pain eased of the sorest part  
 Began to soften in her sense of it  
 There under all the little branches sweet  
 The place was shapen of his burial;  
 They shed thereon no flag funeral,  
 But colored leaves of lilies rose-blossom,  
 Stems of soft grass, some withered reed and  
 some  
 Fine and the bell-blossom; and spoil of lender  
 Or many old and great spent sunflower,  
 And afterward she came back without  
 word  
 To her own house; two days went, and the  
 third  
 Went, and she showed her father of this  
 thing,  
 And for great grief of her soul's traveling  
 He gave consent she should endure in  
 peace  
 Till her life's end; yea, till her time should  
 cease,  
 To should abide in fellowship of pain,  
 And having lived a holy year or twain  
 She had of pure white heart and weariness,  
 And for love's sorrow in her love's distress  
 This word was written over her tomb's  
 head;  
 "Here dead she lieth, for whose sake Love  
 is dead."

## AHOI BAH.

In the land of the  
 A woman—  
 Thy  
 We  
 Till the

There was none like thee in the land;  
 The girl that were thy bondwomen  
 Did and thee with a purple band;  
 I pray thy torches, that in men,  
 Should know thee for God's hand-  
 maiden.

Strange raiment clad thee like a bride,  
 With silk to wear on hands and feet  
 And plates of gold on either side:  
 Wine made thee glad, and thou didst  
 eat  
 Honey, and choice of pleasant meat.

And fishers in the middle sea  
 Did get thee sea-fish and sea-woods  
 In color like the robes on thee;  
 And curious work of plaited reeds,  
 And wools wherein live purple bleeds.

And round the edges of thy cup  
 Men wrought thee marvels out of gold,  
 Strong snakes with lean throats lited up,  
 Large eyes whereon the brows had  
 hold,  
 And seely things their slime kept cold.

For thee they blew soft wind in flutes  
 And ground sweet roots for cunning  
 scent;  
 Made slow because of many lutes,  
 The wind among thy chambers went  
 Wherein no light was violent.

God called thy name Aholibah,  
 His tabernacle being in thee,  
 A witness through waste Asia;  
 Thou wert a tent sewn cunningly  
 With gold and colors of the sea.

God gave thee gracious ministers  
 And all their work who plait and  
 weave:  
 The cunning of embroiderers  
 That sew the pillow to the sieve,  
 And likeness of all things that live.

Thy garments upon thee were fair  
 With scarlet and with yellow thread;  
 Also the weaving of thine hair  
 Was as fine gold upon thy head,  
 And thy silk shoes were sewn with red.

All sweet things he bade sift, and ground  
 As a man grindeth wheat in mills  
 With strong wheels always going round;  
 He gave thee corn, and grass that fills  
 The cattle on a thousand hills.

The wine of many seasons fed  
 Thy mouth, and made it fair and clean;  
 Sweet oil was poured out on thy head  
 And run down like cool rain between  
 The strait close locks it melted in.

The strong men and the captains knew  
 Thy chambers wrought and fashioned  
 With gold and covering of blue,  
 And the blue raiment of thine head  
 Who satest on a stately bed.

All these had on their garments wrought  
 The shape of beasts and creeping  
 things,  
 The body that availeth not,  
 Flat backs of worms and veined wings,  
 And the lewd bulk that sleeps and  
 stings.

Also the chosen of the years,  
 The multitude being at ease,  
 With sackbuts and with dulcimers  
 And noise of shawms and psalteries  
 Made mirth within the ears of these.

But as a common woman doth,  
 Thou didst think evil and devise;  
 The sweet smell of thy breast and mouth  
 Thou madest as the harlot's wise,  
 And there was painting on thine eyes.

Yea, in the woven guest-chamber  
 And by the painted passages  
 Where the strange gracious paintings were,  
 State upon state of companies,  
 There came on thee the lust of these.

Because of shapes on either wall  
 Sea-colored from some rare blue shell  
 At many a Tyrian interval,  
 Horsemen on horses, girdled well,  
 Delicate and desirable,

Thou saidest: I am sick of love;  
 Stay me with flagons, comfort me  
 With apples for my pain thereof  
 Till my hands gather in his tree  
 That fruit wherein my lips would be.

Yea, saidest thou, I will go up  
 When there is no more shade than one  
 May cover with a hollow cup,  
 And make my bed against the sun  
 Till my blood's violence be done.

Thy mouth was leant upon the wall  
 Against the painted mouth, thy chin  
 Touched the hair's painted curve and fall;  
 Thy deep throat, fallen lax and thin,  
 Worked as the blood's heat worked  
 therein.

Therefore, O thou Ahohbah,  
 God is not glad by use of thee;  
 And thy fine gold shall pass away  
 Like those fair coins of ore that be  
 Washed over by the middle sea.

Then will one make thy body bare  
 To strip it of all glorious things,  
 And pluck the cover from thine hair,  
 And break the gift of many kings,  
 Thy wrist-rings and thine ankle-rings.

Likewise the man whose body join  
 To thy smooth body, was said,  
 Who hath a girdle on his loins  
 And dyed attire upon his head  
 The same who, seeing, worshipped,

Because thy face was like the face  
 Of a clean maiden that smells sweet,  
 Because thy gait was as the pace  
 Of one that opens not her feet  
 And is not heard within the street—

Even he, O thou Ahohbah,  
 Made separate from thy desire,  
 Shall cut thy nose and ears away  
 And bruise thee for thy body's hire  
 And burn the residue with fire.

Then shall the heathen people say  
 The multitude being at ease,  
 Lo, this is that Ahohbah  
 Whose name was blown among strange  
 seas,  
 Grown old with soft adulteries.

Also her bed was made of green,  
 Her windows beautiful for glass  
 That she had made her bed between:  
 Yea, for pure lust her body was  
 Made like white summer-colored grass

Her raiment was a strong man's spoil;  
 Upon a table by a bed  
 She set mine incense and mine oil  
 To be the beauty of her head  
 In chambers walled about with red.

Also between the walls she had  
 Fair faces of strong men portrayed;  
 All girded round the loins, and clad  
 With several cloths of woven braid  
 And garments marvelously made.

Therefore the wrath of God shall be  
 Set as a witch upon her way;  
 And whoso findeth by the sea  
 Blown dust of bones will hardly say  
 If his were that Ahohbah.

### LOVE AND SLEEP.

LYING asleep between the strokes of night  
 I saw my love lean over my bed,  
 Pale as the dusky lily's foot or head,  
 Smooth-skinned and dark, with rare throat  
 made to bite,  
 Too wan for blushing and too warm for  
 white,  
 But perfect-colored with out white or red,  
 And her lips opened amorously, and  
 said—  
 I wist not what, saying one word—De-  
 light.

And all her face was honey to my mouth,  
 And all her body pasture to mine eyes;  
 The long hie arms and hotter hands  
 than fire,  
 The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the  
 south,  
 The bright light feet, the splendid supple  
 thighs  
 And glittering eyelids of my soul's  
 desire.

## MADONNA MIA.

UNDER green apple boughs  
That never a storm will rouse,  
My lady hath her house  
Between two bowers;  
In either of the twain  
Red roses full of rain;  
She hath for bondwomen  
All kind of flowers.

She hath no handmaid fair  
To draw her curled gold hair  
Through rings of gold that bear  
Her whole hair's weight;  
She hath no maids to stand  
Gold-clothed on either hand,  
In all the great green land  
None is so great.

She hath no more to wear  
But one white hood of vair  
Drawn over eyes and hair,  
Wrought with strange gold,  
Made for some great queen's head,  
Some fair great queen since dead;  
And one strait gown of red  
Against the cold.

Beneath her eyelids deep  
Love lying seems asleep,  
Love, swift to wake, to weep,  
To laugh to gaze;  
Her breasts are like white birds,  
And all her gracious words  
As water-grass to herds  
In the June-days.

To her all dews that fall  
And rains are musical;  
Her flowers are fed from all,  
Her joys from these;  
In the deep-feathered firs  
Their gift of joy is hers;  
In the least breath that stirs  
Across the trees.

She grows with greenest leaves,  
Ripens with reddest sheaves,  
Forgets, remembers, grieves,  
And is not sad;  
The quiet lands and skies  
Leave light upon her eyes;  
None knows her, weak or wise,  
Or tired or glad.

None knows, none understands,  
What flowers are like her hands;  
Though you should search all lands  
Wherein time grows,  
What snows are like her feet,  
Though his eyes burn with heat  
Through gazing on my sweet,  
Yet no man knows.

Only this thing is said;  
That white and gold and red,  
God's three chief words, man's bread  
And oil and wine,  
Were given her for dowers,  
And kingdom of all hours,  
And grace of goodly flowers  
And various vine.

This is my lady's praise:  
God after many days  
Wrought her in unknown ways,  
In sunset lands;  
This was my lady's birth;  
God gave her might and mirth  
And laid his whole sweet earth  
Between her hands.

Under deep apple-boughs  
My lady hath her house;  
She wears upon her brows  
The flower thereof;  
All saying but what God saith  
To her as vain breath;  
She is more strong than death,  
Being strong as love.



## THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

We were ten maidens in the green court,  
 Small red leaves in the mill-water;  
 Fairer than lens never were born,  
 Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens by a well-head,  
 Small white birds in the mill-water;  
 Sweeter maidens never were wed,  
 Rings of red for the king's daughter.

The first to spin, the second to sing,  
 Seeds of wheat in the mill-water;  
 The third may was a goodly thing,  
 White bread and brown for the king's daughter.

The fourth to sew and the fifth to play,  
 Fair green weed in the mill-water;  
 The sixth may was a goodly may,  
 White wine and red for the king's daughter.

The seventh to woo, the eighth to wed,  
 Fair thin reeds in the mill-water;  
 The ninth had gold work on her head,  
 Honey in the comb for the king's daughter.

The ninth had gold work round her hair,  
 Lallen flowers in the mill-water;  
 The tenth may was goodly and fair,  
 Golden gloves for the king's daughter.

We were ten maidens in a field green,  
 Lallen fruit in the mill-water;  
 Fairer maidens never have been,  
 Golden sleeves for the king's daughter.

By there comes the king's young son,  
 A little wind in the mill-water;  
 "Out of ten maidens ye'll grant me one,"  
 A crown of red for the king's daughter.

"Out of ten may's ye'll give me the best,"  
 A little rain in the mill-water;  
 A bed of yellow straw for all the rest,  
 A bed of gold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en out the goodliest,  
 Rain that rains in the mill-water;  
 A comb of yellow shell for all the rest,  
 A comb of gold for the king's daughter.

He's made her bed to the goodliest,  
 Wind and hail in the mill-water;  
 A grass girdle for all the rest,  
 A girdle of arms for the king's daughter.

He's set his heart to the goodliest,  
 Snow that snows in the mill-water;  
 Nine little kisses for all the rest,  
 An hundredfold for the king's daughter.

He's ta'en his leave at the goodliest,  
 Broken boats in the mill-water;  
 Golden gifts for all the rest,  
 Sorrow of heart for the king's daughter.

"Ye'll make a grave for my fair body,"  
 Running rain in the mill-water;  
 "And ye'll streek my brother at the side of me,"  
 The pains of hell for the king's daughter.

## AFTER DEATH.

THE four boards of the coffin lid  
 Heard all the dead men did,

The first curse was in his mouth,  
 Made of grave's mould and deadly drouth.

The next curse was in his head,  
 Made of God's work discomfited.

The next curse was in his hands,  
 Made out of two grave-bands.

The next curse was in his feet,  
Made out of a grave-sheet.

"I had fair coins red and white,  
And my name was as great light;

I had fair clothes green and red,  
And strong gold bound round my head.

But no meat comes in my mouth,  
Now I fare as the worm doth;

And no gold binds in my hair,  
Now I fare as the blind fare.

My live thews were of great strength,  
Now I am waxen a span's length;

My live sides were full of lust,  
Now are they dried with dust."

The first board spake and said:  
"Is it best eating flesh or bread?"

The second answered it:  
"Is wine or honey the more sweet?"

The third board spake and said:  
"Is red gold worth a girl's gold head?"

The fourth made answer thus:  
"All these things are as one with us."

The dead man asked of them:

"Is the green land stained brown with  
flame?"

Have they hewn my son for beasts to eat,  
And my wife's body for beasts' meat?

Have they boiled my maid in a brass pan,  
And built a gallows to hang my man?"

The boards said to him:  
"This is a lewd thing that ye deem.

Your wife has gotten a golden bed,  
All the sheets are sewn with red.

Your son has gotten a coat of silk,  
The sleeves are soft as curded milk.

Your maid has gotten a kirtle new,  
All the skirt has braids of blue.

Your man has gotten both ring and glove,  
Wrought well for eyes to love.

The dead man answered thus:  
"What good gift shall God give us?"

The boards answered him anon:  
"Flesh to feed hell's worm upon."

MAY JANET.

(BRETON.)

"STAND up, stand up, thou May Janet,  
And go to the wars with me."  
He's drawn her by both hands  
With her face against the sea.

"He that strews red shall gather white,  
He that sows white reap red.  
Before your face and my daughter's  
Meet in a marriage bed.

"Gold coin shall grow in the yellow field,  
Green corn in the green sea-water,  
And red fruit grow of the tree's red,  
Ere your fruit grow in her.

"But I shall have her by land," he said,  
"Or I shall have her by sea,  
Or I shall have her by bringing her on  
And no grace go with me."

Her father's drawn her by both hands,  
He's rent her gown from her  
He's ta'en the smock round her body,  
Cast in the sea-water.

The captain's drawn her by both sides  
Out of the fair green sea;  
"Stand up, stand up, thou May Janet,  
And come to the war with me."

The first town they came to  
There was a blue bride-chamber;  
He clothed her on with silk  
And belted her with amber.

The second town they came to  
The bridesmen feasted knee to knee,  
He clothed her on with silver,  
A tately thing to see.

The third town they came to  
The bridesmaids a' had gowns of gold;  
He clothed her on with purple,  
A rich thing to behold.

The last town they came to  
He clothed her white and red,  
With a green flag o' her side of her  
And a gold flag overhead.

## THE BLOODY SON.

(FINNISH.)

"O WHEEL have ye been the morn sae late,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
O where have ye been the morn sae late?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"By the water-gate, by the water-gate  
O dear mither."

"And whattin kin' o' wark had ye there to  
make,

My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And whattin kin' o' wark had ye there to  
make?

And I wot I hae but anither."

"I watered my steeds with water frae the  
lake,  
O dear mither."

"Why is your coat sae faded this day  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
Why is your coat sae faded this day?

And I wot I hae but anither."

"The steeds wer stamping sair by the  
weary banks of clay,  
O dear mither."

"And where gat ye thae sleeves of red,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And where gat ye thae sleeves of red?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"I hae slane my ae brither by the weary  
water-head,  
O dear mither."

"And where will ye gang to mak your  
mend?

My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And where will ye gang to mak your mend?  
And I wot I hae but anither."

"The warldis way, to the warldis end,  
O dear mither."

And what will ye leave your father dear,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And what will ye leave your fat'er dear?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"The wood to fell and the liss to bear,  
For he'll never see my body mair,  
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your mither dear,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And what will ye leave your mither dear?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"The wool to card and the wool to wear,  
For ye'll never see my body mair,  
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave for your wife to  
take,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And what will ye leave for your wife to  
take?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"A goodly gown and a fair new make,  
For she'll do nae mair for my body's sake,  
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your young son  
fair,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And what will ye leave your young son  
fair?  
And I wot ye hae not anither."  
"A twiggen school-rod for his body to bear,  
Though it garred him greet he'll get nae  
mair,  
O dear mither."

"And what will ye leave your little daugh-  
ter sweet?  
My merry son, come tell me hither?"

And what will ye leave your little daughter  
sweet?  
And I wot ye hae not anither."  
"Wild mulberries for her mouth to eat,  
She'll get nae mair though it garred her  
greet,  
O dear mither."

"And when will ye come back frae roamin',  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
And when will ye come back frae roamin'?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"When the sunrise out of the north is  
comen,  
O dear mither."

"When shall the sunrise on the north side  
be,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
When shall the sunrise on the north side  
be?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"When chuckie-stanes shall swim in the  
sea,  
O dear mither,"

"When shall stanes in the sea swim,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
When shall stanes in the sea swim?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"When bodlies' feathers are as lead therein,  
O dear mither."

"When shall feathers be as lead,  
My merry son, come tell me hither?  
When shall feathers be as lead?  
And I wot I hae not anither."  
"When God shall judge between the quick  
and dead,  
O dear mither."

THE SEA-SWALLOWS.

THIS fell when Christmas lights were done,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
But afore the Easter lights begun;  
The ways are sar fra' die Till to the  
Tyne.

Two lovers sat where the rowan blows  
And all the grass is heavy and fine,  
By the gathering place of the sea-swallow  
When the wind brings them over Tyne.

Blossom of troom will never make bread,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;  
Betwix her fair brows she is green and red,  
That vixen full white in the hold of Tyne.

"O what is this thing ye have on,  
Show me now, sweet daughter of mine?"

"O father, this is my little son,  
That I found hid in the sides of Tyne."

"O what will ye give my son to eat,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?"

"Fen-water and saddle's meat,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye get my son to wear,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?"

"A weed and a web of nettle's hair,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye take to line his bed,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?"

"Two black stones at the low wall's head,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye give my son for land,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?"

"Three girl's paces out for three,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Or what will ye give me for my son,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine?"

"I vixen's to be his young man, that  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"But what have ye done with the bearing-  
bed,

And what have ye made with the wash-  
ing-wine?"

"Or where have ye made your bearing-bed,  
To bear a son in the sides of Tyne?"

"The bearing-bed is soft and new,  
There is no soil in the straining wine;

The bed was made between green and blue,  
It stands full soft by the sides of Tyne."

"The fur grass was my bearing-bed,  
The well-water my washing-wine;

The low leaves were my bearing-bed,  
And that was best in the sides of Tyne."

"O daughter, if ye have done this thing,  
I wot the greater grief is mine;

This was a bitter child-bearing,  
When ye were got by the sides of Tyne."

"About the time of six wallows  
That fly full thick by six and nine,

Ye'll have my body out of the house,  
To bury me by the sides of Tyne."

"Set nine stones by the wall for twain,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;

For the bed I take will measure ten,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

"Tread twelve girl's paces out for three,  
Red rose leaves will never make wine;

For the pit I take has taken me,  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne."

### THE YEAR OF LOVE.

There were four loves that one by one,  
Following the seasons and the sun,  
Passed over without tears, and tell  
Away without farewell.

The first was made of gold and tears,  
The next of aspen-leaves and flags,  
The third of rose-boughs and rose-roots,  
The last love of strange fruits.

These were the four loves faded. Hold  
Some minutes fast the tunc of gold  
When our lips each way clung and clove  
To a face full of love.

The tears inside our eyelids met,  
Wrung forth with kissing, and wept wet  
The faces cleaving each to each  
Where the blood served for speech.

The second, with low patient brow,  
Bound under aspen-colored boughs  
And eyes made strong and grave with sleep  
Aid yet too weak to weep.

The third, with eager mouth at ease  
Led from late autumn honey, lees  
Of scarce gold left in latter cells  
With scattered flower-smells.

Hair sprinkled over with spoilt sweet  
Of ruined roses, wrists and feet

Slight, washed, as grassy girled sheaves  
Hold in stray poppy-leaves.

The fourth, with lips whereon has fled  
Some great pale fruit's slow color, shed  
From the rank bitter hawk whence drops  
Lamb blood between her lips.

Made of the heat of whole great June  
Burning the blue dark round their moons  
(Each like a mown red marigold)  
So hard the flame keeps hold.

These are burnt thoroughly away,  
Only the first holds out a day  
Beyond these latter loves that were  
Made of mere heat and air.

And now the time is wondrously  
The first loves fades too; none will see,  
When April warms the world anew,  
The place whereon love grew.

## DEDICATION.

1865.

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,  
The earth gives her streams to the sea;  
They are many, but my gift is single,  
My verses, the first fruits of me.  
Let the wind take the green and the grey  
leaf,  
Cast forth without fruit upon air;  
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf  
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions  
Drawn drives them before her like dragons;  
Time sheds them like snows on strange  
regions,  
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,  
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;  
Some stained as with wine and made  
bloody,  
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,  
As they fell from the bay that was then;  
Long left among hill-green places,  
Or gathered but now among men;  
On seas full of wonder and peril,  
Blown white round the capes of the  
north;  
Or in the isles where myrtles are sterile  
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories,  
That life is not wearied of yet,  
Faustine, Frangelita, Dolores,  
Edise and Yolande and Juliette,  
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,  
When sleep, that is trite or that seems,  
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,  
O daughters of dreams.

They are past as a slumber that passes,  
As the dew of a dawn of old time;  
More frail than the shadows on glass,  
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme,  
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,  
When their hollows are full of the night,  
So the birds that flew singing to me-ward  
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons, that wander  
On wings of articulate words:  
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,  
Light flocks of untameable birds;  
Some sing to me dreaming in class-time  
And truant in hand as in tongue;  
For the youngest were born of boy's play-time,  
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,  
Is there hearing for songs that recede,  
Tunes touched from a harp with men's fingers,  
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?  
Is there place in the land of your labor,  
Is there room in your world of delight,  
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor  
And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet  
quivers,  
Will you spare not a space for them there  
Made green with the running of river  
And gracious with temperate air;  
In the fields and the turreted cities,  
That cover from sunshine and rain  
Fair passions and bountiful paties  
And loves without stain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,  
In a region of shadowless hours,  
Where earth has garment of glories  
And a murmure of musical flowers;  
In woods where the young half uncovers  
The flash of her amorous face,  
By the waters that listen for lovers,  
For there is there place.

For the one child of our earth that is left,  
Then nursed in a land of flowers,  
For the storm-birds of the sky that come  
With wings in a whirl of the air,  
In the heaven of the storm as it settles  
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,  
Shall they be on the darkness like petals  
Dropt one after one?

Though the world of your hands be more  
gracious  
And lovelier in lordship of things  
Clothed round by sweet art with the  
spacious  
Wings of heaven of her imminent wings,  
Let them enter unpledged and nigh fainting,  
For the love of old loves and lost times;  
And receive in your palace of painting  
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses  
Make enjoy the years full of youth,  
Let but one thing be constant in crosses,  
Change lays not her hand upon truth;  
If people die, and their tombs are for token  
That the grief and the joy of them ends  
Ere time that breaks all men has broken  
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one  
left,  
There is help if the heaven has one;  
Though the skies be dis-crowned of the  
sunlight  
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,  
They have moonlight and sleep for repay-  
ment,  
When, refreshed as a bride and set free  
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,  
Night sinks on the sea.

# SONGS OF TWO NATIONS.

---

I. A SONG OF ITALY.

II. ODE ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE  
FRENCH REPUBLIC.

III. DIRÆ.

---

*I saw the double-featured statue stand  
Of Memnon or of Janus, half with night  
veiled, and fast bound with iron; half with light  
Crowned, holding all men's future in his hand.*

*And all the old westward face of time grown grey  
Was writ with cursing and inscribed for death  
But on the face that met the morning's breath  
Fear died of hope as darkness dies of day.*

---

INSCRIBED

WITH ALL DEVOTION AND REVERENCE

TO

JOSEPH MAZZINI.



## A SONG OF ITALY.

Uron a windy night of stars that fell  
 at the wind's spoken spell,  
 Swept with sharp strokes of agitating  
 light  
 From the clear gulf of night,  
 Between the fixed and fallen glories  
 Against my vision shone,  
 More fair and fearful and divine than they  
 That measure night and day,  
 And worshipier worship; and within mine  
 eyes  
 The formless folded skies  
 Took shape and were unfolded like as  
 flowers.  
 And I beheld the hours  
 As maidens, and the days as laboring men,  
 And the soft nights again  
 As wearied women to their own souls' woe,  
 And ages as the dead,  
 And over these living, and them that died,  
 From one to the other side  
 A brother light than comes of earth or air  
 Made the world's future fair,  
 A woman like to love in face, but not  
 A thing of transient lot -  
 And like to hope, but having held on  
 truth -  
 And like to joy or youth,  
 Save that upon the rock her feet were  
 set -  
 And like what men forget,  
 With innocence, high thought, led on us  
 peace -  
 And yet like none of these,  
 Being not as these are mortal, but with  
 eyes  
 That sounded the deep skies  
 And clove like wings or arrows their clear  
 way  
 Through night and dawn and day  
 So far a presence over star and sun  
 Stood, making these as one,  
 For in the shadow of her shape were all  
 Darkened and held in thrall,  
 So mightier rose she past them; and I felt  
 Whose form whose likeness knelt  
 With covered hair and face and clasped  
 her knees;

And knew the first of these  
 Was Freedom, and the second Italy,  
 And what's or words said she  
 For mine own grief I knew not, nor had  
 heart  
 To reach with to hear my part  
 A little way says to sorrow; nor to hear  
 How to a by sacred tear  
 I felt on her eyes as flowers or notes that  
 fall  
 In some shin plaster's hall  
 Where in mid music and melodious breath  
 Men singing have seen death,  
 So fair, so lost, so sweet she knelt; or so  
 In our lost eyes below  
 Seemed I to see sorrowing; and her speech  
 being said,  
 Fell, as one who falls dead,  
 And for a little she too wept, who stood  
 Above the dust and blood  
 And thrones and troubles of the world;  
 Her spake,  
 As who bids dead men wake  
 'Because the years were heavy on thy  
 head;  
 Because dead things are dead;  
 Because thy dead sea on hill-side, city and  
 plain  
 Are shed as drops of rain;  
 Because all earth was black, all heaven  
 was blind,  
 And we cast out of mind;  
 Because men wept, saying *Freedom*, know-  
 ing of thee,  
 Child, that thou wast not free;  
 Because wherever blood was not shame was  
 Where thy pure foot did pass;  
 Because on Promethean rocks distent  
 The fouler eagles rent;  
 Because a serpent stains with slime and  
 foam  
 This that is not thy Rome;  
 Child of my womb, whose limbs were made  
 in me,  
 Have I forgotten thee?  
 In all thy dreams through all these years  
 on wing,

Hast thou dreamed such a thing?  
 The mortal mother's loud outsoars her nest,  
 The child outgrows the breast;  
 But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and  
 cease,  
 Ere we twain be as these;  
 Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun,  
 Ere we twain be not one.  
 My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,  
 I have no heed of them  
 Obscured and flawed by sloth or craft or  
 power;  
 But thou, that wast my flower,  
 The blossom bound between my brows and  
 worn  
 In sight of even and morn  
 From the last ember of the flamed sunset  
 To the dawn's baring breast  
 I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,  
 Nor thou wert Italy.  
 O mystic rose ingrained with blood, im-  
 peaked  
 With tears of all the world!  
 The torpor of their blind brute-ridden  
 trance  
 Kills England and chills France;  
 And Spain sobs hard through strangling  
 blood; and snows  
 Hide the huge eastern woes,  
 But thou, twin-born with morning, nursed  
 of noon,  
 And blessed of star and moon!  
 What shall avail to assail thee any more,  
 From sacred shore to shore?  
 Have Time and Love not knelt down at  
 thy feet,  
 Thy sore, thy soiled, thy sweet,  
 Fresh from the flints and mire of murder's  
 ways  
 And dust of travelling day?  
 Hath Time not kissed them, Love not  
 washed them fair,  
 And wiped with tears and hair?  
 Though God forget thee, I will not forget;  
 Though heaven and earth be set  
 Against thee, O unconquerable child,  
 Abused, abused, reviled,  
 Lift thou not less from no innereal bed  
 Thine undishonored head;  
 Love thou not less, by lips of thine once  
 prest,  
 This my now barren breast;  
 Seek thou not less, being well assured  
 thereof,  
 O child, my latest love.

For now the barren bosom shall bear fruit,  
 Son's leap from lips long mute,  
 And with my milk the mouths of nations  
 fed  
 Again be glad and red  
 That were worn white with hunger and  
 sorrow and thirst;  
 And thou, most fair and just,  
 Thou whose warm hands and sweet live  
 lips I feel  
 Upon me for a seal,  
 Thou whose least looks, whose smiles and  
 little sighs,  
 Whose passionate pure eyes,  
 Whose dear fair limbs that neither bonds  
 could I rouse  
 Nor hate of men misuse,  
 Whose flower-like breath and bloom, O my  
 child,  
 O mine and undefiled,  
 Fill with such tears as burn like bitter  
 wine  
 These mother's eyes of mine,  
 Thrill with huge passions and primeval  
 pains  
 The fulness of my veins,  
 O sweetest heart seen higher than any  
 stars,  
 I touch thee with mine hands,  
 I lay my lips upon thee, O thou most  
 sweet,  
 To hit thee on thy feet  
 And with the fire of mine to fill thine eyes;  
 I say unto thee, Arise.  
 She ceased, and heaven was full of flame  
 and sound,  
 And earth's old limbs unbound  
 Shone and waxed warm with icy dew and  
 seed  
 Shed through her at this her need;  
 And highest in heaven, a mother and full  
 of grace,  
 With no more recovered face,  
 With no more lifted hands and bended  
 knees,  
 Rose, as from sacred seas  
 Love, when old time was full of plenteous  
 springs,  
 That fairest-born of things,  
 The land that holds the rest in tender  
 thrall  
 For love's sake in them all,  
 That binds with words and holds with eyes  
 and hands

All hearts in all men's throats,  
So die the dream whence rose the live  
desire  
That here takes form and fire,  
A spout to the splendor of sleep  
Risen, that ye shall not weep,  
Should not weep more nor ever, O ye that  
hear,  
And ever have felt her pain,  
Seeing how indeed she weeps not who  
weeps sore,  
And sleeps not any more,  
Harken ye toward is her, O people exalt  
your eyes:  
Is this a thing that dies?

Italia! by the passion of the pain  
That bent and rent thy chain;  
Italia! by the blessing of the lands,  
The shaking of the fairs;  
Beloved, O men's mother, O men's queen,  
Arise, appear, be seen!  
Arise, array thyself in manifold  
Queen's raiment of wrought gold;  
With girdles of green freedom, and with  
red  
Roses, and white snow-hed  
Above the flush and trowage of the hills  
That all thy deep dawn fills  
And all thy clear night veils and warms  
with wings  
Spread till the morning sings;  
The rose of resurrection, and the bright  
breast lavish of the light,  
The lady lily like the snowy sky  
Ere the stars wholly die,  
As red as blood, and whiter than a wave  
Flowers grown as from thy grave,  
From the green fruitful grass in Might  
hot,  
Thy grave, where thou art not,  
Gather the grass and weave, in sacred  
sign  
O, the ancient earth divine,  
The holy heart of things, the seed of  
birth,  
The mystical worm earth,  
O thou her flower of flowers, with treble  
braid  
Be thy sweet head arrayed,  
In witness of her mighty motherhood  
Who bore thee and found thee good,  
Her fairest-born of children, on whose  
head  
Her green and white and red

Are hope and light and life, inviolate  
Of any later age,  
Fly, O our flag, through deep Italian  
air,  
Above the flags that were,  
The dusty shreds of shameful battle-flags  
Trampled and rent in rags,  
As withering woods in autumn's bitterest  
breath  
Yellow, and black as death;  
Black as crushed worms that sicken in the  
mound,  
And yellow as pestilence,  
Fly, green as summer and red as dawn and  
white  
As the live heart of light,  
The blind bright womb of color unborn,  
that brings  
Forth all her forms of things,  
As freedom all our forms of nations dyed  
In divers-colored pride,  
Fly, fleet as wind on every wind that blows  
Between her seas and snow,  
From Alpine white, from Tuscan green,  
and white  
Vesuvius reddens air,  
Fly! and let all men see it, and all kings  
wait,  
And priests wax faint and pale,  
And the cobd hordes that moan in misty  
places  
And the funereal races  
And the sick serfs of lands that wait and  
wane  
See thee and hate thee in vain,  
Be the clear laughter of all winds and  
waves,  
In the blown grass of graves,  
In the long sound of fluctuant boughs of  
trees,  
In the broad breath of seas,  
In the sound of thy flying folds be  
heard;  
And as a spoken word  
Tell of that fair god and that merciless  
Who rends the Pythoness,  
So be the sound and so the fire that saith  
She feels her ancient breath  
And the old blood move in her immortal  
veins,  
Strange travail and strong pains,  
Our mother, had that borne these many  
years  
While thy pure blood and tears

Mixed with the Tyrene and the Asian  
 sea;

Light things were said of thee,  
 As of one that I deep in sleep  
 Yea, I hath been, they said,  
 So was when time was younger, and is  
 not;

Thy very cerebels rot  
 That flutter in thy fury with a  
 Not me, my wretched  
 Let reason and feeling pass  
 Her dead corpse shall rot  
 With many windy waters  
 Springs—

She is none of this world,  
 Though her dead head like  
 wear

The golden-growing hair  
 That flows over her head  
 Dead queens, whose  
 In sight of all  
 found

So cold, so clad, so crowned,  
 With all things  
 fair.

Their old inament I hear,  
 When flesh and bone  
 of day;

And she is dead as they

So men said sadly, mocking  
 Whose life was  
 So, pale or red with change  
 feast,

The sanguine-sandalled priest  
 So the Austrian, when his  
 flood,

And the warm wave was  
 With wings that  
 that snote,

So shrieked thou, O  
 From the hot horror  
 That don't-headed  
 So, triple-crowned with  
 shame,

He of whom treason came,  
 The lord-man of the  
 So all his ravening  
 Made fit with poisonous  
 we,

Mother, beholding thee,  
 Make answer, O the  
 skin,

Ye that were one, being  
 twin,

Twain brethren, twin-born  
 to the second  
 birth,

Call ye out of all our  
 earth  
 To be the prophesying  
 stars that say  
 How hard is night  
 on day,  
 Stars in serene and  
 sudden heaven  
 risen  
 Let the sun break  
 prison  
 At least the moon  
 be wasted; fair  
 first  
 flowers  
 In that  
 wreath of ours  
 Woven with the  
 lives of all whose  
 lives  
 were dead  
 Let her  
 weep their  
 mother's head  
 Weep from  
 of civic cypress  
 and thick  
 yew,  
 Let the  
 day  
 high  
 too,  
 Olive and laurel  
 and all  
 better leaves  
 That victory  
 wears or weaves  
 At her feet  
 for her  
 beloved  
 to bow;  
 Hear, for she  
 too  
 hearkens now,  
 O  
 rising  
 from  
 a  
 Calabrian  
 sands;  
 O  
 all  
 heroic  
 hands  
 Close on  
 the  
 sword  
 hilt,  
 hands  
 of  
 all  
 he-  
 roes;  
 O  
 may  
 a  
 holy  
 head,  
 Be  
 woven  
 for  
 her  
 sake  
 even  
 to  
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 reddening  
 dust;  
 O  
 clear  
 as  
 air,  
 O  
 pure  
 and  
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 Who  
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 to  
 die  
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 small  
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 life's  
 estate,  
 And  
 died,  
 and  
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 great;  
 Ye  
 whose  
 name  
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 ries;  
 Who  
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 Death,  
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 Than  
 whose  
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 brow,  
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 scorned,  
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 happy,  
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 die,  
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 Not  
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 fortune  
 father  
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 fight,  
 Having  
 in  
 hand  
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 light,  
 Ah,  
 happy  
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 sudden-swerving  
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 Flung  
 light  
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 all  
 thy  
 land,  
 Yea,  
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 righteous  
 way;  
 Ah,  
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 springs  
 ran;  
 From  
 thee  
 the  
 lady  
 hand  
 that  
 queens  
 the  
 earth  
 As  
 she  
 gave  
 new  
 birth,

O sweet many mouths, O all ear dead of  
 our.

For it is eyes, it weers,  
 Fair without, but inward I without voice,  
 Strong without strength, rejoice!  
 Hear with ears that hear not, and on  
 our.

Thou see not let it rise,  
 Rise in a sun-tawn; be it as dew that  
 our.

O, thou on I dusty lips;  
 Eye I have not, and see it; neither ears,  
 And there is none but hears.

For it is the same for whom ye He I and  
 wept;

She we not do, but I wept,  
 This is the very Ealy which wa  
 Amos and shall not p...

But thou, though all were not well done,  
 O, hee,

Must thou take shame or grief?  
 Because one man is not as thou or ten,  
 Must thou take shame for men?  
 Because the supreme surprise is not yet,

Is the young dew not wet?  
 Will thou not yet abide a little while,  
 Soul without tear or smile,

Mazzini, O our prophet, O our priest,  
 A little while at least?

A little hour of doubt and of control,  
 Sustain thy sacred soul;

Willst thou thine heart, our father, but an  
 hour;

Is it not here, the flower,  
 Is it not blown and fragrant from the root,  
 And shall not be the fruit?

Thy children, even thy people thou hast  
 made;

Thine, with thy words arrayed,  
 Cribbed with thy thoughts and girt with  
 thy desires,

Ye are up toward these as fires,  
 Art thou not father, O father, of all these?  
 From thine own Genese

To where of nights the lower extreme  
 figure

Feels its Venetian moon,  
 Nor suckling's mouth nor mother's breast  
 set free

But hath that grace through thee,  
 The milk of life on death's unnatural brink

Thou gavest them to drink,  
 The natural milk of freedom, and again

They drink, and they were men.

The wine and honey of freedom and of  
 faith

They drink, and cast off death,  
 Eat with them now; thou art holier; yet  
 endure,

Till thou art thou be pure,  
 Their swears at least that stemmed half  
 Austria's tide

Bade all its bulk divide;  
 Else, though fate bade them for a breath's  
 space fall,

She had not fallen at all,  
 Not by their hands they made time's  
 promise true;

Not by their hands, but through,  
 Nor on Custozza ran their blood to waste,  
 Nor fell their fame defaced

Whom stormiest Adria with tumultuous  
 tides

Whirls under-sea and hides,  
 Not his, who from the sudden-settling  
 deck

Looked over death and wreck  
 To where the mother's bosom shone, who  
 smiled

As he, so dying, her child;  
 For he smiled surely, dying, to mix his  
 death

With her memorial breath;  
 Smiled, being most sure of her, that in no  
 wise,

Die whose will, she dies;  
 And she smiled surely, fair and far above,  
 Wept not, but smiled for love.

Thou too, O splendor of the sudden  
 sword

That drove the crews abhorred  
 From Nubles and the siren-footed strand  
 Flash from thy master's hand

Shine from the middle summer of the  
 seas

To the old Eolides,  
 Outshone their fiery fumes of burning  
 night,

Sword, with thy midday light;  
 Flame as a beacon from the Tyrrhene  
 foam

To the rent heart of Rome,  
 From the island of her lover and thy lord,  
 Her saviour and her sword,

In the fierce year of failure and of fame,  
 Art thou not yet the same  
 That wait as lightning swifter than all  
 wings

In the blind face of kings?

When priests took counsel to devise de-  
spair,  
And princes to forswear,  
She clasped thee, O her sword and flag-  
bearer  
And staff and shield to her,  
O Gorbal, need was hers and grief,  
Of thee and of the chief,  
And of another gift in arms to stand  
As good of hope and hand,  
As high of soul and happy, albeit indeed  
The heart should burn and bleed,  
So but the spirit shake not the breast  
Swerve, but abide its rest.  
As theirs did and as thine, though ruin  
clomb  
The highest wall of Rome,  
Though treason stained and spilt her lustral  
water,  
And slaves led slaves to slaughter,  
And priests, praying and slaying, watched  
them pass  
From a strange France, alas,  
That was not freedom; yet when these  
were past,  
Thy sword and thou stood fast,  
Till new men seeing thee where Sicilian  
waves  
Hear now no sound of slaves,  
And where thy sacred blood is fragrant still  
Upon the Bitter Hill,  
Seeing by that blood one country saved and  
stained,  
Less loved thee crowned than chained,  
And less now only than the chief: for he,  
Father of Italy,  
Uphore in holy hands the babe new-born  
Through loss and sorrow and scorn,  
Of no man led, of many men reviled;  
Till lo, the new-born child  
Gone from between his hands, and in its  
place,  
Lo, the fair mother's face,  
Blessed is he of all men, being in one  
As father to her and son,  
Blessed of all men living, that he found  
Her weak limbs bared and bound,  
And in his arms and in his bosom bore,  
And as a garment wore  
Her weight of want, and as a royal dress  
Put on her weariness,  
As in faith's hoariest histories men read,  
The strong man bore at need  
Through roaring rapids when all heaven  
was wild

The likeness of a child  
Thou still waxed greater and heavier as he  
grew,  
And altered, and was God.  
Praise him, O winds that move the molten  
air,  
O light of days that were,  
And light of days that shall be; land and  
sea,  
And heaven and Italy:  
Praise him, O storm and summer, shore  
and wave,  
O skies and every grave;  
O weeping hopes, O memories beyond  
tears,  
O many an I murmuring years,  
O sounds far off in time and visions far,  
O sorrow with thy star;  
And joy with all thy beacons; ye that  
mourn  
And ye whose light is born;  
O fallen faces, an I O souls arisen,  
Praise him from tomb and prison,  
Praise him from heaven and sunlight; and  
ye floods,  
And windy waves of woods;  
Ye valleys and wild vineyards, ye lit lakes  
And happier hill-sides brakes,  
Untrampled by the cursed feet that trod  
Fields gotten from their god,  
Fields of their god forsaken, whereof none  
Sees his face in the sun,  
Hears his voice from the floweriest wilder-  
ness;  
And, barren of his tresses,  
Ye bays unplucked and laurels unen-  
twined,  
That no men break or bind,  
And myrtles long forgetful of the sword,  
And olives unadored,  
Wisdom and love, white hands that save  
and slay,  
Praise him; and ye as they,  
Praise him, O gracious night of dews and  
rains  
That feed the purple plains,  
O sacred sunbeams bright as bare steel  
drawn,  
O cloud and fire and dawn;  
Red hills of flame, white Alps, green  
Apennines,  
Banners of blowing pines,  
Standards of stormy snows, flags of light  
leaves,  
Thrice wherewith Freedom weaves

O'er enemies that were woven of diverse un-  
 derleaves:  
 Makes day of all a world,  
 Makes blind their eyes who knew not, and  
 outbraves  
 The waste of time, wive:  
 Ye fields of yellow tulips, ye fresh foun-  
 tains,  
 And fountains of many a sweet mist:  
 Ye moons of white nights, and ye days and  
 nights:  
 Ye starry-headed herons,  
 And gorges melting downward from the  
 snow,  
 And all strong streams that flow,  
 Tender as tears, and fairer than the  
 pome,  
 As hearts may see and sure  
 At once by many sufferings and one lover:  
 O mystic darkness, love,  
 Held to the heart of earth and in her  
 hands,  
 Cherish'd, O Ely of birds,  
 White rose of time, dear cream of praises  
 past  
 For such as these thou wast,  
 That art as eagles starting to the sun,  
 As fawns that leap and run,  
 As a sword even with keen floral gold,  
 Sword for an armed god's shield,  
 Flower for a crowned god's torch, O  
 our land,  
 Reach forth thine holiest hand,  
 O mother of many sons and memories,  
 Stretch out thine hand to us,  
 That raised and gave thee life to run and  
 leap  
 When thou wast full of sheep,  
 That touch'd and smother'd with young  
 blood and death,  
 When thou wast full of death,  
 Praise him, O Ely of crowns, and her crowns,  
 Her towers and thrones of towers:  
 O noblest Brescia, scarred from foot to  
 head  
 And breast-deep in the dead,  
 Praise him from all the glories of the grave,  
 That yellow Meli lives  
 With gentle and golden water, whose fair  
 flood  
 Ran wider with thy blood:  
 Praise him, O born of that heroic breast,  
 O nurse of herit and blast,  
 Verona, fairer than thy mother fair,  
 But not more brave to her:

Praise him, O Milan, whose immortal tread  
 Through the streets of Genoa:  
 Whose name, by northern words left  
 of old,  
 Seethes in her heart,  
 For the land of the north of the clods,  
 Making her a land of  
 With her people more than at even than  
 of old,  
 For the large leaps of old,  
 When thy sweet singers of golden throat and  
 tongue,  
 Praising, his tyrant, sang:  
 Thou hast won the sun and the other days,  
 For on her water pass:  
 Not with the sword, but with the love that  
 of old,  
 For thou no prophet of old,  
 Not a word and love of a coloured leaf,  
 For him, the crow and the  
 For him, O star of the night, often times,  
 Among the trees of the  
 That wast a line of wine in the night,  
 For the wise men of old,  
 Praising, O sacred Venice, and the sea  
 That now exults through thee,  
 For the mighty morning and the sun,  
 For the things dead and done:  
 Praise him from all the years of thy great  
 grief,  
 That look thee like a leaf  
 With winds and snows of torment, run that  
 of old,  
 Keen as the rains of hell,  
 Storm of hail, thunder and of yellow flame,  
 And all things that shine:  
 Praise him with all thy holy heart and  
 strength:  
 Through thy wide breadth and length  
 Praise him with all thy people, that their  
 voice  
 Be the strong, the rejice,  
 The far clear spirit beyond stain,  
 For as the south of rain,  
 He has the heart of sating, and secure:  
 As all things that endure,  
 More than thy blind lord of an hundred  
 years  
 Whose name our memory hears,  
 Homebound from harbours of the Byzantine  
 Made tributary of thine,  
 Praise him who gave no gifts from over-sea,  
 But gave thy self to thee,  
 O another Genoa, through all years that run,  
 More than that other son,

Went first beyond the eas of sunset first  
Even to the unrooted west,  
Whose black-blown flag scared from their  
sheltering seas

The unknown Atlantides,  
And as flame claus through cloud and  
vapour clouds

Through straits of storm and foam,  
Till half in sight they saw land heave and  
swim

More than this man praise him  
One found a wolf new-born from virgin  
cave

And one found Italy  
O he, veniest Florence, from the moulds of  
flowers

Feed by melodious hours  
From each sweet mouth that kisses light  
and air,

Then whom thy fate made fair,  
As a bound vine or any flowering tree,  
Praise him who made thee free

For no grape-gatherers trampling on the  
wine

Feed thee, the fairest vine ;  
For no man binds thee, no man bruises,  
none

Does with thee as these have done,  
From where spring hears loud through  
long lit vales

Triumphant nightingales,  
In many a fold of thy robe, a hillside  
Wild as things torn and

But clamorous with innumerable delight  
in May's foil, green, and white,  
In the far-flouted standard of the spring,  
That bids men also sing,

Our flower of flags, our witness that are  
free,

Our lamp for land and sea ;  
From where Majano feels through corn and  
vine

Spring move and melt as wine,  
And Ericole's embracing arms enclose  
The immeasurable rose ;

From hill-sides plumed with pine, and  
hearts wind-worn

That feel the reflux morn,  
Or where the moon's face warm and  
passionate

Burns, and men's hearts grow great,  
And the swain cyclops labor with sweet  
tears,

And in their burning ears

Sound throbs like thine, and in their eyes  
a new light

Kinbes the moon long night ;  
From faint light, and fields and stony valleys  
Whence from the hill winds blow

From Valden's tower, from Valden's  
cave, from the time of prayer  
O fairly city of the field of death,

Praise him with equal crowd,  
From the long streets and garrens, and the  
town

That thrives then a roadless  
Flores without feat the untravelled ways  
of hope

With eyes that smile or weep ;  
From the sweet southern beauty of wave and  
wall

That fails and does not fall ;  
From colored domes and cloisters far  
with him,

Praise them and thine his name  
The popes, O the franchised vine-towers,  
Clothed with the flame of flowers,

From winy ramparts girdled with young  
gold

From thy sweet hill side fold  
Of wallflowers and the aerially belted  
bloom

And every flowing plume,  
Halls that saw Dante speaking, chapels  
far

As the outer hills and air,  
Praise him who feeds the fire that Dante  
fed,

Our highest heroic head,  
Whose eyes behold through floated cloud  
and flame

The maiden face of fame  
Like April's in Valle's ; far as flows,  
And ; count as the hours ;

Sad with slow sense of time, and bright  
with truth

That levels life and death ;  
The final line, that with a foot still line  
Treads down reluctant time ;

The fame that waits and watches and is  
wise,

A virgin with chaste eyes,  
A goddess who takes hands with great  
men's grief ;

Praise her, and him, our chief,  
Praise him, O Siena, and thou her deep  
green spring,  
O Fonte Bramba, sing :



In iron hoar, let's see how brightly  
Shake they every thing that blows  
In the long wind that from the mountain  
Hill :

Tell thy fellow men, all  
The desolate red wastes of the desert,  
And tell of the old time, when  
The winds of Paphlagonia were in  
Rage :

And words of good I had;  
And through gates of Mahomed's  
Name :

Love flight, and passion, flame,  
And the red fire, and the road to  
Sodom, and the city of the  
Wine :

Praise him, the very heart of the  
Nations, who has made  
For all his part the words that  
Your fathers say :

That was to say that thy  
But more than all these things  
Give thanks :

Thou, thou thy Father, I  
From all these hills and from  
The grove's  
Dome,

Praise him, O my dear Rome,  
Let all thy children of the  
Tall of thy youth with thee,  
Saying "for thy love's sake, and  
Our people  
Shalt be glad :

We thank thee, O our Father,  
Saying "for thy love's sake,  
Our people  
Shalt be glad :

We thank thee, O our Father,  
Saying "for thy voice and  
Our people  
Shalt be glad :

We thank thee, O our Father,  
For water and wine,  
Our people  
Shalt be glad :

So with an hundred cities  
Praising thy supreme  
Son of thy son, O brother,  
Our Father, who serve none  
Other,

O our Father, who serve none  
Other, our Father, who  
Full of pity and mercy,  
Turn for a little and look  
What things are these :

Now fallen before thy knees;  
Turn upon them thine eyes  
Who hated thee,

Behold what things they  
Do, these are subtle, these  
Steel,  
Dust, or a turning wheel ;

And these, O our Father,  
Which were  
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Because their hands were bloody, be thine  
wite ;  
Sho' light woe they shed night ;  
Because they are foul, be thou the rather  
pure ;  
Because they are feeble, endure ;  
Because they had no pity, have thou pity.

And thou, O supreme city,  
Homeless home that shalt be, take in thine  
Their names, their deeds, their dust,  
Who held life less than this sweet ; be the  
head  
To these indeed a priest,  
To stand burnt-offering and blood sacrifice

Given without prayer or price,  
A holier immolation than men wist,  
A costlier eucharist,  
A sacrament more saving ; lend thine head  
Above these many dead  
Once, and salute with thine eternal eyes  
Their lowest head that lies.

Speak from thy lips of immemorial speech  
If but one word for each,  
Kiss but one kiss on each thy dead son's  
mouth

Fallen dumb or north or south,  
And laying but once thine hand on brow  
and breast,

Bless them, through whom thou art  
blest,  
And saying in ears of these thy dead ' Well  
done,'

Shall they not hear ' O son ' ?  
And bowing thy face to theirs made pale  
for thee,  
Shall the shut eyes not see ?

Yea, through the hollow-hearted world of  
death,  
As light, as blood, as breath,  
Shall there not flash and flow the fiery  
sense,

The pulse of prescience ?  
Shall not these know as in times overpast  
Thee loti'ed to the last ?

For times and wars shall change, kingdoms  
and creeds,

And dreams of men, and deeds ;  
Earth sha' ll grow grey with all her golden  
things,

Pale peoples and hoar kings ;  
But though her thrones and towers of  
nations fall,

Death has no part in all ;

In the air, nor in the deep shall he sea,  
Nor a heaven, nor truth, nor thee,  
Yea, let all scriptures and nations lie,  
But live thou though they die ;  
Let their flags fall as leaves in that storm  
of time,

Let none be like a story  
Let England's flag be cut for men free,  
Fall, and out of the sea ;

Let France's flag show a hateful head,  
Drop as a leaf drops red ;  
Him let what storm soever smite the east  
Strike as it would in west ;

Him let the wind that can, by sea or  
land,

Wrest from thy banner hand,  
But they in whom it's freedom, do not  
cease,

Though the world weep for these ;  
Live thou and love and lit when these be  
dead

The green and white and red.

O our Republic that shalt bind in bands  
The kingdoms of the East

And link the childless ages ; thou that  
wast

With England ere she past  
Among the fallen nations, and shalt be  
Again, when sea to sea

Shall through the wind and light of morn-  
ing time,

And thrones shall time to time  
Makes antiphonal answer ; thou that art  
Where one man's perfect heart

But one man's love is lightened for  
thy sake,

Thine, strong to make or break ;  
O fair Republic, hallowing with stretched  
hands

The limitless free lands,  
When all men's hearts for love, not fear,  
Bow down

To thy sole royal crown,  
As they to freedom ; when man's life  
Smells sweet ;

And at thy bright swift feet  
A bloodless and a bodiless world is hid ;  
Then, when thy men are made,

Let these indeed as we in dreams behold  
One chosen of all thy fold,  
One of all fair things fairest, one exalt

More all fear or fault,  
One unforgetful of unhappier men  
And us who loved her then ;

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong;

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

And she did not look on any from  
 Who had done so wrong:

As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong;

As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong;

As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong;

As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong;

As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong;

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As she had seen a queen of tears;  
 Who had done so wrong:

### ODE ON PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

ODIUM, 1792.

A VICTOR HUGO.

*α Λανον α Λανον απι το ε υικατω*

We are the people of the world;  
 We are the people of the world;

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We are the people of the world;  
 We are the people of the world;

We are the people of the world;  
 We are the people of the world;

We are the people of the world;  
 We are the people of the world;

For our teen years, deep shame and sore  
 For our man's heart, with hungered  
 And our folk black with famine for the food  
 Now that we've come, and ringing timor  
 Now that we've come, for the twin blisks  
 Now that we've come, both fugitive, but  
 The tongue a strange.

We thought we were for not a while  
 We thought we were for not a while  
 The dreamer, a long who'd lie in earth for  
 living look.  
 Is it by such light that we live to see  
 Rise, with our hair and raiment, Liberty?  
 Does her grave open only to restore her  
 dead?

Ah, was it thus we looked for, look  
 The hour that trods upon the prayer  
 we made,  
 This evening hour that breaks down good  
 and ill alike?  
 Ah, was it thus we thought to see her  
 and hear,  
 The one love indivisible and dear?  
 Is it her head that hands which strike down  
 wrong must strike?

## STR. 3.

Where is hope, and promise where, in all  
 these things,  
 Shocks of strength with strength, and jar  
 of hurtling kings?  
 Who of all men, who will show us any  
 good?  
 Shall these lightnings of blind battles give  
 us a light?  
 Where is freedom? who will bring us in  
 our light,  
 That we've hardly seen her footprint where  
 she stood?

## STR. 4.

What is this that rises red with wounds and  
 splendid,  
 All her breast and brow made beautiful  
 with scars,

Burning her own soul, with her, and blood,  
 In her hands, for us, her spotted  
 In her eyes the light and fire of long pain  
 and  
 In her lips a song as of the morning  
 stars?

## STR. 5.

O turn out of thy nation,  
 O deathless, O my Father,  
 O many-wounded mother, O redeemer to  
 reign!  
 O rarely sweet and bitter  
 The light and letters that glitter  
 on this and long cycles, proud of their  
 own pain;  
 The beautiful and tears  
 That wash the stains of years  
 White as the names memorial of thy chosen  
 and slain.  
 O loved so much so long,  
 O miter with such wrong,  
 O purged at last and perfect without spot  
 or stain,  
 Light of the light of man,  
 Reborn republican,  
 At last, O first Republic, hailed in heaven  
 again!  
 Out of the obscene eclipse  
 Re-risen, with burning lips  
 To witness for us if we looked for thee in  
 vain.

## STR. 6.

Thou wast the light whereby men saw  
 Light, thou the trumpet of the law  
 Proclaiming manhood to mankind;  
 And what if all these years were vain?  
 And shameful?—hath the sun a flaw  
 Because one hour hath power to draw  
 Mist round him wreathed as links to  
 bind?  
 And what if now keen anguish drains  
 The very well spring of thy veins  
 And very great of thy breath?  
 The life out of them and out of us;  
 The sense which makes the soul remain,  
 And blood of thought which travailseth  
 To bring forth hope with procreant pains  
 O thou that satest bound in chains  
 Between thine hills and pleasant plains  
 As whom his own had vanquished,  
 Held in the bonds of his own thought,  
 Whence very death could take off nought,

Nor sleep, with bitterer dreams than  
 death,—  
 What though thy thousands at thy knees  
 Lie thick as grave-worms feed on these,  
 Though thy green fields and joyous places  
 Are populous with blood-blackening faces  
 And wan limbs eaten by the sun?  
 Better an end of all men's races,  
 Better the world's whole work were  
 done,  
 And life wiped out of all our traces,  
 And there were left to time not one,  
 Than such as these that fill thy graves  
 Should sow in slaves the seed of slaves.

## ANTISTROPHÉ 1.

Not of thy sons, O mother many-wounded,  
 Not of thy sons are slaves ingrafted and  
 grown.  
 Was it not thine, the fire whence light re-  
 bounded  
 From kingdom on rekindling kingdom  
 thrown,  
 From hearts confirmed on tyrannies con-  
 founded,  
 From earth on heaven, fire mightier than  
 his own?  
 Not thine the breath wherewith time's  
 clarion sounded,  
 And all the terror in the trumpet blown?  
 The voice wherewith the thunders stood  
 astounded  
 As at a new sound of a God unknown?  
 And all the seas and shores within them  
 bounded  
 Shook at the strange speech of thy lips  
 alone,  
 And all the hills of heaven, the storm-  
 surrounded,  
 Trembled, and all the night sent forth a  
 groan.

## ANT. 2.

What hast thou done that such an hour  
 should be  
 More than another clothed with blood to  
 thee?  
 Thou hast seen many a bloodred hour be-  
 fore this one.  
 What art thou that thy lovers should  
 misdoubt?  
 What is this hour that it should cast hope  
 out?  
 If hope turn back and fall from thee, what  
 hast thou done?

Thou hast done ill against thine own  
 soul; yea,  
 Thine own soul hast thou slain and  
 burnt away,  
 Dissolving it with poison into foul thin fume.  
 Thine own life and creation of thy fate  
 Thou hast set thy hand to unmake and  
 discreate;  
 And now thy slain soul rises between dead  
 and doom.

Yea, this is she that comes between  
 them led;  
 That veiled head is thine own soul's  
 buried head,  
 The head that was a morning's in the  
 whole world's sight.  
 These wounds are deadly on thee, but  
 deadlier  
 Those wounds the ravenous poison left  
 on her;  
 How shall her weak hands hold thy weak  
 hands up to fight?

Ah, but her fiery eyes, her eyes are these  
 That gazing, make thee shiver to the  
 knees  
 And the blood leap within thee, and the  
 strong joy rise.  
 What, doth her sight yet make thine  
 heart to dance?  
 O France, O freedom, O the soul of  
 France,  
 Are ye then quickened, gazing in each  
 other's eyes?

Ah, and her words, the words where-  
 with she sought thee  
 Sorrowing, and bare in hand the robe  
 she wrought thee  
 To wear when soul and body were again  
 made one,  
 And fairest among women, and a bride,  
 Sweet-voiced to sing the bridegroom to  
 her side,  
 The spirit of man, the bridegroom brighter  
 than the sun!

## ANT. 3.

Who shall help me? who sha'll take me by  
 the hand?  
 Who shall teach mine eyes to see, my feet  
 to stand,  
 Now my foes have stripped and wound-  
 ed me by night?

Who shall heal me? who shall come to  
take my part?

Who shall set me as a seal upon his heart,  
As a seal upon his arm made bare for  
fight?

## ANT. 4.

If thou know not, O thou fairest among  
women,

If thou see not where the signs of him  
abide,

Lift thine eyes up to the light that stars  
grow dim in,

To the morning whence he comes to  
take thy side,

None but he can bear the light that love  
wraps him in,

When he comes on earth to take himself  
a bride.

## ANT. 5.

Light of light, name of names,  
Whose shadows are live flames,

The soul that moves the wings of worlds  
upon their way;

Life, spirit, blood and breath

In time and change and death

Substant through strength and weakness,  
ardor and decay;

Lord of the lives of lands,

Spirit of man, whose hands

Weave the web through wherein man's  
centuries fall as prey;

That art within our will

Power to make, save, and kill,

Knowledge and choice, to take extremities  
and weigh;

In the soul's hand to smite

Strength, in the soul's eye sight;

That to the soul art even as is the soul to  
clay;

Now to this people be

Love; come, to set them free,

With feet that tread the night, with eyes  
that sound the day.

## ANT. 6.

Thou that wast on their fathers dead

As effluent God effused and shed,

Heaven to be handled, hope made flesh,

Break for them now time's iron mesh;

Give them thyself for hand and head,

Thy breath for life, thy love for bread,

Thy thought for spirit to refresh,

Thy bitterness to pierce an I sting,

Thy sweetness for a healing spring,

Be to them knowledge, strength, life,  
light,

Thou to whose feet the centuries cling

And in the wide warmth of thy wing

Seek room and rest as bird by night,

O thou the kingless people's king,

To whom the lips of silence sing,

Called by thy name of thanksgiving

Freedom, and by thy name of might

Justice, and by thy secret name

Love, the same need is on the same

Men, be the same God in their sight!

From this their hour of bloody tears

Their praise goes up into thine ears,

Their bruised lips clothe thy name with  
praises,

The song of thee their crushed voice  
raises,

Their grief seeks joy for psalms to bor-  
row,

With tired feet seeks her through time's  
mazes

Where each day's blood leaves pale the  
morrow,

And from their eyes in thine there gazes

A spirit other far than sorrow—

A soul triumphal, white and whole

And single, that salutes thy soul.

## EPODE.

All the lights of the sweet heaven that sing  
together;

All the years of the green earth that lose  
man free;

Rays and lightings of the fierce or tender  
weather

Heights and lowlands, wastes and head-  
lands of the sea,

Dawns and sunset, hours that hold the  
world in tether,

Be our witnesses and seals of things to be.

Lo the mother, the Republic universal,

Hands that hold time fast, hands feeling  
men with might,

Lips that sing the song of the earth, that  
make rehearsal

Of all seasons, and the sway of day with  
night,

Eyes that see as from a mountain the dis-  
persal,

The huge ruin of things evil, and the  
flight;

Large exulting limbs, and bosom godlike  
 moulded  
 Where the man-child hangs, and womb  
 wherein he lay ;  
 Very life that could it die would leave the  
 soul dead,  
 Face whereat all fears and forces flee  
 away,  
 Breath that moves the world as winds a  
 flower-bell tumbled,  
 Feet that trampling the gross darkness  
 beat out day,  
 In the hour of pain and pity,  
 Sore spent, a wounded cry,  
 Her foster-child seeks to her, stately where  
 she stands ;  
 In the utter hour of woes,  
 Wind-shaken, blind with blows,  
 Paris lays hold upon her, grasps her with  
 child's hands ;  
 Face kindles face with fire,  
 Hearts take and give desire,  
 Strange joy breaks red as tempest on tor-  
 mented lands,  
 Day to day, man to man,  
 Plights love republican,  
 And faith and memory burn with passion  
 toward each other ;  
 Hope, with fresh heavens to track,  
 Looks for a breath's space back,  
 Where the divine past years reach hands  
 to this their mother ;  
 And souls of men whose death  
 Was light to her, and breath  
 Send word of love yet living to the living  
 mother,  
 They call her, and she hears ;  
 O France, thy marvellous years,  
 The years of the strong travail, the  
 triumphant time,  
 Days terrible with love,  
 Red-shod with flames thereof,  
 Call to this hour that breaks in pieces  
 crown and crime ;  
 The hour with feet to spurn,  
 Hands to crush, fires to burn  
 The state where'to no latter foot  
 shall climb,  
 Yea, come what grief now may  
 By ruinous light or day,  
 One grief there cannot, one the fast and  
 last grief, shame,  
 Come force to break this and how  
 Down, shame can come not now,  
 Nor, though hands wound thee, tongues  
 in cease mockery of thy name ;  
 Come swords and sear thy brow,  
 No brand there burns it now,  
 No spot but of thy blood marks thy white-  
 horse's fame,  
 Now though the mad blind morrow  
 With shafts of iron sorrow  
 Should smite thine heart, and when thine  
 head with sanguine waves ;  
 Though all that draw thy breath  
 Bid from all veins to death,  
 And thy dead body were the grave of all  
 their graves,  
 And thine unchilded womb  
 For all their tombs a tomb,  
 At least within thee as on thee room were  
 none for slaves,  
 This power thou hast, to be,  
 Come death or come not, free ;  
 That in all tongues of time's this praise be  
 chanted of thee,  
 That in thy wild worst hour  
 This power put in thee power,  
 And moved as hope around and hung as  
 heaven above thee,  
 And while earth sat in sadness,  
 In only thee put gladness,  
 Put strength and love, to make all hearts  
 of ages love thee,  
 That in death's face thy chant  
 Arose up jubilate,  
 And thy great heart with thy great pearl  
 grew more great ;  
 And sweet for bitter tears,  
 Put out the fires of fears,  
 And love made lovely for thee loveless hell  
 and hate ;  
 And they thy house with error,  
 Cold shame and barring terror,  
 Fled from truth risen and thee made a light-  
 tier than thy fate  
 This shall all years remember ;  
 For this thing shall September  
 Have only name of honour, only sign of  
 white,  
 And this year's fearful name,  
 For thee, in thine house of fame  
 Above all names of all thy triumphs shalt  
 thou write,  
 When, seeing thy freedom stand  
 I ven at despair's right hand,  
 The cry thou givest at heart was only of  
 delight

## DIRÆ.

Guai a voi, anime prave.

DANTE.

Soyez maudits, d'abord d'être ce que vous êtes,

Et puis soyez maudits d'obséder les poètes !

VICTOR HUGO.

## I.—A DEAD KING.

[*Ferdinand II. entered Maldebolge May 22nd, 1850.*]

Go down to hell. This end is good to see ;  
The breath is lightened and the sense at ease

Because thou art not ; sense nor breath  
there is

In what thy body was, whose soul shall be  
Chief nerve of hell's pained heart eternally.

Thou art abolished from the midst of  
these

That art what thou wast : Pius from his  
knees

Blows off the dust that flecked them, bowed  
for thee.

Yea, now the long-tongued slack-lipped  
litanies

Fail, and the priest has no more prayer  
to sell —

Now the last Jesuit found about thee is

The beast that made thy fouler flesh his  
cell—

Time lays his finger on thee, saying, 'Cease ;  
Here is no room for thee ; go down to  
hell.'

## II.—A YEAR AFTER.

IF blood throbs yet in this that was thy  
face,

O thou whose soul was full of devil's  
faith,

If in thy flesh the worm's bite slackeneth  
In some acute red pause of iron days,

Arise now, gird thee, get thee on thy ways.

Breathe off the worm that crawls and  
fears not breath ;

King, it may be thou shalt prevail on  
death ;

King, it may be thy soul shall find out  
grace.

O spirit that hast eased the place of Cain,  
Weep now and howl, yea weep now sore ;  
for this

That was thy kingdom hath spat out its  
king,

Wilt thou plead now with God? behold  
again,

Thy prayer for thy son's sake is turned  
to a hiss,

Thy mouth to a snake's whose slime out-  
lives the sting,

III.—PETER'S PENCE FROM  
PERUGIA.

ISCARIOT, thou grey-grown beast of blood,  
Stand forth to be ead ; stand, while red  
drops run here

And there down fingers shaken with foul  
fear,

Down the sick shivering chin that stooped  
and sued,

Bowed to the bosom, for a little food

At Herod's hand, who smites thee cheek  
and ear.

Cry out, Iscariot ; haply he will hear ;

Cry, till he turn again to do thee good.

Gather thy gold up, Judas, all thy gold,  
And buy thee death ; no Christ is here to  
sell,

But the dead earth of poor men bought and  
sold,

While year heaps year above thee safe in  
hell,

To grime thy grey dishonourable head  
With dusty shame, when thou art damned  
and dead.



## IV. PAPA! ALLOCUTION.

'Populo mio, quid taceret?'

What hast thou done? Hark, till thine ears wax hot,  
 Judas; for these and these things hast thou done,  
 Thou hast made earth faint, and sickened the sweet air,  
 With fume of blood that reeks from limbs that rot;  
 Thou hast washed thine hands and mouth, saying, 'Am I not Clean?' and thy lips were bloody, and there was no one  
 To speak for man against thee, no, not one;  
 This hast thou done to us, Iscariot,  
 Therefore though thou be deaf and heaven be dumb,  
 A cry shall be from under to proclaim  
 In the ears of all who shed men's blood or sell  
 Pius the Ninth, Judas, the Second, come  
 Where Boniface out of the fifth and flame  
 Barks for his advent in the clefts of hell.\*

## V.—THE BURDEN OF AUSTRIA.

1866.

O DAUGHTER of pride, waste I with misery,  
 With all the glory that thy shame has won  
 Stripped off thy shame, O daughter of Babylon,  
 Yea, who so be it, yea, happy shall he be  
 That as thou hast served us hath rewarded thee,  
 Blessed, who throweth against war's boundary stone  
 Thy warrior brood, and breaketh bone by bone  
 Misrule thy son, thy daughter Tyranny,  
 That landmark shalt thou not remove for shame,  
 But sitting down there in a widow's weed  
 Wail: for what fruit is now of thy red fame?  
 Have thy sons too and daughters learnt indeed  
 What thing it is to weep, what thing to bleed?  
 Is it not thou that now art but a name?†

\*Dante, 'Inferno,' l. 53.

†A geographical expression—Metemich of Italy.

## VI. LOCUSTA.

COME close and see her and hearken. This is she,  
 Stop the ways fast against the stench that nips  
 Your nostril as it nears her. Lo, the lips  
 That between prayer and prayer find time to be  
 Poisonous, the hands hobbling a cup and key,  
 Key of deep hell, cup whence blood reeks and drips;  
 The loose, low limbs, the reeling hingeless hips,  
 The scurf that is not skin but leprosy,  
 This haggard harlot grey of face and green  
 With the old lord's cunning naxes her new priest  
 The cup she mixed her Nero, stirred and speed,  
 She lips of Mary and Jesus Nazarene  
 With a tongue tuned, and head that bends to the east,  
 Praying. There are who say she is bride of Christ.

## VII. CELENO.

THE blind king hides his weeping eyeless head,  
 Sick with the helpless hate and shame and awe,  
 Till fool have choked the glutton hell-bird's craw  
 And the foul cropful creature lie as dead  
 And soil itself with sleep and too much bread;  
 So the man's life serves under the beast's law,  
 And things whose spirit lives in mouth and maw  
 Shave striking the soul's board and soil her bed,  
 Till man's blind spirit, their sick slave resign  
 Its kingdom to the priests whose souls are swine,  
 And the scourged serf lie reddening from their rod  
 Disowned, disrobed, dismantled, with lost eyes  
 Seeking where lurks in what conjectual dim,  
 That triple-headed bound of hell their God.

## VIII.—A CHOICE.

FAITH is the spirit that makes man's body  
and blood  
Sacred, to crown when life and death  
have ceased  
His heavenward head for high fame's  
holy feast ;  
But as one swordstroke swift as wizard's rod  
Made Caesar carrion and made Brutus God,  
Faith false or true, born patriot or born  
priest,  
Smites into semblance of man or beast  
The soul that feeds on clean or unclean food.  
Lo here the faith that lives on its own light,  
Visible music ; and lo there, the foul  
Shape without shape, the happy throat  
and howl.  
Sword of the spirit of man ! arise and  
smite,  
And sheer through throat and claw and  
maw and tongue  
Kill the beast faith that lives on its own  
dung.

## IX.—THE AUGURS.

LAY the corpse out on the altar ; bid the  
elect  
Slaves clear the ways of service spiritual.  
Sweep clean the stalled soul's serviceable  
stall,  
Ere the chief priest's dismantling hands  
detect  
The ulcerous flesh of faith all sealed and  
specked  
Beneath the bandages that hid it all,  
And with sharp edgetools ecumenical  
The leprous carcases of creeds dissect.  
As on the night ere Brutus grew divine  
The sick-souled augurs found their ox or  
swine  
Hearless, so now too by their after art  
In the same Rome, at an uncleaner shrine,  
Limb from rank limb, and putrid part  
from part,  
They carve the corpse a beast without  
a heart.

## X.—A COUNSEL.

O STRONG Republic of the nollet years  
Whose white feet shine beside time's  
fairer flood  
That shall flow on the clearer for our  
blood

Now shed, and the less brackish for our  
tears ;  
When time and truth have put out hopes  
and fears  
With certitude, and love has burst the  
bud,  
If these whose powers then down the  
wind shall scud  
Still live to feel thee smite their eyes and  
ears,  
When thy foot's tread hath crushed their  
crowns and creeds.  
Care thou not then to crush the beast that  
bleeds,  
The snake whose belly cleaveth to the  
soil,  
Nor set thine heel on men as on their  
deeds ;  
But let the worm Napoleon crawl untrod,  
Nor grant Mastai the gallows of his God.

1809.

## XI.—THE MODERATES.

Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.

SHE stood before her traitors bound and  
bare,  
Clothed with her wounds and with her  
naked shame  
As with a weed of fiery tears and flume,  
Their mother-land, their common weal and  
care,  
And they turned from her and denied, and  
swore  
They did not know this woman nor her  
name.  
And they took truce with tyrants and  
grew tame,  
And gathered up cast crowns and creeds to  
wear,  
And rags and shards regilded. Then she  
took  
In her bruised hands their broken pledge,  
and eyed  
These men so late so loud upon her side  
With one inevitable and tearless look,  
That they might see her face whom they  
forsook ;  
And they beheld what they had left, and  
died.

February, 1870.

## XII.—INTERCESSION.

*Arcisur Imperator, maximum in salutem.*

## I.

O *Te* live a little more, and then the worm;  
A little longer, O Death, a little yet,  
Before the grave gape and the grave-worm fet;  
Before the sanguine-spotted hand in turn  
Be rottenness, and that foul brain, the germ  
Of all ill things and thoughts, be stopped and set;  
A little while, O Death, ere he forget,  
A small space more of life, a little term;  
A little longer ere he and thou be met,  
Ere in that hand that fed thee to thy mind  
The poison-cup of life be overset;  
A little respite of disastrous breath,  
Till the soul lift up her lost eyes, and find  
Ner God nor help nor hope, but thee O Death.

## II.

Shall a man lie before his dying day,  
Death? and for him though the utter day be nigh,  
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die;  
We give him grace not yet that men should say  
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past away,  
Till the last bitterness of life go by,  
Thou shalt not slay him; till those last dregs run dry.  
O thou last lord of life! thou shalt not slay,  
Let the lips live a little while and lie,  
The hand a little, and falter, and fail of strength,  
And the soul shudder and sicken at the sky;  
Yea, let him live, though God nor man would let  
Save for the curse's sake; then at bitter length,  
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not yet.

## III.

Hath he not deeds to do and days to see,  
Yet ere the day that thou shalt see him dead?  
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous head.

Throbs there no treason? if no such thing there be,

If no such thought, surely this is not he.

Look to the hands then; are the hands not red?

What are the shadows about this man's bed?

Death, was not this the cup-bearer to thee?  
Nay, let him live then, till in this life's stead

Even he shall pray for that thou hast to give;

Till seeing his hopes and not his memories fled!

Even he shall cry upon thee a bitter cry,  
That life is worse than death; then let him live,

Till death seem worse than life; then let him die.

## IV.

O watcher at the guardless gate of kings,  
O doorkeeper that serving at their feet  
Hast in thine hand their doomsday drink and seest

With eyeless sight the soul of unseen things;

Thou in whose ear the dumb time coming sings,

Death, priest and king that makest of king and priest

A name, a dream, a less thing than the least,

Hover awhile above him with closed wings,  
Till the coiled soul, an evil snake-shaped beast,

Eat its base bodily lair of flesh away;

If haply, or ever its cursed life have ceased,  
Or ever thy cold hands cover his head

From sight of France and freedom and broad day,

He may see these and wither and be dead.

PARIS, *September, 1869.*

## XIII.—THE SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

## I.

O SON of man, but of what man who knows?  
That broughtest healing on thy leathern wing  
To priests, and under them didst gather kings,

And modest friends to thee of all man's  
to's;

Before time incarnation, the tale goes,  
Thy virgin mother, pure of sensual  
stings,

Communed by night with angels of  
chaste things,

And, full of grace, untimely felt the throes  
Of motherhood upon her, and believed

The obscure annunciation made when  
late

A raven-feathered raven-throated dove  
Croaked salutation to the mother of  
love

Whose misconception was immaculate,  
And when her time was come she miscon-  
ceived.

## II.

Thine incarnation was upon this wise,  
Saviour; and out of east and west were  
led

To thy foul cradle by thy planet red  
Shepherds of souls that feed their sheep  
with lies

Till the utter soul die as the body dies,  
And the wise men that ask but to be fed  
ough the hot sham'les be their board  
and bed

And sleep on any dunghill shut their eyes,  
So they lie warm and fatten in the mire;

And the high priest enthroned yet in thy  
name,

Judas, baptise thee with men's blood for  
fire;

And now thou hangest nailed to thine  
own shame

In sight of all time, but while heaven  
has flame

Shalt find no resurrection from hell-fire.

*December, 1869.*

XIV. —MENTANA: SECOND ANNI-  
VERSARY.

Est-ce qu'il n'est pas temps que la foudre se penne,  
Cieux profonds, en broyant ce chien, fils de la lie?  
*La Légende des Siècles: Kathol.*

## I.

By the dead body of Hope, the spotless lamb  
Thou threwest into the high priest's  
slaughtering-room,

And by the child Despair born red  
therefrom

As, thank the secret sin picked out to cram  
With poisonous spawn thy misconceiving  
dam,

Thou, like a worm from a town's com-  
mon tomb,

Didst creep from forth the kennel of her  
womb,

Born to break down with catapult and ram  
Men's builded towers of promise, and with  
breath

And tongue to track and hunt his hopes to  
death;

O, by that sweet dead body abused and  
slain

And by that child mismothered—dog, by all  
Thy curses thou hast cursed mankind  
withal,

With what curse shall man curse thee  
back again?

## II.

By the brute soul that made man's soul its  
food;

By time grown poisonous with it; by the  
hate

And horror of all souls not miscreate;

By the hour of never that evil hath on  
good,

And by the inconceivable fatherhood  
Which made a woman's womb the shame-  
ful gate

That opening let out loose to fawn on  
fate

A bound half-blooded ravener for man's  
blood;

(What prayer but this for these should any  
say,

Thou dog of hell, but this that Shakespeare  
said?)

By night deflowered and desecrated day,

That fall as one curse on, one cursed head,

'Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

1869.

XV. —MENTANA: THIRD ANNI-  
VERSARY.

## I.

SUCH prayers last year were put up for thy  
sake;

What shall this year do that hath lived to  
see

The piteous and unpitied end of thee?

What moan, what cry, what clamour shall  
it make,  
See it as a root rocks all time empire  
break,  
And all thy great strength as a rotten  
tree,  
Whose branches made broad night from  
sea to sea,  
And the world shuddered when a leaf would  
break?  
From the unknown deep whetein those  
prayers were heard,  
From the dark height of time there sound  
a word,  
Crying, Comfort; though death ride on  
this red hour,  
Hope visits with eyes that make the  
morning dim,  
Till light be clothed with love and power,  
Shall we stand know not if she tread on  
him.

## II.

The hour for which men hungere'd and had  
thirst,  
And dying were loth to die before it  
came,  
Is it indeed upon thee? and the lime  
late foot of vengeance on thy trace accurst  
For years basepulpitred and crimes in-  
hearsed,  
For days marked red or black with blood  
or shame,  
Hath it outrun thee to tread out thy  
name?  
This scourge, this hour, is this indeed the  
worst?  
O clothed and crowned with curses, canst  
thou tell?  
Have thy dead whispered to thee what  
they see  
Whose eyes are open in the dark on thee  
Ere spotted soul and body take farewell  
O what of life beyond the worm's may  
be  
Sate the unmitigable hours in hell?  
1870.

## XVI.—THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

*January 24, 1872.*

## I.

O STAFF and death, to whom we grudged  
him then,

Whom in man's sight he stood not yet un-  
done,  
Your king, your priest, your saviour, and  
your son,  
We grudge not now, who know that not  
again  
Shall this curse come upon the sins of  
men,  
Nor this face look upon the living sun  
That shall behold not so abhorred an  
one  
In all the days whereof his eye takes ken.  
The bond is cancelled, and the prayer is  
heard  
That seemed so long but weak and wa-  
vering;  
Take him for he is yours, O night and  
death  
Hell yawns on him whose life was as a  
word  
Uttered by death in hate of heaven and  
light.  
A curse now dumb upon the lips of night.

## II.

What shapes are these and shadows with-  
out end  
That fill the night full as a storm of  
rain  
With myriads of dead men and women  
slain,  
Old with young, child with mother, friend  
with friend,  
That on the deep mid wintering air impend,  
Pale yet with mortal wrath and human  
pain,  
Who died that this man dead now too  
might reign,  
Toward whom their hands point and their  
faces bend?  
The ruining flood would redden earth and  
air  
If for each soul whose guiltless blood was  
shed  
There fell but one drop on this one man's  
head  
Whose soul to-night stands bodiless and  
bare,  
For whom our hearts give thanks who put  
up prayer,  
That we have lived to say, the dog is  
dead.

## XVII.—APOLOGIA.

If wrath embitter the sweet mouth of song,  
And make the sunlight fire before those  
eyes

That would drink draughts of peace from  
the unsoiled skies,  
The wrongdoing is not ours, but ours the  
wrong,

Who hear too loud on earth and see too long  
The grief that dies not with the groan  
that dies,

Till the strong bitterness of pity cries  
Within us, that our anger should be strong.  
For chill is known by heat and heat by  
chill,

And the desire that hope makes love to  
still

By the fear flying beside it or above,  
A falcon fledged to follow a fledgeling  
dove,

And by the fume and flame of hate of ill  
The exuberant light and burning bloom  
of love.

# SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.

## DEDICATION.

TO

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

TAKE, since you bade it should bear,  
 These, of the seed of your sowing,  
 Blossom or berry or weed,  
 Sweet though they be not, or fair,  
 That the dew of your word kept grow-  
 ing,  
 Sweet at least was the seed.

Men bring you love-offerings of tears,  
 And sorrow the kind that assuages,  
 And slaves the love-offering of wrongs,  
 And I mine the thanksgiving of years,  
 And years the thanksgiving of ages ;  
 I bring you my handful of songs.

If a perfume be left, if a bloom  
 Let it live till Italia be risen,  
 To be strewn in the dust of her ear  
 When her voice shall awake from the tomb  
 England, and France from her prison,  
 Sisters, a star by a star.

I bring you the sword of a song,  
 The sword of my spirit's desire,  
 Feeble; but laid at your feet,

That which was weak shall be strong,  
 That which was cold shall take fire,  
 That which was bitter be sweet.

It was wrought not with hands to smite  
 Nor hewn after swordsmiths fashion,  
 Nor tempered on anvil of steel ;  
 But with visions and dreams of the night  
 But with hope and the patience of passion,  
 And the signet of love for a seal

Be it witness, till one more strong,  
 Till a loftier lyre, till a rarer  
 Late praise her better than I,  
 Be it witness before you, my song,  
 That I knew her, the world's banner  
 bearer,  
 Who shall cry the republican cry.

Yea, even she as at first,  
 Yea, she alone and none other,  
 Shall cast down, shall build up, shall  
 bring home ;  
 Shake earth's hunger and thirst,  
 Lighten and lead as a mother ;  
 First name of the world's names, Rome

## PRELUDE.

BETWEEN the green bud and the red  
 Youth sat and sat by Time, and shed  
 From eyes and dress's flowers and tears,  
 From heart and spirit hopes and fears,  
 Upon the hollow stream whose bed  
 Is channelled by the foamless year;  
 And with the white the gold-haired head  
 Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears  
 Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's  
 truth

Was half not harsh in the ears of Youth.

Between the bud and the blown flower  
 Youth talked with joy and grief an hour,  
 With footless joy and wingless grief  
 And twin-born faith and disbelief  
 Who share the seasons to devour;  
 And long ere these made up their sheaf  
 Felt the winds round him shake and shower  
 The rose red and the blood-red leaf,  
 Delight whose gem grew never grain,  
 And passion dyed in its own pain.

Then he stood up, and trod to dust  
 Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,  
 And dreams of better sleep and sweet,  
 And bound for sandals on his feet  
 Knowledge and patience of what must  
 And what things may be, in the heat  
 And cold of years that rot and rust  
 And alter; and his spirit's meit  
 Was freedom, and his staff was wrought  
 Of strength, and his cloak woven of the night.

For what has he whose will sees clear  
 To do with doubt and faith and fear,  
 Swift hopes and slow despondencies?  
 His heart is equal with the sea's  
 And with the sea wind's, and his ear  
 Is level to the speech of these,  
 And his soul commune and takes cheer  
 With the actual earth's equalities,  
 As light, and night, hills, winds, and  
 streams,  
 And seeks not strength from strengthless  
 dreams.

His soul is even with the sun  
 Whose spirit and whose eyes are one,

Who seeks not  
 And heavy heart  
 Him can no God cast down, whom none  
 Can hit in hope beyond the height  
 Of fate and nature and things done  
 By the calm rule of might and right  
 That bids men be and bear and do,  
 And die beneath blind skies or blue

To him the lights of even and morn  
 Speak no vain things of love or scorn,  
 Fancies and passions miscerate  
 By man in things dispassionate,  
 Nor holds he fellowship forlorn  
 With souls that pray and hope and hate,  
 And doubt they had better not been born,  
 And lain would lure or scare off fate  
 And charm their demons from their  
 doom  
 And make fear dig its own false tomb.

He ludds not half of doubts and half  
 Of dreams his own soul's cenotaph  
 Whence hopes and fears with helpless  
 eyes,  
 Wrapt loose in cast-off cerecloths, rise  
 And dance and wing their hands and laugh,  
 And weep thin tears and sigh light sighs,  
 And without living lips would quaff  
 The living spring in man that lies,  
 And gain his soul of faith and strength  
 It might have lived on a life's length.

He hath given himself and hath not sold  
 To God for heaven or man for gold,  
 Or grief for comfort that it gives,  
 Or joy for grief's restoratives,  
 He hath given himself to time, whose fold  
 Shuts in the mortal flock that lives  
 On its plain pasture's heat and cold  
 And the equal year's alternatives,  
 Earth, heaven, and time, death, life, and he,  
 Endure while they shall be to be.

"Yet between death and life are hours  
 To flush with love and hide in flowers;  
 What profit save in these?" men cry:  
 "Ah, see, between soft earth and sky,



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All the time that we may fill  
 Or such good works or such ill  
 A voice the bond, or make them strong  
 Wherein all manhood suffers wrong  
 By rose-hung river and light-foot rill  
 The world's a sea of souls free,  
 I know it, who think long  
 I know it, who think long  
 I know it, who think long

## THE EVE OF EVOLUTION.

## 1.

The trumpets of the four winds of the world  
 From the ends of the earth blow battle  
 The night leaves,  
 With breasts palpitating and wings rattled,  
 With passion of couched limbs, as of  
 Who grieves  
 Sing, and in her sleep she sees uncurled  
 Streams serpent-shaped, such as sickness  
 Weaves,  
 On the wild wind of vision caught and whirl  
 Dead leaves of sleep, thicker than autumn  
 Leaves,  
 Shadows of storm-shaped things,  
 Flights of dim tribes of things  
 The reaping men that reap the earth for  
 Their sheaves,  
 And, without grain to yield,  
 Their scythe-swept harvest-field  
 Charged thick with men pursuing and  
 Giving,  
 And for me of the tree of sleep,  
 A blue and golden, blown  
 In deep to deep.

## 2.

The night of the mountains cry  
 In many tongues of thunders, and I  
 Hear  
 Sound and resound the hollow shield of  
 Sky  
 With trumpet-throated winds that charge  
 And cheer,  
 And through the roar of the hours that  
 They sing fly,  
 Through light and night and all the  
 Fluctuating fear,  
 A sound sweeter than the heavens are  
 High,  
 A voice more instant than the winds are  
 Clear,

Say to my spirit, "Take  
 Thy trumpet to, and break  
 A rolling music to the night's ear,  
 Till the storm lose its track,  
 And all the night go back;  
 Till, as through sleep, wise life knows  
 True life new,  
 Thou know the morning through the  
 Night,  
 And through the thunder silence, and  
 Through darkness light."

## 3.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow,  
 The height of night is shaken, the skies  
 Break,  
 The winds and stars and waters come and  
 Go  
 By fits of breath and light and sound,  
 That wake  
 As out of sleep, and perish as the show  
 Built up of sleep, when all her strength  
 Forsake  
 The sense-compelling spirit: the depths  
 Glow,  
 The heights dash, and the roots and  
 Summits shake  
 Of earth in all her mountains,  
 And the inner foamless fountains  
 And wellsprings of her fast-bound forces  
 Break;  
 Yea, the whole air of life  
 Is set on fire of strife,  
 Till change unmake things made and  
 Love remake;  
 Reason and love, whose names are one,  
 Seeing reason is the sunlight shed from love  
 The sun.

## 4.

The night is  
 Or but there

Late hopes on memory's devastated way,  
 In moonless wastes of planet-stricken  
 air?  
 O many-childed mother great and grey,  
 O multitudinous bosom, and breasts that  
 bare  
 Our fathers' generations, whereat lay  
 The weeping peoples and the tribes that  
 were,  
 Whose new-born mouths long dead  
 Those ninefold nipples fed,  
 Dim face with deathless eyes and wither-  
 ed hair,  
 Fastness of obscure lands,  
 Whose multiplying lands  
 Wove the world's web with divers races  
 fair  
 And cast it waif-wise on the stream,  
 The waters of the centuries, where thou  
 sat'st to dream;

## 5.

O many-minded mother and visionary,  
 Asia, that sawest their westering waters  
 sweep  
 With all the ships and spoils of time to  
 carry  
 And all the fears and hopes of life to  
 keep,  
 Thy vesture wrought of ages legendary  
 Hides usward thine impunctable sleep,  
 And thy veiled head, night's oldest tribu-  
 tary,  
 We know not if it speak or snail or weep,  
 But where for us began  
 The first live light of man  
 And first-born fire of deeds to burn and  
 leap,  
 The first war fair as peace  
 To shine and lighten Greece,  
 And the first freedom moved upon the  
 deep,  
 God's breath upon the face of time  
 Moving, a present spirit, seen of men  
 sublime;

## 6.

There where our east looks always to thy  
 west,  
 Our moanings to thine evenings, Greece  
 to thee,  
 These lights that catch the mountains crest  
 by crest,  
 Are they of stars or beacons that we see?

Taygetus takes here the winds abreast,  
 And there the sun resumes Thermopylae;  
 The light is Athens where those remnants  
 rest,  
 And Salamis the sea-wall of that sea,  
 The grass men tread upon  
 Is very Marathon  
 The leaves are of that time-unstricken  
 tree  
 That storm nor sun e'er fret  
 Nor wind, since she that set  
 Made it her sign, to men whose shield  
 was she;  
 Here, as dead time his deathless  
 things,  
 Eurotas, and Cephissus keep their sleepless  
 springs,

## 7

O hills of Crete, are these things dead? O  
 waves,  
 O many-mouthed streams, are these  
 springs dry?  
 Earth, dost thou feed and hide now none  
 but slaves?  
 Heaven, hast thou heard of men that  
 would not die?  
 Is the land black with only such men's  
 graves  
 As were ashamed to look upon the sky?  
 Ye dead, whose name outface and out-  
 braves  
 Death, is the seed of such as you gone by?  
 Sea, have thy ports not heard  
 Some Marathonian word  
 Rise up to landward and to Godward fly?  
 No thunder, that the skies  
 Sent not upon us, rise  
 With fire and earthquake and a cleaving  
 cry?  
 Nay, light is here, and shall be  
 light,  
 Though all the face of the hour be over-  
 borne with night.

## 8.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
 The night is broken northward; the pale  
 plains  
 And footless fields of sun-forgotten snow  
 Feel through their creviced lips and iron  
 veins  
 Such quick breath labor and such clean  
 blood flow

As summer-stricken spring feels in her  
pains  
When dying May bears June, too young to  
know  
The fruit that waxes from the flower that  
wanes ;  
Strange tyrannies and vast,  
Tribes frost-bound to their past,  
Lands that are loud all through their  
length with chains,  
Wastes where the wind's wings  
break,  
Displumed by daylong ache  
And anguish of blind snows and rack-  
blown rains,  
And ice that seals the White Sea's  
lips,  
Whose monstrous weights crush flat the  
sides of shrieking ships :

## 9.

Horrible sights and sounds of the unreached  
pole,  
And shrill fierce climes of inconsolable  
air,  
Shining below the beamless aureole  
That hangs about the north-wind's hurt-  
ling hair,  
A comet-lighted lamp, sublime and sole  
Dawn of the dayless heaven where suns  
despair :  
Earth, skies, and waters, smitten into soul.  
Feel the hard veil that iron centuries wear  
Rent as with hands in sunder,  
Such hands as make the thunder  
And clothe with form all substance and  
strip bare :  
Shapes, shadows, sounds and lights  
Of their dead days and nights  
Take soul of life too keen for death to  
bear ;  
Life, conscience, forethought, will,  
desire,  
Flood men's inanimate eyes and dry-drawn  
hearts with fire.

## 10.

Light, light, and light! to break and melt  
in sunder  
All clouds and chains that in one bond-  
age bind  
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and  
wonder

And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife  
behind ;  
There goes no fire from heaven before their  
thunder,  
Nor are the links not malleable that wind  
Round the snared limbs and souls that ache  
thereunder ;  
The hands are mighty, were the head not  
blind.  
Priest is the staff of king,  
And chains and clouds one thing,  
And fettered flesh with devastated mind.  
Open thy soul to see,  
Slave, and thy feet are free ;  
Thy bonds and thy beliefs are one in kind,  
And of thy fears thine irons wrought  
Hang weights upon thee fashioned out of  
thine own thought.

## 11.

O soul, O God, O glory of liberty,  
To night and day their lightning and  
their light !  
With beat of heart thou kindest the quick  
sea,  
And the dead earth takes spirit from thy  
sight ;  
The natural body of things is warm with  
thee,  
And the world's weakness parcel of thy  
might ;  
Thou seest us feeble and forceless, fit to be  
Slaves of the years that drive us left and  
right,  
Drowned under hours like waves  
Wherethrough we row like slaves ;  
But if thy finger touch us, these take  
flight,  
If but one sovereign word  
Of thy live lips be heard,  
What man shall stop us, and what God  
shall smite ?  
Do thou but look in our dead eyes,  
They are stars that light each other till thy  
sundawn rise.

## 12

Thou art the eye of this blind body of man,  
The tongue of this dumb people ; shalt  
thou not  
See, shalt thou speak not for them ? Time  
is wan  
And hope is weak with waiting, and swift  
thought

Hath lost the wings at heel wherewith he  
 ran,  
 And on the red pit's edge sits down dis-  
 traught  
 To talk with death of days republican  
 And dreams and fights long since dreamt  
 out and fought ;  
 Of the last hope that drew  
 To that red edge anew  
 The firewhite faith of Poland without  
 spot ;  
 Of the blind Russian might,  
 And fire that is not light ;  
 Of the green Rhineland where thy spirit  
 wrought ;  
 But though time, hope, and memory  
 tire,  
 Canst thou wax dark as they do, thou whose  
 light is fire?

## 13.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
 The night is broken westward ; the wide  
 sea  
 That makes immortal motion to and fro  
 From world's end unto world's end, and  
 shall be  
 When nought now grafted of men's hands  
 shall grow  
 And as the weed in last year's waves are  
 we  
 Or spray the sea-wind shook a year ago  
 From its sharp tresses down the storm  
 to lee,  
 The moving god that hides  
 Time in its timeles tides  
 Wherein time dead seems live eternity,  
 That breaks and makes again  
 Much mightier things than men,  
 Doth it not hear change coming, or not  
 see?  
 Are the deeps leaf and dead and  
 blind,  
 To catch no light or sound from landward  
 of mankind ?

## 14.

O thou, clothed round with raiment of  
 white waves,  
 Thy brave brows lightening through the  
 grey wet air,  
 Thou, lulled with sea-sounds of a thousand  
 caves,  
 And lit with sea-shine to thine inland lair,

Whose freedom clothed the naked souls of  
 slaves  
 And stripped the muffled souls of tyrants  
 bare,  
 O, by the centuries of thy glorious graves,  
 By the live light of the earth that was thy  
 care,  
 Live, thou must not be dead,  
 Live ; let thine armed head  
 Lift itself up to sunward and the fair  
 Daylight of time and man,  
 Thine head republican,  
 With the same splendor on thine helmetless  
 hair  
 That in his eyes kept up a light  
 Who on thy glory gazed away their sacred  
 sight ;

## 15.

Who loved and looked their sense to death  
 on thee ;  
 Who taught thy lips imperishable things,  
 And in thine ears outsang thy singing sea ;  
 Who made thy foot firm on the necks of  
 kings  
 And thy soul somewhat steadfast—woe are  
 we  
 It was but for a while, and all the strings  
 Were broken of thy spirit ; yet had he  
 Set to such tunes and clothed it with  
 such wings  
 It seemed for his sole sake  
 Impossible to break,  
 And woundless of the worm that waits  
 and stings,  
 The golden-headed worm  
 Made headless for a term,  
 The king-snake whose life kindles with  
 the spring's,  
 To breathe his soul upon her bloom,  
 And while she marks not turn her temple  
 to her tomb.

## 16.

By those eyes blinded and that heavenly  
 head  
 And the secluded soul adorable,  
 O Milton's land, what ails thee to be dead ?  
 Thine ears are yet sonorous with his shell  
 That all the songs of all thy sea-line fel  
 With motive sound of spring-tides at mid  
 well,  
 Though thine heart his thought as  
 it is shed,

Requickening thee with wisdom to do  
 well  
 Such were of thy womb,  
 England, for love of whom  
 Thy name is not yet writ with theirs that  
 fell,  
 But, till thou quite forget  
 What were thy children, yet  
 On the pale lips of hope is as a spell ;  
 And Shelley's heart and Landor's  
 mind  
 Lit thee with latter watch-fires ; why wilt  
 thou be blind ?

17.

Though all were else indifferent, all that  
 live  
 Spiritless shapes of nations ; though  
 time wait  
 In vain on hope till these have help to give,  
 And faith and love crawl furnished from  
 the gate ;  
 Canst thou sit shamed and self-contempla-  
 tive  
 With soulless eyes on thy secluded fate ?  
 Though time forgive them, thee shall he  
 forgive  
 Whose choice was in thine hand to be so  
 great ?  
 Who cast out of thy mind  
 The passion of man's kind,  
 And made thee and thine old name sep-  
 arate ?  
 Now when time looks to see  
 New names and obl and thee  
 Build up our one Republic state by state,  
 England with France, and France  
 with Spain,  
 And Spain with sovereign Italy strike  
 hands and reign.

18.

O known and unknown fountain-heads that  
 fill  
 Our dear life-springs of England ! O  
 bright race  
 Of streams and waters that bear witness  
 still  
 To the earth her sons were made of ! O  
 fair race  
 Of England, watched of eyes death cannot  
 kill,  
 How should the soul that lit you for a  
 space

Fall through sick weakness of a broken will  
 To the dead cold damnation of disgrace ?  
 Such wind of memory stirs  
 On all green hills of her,  
 Such breath of record from so high a  
 place,  
 From years whose tongue of flame  
 Prophesied in her name  
 Her feet should keep truth's bright and  
 burning trace,  
 We needs must have her heart with  
 us,  
 Whose hearts are one with man's ; she must  
 must be dead or thus.

19.

Who is against us ? who is on our side ?  
 Whose heart of all men's hearts is one  
 with man's ?  
 Where art thou that wast prophetess and  
 bride,  
 When truth and thou trod under time and  
 chance ?  
 What latter light of what new hope shall  
 guide  
 Out of the snares of hell thy feet, O  
 France ?  
 What heel shall bruise these heads that hiss  
 and glide,  
 What wind-blow out these fire-born fires  
 that dance  
 Before thee to thy death ?  
 No light, no life, no breath,  
 From thy dead eyes and lips shall take  
 the trance,  
 Till on that deadliest crime  
 Reddening the feet of time  
 Who treads through blood and passes,  
 time shall glance  
 Pardon, and Italy forgive,  
 And Rome arise up whom thou slewest, and  
 bid thee live.

20.

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow,  
 The night is broken southward ; the  
 springs run,  
 The daysprings and the water-springs that  
 flow  
 Forth with one will from where their  
 source was one,  
 Out on the night or morning high and low,  
 The hungering hills feed full upon the  
 sun,

The thirsting valleys drink of him, and glow  
As a heart burns with some divine thing  
done,  
Or as blood burns again  
In the bruised heart of Spain,  
A rose renewed with red new life begun,  
Dragged down with thorns and  
briers,  
That puts forth buds like fire,  
Till the whole tree take flower in unison,  
And prince that clogs and prince that  
clings  
Be cast as weeds upon the dunghill of dead  
things.

21.

Ah heaven, bow down, be nearer! This is  
she,  
Italia, the world's wonder, the world's  
care,  
Free in her heart ere quite her hands be free,  
And lovelier than her loveliest robe of air,  
The earth hath voice, and speech is in the  
sea,  
Sounds of great joy, too beautiful to hear;  
All things are glad because of her, for we  
Most glad, who love her when the worst  
days were,  
O sweetest, fairest, first,  
O flower, when times were worst,  
Thou had'st no stripe wherein we had no  
share,  
Have not our hearts held close,  
Kept fast the whole world's rope?  
Have we not worn thee at heart when  
none would wear?  
First love and last love, light of times  
Shall we not touch thee full-blown with our  
lips and hands?

22.

O too much loved, what shall we say of  
thee?  
What shall we make of our heart's burn-  
ing fire,  
The passion in our lives that vain would be  
Made each a brand to pile into the pyre  
That shall burn up thy fowens, and set thee  
The dame whence thy sun-shadowing  
wings aspire?  
Love of our life, what more than men are we,  
That thy our breath for thy sake should  
expire,  
For whom to joyous death  
Glad gods might yield their breath,

Great gods drop down from heaven to  
serve for hire?  
We are but men, are we,  
And thou art Italy;  
What shall we do for thee with our de-  
sire?  
What gift shall we deserve to give?  
How shall we die to do thee service or how  
live?

23.

The very thought in us how much we love  
thee  
Makes the throat sob with love and blinds  
the eyes,  
How should love bear thee, to behold  
above thee  
His own light burning from reverberate  
skies?  
They give thee light, but the light given  
thee of thee  
Makes faint the wheeling fires that fall  
and rise,  
What love, what life, what death of man's  
should move thee,  
What face that lingers or what foot that  
flies?  
It is not heaven that lights  
Thee with such days and nights,  
But thou that heaven is lit from in such  
wise,  
O thou her dearest birth,  
Pan thee to lighten earth,  
Earth too that bore thee and yearns to  
thee and cries;  
Stand up, shine, lighten, become  
flame,  
Till as the sun's name through all nations  
be thy name.

24.

I take the trumpet from my lips and sing,  
O life immeasurable and immense love,  
And fear like winter leading hope like  
spring,  
Whose flower-bright bows the day-star  
sets above,  
Whose land unweariable and noturing wing  
Strike music from a world that would and  
strive,  
For the night soul born and every glorious  
thing,  
From very the doom to man's joy thereof,  
O time, O change and death,  
Whose now not hateful breath

But gives the music swifter feet to move  
Through sharp remeasuring tones  
Of fluent antiphones  
More tender-tuned than heart or throat  
Of dove,  
Soul into soul, song into song,  
Life changing into life, by laws that work  
not wrong ;

25.

O natural force in spirit and sense, that art  
One thing in all things, fruit of thine  
own fruit,  
O thought illimitable and infinite heart  
Whose blood is life in limbs indissoluble  
That still keeps hurtless thine invisible part  
And inextirpable thy viewless root  
Whence all sweet shafts of green and  
each thy dart  
Of sharpening leaf and bud resundering  
shoot ;  
Hills that the day-star hails,  
Heights that the first beam scales,  
And heights that souls outshining suns  
salute,  
Valleys for each mouth born  
Free now of plenteous corn,  
Waters and woodlands musical or mute ;  
Free winds that brighten brows as free  
And thunder and laughter and lightning of  
the sovereign sea ;

26.

Rivers and springs, and storms that seek  
you prey  
With strong wings ravaging through the  
skies by night  
Spirits and stars that hold one choral way ;  
O light of heaven, and thou the heaven-  
lier light

## A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

1.

WATCHMAN, what of the night ?—  
Storm and thunder and rain,  
Lights that waver and wane,  
Leaving the watchfires unlit,  
Only the balefires are bright,  
And the flash of the lamps now and then  
From a palace where spoilers sit,  
Trampling the children of men.

All me above the souls of men that sway  
All generations of all years with might ;  
O sunrise of the repossessing day,  
And sunrise of all-renovating right ;  
And thou, whose trackless foot  
Mocks hope's or fear's pursuit,  
Swift Revolution, changing depth with  
height ;  
And thou, whose mouth makes one  
All songs that seek the sun,  
Serene Republic of a world made white ;  
Thou, Freedom, whence the soul's  
springs ran ;  
Praise earth for man's sake living, and for  
earth's sake man.

27.

Make yourselves wings, O tarrying feet of  
fate,  
And hidden hour that hast our hope to  
bear,  
A child-god, through the morning-colored  
gate  
That lets love in upon the golden air,  
Dead on whose threshold lies heart-broken  
hate.  
Dead discord, dead injustice, dead despair ;  
O love long looked for, wherefore wilt  
thou wait,  
And shew not yet the dawn on thy bright  
hair,  
Not yet thine hand released  
Refreshing the fair east,  
Thine hand reconquering heaven, to seat  
man there ?  
Come forth, be born and live  
Thou that hast help to give  
And light to make man's day of man-  
hood fair ;  
With flight outflying the spherèd sun,  
Hasten thine hour and halt not, till thy  
work be done.

2.

Prophet, what of the night ?—  
I stand by the verge of the sea,  
Bamshed, uncomfired, free,  
Hearing the noise of the waves  
And sudden flashes that smite  
Some man's tyrannous head,  
The sleeping, heard among graves  
That hide the hosts of his dead.



3.

Mourner, what of the night? —  
 All night through without sleep  
 We weep, and we weep, and we weep,  
 Who shall give us our sons?  
 Beads of raven and kite,  
 Mouths of wolf and of hound,  
 Give us them back whom the guns  
 Shot for your dead on the ground.

4.

Dead men, what of the night?  
 Cannon and scabbard and sword,  
 Horror of gibbet and cord,  
 Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,  
 Mowed us down for the right.  
 We do not gudge or repent,  
 Freely to freedom we gave  
 Pledges, till life should be spent.

5.

Statesman, what of the night? —  
 The night will last me my time,  
 The gold on a crown or a crime  
 Looks well enough yet by the lamps,  
 Have we not fingers to write,  
 Lips to swear at a need?  
 Then, when danger decamps,  
 Bury the word with the deed.

6.

Warrior, what of the night?  
 Whether it be not or be  
 Night, is as one thing to me,  
 I for one, at the least,  
 Ask not of dews if they blight,  
 Ask not of flames if they slay,  
 Ask not of prince or of priest  
 How long ere we put them away

7.

Master, what of the night?  
 Child, night is not at all  
 Anywhere, fallen or to fall,  
 Save in our star-stricken eyes,  
 Forth of our eyes it takes flight,  
 Look we but ever on the light,  
 Nor behind us, but straight on the skies  
 Night is not then any more.

8.

Exile, what of the night? —  
 The tides and the hours run out,  
 The season of death and of doubt,  
 The night watches bitter and sore,  
 In the quiet winds leftward and right  
 My feet and I down under me;  
 But I know the scents of the shore  
 And the broad blown breath of the sea.

9.

Captives, what of the night? —  
 It rains outside overhead  
 Always, a rain that is red,  
 And our faces are soiled with the rain,  
 Here in the seasons' despite  
 Day-time and night-time are one,  
 Till the curse of the kings and the chain  
 Break, and their toils be undone.

10.

Christian, what of the night? —  
 I cannot tell: I am blind,  
 I halt and hearken behind  
 It haply the hours will go back  
 And return to the dear dead light,  
 To the watchfires and stars that of old  
 Shone where the sky now is black,  
 Glowed where the earth now is cold.

11.

High priest, what of the night? —  
 The night is horrible here  
 With haggard faces and tear,  
 Blood, and the burning of fire,  
 Mine eyes are emptied of sight,  
 Mine hands are full of the dust,  
 Be the God of my faith be a liar,  
 Who is it that I shall trust?

12.

Priest, what of the night? —  
 Night with pestilent breath  
 Feeds us, children of death  
 Clothes us close with her gloom,  
 Rapine and famine and fright  
 Touch at our feet and are fed,  
 Earth where we pass is a tomb,  
 Life where we triumph is dead.

13.

Martyrs, what of the night?  
 Nay, is it night with you ye  
 We, for our part, we forget  
 What night was, if it were,  
 The loud red mouth of the fight  
 Are silent and shut where we are,  
 In our eyes the tempestuous air  
 Shines as the face of a star.

14.

England, what of the night?  
 Night is the cover and sleep,  
 Warm, not so soon to weep,  
 Let me alone till the day,  
 Sleep would I still if I might,  
 Who have slept for two hundred years,  
 Once I had honor, they say;  
 But slumber is sweeter than tears.

15.

France, what of the night?—  
 Night is the prostitute's noon,  
 Kissed and dugged till she swoon,  
 Spat upon, trod upon, whored,  
 With bloodred rose-garlands dight,  
 Round me reels in the dance  
 Death, my saviour, my lord,  
 Crowned; there is no more France

16.

Italy, what of the night?—  
 Ah, child, child, it is long!  
 Moonbeam and starbeam and song  
 Leave it dumb now and dark.

Yet I perceive on the height  
 Eastward, not now very far,  
 A song too loud for the lark,  
 A light too strong for a star.

17.

Germany, what of the night?—  
 Long has it lulled me with dreams;  
 Now at midwatch, as it seems,  
 Light is brought back to mine eyes,  
 And the mastery of old and the night  
 Lives in the joints of mine hands,  
 Steadies my limbs as they rise,  
 Strengthens my foot as it stands.

18.

Europe, what of the night?—  
 Ask of heaven, and the sea  
 And my babes on the bosom of me,  
 Nations of mine, but ungrown.  
 There is one who shall surely requite  
 All that endure or that err;  
 She can answer alone:  
 Ask not of me, but of her.

19.

Liberty, what of the night?—  
 I feel not the red rains fall,  
 Hear not the tempest at all,  
 Nor thunder in heaven any more,  
 All the distance is white  
 With the soundless feet of the sun,  
 Night, with the woes that it wore,  
 Night is over and done.

## SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>By the waters of Babylon we sat down and<br/>         wept,<br/>         Remembering thee,<br/>         That for ages of agony hast endured, and<br/>         slept,<br/>         And wouldst not see.</p>  | <p>And with trumpets and thunderings and<br/>         with morning song<br/>         Came up the light;<br/>         And thy spirit uplited thee to forget thy<br/>         wrong<br/>         As day to h night.</p>     |
| <p>By the waters of Babylon we stood up and<br/>         sang,<br/>         Considering thee,<br/>         Till the blast of deliverance in the darkness<br/>         rang,<br/>         To set thee free.</p> | <p>And thy sons were dejected not any more,<br/>         as then<br/>         When thou wast shamed;<br/>         When thy lovers went heavily without<br/>         heart, as men<br/>         Whose life was maimed.</p> |

- In the desolate distances, with a great  
desire,  
For thy love's sake,  
With our hearts going back to thee, they  
were filled with fire,  
Were figh't to break.
- It was said to us: "Vereily ye are grieved of  
heart,  
But ye shall bend;  
Ye are bond men and bondswomen, to be  
scourged and smit,  
To toil and tend."
- And with harrows men harrowed us, and  
subdued with spears,  
And crushed with shame;  
And the summer and winter was, and the  
length of years,  
And no change came.
- By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,  
By town, by tower,  
There was feasting with revelling, there  
was sleep with dreams,  
Until thine hour.
- And they slept and they rioted on their  
rose-hung beds,  
With mouths on flame,  
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and  
with rose-crowned heads  
And robes of shame.
- And they knew not their forefathers, nor  
the hills and streams  
And words of power,  
Nor the gods that were good to them, but  
with songs and dreams  
Filled up their hour.
- By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams'  
beds,  
When thy time came,  
There was casting of crowns from them,  
from their young men's heads,  
The crowns of shame.
- By the horn of Eridanus, by the Thier  
mouth,  
As thy day rose,  
They arose up and girded them to the  
north and south,  
By snows.
- As a water in January the frost confines,  
Thy kings bound thee;  
As a water in April is, in the new-blown  
vines,  
Thy sons made free.
- And thy lovers that looked for thee, and  
that mourned from far,  
For thy sake dead,  
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the  
signal star  
Above thine head.
- In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy  
passion loved,  
Loved in thy loss;  
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with  
thy pangs were moved,  
Clung to thy cross.
- By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy  
blood,  
Thy bloodred tears,  
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing  
flood,  
Years upon years.
- And the north was Gethsemane, without  
leaf or bloom,  
A garden sealed;  
And the south was Aeldama, for a sanguine  
fume  
Had all the field.
- By the stone of the sepulchre we returned  
to weep,  
From far, from prison;  
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld  
asleep,  
But thou wast risen.
- And an angel's similitude by the unsealed  
grave,  
And by the stone;  
And the voice was angelical, to whose  
words God gave  
Strength like his own.
- "Lo, the graveclothes of Italy that are  
folded up  
In the grave's gloom!  
And the guards as men wrought upon with  
charmed cup,  
By the open tomb

- "And her body most beautiful, and her  
shining head,  
These are not here ;  
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely  
dead :  
Have ye no fear.
- "As of old time she spake to you, and you  
hardly heard,  
Hardly took heed,  
So now also she saith to you, yet another  
word,  
Who is risen indeed.
- "By my saying she saith to you, in your  
ears she saith,  
Who hear these things,  
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in  
great men's breath,  
Nor words of kings.
- "For the life of them vanishes and is no  
more seen,  
Nor no more known ;  
Nor shall any remember him if a crown  
hath been,  
Or where a throne.
- "Unto each man his handiwork, unto each  
his crown,  
The just Fate gives ;  
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his  
own lays down,  
He, dying so, lives.
- "Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the  
wronged world's weight  
And puts it by,  
It is well with him suffering, though he face  
man's fate ;  
How should he die ?
- "Seeing death has no part in him any more,  
no power  
Upon his head ;  
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
And is not dead.
- "For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no  
more found,  
For one hour's space ;  
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold  
him crowned,  
A deathless face.
- "On the mountains of memory, by the  
world's well springs,  
In all men's eyes,  
Where the light of the life of him is on all  
past things,  
Death only dies.
- "Not the light that was quenched for us,  
nor the deeds that were,  
Nor the ancient days,  
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face  
most fair  
Of perfect praise."
- So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,  
So yet he saith ;  
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts  
nigh dead  
Drew life, not death.
- That the pavement of Golgotha should be  
white as snow,  
Not red, but white ;  
That the waters of Babylon should no longer  
flow,  
And men see light.

## THE HALT BEFORE ROME.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

- Is it so, that the sword is broken,  
Our sword, that was halfway drawn ?  
Is it so, that the light was a spark,  
That the bird we hailed as the lark  
Sang in her sleep in the dark,  
And the song we took for a token  
Bore false witness of dawn ?
- Spread in the sight of the lion,  
Surely, we said, is the net  
Spread but in vain, and the snare  
Vain ; for the light is aware,  
And the common, the chainless air,  
Of his coming whom all we cry on ;  
Surely in vain is it set.

surely the day is on our side,  
 And I have said the word of man;  
 surely the day is on the land;  
 Immortal men shall be our aid;  
 Yet, the day is on our side,  
 Is no fortune, but I doom as a power;  
 When the winter is over and gone;

Blooms underfoot with young grasses  
 Green, and wild leaves overhead,  
 Windflowers white, and the low  
 New-dropped blossoms of snow;  
 And over the May wind blow,  
 And over the March wind pass,  
 Flames with anemones red.

We are here in the world's flower-garden,  
 We that have watched out the snow,  
 Surely the fruitfuller flowers,  
 The splendider sunbeams are ours;  
 Shall winter return on the flowers,  
 And the frost after April harden,  
 And the fountains in May not flow?

We have in our hands the shining,  
 And the fire in our hearts of man,  
 Who are we that our tongues should palter,  
 Hearts bow down, hands falter,  
 Who are clothed as with flame from the  
 altar,  
 That the kings of the earth, repining,  
 Far off, watch from afar?

Who is ours if we doubt or disemble,  
 Woe, if our hearts are false,  
 Are our chiefs not among us, we said,  
 Great chiefs, living and dead,  
 To lead us glad to be led?  
 For whose sake, if a man of us tremble,  
 He shall not be on our side.

What matter if these lands tarry,  
 That tanned (we said) not of old?  
 France, made drunken by fate,  
 England, that bore up the weight  
 Of men's freedom, a freight  
 Holy, but leave to carry  
 For hands overflowing with gold.

Though this be Rome, and the other  
 Fleet, but blind from the sun,  
 And the race be no more to these,  
 Alas! nor the palm to seize,  
 Who are weary and hungry of ease,  
 Yet, of England we said, O our mother,  
 Is there not left to thee one?

Is there not left to thy daughters,  
 Is there not one to mine hand?  
 Fairer than these, lady of Rome,  
 Fairer from of old by her name;  
 We led in her train, and in flame  
 Led as in Lappin of waters,  
 Until all men a chosen man.

Her hope if her heart was broken,  
 True was upon her, and dumb,  
 Holding her, high as her head;  
 And the world went past her and said  
 (We heard it say) she was dead;  
 And now, behold, she hath spoken,  
 She that was dead, saying, "Rome."

O mother of all men's nations,  
 Thou knowest of the dead world heard!  
 Heard not now, O her lowest  
 Depths, where the strong blood slowest  
 Beats at her bosom, thou knowest,  
 In her toils, in her dim tribulations,  
 Rejoiced not, hearing the word.

The sorrowful, bound unto sorrow,  
 The woe-worn people, and all  
 That of old were discomforted,  
 And men that famish for bread,  
 And men that mourn for their dead,  
 She bade them be glad on the morrow,  
 Who endured in the day of her thrall.

The blind, and the people in prison,  
 Souls without hope, without home,  
 How glad were they all that heard!  
 When she waved white flame of the word  
 Passed over men's dust, and stirred  
 Death; for Italia was risen,  
 And risen her light upon Rome.

The light of her sword in the gateway  
 Shone, an unquenchable flame,  
 Bloodless, a sword to release,  
 A light from the eyes of peace,  
 To bid grief utterly cease,  
 And the wroth of the old world might-  
 way  
 Pass from the face of her name:

Hers, whom we turn to as to Rome,  
 Italy, mother of men;  
 From the light of the face of her glory,  
 At the sound of the storm of her story,  
 That the sanguine shadows and moary  
 Should flee from the foot of the lion,  
 Lion-like, forth of his den.

A, the answering of thunder to thunder  
Is the storm-beaten sound of her part;  
A, the calling of sea unto sea  
Is the noise of her years yet to be;  
For thus ye knew not is she,  
Whose bonds are broken in sunder;  
Thus is she at the last.

So spake we aloud, high-minded,  
Full of our will; and behold,  
The speech that was halfway spoken  
Breaks, as a pledge that is broken,  
As a king's pledge, leaving in token  
Grief only for high hopes blinded,  
New grief grafted on old.

We halt by the walls of the city,  
Within sound of the clash of her chain.  
Hearing, we know that in there  
The lioness chafes in her hair,  
Shakes the storm of her hair,  
Struggles in hands without pity.  
Roars to the lion in vain.

Whose hand is stretched forth upon her?  
Whose curb is white with her foam?  
Clothed with the cloud of his deeds,  
Swathed in the shroud of his creeds,  
Who is this that has trapped her and leads,  
Who turns to despair and dishonor  
Her name, her name that was Rome?

Over fields without harvest or culture,  
Over hords without honor or love,  
Over nations that groan with their kings,  
As an imminent pestilence flings  
Swift death from her shadowing wings,  
To he, who hath claws as a vulture,  
Plumage and beak as a dove.

He saith, "I am pilot and haven,  
Light and redemption I am  
Unto souls overlabor'd," he saith;  
And to all men the blast of his breath  
Is a savour of death unto death;  
And the Dove of his worship a raven,  
And a wolf-cub the life-giving Lamb.

He calls his sheep as a shepherd,  
Calls from the wilderness home,  
"Come unto me and be fed,"  
To feed them with ashes for bread  
And a cross from the graves of the dead,  
Leaps on the fold as a leopard,  
Slays, and says, "I am Rome."

Time, having rent her in sunder,  
With the clasp of an adder he clasps;  
Swift to shed blood are his feet,  
And his lips, that have man for their meat,  
Smoother than oil, and more sweet  
Than honey, but hidden thereunder  
Festers the poison of asps.

As swords are his tender mercies,  
His kisses as mortal stings;  
Under his hallowing hands  
Life dies down in all lands  
Kings pray to him, prone where he stands,  
And his blessings, as other men's curses,  
Disanoint where they consecrate kings.

With an oil of unclean consecration,  
With effusion of blood and of tears,  
With uplifting of cross and of keys,  
Priest, though thou hallow us these,  
Yet even as they cling to thy knees  
Nation awakens by nation,  
King by king disappears.

How shall the spirit be loyal  
To the shell of a spiritless thing?  
Erred once, in only a word,  
The sweet great song that we heard  
Poured upon Tuscany, erred,  
Calling a crowned man royal  
That was no more than a king.

Sea-eagle of English feather,  
A song-bird beautiful-souled,  
She knew not them that she sang;  
The golden trumpet that rang  
From Florence, in vain for them, sprang  
As a note in the nightingales' weather  
Far over Fiesole rolled.

She saw not—happy, not seeing—  
Saw not as we with her eyes  
Aspromonte; she felt  
Never the heart in her melt  
As in us when the news was dealt  
Melted all hope out of being,  
Dropped all down from the skies.

In that weary funeral season,  
In that heart-stricken grief-ridden time,  
The weight of a king and the worth,  
With anger and sorrowful mirth,  
We weighed in the balance of earth,  
And light was his word as a treason,  
And heavy his crown as a crime.

Banners of Freedom fall in row  
None, and none give us a word  
None; ye will gather round  
Sensibly, row upon row,  
Chosen of Freedom to go  
Gladly when darkness may swallow,  
Gladly where death may divide.

Have we not men with us royal,  
Men the numbers of things?  
In the days when our life is made new,  
All souls perfect and true  
Shall adore whom their forefathers slew;  
And these indeed shall be loyal  
And those indeed shall be kings.

Yet for a space they shall be with us,  
Yet for a little they shall stand,  
Bearing the heat of the day,  
When their presence is taken away,  
We shall wonder and worship, and say,  
"Was not a star on our side with us?  
Was not a God at our hand?"

These, O men, shall ye honor,  
Liberty only, and these.  
For thy sake and for all men's and mine,  
Brother, the crowns of them shine  
Lighting the way to her shrine,  
That our eyes may be fastened upon her,  
That our hands may encompass her needs.

In this day is the day of her show to you;  
Choose ye, to live or to die,  
Now is her hour of her hour;  
Now is her life in the land;  
Choose ye, to sit or to stand,  
For the might of her strength is made  
Known to you.  
Now, and her arm is on high.

Serve not for any man's wages,  
Plea ye not glory or gold;  
Not be made idle to the man  
Who saith to thee, "Son,  
Silver and gold have I mine;  
I give but the love of all ages,  
And the life of a y people of old."

Fear not for any man's terrors;  
Wait not for any man's word;  
Patiently, each in his place,  
Gird up your loins to the race;  
Following the print of her face,  
Purged of dross and of error,  
March to the tune ye have heard.

March to the tune of the voice of her,  
Hear ye the sound of her breath,  
I, the sound of her skies,  
I, the sound of her eyes,  
I, the sound of her light as he dies;  
I, the sound of the choice of our,  
I, the sound of her death.

Ye that will in truth be high to zen,  
Ye that when hope is high to zen,  
Suffer over wastes, over waves,  
Suffer among wrecks, among graves,  
Follow the splendor that saves,  
Happy, her children, her chosen,  
Loyal, her father her son.

The sheep of the flocks, and the cattle  
That are in the penfolds of kings,  
Shall be the flock and will feel;  
Hail ye the over you lead,  
Hail ye the over you lead,  
Till they are at the end of the battle  
And the sound of the wind of her wings.

Ye that have joy in your living,  
Ye that are mortal to live,  
You her tinders go by;  
Lave, let men be, let them lie,  
Serve your season, and die;  
Can ye have your masters for giving,  
Guts hath not Freedom to give;

She, without shelter or station,  
She, beyond light or bar,  
Urges to stumble as speed,  
Aime that fanash, that M. A.,  
Sowing their lives for her,  
That their dust may rebound  
To their souls; ay, ay,

Happy are all they that follow  
Them shall no trouble care,  
Though shall slay them, yet shall  
In her.

For measure there is nought nor trust in her,  
Blemish is none, neither rust in her;  
Though it threaten, the night shall not  
Swallow her.

Tempest and storm shall not brown.  
Hither, O stranger, at cry for her,  
Holding your lives in your hand;  
Hither, for here is your light,  
Where Italy is, and her might;  
For truth shall be given you to fight,  
For truth shall be given you to die for her,  
For the flower, for the lady of lands;

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>             Only her bosom to clasp on;<br/>             Only her heart for a home,<br/>             And a name well merited to be<br/>             From Caldeas to Adrian sea<br/>             Fumers in times made free<br/>             Thronging to the tower of the lion<br/>             Proclaiming republican Rome.           </p> | <p>             whose anguish of pain<br/>             Asleep and awake,<br/>             Wrong which is wrought<br/>             What she may give of her store,<br/>             These things to give and no more;<br/>             Only hands on you, blessing you;<br/>             Only a pang for her sake;           </p> |
|--|--|

## MENTANA FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

At the time when the stars are grey,  
 And the gold of the moken moon  
 Fades, and the twilight is thinned,  
 And the sun leaps up, and the wind,  
 Might rose, not of the day,  
 A stronger light than of noon.

As the light of a face much loved  
 Was the face the light that clouded  
 As a mother whitened with woes  
 Her adorable hair arose;  
 As the sound of a hat is moved,  
 Her voice went forth upon Rome.

At her lips it fluttered and failed  
 To rise, and sobbed to song,  
 And sank as a flame sinks under;  
 Then spake, and the speech was thunder,  
 And the cheek as he heard it pale  
 Of the wrongdoer grown grey with the  
 wrong.

Is it time, is it time appointed,  
 Angel of time, is it near?  
 For the spent night aches into day  
 When the sinners shall slay not or pray,  
 And the bloodiest, accursed and anomic,  
 Sidelings to deathward with fear.

The bones of my slain are stirred,  
 The dust of my earth in her womb  
 Moves as the heart of a bud  
 Beating with odorous blood  
 To the tune of the loud first bird  
 Blossoms and yearns into bloom.

I lay my hand on her bosom,  
 My hand on the heart of my earth,  
 And I feel as with shiver and sob  
 The triumphant heart in her throbs,  
 The dead petals dilate into blossom,  
 The divine blood beat into birth.

"O my earth, are the springs in thee dry?  
 O sweet, is thy body a tomb?  
 Nay, springs out of springs, conceive,  
 And summers from summer, believe,  
 And I a living from them that die;  
 No tomb is here, but a womb.

"O manifold womb and divine,  
 Give me fruit of my children, give!  
 I have given thee my dew for thy root,  
 Give them me for my mouth of thy fruit;  
 These are the dead that are mine,  
 And none are thy sons that live.

"O goodly children, O strong  
 Itidim spirits, that wear  
 Could time or the world misdoon't you,  
 My glories as garments about you,  
 Behold, in disproof of the wise,  
 The held of the grave-pits there.

"And ye that fell upon sleep,  
 We have you too with us yet  
 Farer than life or than youth  
 Is this, to die for the truth;  
 No death can sink you so deep  
 As their graves whom their brethren for-  
 get."

"Were not your pains as my pains?  
 As my name are your names not divine?  
 Was not the light in your eye  
 Mine, the light of my skies,  
 And the sweet shed blood of your veins,  
 O my beautiful martyrs, mine?"

"Of mine earth were your dear limbs  
 made,  
 Of mine air was your sweet life's breath;  
 At the breasts of my love ye were fed,  
 O my children, my chosen, my dead,  
 At my breasts where again ye are laid,  
 At the old mother's bosom, in death.



"But ye that live, O their brothers,  
 Be ye to me as they were ;  
 Give me, my children that live,  
 What these dead grudged not to give,  
 Who alive were sons of your mother's,  
 Whose lips drew breath of your air.

"Till darkness by dawn be cloven,  
 Let youth's self mourn and al stam ;  
 And love's self find not an hour,

And spring's self wear not a flower,  
 And Lycoris, with hair unweaved,  
 Hail back to the banquet in vain.

"So sooner and surer the glory  
 That is not with us shall be,  
 And stronger the hands that smite  
 The heads of the sons of night,  
 And the sound throughout earth of our story  
 Give all men heart to be free."

### BLESSED AMONG WOMEN.

TO THE SPINORA CAROLI.

#### 1.

BLESSED was she that bare,  
 Hidden in flesh most fair,  
 For all men's sake the likeness of all love ;  
 Holy that virgin's womb,  
 The old record saith, on whom  
 The glory of God alighted as a dove ;  
 Blessed, who brought to gracious  
 Birth  
 The sweet-souled Saviour of a man-tor-  
 mented earth.

#### 2.

But four times art thou blest,  
 At whose most holy breast  
 Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung ;  
 And thence a fourfold Christ  
 Given to be sacrificed  
 To the same cross as the same bosom clung ;  
 Poured the same blood, to leave the  
 same  
 Light on the many-folded mountain-slits  
 of fame.

#### 3.

Shall they and thou not live,  
 The children thou didst give  
 Forth of thine hands, a godlike gift, to  
 death,  
 Through fire of death to pass  
 For her high sake that was  
 Thine and their mother, that gave all you  
 breath ?  
 Shall ye not live till time drop dead,  
 O mother, and each her children's conse-  
 crated head ?

#### 4.

Many brought gifts to take  
 For her love's supreme sake,  
 Life and life's love, pleasure and praise  
 and rest,  
 And went forth bare ; but thou,  
 So much once richer, and now  
 Poorer than all these, more than these be  
 blest ;  
 Poorer so much, by so much given,  
 Than who gives earth for heaven's sake,  
 not for earth's sake heaven.

#### 5.

Somewhat could each soul save,  
 What thing soever it gave,  
 But thine, mother, what has thy soul kept  
 back ?  
 None of thine all, not one,  
 To serve thee and be thy son,  
 Feed with love all thy days, lest one day  
 lack ;  
 All thy whole life's love, thine  
 heart's whole,  
 Thou hast given as who gives gladly, O  
 thou the supreme soul.

#### 6.

The heart's pure flesh and blood,  
 The heaven thy motherhood,  
 The live lips, the live eyes, that lived on  
 thee ;  
 The hands that clove with sweet  
 Blind clutch to thine, the feet  
 That felt on earth their last way to thy  
 knee ;

The little laughter of mouths milk-fed,  
Now open again to feed on dust among the dead ;

## 7.

The fair, strong, young men's strength,  
Light of life-days and length,  
And glory of earth seen under and stars above,  
And years that bring to tame  
Now the wild falcon fame,  
Now, to stroke smooth, the dove-white breast of love ;  
The life unliv'd, the unsown seeds,  
Suns unbeholden, sons unsung, and undone deeds.

## 8.

Therefore shall man's love be  
As an own son to thee,  
And the world's worship of thee for a child ;  
All thine own land as one  
New-born, a nursing son,  
All thine own people a new birth undefiled ;  
And all the unborn Italian time,  
And all its glory, and all its works, thy seed sublime.

## 9.

That henceforth no man's breath,  
Saying "Italy," but saith  
In that Most sovereign word thine equal name ;  
Nor can one speak of thee  
But he saith "Italy,"  
Seeing in two sons one co-eternal flame ;  
One heat, one heaven, one heart,  
One fire,  
One light, one love, one benediction, one desire.

## 10.

Blest above praise and prayer  
And incense of men's air,  
Thy place is higher than where such voices rise  
As in men's temples make  
Music for some vain sake,  
This God's or that God's, in one weary wise ;  
Thee the soul silent, the shut heart,

The locked lips of the spirit praise thee  
that thou art.

## 11.

Yea, for man's whole life's length,  
And with man's whole soul's strength,  
We praise thee, O holy, and bless thee, O mother of lights ;  
And send forth as on wings  
The world's heart's thanksgiving  
Song-birds to sing thy days through and thy nights ;  
And wrap thee around and arch thee above  
With the air of benediction and the heaven of love.

## 12.

And toward thee our unbreathed words  
Fly speechless, winged as birds,  
As the Indian flock, children of Paradise,  
The winged things without feet,  
Fed with God's dew for meat,  
That live in the air and light of the utter skies ;  
So fleet, so flying a footless flight,  
With wings for fleet love seeks thee, to partake thy sight.

## 13.

Love like a clear sky spread  
Bends over thy loved head,  
As a new heaven bends over a new-born earth,  
When the old night's womb is great  
With young stars passionate  
And fair new planets fiery-fresh from birth ;  
And moon-white here, there hot like Mars,  
Souls that are worlds shine on thee, spirits that are stars.

## 14.

Till the whole sky burns through  
With heaven's own heart-deep hue,  
With passion-colored glories of lit souls ;  
And thine above all names  
Writ highest with lettering flames  
Lightens, and all the old starriest auroles  
And all the old holiest memories wane.

And the old names of love's chosen, found  
in thy sight vain.

## 15.

And crowned heads are discrowned,  
And stars sink without sound,  
And love's self for thy love's sake waxes  
pale ;

Seeing from his storied skies  
In what new reverent wise  
Thee Rome's most beloved, her sovereign  
daughters, hail ;  
Thee Portia, thee Veturia grey,  
Thee Arria, thee Cornelia, Roman more  
than they.

## 16.

Even all these as all we  
Sublime themselves to thee,  
Bow their heads halood, quench their fiery  
fame ;  
Seen through dim years die  
Their faint lights feminine  
Sink, then spring up rekindled from thy  
flame ;  
Fade, then reflower and rellame  
From thy fresh spring their wintering age  
with new-blown bloom.

## 17.

To thy much holier head  
Even theirs, the holy and dead,  
Bow themselves each one from her heaven-  
ward height ;  
Each in her shining turn,  
All tremble toward thee and yearn  
To melt in thine their consummated light ;  
Till from day's Capitolian dome  
One glory of many glories lighten upon  
Rome.

## 18.

Hush thyself, song, and cease,  
Close thy eyes, and hold your peace ;  
What help hast thou, what part have ye  
herein ?

But you, with sweet shut eyes,  
Heart-hidden memories,  
Dreams and dumb thoughts that keep  
what things have been  
Silent, and pure of all words said,  
Praise without song the living, without dirge  
the dead.

## 19.

Thou, strengthless in these things,  
Song, fold thy feebler wings,  
And as a pilgrim go forth girt and shod  
And where the new graves are,  
And where the sunset star,  
To the pure spirit of man that men call God,  
To the high soul of things, that is  
Made of men's heavenlier hopes and might-  
ier memories ;

## 20.

To the elements that make  
For the soul's living sake  
This raiment of dead things, of shadow and  
trance,  
That give us chance and time  
Wherein to aspire and climb  
And set our life's work higher than time or  
chance,  
The old sacred elements, that give  
The breath of life to days that die, to deeds  
that live ;

## 21.

To them, veiled gods and great,  
There bow thee and dedicate  
The speechless spirit in these thy weak words  
hidden ;  
And mix thy reverent breath  
With holier air of death,  
At the high feast of sorrow a guest unhidden,  
Till with divine triumphal tears  
Thou fill men's eyes who listen with a  
heart that hears.

## THE LITANY OF NATIONS.

μᾶ Γᾶ μᾶ Γᾶ, βοᾶν  
φοβεροῦ ἀπότρεπε.

ÆSCH. *Supp* 890.

## CHORUS.

IF with voice of words or prayers thy sons  
may reach thee,  
We thy latter sons the men thine after-  
birth,  
We the children of thy grey-grown age,  
O Earth,  
O our mother everlasting, we beseech thee,  
By the sealed and secret ages of thy life ;  
By the darkness wherein grew thy sacred  
forces ;  
By the songs of stars thy sisters in their  
courses ;  
By thine own song hoarse and hollow and  
shrill with strife ;  
By thy voice distimed and marred of modu-  
lation ;  
By thy discord of thy measures march  
with theirs ;  
By the beauties of thy bosom, and the  
cares ;  
By thy glory of growth, and the splendor  
of thy station ;  
By thy shame of men thy children, and the  
pride ;  
By the pale-checked hope that sleeps and  
weeps and passes,  
As the grey dew from the morning  
mountain-gate ;  
By the white-lipped sightless meadows  
that abide ;  
By the silence and the sound of many  
sorrows ;  
By the joys that leapt up living and fell  
dead ;  
By the veil that hides thy hands and  
breasts and head,  
Wrought of divers colored days and nights  
and morrows ;  
Isis, thou that knowest of God what works  
are worth,  
Thou the ghost of God, the mother un-  
created,

Soul for whom the floating forceless ages  
waited  
As our forceless fancies wait on thee, O  
Earth ;  
Thou the body and soul, the father-God  
and mother,  
If at all it move thee, knowing of all  
things done  
Here where evil things and good things  
are not one,  
But their faces are as fire against each other ;  
By thy morning and thine evening, night  
and day ;  
By the first white light that stirs and  
stives and hovers  
As a bird above the brood her bosom  
covers,  
By the sweet last star that takes the west-  
ward way ;  
By the night whose feet are shod with snow  
or thunder,  
Fledged with plumes of storm, or sound-  
less as the few ;  
By the vestal bound of many-folded  
blue  
Round her mouthless breasts, and all the  
woven wonder ;  
By the golden growing eastern stream of  
sea ;  
By the south of sunrise moving in the  
mountains ;  
By the forces of the floods and unsealed  
fountains ;  
Thou that nolest man be born, bid man be  
free.

## GREECE.

I am she that made thee lovely with my  
beauty  
I gave thee to south ;  
Mine, the first lips, took first the fire of  
duty  
From thine own mouth.

Mine, the fairest eyes, sought first thy laws  
and knew them  
Truths undefiled ;  
Mine, the fairest hands, took freedom first  
into them,  
A weanling child,  
By my light, now he lies sleeping, seen  
above him  
Where none sees other ;  
By my dead that loved and living men that  
love him ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

## ITALY.

I am she that was the light of thee en-  
kindled  
When Greece grew dim ;  
She whose life grew up with man's free life,  
and dwindled  
With wane of him  
She that once by sword and once by word  
imperial  
Struck bright thy gloom ;  
And a third time, casting off these years  
funeral,  
Shall burst thy tomb,  
By that bond 'twixt thee and me whereat  
astounded  
Thy tyrants fear us ;  
By that hope and this remembrance re-  
united ;  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## SPAIN.

I am she that set my seal upon the name-  
less  
West worlds of seas ;  
And my sons as brides took into them the  
tameless  
Hesperides,  
Till my sins and sons through sinless lands  
dispersed,  
With red flame shod,  
Made accurst the name of man, and thrice  
accursed  
The name of God,  
Lest for those past fires the fires of my re-  
pentance  
Hell's fume yet smother,  
Now my blood would buy remission of my  
sentence ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

## FRANCE.

I am she that was thy sign and standard-  
bearer,  
Thy voice and cry ;  
She that washed thee with her blood and  
left thee fairest,  
The same was I,  
Were not these the hands that raised thee  
fallen and fed thee,  
These hands defiled ?  
Was not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye  
that led thee,  
Not I thy child ?  
By the darkness on our dreams, and the  
dead errors  
Of dead times near us ;  
By the hopes that hang around thee, and  
the terrors ;  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## RUSSIA.

I am she whose hands are strong and her  
eyes blinded  
And lips athirst  
Till upon the night of nations many-minded  
One bright day burst ;  
Till the myriad stars be molten into one  
light,  
And that light thine ;  
Till the soul of man be parcel of the sun-  
light,  
And thine of mine,  
By the snows that blanch not him nor  
cleanse from slaughter  
Who slays his brother ;  
By the stains and by the chains on me thy  
daughter ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother

## SWITZERLAND.

I am she that shews on mighty limbs and  
maiden  
Nor chain nor stain ;  
For what blood can touch these hands with  
gold unladen,  
The effect what chain ?  
By the surf of spears one shieldless bosom  
breasted  
And was my shield,  
Till the plume-plucked Austrian vulture-  
heads twin crested  
Twice drenched the field ;

By the snows and souls untrampled and  
untroubled  
That shine to cheer us,  
Light of those to these responsive and re-  
doubled ;  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## GERMANY.

I am she beside whose forest-hidden foun-  
tains  
Slept freedom armed,  
By the magic born to music in my  
mountains  
Heart-chained and charmed.  
By those days the very dream whereof  
delivers  
My soul from wrong ;  
By the sounds that make of all my ringing  
rivers  
None knows what song ;  
By the many tribes and names of my division  
One from another ;  
By the single eye of sun-compelling vision ;  
(*Cho.*) Hear us, O mother.

## ENGLAND.

I am she that was and was not of thy  
chosen,  
Free, and not free ;  
She that fed thy springs, till now her springs  
are frozen ;  
Yet I am she.  
By the sea that clothed and sun that saw  
me splendid  
And fame that crowned,  
By the song-fires and the sword-fires mixed  
and blended  
That robed me round ;  
By the star that Milton's soul for Shelley's  
lighted,  
Whose rays insphere us ;  
By the beacon-bright Republic far-off  
sighted ;  
(*Cho.*) O mother, hear us.

## CHORUS.

Turn away from us the cross-blown blast  
of error,  
That drown each other ;  
Turn away the fearful cry, the loud tongued  
terror,  
O Earth, O mother.

Turn away their eyes who track, their hearts  
who follow,  
The pathless past ;  
Shew the soul of man, as summer shows the  
swallow,  
The way at last.  
By the sloth of men that all too long endure  
men  
On man to tread ;  
By the cry of men, the bitter cry of poor  
men  
That faint for bread ;  
By the blood-sweat of the people in the  
garden  
Hwallow of kings ;  
By his passion interceding for their pardon  
Who do these things ;  
By the sightless souls and fleshless limbs  
that labor  
For not their fruit ;  
By the foodless mouth with foodless heart  
for neighbor,  
That, mad, is mute ;  
By the child that famine eats as worms the  
blossom  
-- Ah God, the child !  
By the milkless lips that strain the blood-  
less bosom  
Till woe runs wild ;  
By the pastures that give grass to feed the  
lamb in,  
Where men lack meat ;  
By the cities clad with gold and shame and  
famine ;  
By field and street ;  
By the people, by the poor man, by the  
master  
That men call slave ;  
By the cross-winds of defeat and of disaster,  
By wreck by wave ;  
By the helm that keeps us still to sunward  
driving,  
Still eastward bound,  
Till, as night-watch ends, day burn on eyes  
reviving,  
And land be found ;  
We thy children, that arraign not nor im-  
peach thee  
Though no star steer us,  
By the waves that wash the morning we  
beseech thee,  
O mother, hear us,

## HERTHA.

I AM that which began ;  
 Out of me the years roll ;  
 Out of me God and man ;  
 I am equal and Whole ;  
 God changes, and I am, and the form of  
 them bodily ; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,  
 Before ever the sea,  
 Or soft hair of the grass,  
 Or fair limbs of the tree,  
 Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches,  
 I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my senses  
 First drifted and swam,  
 Out of me are the forces  
 That save it or damn ;  
 Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast  
 and bird ; Before God was, I am.

Beside or above me  
 Nought is there to go ;  
 Love or unlove me,  
 Unknow me or know,  
 I am that which unloves me and loves ; I  
 am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed  
 And the arrows that miss,  
 I the mouth that is kissed  
 And the breath in the kiss,  
 The search, and the sought, and the seeker,  
 the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses  
 My spirit of life ;  
 That which caresses  
 With hands uncreate  
 My limbs unbegotten that measure the  
 length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,  
 Looking Godward, to cry  
 " I am I, thou art thou,  
 I am low, thou art high ?"  
 I am thou, when thou seekest to know I am ;  
 and thou art thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,  
 The plough-cloven clod  
 And the ploughshare drawn  
 thorough,  
 The germ and the sod,  
 The deed and the doer, the seed and the  
 sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned  
 thee,  
 Child, underground?  
 Ere that impassioned thee,  
 Iron that I found,  
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all  
 these hast thou known of or found ?

Canst thou say in thine heart  
 Thou hast seen with thine eyes  
 With what cunning of art  
 Thou wast wrought in what wise,  
 By what force of what stuff thou wast shap-  
 en, and shown on my breast to the skies ?

Who hath given, who hath sold it  
 thee,  
 Knowledge of me ?  
 Hath the wilderness told it thee ?  
 Hast thou learnt of the sea ?  
 Hast thou communed in spirit with night ?  
 have the winds taken counsel with thee ?

Have I set such a star  
 To show light on thy brow  
 That thou sawest from afar  
 What I show to thee now ?  
 Have ye spoken as brethren together, the  
 sun and the mountains and thou ?

What is here, dost thou know it ?  
 What was, hast thou known ?  
 Prophet nor poet  
 Nor tripod nor throne  
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but  
 only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,  
 Born, and not made ;  
 Though her children forsake her,  
 Abhorred or afraid,  
 Praying prayers to the God of their fashion,  
 she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,  
And a crown is of night ;  
But this thing is God,  
To be man with thy might,  
To grow straight in the strength of thy  
spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,  
As my soul in thee sith,  
Give thou as I gave thee,  
Thy life-blood and breath,  
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of  
thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving  
As mine were to thee ;  
The free life of thy living,  
Be the gift of it free ;  
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to  
slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,  
Souls overcast,  
Were the lights ye see vanish meant  
Always to last,  
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the  
shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod  
The dim paths of the night  
Set the shadow called God  
In your skies to give light ;  
But the morning of manhood is risen, and  
the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted  
That swells to the sky  
With frondage red-fruited,  
The life-tree am I ;  
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my  
leaves : ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion  
That take and that give,  
In their pity and passion  
That scourge and forgive,  
They are worms that are bred in the bark  
that falls off : they shall die and not  
live.

My own blood is what stanches  
The wounds in my bark ;  
Stars caught in my branches  
Make day of the dark.  
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise  
shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under  
The live roots of the tree,  
In my darkness the thunder  
Make utterance of me ;  
In the clash of my boughs with each other  
ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,  
As his feathers are spread  
And his feet set to climb  
Through the boughs overhead,  
And my foliage rings round him and rustles,  
and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages  
Flow through me and cease,  
The war-wind that rages,  
The spring-wind of peace,  
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses,  
ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,  
All shadows and lights  
On the world's mountain-ranges  
An I stream-riven heights,  
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and lan-  
guage of storm-clouds on earth-shaking  
nights ;

All forms of all faces,  
All works of all hands  
In unsearchable places  
Of time-stricken lands,  
All death and all life, and all reigns and all  
ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden  
And more than ye know,  
And my growth have no guerdon  
But only to grow,  
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings  
above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,  
As I too in these ;  
Such fire is at heart in me,  
Such sap is this tree's,  
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets  
of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-colored hours  
When my mind was as May's,  
There brake forth of me flowers  
By centuries of days,  
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood,  
shot out from my spirit as rays.



And the sound of them springing  
And saeth of their shoes  
Were as warmth and sweet singing  
And strength to my roots ;  
And the lives of my children made perfect  
with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be ;  
I have need not of prayer ;  
I have need of you free  
As your mouths of mine air ;  
That my heart may be greater within me,  
beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is  
Of tautis ye espouse ;  
In me only the root is  
That blooms in your boughs ;  
Behold now your God that ye made you,  
to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening  
Abysses adored,  
With day-spring and lightning  
For lamp and for sword,  
God thunders in heaven, and his angels  
are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful  
Toward Gods not of me,  
Was not I enough beautiful?  
Was it hard to be free?  
For behold, I am with you, am in you  
for you ; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,  
With miracles shod,  
With the fires of his thunders  
For raiment and rod,  
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are  
white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,  
His anguish is here ;  
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,  
Crown'd grey from his fear ;  
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken,  
the last of his infant year.

Thought made him and breaks him,  
Faith slays and forgives ;  
But to you, as time takes him,  
This new thing it gives,  
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds  
upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,  
Truth only is whole,  
And the love of his giving  
Man's polestar and pole ;  
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my  
body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom ;  
One beam of mine eye ;  
One topmost blossom  
That scales the sky ;  
Man, equal and one with me, man that is  
made of me, man that is I.

### BEFORE A CRUCIFIX.

HERE, down between the dusty trees,  
At the link edge of hayward wood,  
Women with labor-bosoms flung,  
Their gaunt backs bowed by servitude,  
Stop, shake their loads, and pray, and fare  
Forth with souls easier for the prayer.

The suns have branded blue, the rains  
Striped grey this piteous God of theirs ;  
The face is full of prayers and pains,  
To which they bring their pains and  
prayers ;  
Lean limbs that shew the laboring bones,  
And ghastly mouth that gapes and greans.

God of his grievous people, wrought  
After the likeness of their race,  
By faces like thine own besought,  
Thine own blind helpless eyesless face,  
I too, that have nor tongue nor knee  
for prayer, I have a word to thee.

It was for this then, that thy speech  
Was blown about the world in flame  
And men's souls shot up out of reach  
Of fear or lust or thwarting shame—  
That thy faith over souls should pass  
As sea-winds burning the grey glass?

It was for this, that prayers like these  
Should spend themselves about thy feet,  
And with hard overlabored knees  
Kneeling, these slaves of men should  
beat

Bosoms too lean too suckle sons  
And fruitless as their orisons ?

It was for this, that men should make  
Thy name a fetter on men's necks,  
Poor men's made poorer for thy sake,  
And women's withered out of sex ?  
It was for this, that slaves should be,  
Thy word was passed to set men free ?

The nineteenth wave of the ages roll,  
Now deathward since thy death and  
birth.

Hast thou fed full men's starved-out souls ?  
Hast thou brought freedom up on earth ?  
Or are there less of precious done  
In this wild world under the sun ?

Nay, if indeed thou be not dead,  
Before thy terrene shrine be shaken,  
Look down, turn usward, bow thine head ;  
O thou that wast of God forsaken,  
Look on thine household here, and see  
These that have not forsaken thee.

Thy faith is fire upon their lips,  
Thy kingdom golden in their hands ;  
They scourge us with thy words for whips,  
They brand us with thy words for  
brands ;

The thirst that made thy dry throat shrink  
To their moist mouths commends the drink.

The toothed thorns that bit thy brows  
Lighten the weight of gold on theirs ;  
Thy nakedness embles thy spouse  
With the soft sanguine stuff she wears  
Whose old limbs use for ointment yet  
Thine agony and bloody sweat.

The blinding buffets on thine head  
On their crowned heads confirm the  
crown ;

Thy scourging dyes their raiment red,  
And with thy bands they fasten down  
For burial in the blood-bought field  
The nations by thy stripes unhealed.

With iron for thy linen bands  
And unclean cloths for winding-sheet

They bind the people's nail-pierced hands,  
They hide the people's nail-pierced feet.  
And what man or what angel known  
Shall roll back the sepulchral stone ?

But these have not the rich man's grave  
To sleep in when their pain is done,  
These were not fit for God to save,  
As naked hell-fire is the sun  
In their eyes living, and when dead  
These have not where to lay their head.

They have no tomb to dig, and hide ;  
Earth is not theirs, that they should  
sleep.

On all these tombless crucified  
No lovers' eyes have time to weep,  
So still, for all man's tears and creeds,  
The sacred body hangs and bleeds.

Through the left hand a nail is driven,  
Faith, and another through the right,  
Formed in the fires of hell and heaven,  
A nail that puts out the eye of light ;  
And the feet nailed and scorched and pale  
Are pierced with falsehood for a nail.

A cup lies against the mouth divine  
To wash the tongue full of poison yet  
And to let blood for myrrh and wine,  
And on the same reel is it set  
Wherewith before they buffeted  
The people's disanointed head.

O sacred head, O desecrate,  
O labor-wounded feet and hands,  
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate  
Of nameless lives in divers lands,  
O slain and spent and sacrificed  
People, the grey-grown speechless Christ !

Is there a gospel in the red  
Old witness of thy wide-mouthed wounds ?  
From thy blind stricken tongueless head  
What desolate evangel sounds  
A hopeless note of hope deferred ?  
What word, if there be any word ?

O son of man, beneath man's feet  
Cast down, O common face of man  
Wherewith all blows and buffets meet,  
O royal, O republican  
Face of the people by soul and dumb  
And longing till thy kingdom come !

The soldiers and the high priests part  
Thy vesture : all thy days, are pierced,  
And all the rights that crown thine heart,  
And that one seamless coat of Christ,  
The freedom of the rest of us,  
They cast their hats for to see which

Ne'er trailement of it save the name  
They give thee for a crown of scorns  
Who reweave to mock thy naked shame  
And forehead bitten through with thorns  
And, moked with sweat and tears,  
The stripes of eight and four years.

And I we seek yet if God for man  
Can loose thee a Lazarus,  
Bid thee rise up to publican  
As I save thyself and all of us ;  
But no disciple's tongue can say  
When thou shalt take our sins away.

And mouldering now an altar with moss  
Between us, and the sunlight swings  
The phantom of a Christless cross  
Shadowing the pillars of heads of kings  
And making with its moving shade  
The souls of our trades men afraid.

It creaks and rattles to left and right,  
Conscience of rot and rust,  
Worm-eaten of the worms of night,  
Dead as their spits who put trust,  
Round its base muttering as they sit,  
In the time-cankered name of it.

Thou, in the day that breaks thy prison,  
People, though these men take thy name,  
And hail and hymn thee rear again,  
Who made songs erewhile of thy shame,  
Give thou not ear ; for these are they  
Whose god thy day was thine evil day.

Set not thine hand unto their cross  
Give not thy soul up sacrificed,  
Change not the gold of faith for dross  
Of Christian creeds that spit on Christ.  
Let not thy tree of freedom be  
Regrafted from that rotting tree.

This dead God here against my face  
Hath help for no man ; who hath seen  
The good works of it, or such grace  
As thy grace in it, Nazarene,  
As that worthy live lips which ran  
For man's sake, O then son of man?

The tree of faith ingrafted by priests  
Puts its foul foliage out above thee,  
And round it feed man-eating beasts  
Be some of whom we dare not love thee,  
Though hearts reach back and memories  
We cannot praise thee for their sake.

O fallen face of man, whereover  
Thy years have woven a viewless veil,  
Hither wast thou thy man's lover,  
What did thy love or blood avail?  
Thy blood the priests make poison of,  
And in gold shekels coin thy love.

So when our souls look back to thee  
They sicken, seeing against thy side,  
Too foul to speak of or to see,  
The leprous likeness of a bride,  
Whose kissing lips through his lips grown  
Leave their God rotten to the bone.

When we would see thee man, and know  
What heart thou hadst toward men indeed,  
Lo, thy blood-blackened altars ; lo,  
The lips of priests that pray and feed  
While their own hell's worm curls and licks  
The poison of the crucifix.

Thou had'st let children come to thee ;  
What children now but curses come ?  
What man in that God can be  
Who sees their worship, and is dumb ?  
No soul that lived, loved, wrought, and died,  
Is this their carrion crucified.

Nay, if their God and thou be one,  
If thou and this thing be the same,  
Thou shouldst not look upon the sun ;  
The sun grows haggard at thy name.  
Come down, be done with, cease, give o'er ;  
Hide thyself, strive not, be no more.

## TENEBRÆ.

At the chill high tide of the night,  
At the turn of the fluctuating hours,  
When the waters of time are at height,  
In a vision arose on my sight  
The kingdoms of earth and the powers.

In a dream without lightening of eyes,  
I saw them, children of earth,  
Nations and races arise,  
Each one after his wise,  
Signed with the sign of his birth.

Sound was none of their feet,  
Light was none of their faces;  
In their lips breath was not, or heat,  
But a subtle murmur and sweet  
As of water in wan waste places.

Lips as from passionate years,  
Years unassuaged of desire,  
Sung they soft in mine ears,  
Crowned with jewels of tears,  
Girt with girdles of fire.

A slow song beaten and broken,  
As is were from the dust and the dead,  
As of spirits at first unshaken,  
As of things unspeakable spoken,  
As of tears unendurable shed.

In the manifold sound remote,  
In the molten murmur of song,  
There was but a sharp sole note  
Alive on the night and aloft,  
The cry of the world's heart's wrong.

As the sea in the strait sea-caves,  
The sound came straitened and strange;  
A noise of the tending of graves,  
A tidal thunder of waves,  
The music of death and of change.

"We have waited so long," they say  
For a sound of the God, for a breath,  
For a ripple of the reflux of day,  
For the fresh light wind of the fray,  
For the light of the sunrise of death.

"We have prayed not, we, to be strong,  
To fulfil the desire of our eyes;  
Howbeit they have watched for it long,  
Watched, and the night did them wrong,  
Yet they say not of day shall it rise?"

"They are fearful and feeble with years,  
Yet they doubt not of day if it be;  
Yea, blinded and beaten with tears,  
Yea, sick with foresight of fears,  
Yet a little, and hardly, they see.

"We pray not, we, for the palm,  
For the fruit agitated of the fight,  
For the blossom of peace and the balm,  
And the tender triumph and calm  
Of crownless and weaponless right.

"We pray not, we, to behold  
The litter unges' low birth,  
The young days purple and gold,  
An' a'vaine, and arisen as of old,  
The sun-god of Freedom on earth.

"Peace, and world-honor, and fame,  
We have sought after none of these  
things;  
The light of a life-like flame  
Passing the storm of a name  
Shaking the strongholds of kings:

"Nor, fashioned of fire and of air,  
The splendor that burns on his head  
Who was chiefest in ages that were,  
Whose breath blew palaces bare,  
Whose eye shone tyrannies dead;

"All these things in your day  
We shall see, O our sons, and shall hold  
Surely; but we, in the grey  
Twilight, for one thing we pray,  
In that day though our memories be cold.

"To feel on our brows as we wait  
An air of the morning, a breath  
From the springs of the east, from the gate  
Whence freedom issues, and fate,  
Sorrow and triumph, and death:

"From a land whercon time hath not trod  
Where the spirit is bodiless and bare,  
And the world's rein breaks, and the rod,  
And the son of a man which is God,  
He adores without altar or prayer:

"For alone of herself and her right  
She takes, and alone gives grace;  
And the colors of things lose light,  
And the forms, in the limitless white  
Splendor of space without space:



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" And the life of man from his tomb  
Ye raise, and the lower that survives ;  
And the carcases of changes consume  
In the coldless permeate bloom  
Of the live light made of our lives :

Strewing each life given in a leaf  
Of the manifold multiform flower,  
And the least among these, and the chief,  
As an ear in the red-ripe sheaf  
Stored for the harvesting hour.

" O spirit of man, most holy,  
The measure of things and the root ;  
In our summers and winters a lowly  
Seed, putting forth of them stowey  
Thy sun, yome blossom and fruit ;

" In thy sacred and perfect year  
The souls that were parted of thee  
In the labor and life of us here  
Shall be rays of thy sovereign sphere,  
Spring of thy motion shall be.

" There is the fire that was man,  
The light that was love, and the breath  
That was hope ere deliverance began,

And the wind that was life for a span,  
And the birth of new things which is  
death.

" There, whosoever had light,  
Aid, having, for men's sake gave ;  
All that warred against night,  
All that were found in the fight  
Swift to be slain and to save ;

" Undisbranched of the storms that disroot  
us  
Of the fires that enthrall unenticed :  
The names that exalt and transmute us :  
The blood-bright splendour of Brutus,  
The snow-bright splendour of Christ.

" There all chains are undone ;  
Day there seems but as night ;  
Spirit and sense are as one  
In the light not of star nor of sun -  
Liberty there is the light.

" She, sole mother and maker,  
Stronger than sorrow, than strife ;  
Deathless, though death overtake her ;  
Faithful, though faith should forsake her ;  
Spirit, and saviour, and life."

## HYMN OF MAN

(DURING THE SESSION IN ROME OF THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.)

IN the grey beginning of years, in the  
twilight of things that began,  
The word of the earth in the ears of the  
world, was it God? was it man?  
The word of the earth to the spheres her  
sisters, the note of her song,  
The sound of her speech in the ears of the  
starry and sisterly throng,  
Was it praise or passion or prayer, was it  
love or devotion or dread,  
When the veils of the shining air first wrapt  
her tabulant head?  
When her eyes new-born of the night saw  
yet no star out of reach?  
When her maiden mouth was slight with  
the flame of musical speech?  
When her virgin feet were set on the terrible  
heavenly way,  
And her virgin eyelids were wet with the dew  
of the birth of the day?  
Eyes that had looked not on time, and ears  
that had heard not of death;

Lips that had learnt not the rhyme of change  
and passionate breath,  
The rhythmic anguish of growth, and the  
motion of untrifled things,  
Of love that longs and is loth, and plume-  
plucked hope without wings,  
Passions and pains without number, and  
life that runs and is lame,  
From slumber again to slumber, the same  
race set for the same,  
Where the runners outwear each other, but  
tanning with lampless hands  
No man takes light from his brother till  
blind at the goal he stands?  
Ah, did they know, did they dream of it,  
counting the cost and the worth?  
The ways of her days, did they seem then  
good to the new-souled earth?  
Did her heart rejoice, and the might of her  
spirit in her then,  
Could yet no child of the night, and mother-  
less mother of men?

Was it Love brake forth flower-fashion, a  
 bird with gold on his wings,  
 Lovely, her firstborn passion, and impulse  
 of firstborn things?  
 Was Love that nestling indeed that under  
 the plume of the night  
 Was hatebed and hidden as seed in the  
 furrow, and brought forth bright?  
 Was it Love lay shut in the shell world-  
 shaped, having over him there  
 Black world-wide wings that impel the  
 might of the night through air?  
 And bursting his shell as a bird, night  
 shook through her sail-stretched vans,  
 And her heart as a water was stirred, and  
 its heat was the firstborn man's.  
 For the waste of the dead void air took  
 form of a world at birth,  
 And the waters and elements were, and  
 light, and the life-giving earth.  
 The beautiful bird unbegotten that night  
 brought forth without pain  
 In the fathomless years forgotten where-  
 over the dead gods reign,  
 Was it love, life, godhead, or fate? we say  
 the spirit is one  
 That moved on the dark to create out of  
 darkness the stars and the sun.  
 Before the growth was the grower, and  
 the seed ere the plant was sown;  
 But what was seed of the sower? and the  
 grain of him, whence was it grown?  
 Foot after foot ye go back and travail and  
 make yourselves mad;  
 Blind feet that feel for the track where  
 highway is none to be had.  
 Therefore the God that ye make you is  
 grievous, and gives not aid,  
 Because it is but for your sake that the  
 God of your making is made.  
 Thou and I and he are not gods made  
 men for a span,  
 But God, if a God there be, is the sub-  
 stance of men which is man.  
 Our lives are as pulses or pores of his man-  
 ifold body and breath;  
 As waves of his sea on the shores where  
 birth is the beacon of death.  
 We men, the multiform features of man,  
 whatsoever we be,  
 Recreate him of whom we are creatures,  
 and all we only are he.  
 For each man of all men is God, but God  
 is the fruit of the whole;  
 Indivisible spirit and blood, indiscernible  
 body from soul.

Not men's but man's is the glory of god-  
 head, the kingdom of time.  
 The mountainous ages made hoary with  
 snows for the spirit to climb.  
 A God with the world inwound whose  
 clay to his footsole clings;  
 A manifold God fast-bound as with iron  
 of adverse things.  
 A soul that labours and lives, an emotion,  
 a strenuous breath,  
 From the flame that its own mouth gives  
 reillumined and refreshed with death.  
 In the sea whereof centuries are waves the  
 live God plunges and swims;  
 His bed is in all men's graves, but the  
 worn hath not hold on his limbs.  
 Night puts out not his eyes, nor time  
 sheds change on his head;  
 With such fire as the stars of the skies are  
 the roots of his heart are fed.  
 Men are the thoughts passing through it,  
 the veins that fulfil it with blood,  
 With spirit of sense to renew it as springs  
 fulfilling a flood.  
 Men are the heartbeats of man, the plumes  
 that feather his wings,  
 Storm-worn, since being began, with the  
 wind and thunder of things.  
 Things are cruel and blind; their strength  
 detains and deforms;  
 And the wearying wings of the mind still  
 beat up the stream of their storms.  
 Still, as one swimming up stream, they  
 strike out blind in the blast,  
 In thunders of vision and dream, and  
 lightning of future and past.  
 We are baffled and caught in the current  
 and bruised upon edges of shoals;  
 As weeds or as reeds in the torrent of  
 things are the wind-shaken souls.  
 Spirit by spirit goes under, a foam-bell's  
 bubble of breath,  
 That blows and opens in sunder and blurs  
 not the mirror of death.  
 For a worm or a thorn in his path is a  
 man's soul quenched as a flame;  
 For his lust of an hour or his wrath shall  
 the worm and the man be the same.  
 O God sore stricken of things! they have  
 wrought him a raiment of pain;  
 Can a God shut eyelids and wings at a  
 touch on the nerves of the brain?  
 O shamed and sorrowful God, whose force  
 goes out at a blow!



What world shall shake at his nod? at his  
 coming what wilderness glow?  
 What help in the work of his hands? what  
 light in the track of his feet?  
 His days are snowflakes or sands, with cold  
 to consume him and heat.  
 He is servant with Change for lord, and for  
 wages he hath to his hire  
 Folly and force, and a sword that devours,  
 and a ravening fire,  
 From the bed of his birth to his grave he is  
 driven as a wind at their will;  
 Lest Change lay down as his slave, and  
 the storm and the sword be still;  
 Lest earth spread open her wings to the  
 sunward, and sing with the spheres;  
 Lest man be master of things, to prevail on  
 their forces and fears.  
 By the spirit are things overcome; they are  
 stark, and the spirit hath breath;  
 It hath speech, and their forces are dumb -  
 it is living and things are of death.  
 But they know not the spirit for master  
 they feel not force from above,  
 While man makes love to disaster, and  
 woe desolation with love.  
 Yea, himself too hath made himself chains,  
 and his own hands plucked out his  
 eyes;  
 For his own soul only constrains him, his  
 own mouth only denies.  
 The herds of kings, and their hosts and the  
 flocks of the high priests bow  
 To a master whose face is a ghost; O  
 thou that wast God, is it thou?  
 Thou madest man in the garden; thou  
 temptedst man, and he fell;  
 Thou gavest him poison and pardon for  
 blood and burnt-offering to sell.  
 Thou hast sealed thine door to salvation,  
 fast locked with faith for the key;  
 Make now for thyself expiation, and be  
 thine atonement for thee  
 Ah, thou that darkenest heaven - ah, thou  
 that bringest a sword -  
 By the crimes of thine hands unforgiven  
 they beseech thee to hear them, O  
 Lord.  
 By the balefires of ages that burn for thine  
 incense, by creed and by food,  
 By the famine and passion that yearn and  
 that hunger to find of thee food,  
 By the children that asked at thy throne of  
 the priests that were fat with thine hire  
 For bread, and thou gavest a stone; for  
 light, and thou madest them fire;  
 By the kiss of thy peace like a snake's kiss,  
 that leaves the soul rotten at root;  
 By the savours of gibbets and stakes thou  
 hast planted to bear to thee fruit;  
 By torture and terror and treason, that  
 make to thee weapons and wings;  
 By thy power upon men for a season, made  
 out of the malice of things;  
 O thou that hast built thee a shrine of the  
 madness of man, and his shame,  
 And hast hung in the midst for a sign of his  
 worship the lamp of thy name;  
 That hast shown him for heaven in a vision  
 a void world's shadow and shell,  
 And hast fed thy delight and derision with  
 me of belief as of hell;  
 That has fleshed on the souls that believe  
 thee the fang of the death-worm fear,  
 With anguish of dreams to deceive them  
 whose faith cries out in thine ear;  
 By the face of the spirit confounded before  
 thee and humbled in dust,  
 By the dread wherewith life was astounded  
 and shamed out of sense of its trust,  
 By the scourges of doubt and repentance  
 that fell on the soul at thy nod,  
 Thou art judged, O judge, and the sentence  
 is gone forth against thee, O God.  
 Thy slave that slept is awake; thy slave  
 but slept for a span;  
 Yea, man thy slave shall unmake thee, who  
 made thee lord over man.  
 For his face is set to the east, his feet on  
 the past and its dead;  
 The sun risen is his priest, and the heat  
 thereof hallows his head.  
 His eyes take part in the morning; his  
 spirit out sounding the sea  
 Asks no more witness or warning from  
 temple or tripod or tree.  
 He hath set the centuries at union; the  
 night is afraid at his name;  
 Equal with life, in communion with death,  
 he hath found them the same.  
 Past the wall unsummounted that bars out  
 our vision with iron and fire  
 He hath sent forth his soul for the stars to  
 comply with and suns to conspire.  
 His thought takes flight for the centre  
 wherethrough it hath part in the whole;  
 The abysses forbid it not enter; the stars  
 make room for the soul.  
 Space is the soul's to inherit; the night is  
 hers as the day;  
 Lo, saith man, this is my spirit; how shall  
 not the worlds make way?

Space is thought's, and the wonders thereof, and the secret of spare ;  
 Is thought not more than the thunders and lightnings? shall thought give place?  
 Is the body not more than the veature, the life not more than the meat?  
 The will than the word or the gesture, the heart than the hands or the feet?  
 Is the tongue not more than the speech is? the head not more than the crown?  
 And if higher than is heaven be the reach of the soul, shall not heaven bow down?  
 Time, father of life, and more great than than the life it begat and begun,  
 Earth's keeper and heaven's and their fate, lives, thinks, and hath substance in man.  
 Time's motion that throbs in his blood, is the thought that gives heart to the skies,  
 And the springs of the fire that is food to the sunbeams are light to his eyes.  
 The minutes that beat with his heart are the words to which worlds keep chime.  
 And the thought in his pulses is part of the blood and the spirit of time.  
 He saith to the ages, Give; and his soul foregoes not her share;  
 Who are ye that forbid him to live, and would feed him with heavenlier air?  
 Will ye feed him with poisonous dust, and restore him with hemlock for drink,  
 Till he yield you his soul up in trust, and have heart not to know or to think?  
 He hath stirred him, and found out the flaw in his fetters, and cast them behind;  
 His soul to his soul is a law, and his mind is a light to his mind.  
 The seal of his knowledge is sure, the truth and his spirit are wed;  
 Men perish, but man shall endure; lives, die, but the life is not dead.  
 He hath sight of the secrets of season, the roots of the years and the fruits;  
 His soul is at one with the reason of things that is sap to the roots.  
 He can hear in their changes a sound as the conscience of consonant spheres;  
 He can see through the years flowing round him the law lying under the years.  
 Who are ye that would blind him with curses and blind him with vapor of prayer?  
 Your might is as night that disperses when light is alive in the air.  
 The bow of your godhead is broken, the arm of your conquest is stayed;

Though ye call down, God to bear token, for fear of you none is afraid.  
 Will ye run back times, and the courses of stars, and the season of souls?  
 Shall God's breath dry up the sources that feed time full as it rolls?  
 Nay, cry on him then till he show you a sign, till he hit on a rod;  
 Hath he made not the nations to know him of old if indeed he be God?  
 Is no heat of him left in the ashes of thousands burnt up for his sake?  
 Can prayer not rekindle the flashes that shone in his face from the stake?  
 Cry aloud; for your God is a God and a Saviour; cry, make yourselves lean;  
 Is he drunk or asleep, that the rod of his wrath is unfelt and unseen?  
 Is the fire of his old loving-kindness gone out, that his pyres are cold?  
 Hath he gazed on himself unto blindness, who made men blind to behold?  
 Cry out, for his kingdom is shaken; cry out, for the people blasphemic;  
 Cry aloud till his godhead awaken; what doth he to sleep and to dream?  
 Cry, cut yourselves, gash you with knives and with scourges, heap on to you dust;  
 Is his life but as other gods' lives? is not this the Lord God of your trust?  
 Is not this the great God of your sires, that with soles and with bodies was fed,  
 And the world was on flame with his fires?  
 O fools, he was God, and is dead.  
 He will hear not again the strong crying of earth in his ears as before,  
 And the fume of his multitudes dying shall flatter his nostrils no more.  
 By the spirit he ruled as his slave is he slain who was mighty to slay,  
 And the stone that is sealed on his grave he shall rise not and roll not away.  
 Yea, weep to him, lift up your hands; be your eyes as a fountain of tears;  
 Where he stood there is nothing that stands; if he call, there is no man that hears.  
 He hath doffed his king's raiment of lies now the wane of his kingdom is come;  
 Ears hath he, and hears not; and eyes, and he sees not; and mouth, and is dumb.  
 His red king's raiment is stripped from him naked, his staff broken down;  
 And the signs of his empire are stripped from him shuddering; and where is his crown?  
 And in vain by the wellsprings reitrozen ye cry for the warmth of his sun—

O God, the Lord God of thy chosen, thy  
will in thy king lon be done.  
Kingdom and will hath he none in him left  
him, nor warmth in his breath;  
Till his corpse be cast out of the sun will ye  
know not the truth of his death?  
Surely, ye say, he is strong, though the  
times be against him and men;  
Yet a little, ye say, and how long, till he  
come to show judgment again?  
Shall God then die as the beasts die? who  
is it hath broken his rod?  
O God, Lord God of thy priests, rise up  
now and show thyself God.

They cry out, thine elect, thine aspirants  
to heavenward, whose faith is as flame;  
O thou the Lord God of our tyrants, they  
call thee, their God, by thy name.  
By thy name that in hell-fire was written,  
and burned at the point of thy sword  
Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smit-  
ten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord  
And the love-song of earth a thou diest  
resounds through the wind of her  
wing  
Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is  
master of things.

## THE PILGRIMS.

Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass  
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which  
was  
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what  
shall be?  
For gladly at once and sadly it seems  
ye sing.  
— Our lady of love by you is unbelold  
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips,  
nor golden  
Treasure of hair, nor face nor form; but  
we  
That love, we know her more far  
than anything.  
— Is she a queen, having great gifts to  
give?  
— Yea, these; that whoso hath seen her  
shall not live  
Except he serve her sorrowing, with  
strange pain,  
Treason and bloodshedding and bitter  
tears,  
and when she lids die he shall surely die,  
And he shall leave all things under the sky  
And go forth naked under sun and rain  
And work and wait and watch out all  
his years.  
— Hath she on earth no place of habitation?  
— Age to age calling, nation answering  
nation,  
Cries out, Where is she? and there is  
none to say;  
For if she be not in the spirit of men,

For if in the inward soul she hath no  
place,  
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,  
In vain their mouths make much of her;  
for they  
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart  
lives again.  
— O ye that follow, and have ye no repen-  
tance?  
For on your brows is written a mortal  
sentence,  
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,  
That in your lives ye shall not pause  
or rest,  
Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor  
keep  
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor  
sleep,  
— These have we not, who have one  
thing, the dwine  
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruit-  
ful breast.  
— And ye shall die before your thrones be  
won,  
Yea, and the changed world and the  
liberal sun  
Shall move and shine without us, and  
we lie  
Dead; but if she too move on earth  
and live,  
But if the old world with all the old irons  
rent

Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not content?

Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,

Life being so little and death so good to give.

And these men shall forget you:—Yea, but we

Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,

And heaven high air august, and awful fire,

And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat

But somewhat in it of our blood once shed shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead

Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire

Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet.

But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,

Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,

That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;

When mother and father and tender sister and brother

And the old live love that was shall be as ye,

Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.

—She shall be yet who is more than all these were,

Than sister or wife or father unto us or mother.

—Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?

Lo, the dead mouths of the awful grey grown ages,

The venerable, in the past that is their prison,

In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave.

Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,

How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:

Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen:

—Not we but she, who is tender and swift to save.

—Are ye not weary and faint not by the way

Seeing night by night: devoured of day by day,

Seeing hour by hour: consumed in sleepless fire?

Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?

We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,

And surely more than all things: sleep were sweet,

Than all things save the inexorable desire Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep.

—Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?

Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,

Even this your dream, that by much tribulation

Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks straight?

—Nay though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,

Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless:

But man to man, nation would turn to nation,

And the old life live, and the old great world be great.

—Pass on then and pass by us and let us be, For what light think ye after life to see?

And if the world fare better: will ye know?

And if man triumph who shall seek you and say?

—Enough of light is this for one life's span, That all men born are mortal, but not man:

And we men bring death lives by night to sow,

That man may reap and eat and live by day.

## ARMAND BARBÈS.

## I.

FIRE out of heaven, a flower of perfect fire,  
 That were the roots of life, are had its root,  
 And were the fruits of time are brought forth truth;  
 A faith made flesh, a youth made fire,  
 That heave the yet unreckoning years require,  
 And speak break forth of centuries that survive,  
 Beyond all fool's footprints or pursuit;  
 That touched the highest of hope and went up higher;  
 A heart love-wounded when to love was law,  
 A soul reproachless without fear or flaw,  
 A shameless youth without shadow of shame,  
 A memory made of all men's love and awe,  
 Being disembodied, so thou be the same,  
 What need, O soul, to sign thee with thy name?

## II.

All woes of all men sit upon thy soul  
 And all their wisings were heavy on thy head;  
 With all their wounds thy heart was pierced and blest,  
 And in thy spirit's in a mourning scroll  
 The world's hungriest sorrows were inscribed by rest;  
 All thine, O soul, who serve and tint  
 All thine, O soul, all thine in prison deck,  
 Thy love had heart and sword-hand for the whole,  
 "This was my day of glory," didst thou say,  
 When, by the sea, I thou must hope to elude,  
 For thy faith's sake they brought me re-  
 sponse; "Nay,  
 I shall not die then, I have missed my day,"  
 O hero, O our help, O head sublime,  
 Thy day shall be commensurate with time.

## QUA MULTUM AMAVIT.

AM I not he that hath made thee and be-  
 gotten thee,  
 I, God, the spirit of man?  
 Wherefore now these eighteen years hast  
 thou forgotten me,  
 From whom thy life began?  
 Thy life-blood and thy life-breath and thy  
 beauty,  
 Thy might of hands and feet,  
 Thy soul made strong for divinity of duty  
 And service which was sweet,  
 Through the red sea brimmed with blood  
 didst thou not blow me,  
 As one that walks in trance?  
 Was the storm strong to break or the sea  
 to swallow thee,  
 When thou wast free and France?  
 I am Freedom, God and man, O France,  
 that plead with thee;  
 How long now shalt I plead?

Was I not with thee in travail, and in need  
 with thee,  
 Thy sore travail and need?  
 Thou wast fairest and first of my virgin-  
 vested daughters,  
 Fairest and foremost thou;  
 And thy breast was white, though thy hands  
 were red with slaughters,  
 Thy breast, a harlot's now,  
 O foolish virgin and fair among the fallen,  
 A ruin where satyrs dance,  
 A garden wasted for beasts to crawl and  
 brawl in,  
 What hast thou done with France?  
 Where is she who bared her bosom but to  
 thunder,  
 Her brow to storm and flame,  
 And before her face was the red sea cloven  
 in sunder,  
 And all its waves made tame?

And the surf wherein the broad-based rocks  
     were shaking  
     She saw far off divide,  
 At the blast of the breath of the battle  
     blown and breaking,  
     And weight of wind and tide ;  
 And the ravin and the ruin of throned  
     nations  
     And every royal race,  
 And the kingdoms and kings from the state  
     of their high stations  
     That fell before her face.  
 Yea, great was the fall of them, all that rose  
     against her,  
     From the earth's old-historied  
     heights ;  
 For my hands were fire, and my wings as  
     walls that fenced her,  
     Mine eyes as pilot-lights,  
 Not as guardian-givers of kings the gifts I  
     brought her,  
     Not strengths that pass away ;  
 But my heart, my breath of life, O France,  
     O daughter,  
     I gave thee in that day,  
 Yea, the heart's blood of a very God I gave  
     thee,  
     Breathed in thy mouth his breath ;  
 Was my word as a man's having no men-  
     strength to save thee  
     From this worse thing than death ?  
 Didst thou dream of it only, the day that I  
     stood nigh thee,  
     Was all its light a dream ?  
 When that iron surf rolled backwards and  
     went by thee  
     In the bed of storm or stream ;  
 When the waves rose up and thy young men  
     came together,  
     In the equal face of fight,  
 And my big swam high as the swimming  
     sea-loam's feather  
     Laughing, a lamp of light ?  
 Ah the lordly laughter and light of it, that  
     lightened  
     Heaven-high, the heaven's whole  
     length !  
 Ah the hearts of heroes pierced, the bright  
     lips whitened  
     Of strong men in their strength !  
 Ah the banner-poles, the stretch of straight-  
     ening streamers  
     Straining their full reach out !  
 Ah the men's hands making true the dreams  
     of dreamers,  
     The hopes brought forth in doubt !

Ah the noise of horse, the charge and thun-  
     der of drumming,  
     And swaying and sweep of swords ;  
 Ah the light that led them through of the  
     world's life coming,  
     Clear of its lies and lords' ;  
 By the lightning of the lips of guns whose  
     flashes  
     Made plain the strayed world's way,  
 By the flame that left her dead old sins in  
     ashes,  
     Swart out of sight of day ;  
 By thy children whose bare feet were shod  
     with thunder,  
     Then bare hands mailed with fire ;  
 By the faith that went with them, waking  
     fear and wonder  
     Heart's love and high desire ;  
 By the tumult of the waves of nations wak-  
     ing  
     Thud in the loud wide night ;  
 By the wind that went on the world's waste  
     waters, making  
     Their marble darkness white,  
 As the flash of the flakes of the foam flared  
     in plike, leaping  
     From wave to gladdening wave,  
 Making wide the fast-shut eyes of thraldom  
     sleeping  
     The sleep of the unclean grave ;  
 By the fire of equality, terrible, devouring,  
     Divine, that brought forth good ;  
 By the hands it purged and wasted and left  
     flowering  
     With bloom of brotherhood ;  
 By the lips of fraternity that for love's sake  
     uttered  
     Fierce words and fires of death,  
 But the eyes were deep as love's and the  
     fierce lips fluttered  
     With love's own living breath ;  
 By the weaponed hands, brows helmeted, and  
     bare feet spurning  
     The bared head of a king ;  
 By the storm of sunrise round thee risen and  
     barring  
     Why hast thou done this thing ?  
 Thou hast mixed thy limbs with the son of  
     a harlot a stranger  
     Mouth to mouth limb to limb,  
 Thou, bride of a God, because of the brides  
     man Danger  
     To bring forth seed to him.  
 For thou thought'st only the terrible bride  
     groom wakes me,  
     When I would sleep, to go ;

The fire of his mouth consumes, and the red  
kiss shales me,  
More bitter than a bit  
Rise up, my beloved, go forth to meet the  
stranger,  
Put forth thine arm, he saith ;  
Fear thou not it all, though the bride man  
should be Danon,  
The bridesmaid should be Death  
I the bridegroom, am I not with thee, O  
bridal nation  
O wedded France to strive ?  
To destroy the sins of the earth with divine  
devasation,  
Till none be left alive ?  
Lo her growths of sons, boughs of men and  
fronlage,  
Broad boughs of the old-world tree  
With iron of shame and with pruning-hooks  
of bondage  
They are shorn from sea to sea  
Lo, I set wings to thy feet that have been  
wingless,  
Till the utter race be run :  
Till the priestless temples cry to the thrones  
made kingless,  
Are we not also undone ?  
Till the immeasurable Republic arise and  
enlighten  
Above these quick and dead,  
And her awful robes be changed and her  
red robes whiten  
Her warring-robes of red  
But thou wouldst not, saying, I am weary  
and faint to follow.  
Let me lie down and rest ;  
And hast sought out shame to sleep with  
mire to wallow,

Yea, a much fouler breast :  
And thou, my own first made prostitute, sold  
and shamed and bared it,  
Thy bosom which was mine,  
And the friend of the world I gave thee  
hast soiled, and shared it  
Among these strokes and swine  
As a harlot thou wast handled and pollute  
The faith left light as foam,  
That thou wouldst men thy sons, thy sons  
misled,  
To slay thine elder Rome  
Therefore O harlot, I gave thee to the  
corn-stone,  
By night to be defiled,  
To thy second shame, and a fouler than  
the first one,  
That got thee first with child.  
Yet I knew thee turning back now to be  
fold me,  
To bow thee and make thee bare,  
Not for sin's sake but penitence, by my feet  
to hold me,  
And wipe them with thine hair.  
And sweetament of thy grief thou hast  
brought thy master,  
And set before thy lord,  
From a box of flawed and broken alabaster,  
Thy broken spirit, poured  
And love-offerings, tears and perfumes,  
hast thou given me,  
To reach my feet and touch ;  
Therefore thy sins, which are many, are  
forgiven thee,  
Because thou hast loved much.

*18 brumaire, an 78.*

## GENESIS.

In the outer world that was before this  
earth,  
That was before all shape or space was  
born,  
Before the blind first hour of time had  
birth,  
Before night knew the moonlight or the  
morn ;  
Yea, before any world had any light,  
Or anything called God or man drew  
breath,

Slowly the strong sides of the heaving  
night  
Moved, and brought forth the strength  
of life and death.  
And the sad shapeless horror increate  
That was all things and one thing, with  
out fruit,  
Limit, or law ; where love was none, nor  
hate,  
Where no leaf came to blossom from no  
root ;

The very larkness that time knew not of,  
Nor God laid hand on, nor woe man  
found there,  
Ceased, and was cloven in several shapes;  
above  
Light, and night under, and fire, earth,  
water, and air.

Sunbeams and starbeams, and all colored  
things,  
All forms and all semblances began;  
And death, the shadow cast by life's wide  
wings,  
And God, the shade cast by the soul of  
man.

Then between shadow and substance, night  
and light,  
Then between birth and death, and deeds  
and days  
The inevitable embrace and the amorous  
fight  
That of itself begets, bears, rears, and  
slays,

The immortal war of mortal things, that is  
Labor and life and growth and good and  
ill,  
The mild antiphonies that melt and kiss,  
The violent symphonies that meet and  
kill,

All nature of all things began to be.  
But chiefest in the spirit (beast or man,  
Planet of heaven or blossom of earth or sea)  
The divine contraries of life began.

For the great labor of growth, being many,  
is one;  
One thing the white death and the ruddy  
birth;  
The invisible air and the all-beholden sun,  
And barren water and many-childed earth.

And these things are made manifest in men  
From the beginning forth unto this day:

Time writes and life records them, and again  
Death seals them lest the record pass  
away.

For if death were not, then should growth  
not be,  
Change, nor the life of good nor evil things;  
Nor were there night at all nor light to  
see,  
Nor water of sweet nor water of bitter  
springs.

For in each man and each year that is born  
Are sown the twin seeds of the strong  
twin powers;  
The white seed of the fruitful helpful morn,  
The black seed of the barren hurtful  
hours.

And he that of the black seed eateth fruit,  
To him the savor as honey shall be sweet;  
And he in whom the white seed hath struck  
root,  
He shall have sorrow and trouble and  
tears for meat.

And him whose lips the sweet fruit hath  
made red  
In the end men loathe and make his  
name a rod;  
And him whose mouth on the unsweet fruit  
hath fed  
In the end men follow and know for very  
God.

And of these twain, the black seed and the  
white,  
All things come forth endured of men and  
done;  
And still the day is great with child of night,  
And still the black night labors with the  
sun.

And each man and each year that lives on  
earth  
Turns hither or thither, and hence or  
thence is fed;  
And as a man before was from his birth,  
So shall a man be after among the dead.



## TO WAFF WHITMAN IN AMERICA.

Send but a song over-sea for us,  
Heart of their hearts who are there,  
Heart of their singer, to let them  
More than our singing can be;  
Ours, in the temper of error,  
With no head but the twilight of error;  
Send us a song over-sea!

Sweet-smiling of pine-leaves and grass,  
And blown as a tree-shoof and the  
With the winds of the keen moon in  
passes,  
And tender as sun smitten dew,  
Sharp-tongued as the winter that strikes  
The wastes of your limitless sea,  
Wide-eyed as the sea-lilies there.

O strong-winged soul with prophetic  
Lips hot with the fire-breath of song  
With tremor of heart-strings magnetic,  
With thoughts as thunders in throng,  
With consonant anions of chords  
That pierce men's souls as with swords  
And hide their hearing along,

Make us too music, to be with us  
As a word from a world's heart warm,  
To sail the dark as a sea with us,  
Full-sailed, out-singing the storm,  
A song to put fire in our ears  
Whose burning shall burn up tears,  
Whose sign bid battle reform;

A note in the ranks of a clation,  
A word in the wind of cheer,  
To consume as with lightning the carrion  
That makes time foul for us here;  
In the air that our dead things infect  
A blast of the breath of the west,  
Till east-way as west-way is clear.

Out of the sun beyond sunset,  
From the evening whence morning shall  
be,  
With the rollers in measureless onset,  
With the van of the storming sea,  
With the world-wide wind, with the breath  
That breaks ships driven upon death,  
With the passion of all things free,

With the sea's mad, footless, and frantic,  
Whose waves beat on to be true  
To the heart of the man of Atlantic,  
Whose life is by the mercuric tide,  
Whose pulse is the clamor of waters,  
Whose heart is the heart of the man of Atlantic,  
Whose soul is the soul of the world-wide,

With their, with a for and wonder,  
With the heart of the man of Atlantic,  
When the west end of a whole year is  
In the heart of the man of Atlantic,  
Let the light of the west wind word  
Come over, come in and be heard,  
Take form and life for our sakes.

For a continent bloodless with travail  
Here toils and howls as it can,  
And the web of it who shall unravel  
Of all that peer on the plan;  
Would it in grow men, but they grow not,  
And bring to free, but they know not  
One name for freedom and man?

One name, not twin for division;  
One thing, not twin, from the birth;  
Spirit and substance and vision,  
Worth more than worship is worth;  
Unheh'd, unadored, unlyined,  
The cause, the centre, the mind,  
The secret and sense of the earth.

Here as a weakling in inops,  
Here as a weakling in hands,  
A prey that the stake-net environs,  
A while that we looked for stands;  
And the man-child naked and dear,  
Drooping, turns on us here  
Eyes trembling with tremulous hands.

It sees not what season shall bring to it  
Sweet fruit of its bitter desire;  
Few voices it hears yet sing to it,  
Few pulses of hearts respire;  
It sees not time, nor forehears  
The noises of imminent years,  
Earthquake, and thunder, and fire;

When crowned and weaponed and curbless  
 It half walk without helm or shield  
 The bare burnt furrows and herbless  
 Of war, last flame-stricken field,  
 Till goldlike, equal with time,  
 It stand in the sun's same,  
 In the yellowed loam revealed.

Round your people and lover them  
 Light like aiment is drawn,  
 Close as a garment to cover them  
 Write not of mud nor of lawn :  
 Here, with a hope hardly to wear,  
 Nike lions and hare  
 Swim, sunk, strike out for the dawn.

Chains are here, and a prison,  
 Kings, and subjects, and shame :  
 If God upon you be arise,  
 How should our songs be the same ?  
 How in confusion of change,  
 How shall we sing, in a strange  
 Land songs praising his name ?

God is buried and dead to us  
 Even the spirit of earth.  
 Freedom : so have they said to us,  
 Some with mocking and mirth,  
 Some with heartbreak and tears :  
 And a God without eyes, without ears  
 Who shall sing of him dead in the birth ?

The earth god Freedom, the lonely  
 Face lightning, the footprint unshod,  
 Not as one man crucified only  
 Nor scoured with but one life's rod :  
 The soul that is substance or nations,  
 Remnant with fresh generations ;  
 The great god Man, which is God.

But in weariness of years and obscurity  
 Dost it live, not at heart of all things  
 Like one God and one spirit, a purest  
 Love, fed from an unshakable springs :  
 Within love ; within hatred it is,  
 And its seed in the stripe is the kiss,  
 And in slaves is the germ, and in kings.

Freedom we call it, for holier  
 Name of the soul's there is none ;  
 Surer it labors, it slower,  
 Than the metres of star or of sun  
 Slower than life unto breath  
 Surer than time unto death,  
 It moves till its labor be done.

Till the motion be done and the measure  
 Circling through season and clime,  
 Slumber and sorrow and pleasure,  
 Vision of virtue and crime ;  
 Till consummate with companioning eyes,  
 A soul disembodied, it rise  
 From the body transfigured of time.

Till it rise and remain and take station  
 With the stars of the world that rejoice ;  
 Till the voice of its heart's exultation  
 Be as theirs an invariable voice  
 By no discord of evil estranged,  
 By no pause by no breach in it changed  
 By no clash in the chord of its choice.

It is one with the world's generations,  
 With the spirit the star and the soul ;  
 With the kingless and king-stricken nation,  
 With the cross, and the chain, and the rod  
 The most high, the most secret, most lonely,  
 The earth-soul Freedom, the only  
 Lives, and that only is God.

## CHRISTMAS ANTI-PHONES.

## I.

## IN CHURCH.

THOU whose birth on earth  
 Angels sang to men,  
 While thy stars made mirth,  
 Saviour, at thy birth  
 This day born again !

As this night was bright  
 With thy cradle ray,

ery light of night,  
 Turn the wild world's night  
 To thy perfect day.

God whose feet made sweet  
 Those wild ways they trod,  
 From thy fragrant feet  
 Staining field and street  
 With the blood of God ;

God whose breast is rest  
 In the time of strife,

In thy secret breast  
Sheltering souls opprest  
From the heat of life ;

God whose eyes are skies  
Love-lit as with spheres  
By the lights that rise  
To thy watching eyes,  
Orbed lights of tears ;

God whose heart hath part  
In all grief that is,  
Was no man's the dart  
That went through thine heart,  
And the wound not his ?

Where the pale souls wail,  
Held in the bonds of death,  
Where all spirits quail,  
Came thy Godhead pale  
Still from human flesh—

Pale from life and strife,  
Wan with manhood, came  
Forth of mortal life,  
Pierced as with a knife,  
Scared as with a flame.

Thou the Word and Lord  
In all time and space  
Heard, beheld, adored,  
With all ages poured  
Forth before thy face,

Lord, what worth in earth  
Drew thee down to die ?  
What therein was worth,  
Lord, thy death and birth ?  
What beneath thy sky ?

Light above all love  
By thy love was lit,  
And brought down the Dove  
Feathered from above  
With the wings of it.

From the height of night,  
Was not thine the star  
That led forth with might  
By no worldly light  
Wise men from afar ?

Yet the wise men's eyes  
Saw thee not more clear

Than they saw thee rise  
Who in shepherd's guise  
Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,  
And are with us yet,  
Lie thy name a sure  
Rouge for thy poor  
Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,  
Clear alike and dark,  
Keep our works and ways  
This and all thy days  
Safe inside thine ark.

Who shall keep thy sheep,  
Lord, and lose not one ?  
Who save one shall keep,  
Lest the shepherds sleep ?  
Who beside the Son ?

From the grave-deep wave,  
From the sword and flame,  
Thou, even thou, shalt save  
Souls of king and slave  
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn  
On her fires above,  
Jesus virgin-born,  
Held of men in scorn,  
Turn then scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace  
As the sun's doth heat,  
Let thy sunbright face  
Lighten time and space  
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,  
Thou that madest morn ;  
Bid oppressions cease ;  
Bid the night be peace ;  
Bid the day be born.

## II

## OUTSIDE CHURCH.

We whose days and ways  
All the night makes dark,  
What day shall we praise  
Of these weary days  
That our life-drops mark ?

We whose mind is blind,  
Fed with hope of nought ;  
Wastes of worn mankind,  
Without heart or mind,  
Without meat or thought ;

We with strife of life  
Worn till all life cease,  
Want, a whetted knife,  
Sharpening strife on strife,  
How should we love peace ?

Ye whose meat is sweet  
And your wine-cup red,  
Us beneath your feet  
Hunger grinds as wheat,  
Grinds to make you bread.

Ye whose night is bright  
With soft rest and heat,  
Clothed like day with light,  
Us the naked night  
Slays from street to street.

Hath your God no rod,  
That ye tread so light ?  
Man on us as God,  
God as man hath trod,  
Trod us down with might.

We that one by one  
Bleed from either's rod,  
What for us hath done  
Man beneath the sun,  
What for us hath God ?

We whose blood is food  
Given your wealth to feed,  
From the Christless rood  
Red with his God's blood,  
But with man's indeed ;

How shall we that see  
Night-long overhead  
Life, the flowerless tree,  
Nailed whereon as we  
Were our fathers dead—

We whose ear can hear  
Not whose tongue can name,  
Famine, ignorance, fear,  
Bleeding tear by tear  
Year by year of shame,

Till the dry life die  
Out of bloodless breast

Out of beamless eye,  
Out of mouths that cry  
Till death feed with rest—

How shall we as ye,  
Though ye had us, pray ?  
Though ye call, can we  
Hear you call, or see,  
Though ye show us day ?

We whose name is shame,  
We whose souls walk bare,  
Shall we call the same  
God as ye by name,  
Teach our lips your prayer ?

God, forgive and give,  
For His sake who died ?  
Nay, for ours who live,  
How shall we forgive  
Thee, then, on our side ?

We whose right to light  
Whom the blind beams smite  
Heaven's high noon denies,  
That for you shine bright,  
And but burn our eyes,

With what dreams of beams  
Shall we build up day,  
At what sourceless streams  
Seek to drink in dreams  
Ere they pass away ?

In what street shall meet,  
At what market-place,  
Your feet and our feet,  
With one goal to greet,  
Having run one race ?

What one hope shall ope  
For us all as one  
One some horoscope,  
Where the soul sees hope  
That outburns the sun ?

At what shrine what wine,  
At what board what bread,  
Salt as blood or brine,  
Shall we share in sign  
How we poor were fed ?

In what hour what power  
Shall we pray for morn,  
If your perfect hour,  
When all day bears flower,  
Not for us is born ?

## III.

## BEYOND CHURCH.

YE that weep in sleep,  
Souls and bodies bound,  
Ye that all night keep  
Watch for change, and weep  
That no change is found ;

Ye that cry and die,  
And the world goes on  
Without ear or eye,  
And the days go by  
Till all days are gone ;

Man shall do for you,  
Men the sons of man,  
What no God would do  
That they sought unto  
While the blind years ran.

Brotherhood of good,  
Equal laws and rights  
Freedom, whose sweet food  
Feeds the multitude  
All their days and nights,

With the bread full-fed  
Of her body blest  
And the soul's wine shed  
From her table spread  
Where the world is guest,

Mingling me and thee,  
When like light of eyes  
Flashed through thee and me  
Truth shall make us free,  
Liberty make wise ;

These are they whom day  
Follows and gives light  
Whence they see to slay  
Night, and burn away  
All the seed of night.

What of thine and mine,  
What of want and wealth,  
When one faith is wine  
For my heart and thine  
And one draught is health?

For no sect elect  
Is the soul's wine poured  
And her table decked ;  
Whom should man reject  
From man's common board?

Gods refuse and choose ;  
Grudge and sell and spare ;  
None shall man refuse,  
None of all men lose,  
None leave out of care.

No man's might of sight  
Knows that hour before ;  
No man's hand hath might  
To put back that night  
For one hour the more.

Not though all men call,  
Kneeling with void hands,  
Shall they see light fall  
Till it come for all  
Triles of men and lands.

No desire brings fire  
Down from heaven by prayer,  
Though man's vain desire  
Hang faith's wind struck lyre  
Out in tuneless air

One hath breath and saith  
What the time shall be—  
Time, who puts his breath  
Into life and death  
Into earth and sea

To and fro years flow  
Fill their tides and ebb,  
As his fingers go  
Weaving to and fro  
One unimshed web.

All the range of change  
Hath its bounds therein,  
All the lives that range  
All the byways strange  
Named of death or sin.

Star from far to star  
Speaks, and white moons wake,  
Watchful from afar  
What the night's ways are  
For the morning's sake.

Many names and flames  
Pass and flash and fall,  
Night-begotten names,  
And the night reclaims,  
As she bare them, all.

But the sun is one,  
And the sun's name Right;  
And when light is none  
Saving of the sun,  
All men shall have light.

All shall see and be  
Parcel of the morn;  
Ay, though blind were we,  
None shall choose but see  
When that day is born.

## A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"Send the stars light, but send not love to me."—*Shelley*.

### 1.

Out of the dawning heavens that hear  
Young wings and feet of the new year  
Move through their twilight, and shed round  
Soft showers of sound,  
Soothing the season with sweet rain,  
If greeting come to make me fain,  
What is it I can send again?

### 2.

I know not if the year shall send  
Fidings, to reward as a friend,  
And salutation, and such things  
Bear on his wings  
As the soul turns and thirsts unto  
With hungering eyes and lips that sue  
For that sweet food which makes all new.

### 3.

I know not if his light shall be  
Darkness, or else light verily:  
I know but that it will not part  
Heart's faith from heart,  
Truth from the trust in truth, nor hope  
From sight of days unsealed that ope  
Beyond one poor year's horoscope.

### 4.

That faith in love which love's self gives,  
O master of my spirit, lives,  
Having in presence unremoved  
Thine head beloved,

The shadow of thee, the semitone  
Of thy voice heard at heart and known,  
The light of thee not set nor flown.

### 5.

Seas, lands, and hours, can these divide  
Love from love's service, side from side,  
Though no sound pass nor breath be heard  
Of one good word?  
To send back words of trust to thee  
Were to send wings to love, when he  
With his own strong wings covers me.

### 6.

Who shall teach singing to the spheres,  
Or motion to the flight of years?  
Let soul with soul keep hand in hand  
And understand,  
As in one same abiding place  
We keep one watch for one same face  
To rise in some short sacred space.

### 7.

And all space midway is but nought  
To keep true heart from faithful thought,  
As under twilight stars we wait  
By Time's shut gate  
Till the slow soundless hinges turn,  
And through the depth of years that yearn  
The lace of the Republic burn.

1870.

## MATER DOLOROSA.

Citoyen, lui dit Enjolhas, ma mère, c'est la République — *Les Misérables*.

Who is this that sits by the way, by the  
wild wayside,  
In a rent stained raiment, the robe of a  
cast-off bride,  
In the dust, in the rainfall sitting, with  
soiled feet bare,  
With the night for a garment upon her,  
with torn wet hair?  
She is fairer of face than the daughters of  
men, and her eyes,  
Worn though with her tears, are deep as  
the depth of skies.

This is she for whose sake being fallen, for  
whose abject sake,  
I with groans in the blackness of darkness,  
and men's hearts break  
This is she for whose love, having seen her  
the men that were  
Poured life out as water, and shed their  
souls upon air  
This is she for whose glory their years were  
counted as foam;  
Whose face was a light upon a drece was  
a fire upon bone.

Is it not wot surely a vain thing, a foolish  
and vain,  
To sit down by her, mourn to her, serve  
her, partake in the pain?  
She is grey with the dust of time on his  
manifold ways  
Where her faint feet stumble and falter  
through yearlong days  
Shall she help us at all, O fools, give fruit  
or give fame,  
Who herself is a name despised, a rejected  
name?

We have not served her for guerdon. If  
any do so,  
That his mouth may be sweet with such  
honey, we care not to know  
We have drunk from a wine unsweetened,  
a perilous cup,  
A draught very bitter. The kings of the  
earth stood by,

And the rulers took counsel together to  
smite her and slay;  
And the blood of her wounds is given us  
to drink to-day.

Can these bones live? or the leaves that  
are dead leaves bad?  
Or the dead blood drawn from her veins be  
in your veins blood?  
Will ye gather up water again that was  
drawn and shed?  
In the blood is the life of the veins, and her  
veins are dead  
For the lives that are over are over, and  
past things past;  
She had her day, and it is not; was first,  
and is last.

Is it nothing unto you then, all ye that pass  
by  
If her breath be left in her lips if she live  
now or die?  
Behold now, O people, and say if she be  
not fair  
Whom your fathers followed to find her  
with praise and prayer,  
And rejoiced having found her, though roof  
they had none nor bread;  
But ye care not; what is it to you if her own  
day be dead?

It was well with our fathers; their sound  
was in all men's heads;  
There was fire in their hearts, and the  
hunger of light in their hands.  
Naked and strong they went forth on her  
strength like flame,  
For her loves and her name's sake of old,  
her republic in name,  
But their children by kings made quiet, by  
priests made wise,  
Love better the heat of their hearths than  
the light of her eyes.

Are they children of these thy children in-  
deed who have sold  
O golden godless the light of thy face for  
gold?

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>Are they sons indeed the sons of thy day-<br/>spring of hope,<br/>Whose lives are in hief of an emperor, whose<br/>souls of a Pope?<br/>Hide then thine head, O beloved; thy time<br/>is done;<br/>Thy kingdom is broken in heaven, and<br/>blind thy sun.</p> <p>What sleep is upon you, to dream she indeed<br/>shalt rise,<br/>When the hopes are dead in her heart as<br/>the tears in her eyes?<br/>If ye sing of her dead will she stir? if ye<br/>weep for her, weep?<br/>Come away now, leave her; what hath she<br/>to do but sleep?</p> | <p>But ye that mourn are alive, and have years<br/>to be;<br/>And life is good, and the world is wiser<br/>than we.</p> <p>Yea, wise is the world and mighty, with<br/>years to give,<br/>And years to promise; but how long now<br/>shall it live?<br/>And foolish and poor is faith and her ways<br/>are bare,<br/>Till she and the way of the sun, and the<br/>morning air,<br/>In that hour shall this dead face shine as<br/>the face of the sun,<br/>And the soul of man and her soul and the<br/>world's be one.</p> |
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## MATER TRIUMPHALIS.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>MOTHER of man's time-travelling genera-<br/>tions,<br/>Breath of his nostrils, heartblood of his<br/>heart,<br/>God above all Gods worshipped of all na-<br/>tions,<br/>Light above light, law beyond law thou<br/>art.</p> <p>Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder<br/>Shadows and chains and dreams and iron<br/>things;<br/>The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder<br/>Silent, the skies are narrower than thy<br/>wings.</p> <p>Angels and Gods, spirit and sense, thou<br/>takest<br/>In thy right hand as drops of dust or dew:<br/>The temples and the towers of time thou<br/>breakest,<br/>His thoughts and words and works, to<br/>make them new.</p> <p>All we have wandered from thy ways, have<br/>hidden<br/>Eyes from thy glory and ears from calls<br/>they heard:<br/>Called of thy trumpets vainly, called and<br/>children,<br/>Scourged of thy speech and wounded of<br/>thy word</p> | <p>We have known thee and have not known<br/>thee; stood beside thee,<br/>Felt thy lips breathe, set foot where thy<br/>feet trod,<br/>Loved and renounced and worshipped and<br/>denied thee,<br/>As thou thou wert but as another God.<br/>"One hour for sleep," we said, "and yet<br/>one other;<br/>All day we served her, and who shall<br/>serve by night?<br/>Not knowing of thee, thy face not knowing,<br/>O mother,<br/>O light wherethrough the darkness is as<br/>light.</p> <p>Men that forsook thee has thou not for-<br/>saken,<br/>Races of men that knew not hast thou<br/>known;<br/>Nations that at thou hast doubted not to<br/>waken<br/>Worshippers of strange Gods to make<br/>thine own.</p> <p>All old grey histories hiding thy clear fea-<br/>tures,<br/>O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's<br/>tales,<br/>Creeds woven of men thy children and thy<br/>creatures,<br/>They have woven for vestures of thee and<br/>for veils.</p> |
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Thine hands, without election or exemption,  
Feed all men tainting from false peace or  
strife,

O thou, the resurrected and redemption,  
The godhead and the manhood and the  
life.

The wings shadow the waters; thine eyes  
lighten  
The horror of the hollows of the night;  
The depths of the earth and the dark places  
brighten  
Under thy feet, whiter than fire is white.

Death is subdued to thee, and hell's hands  
broken;  
Where thou art only is heaven; who  
hears not thee,  
Time shall not hear him; when men's  
names are spoken,  
A nameless sign of death shall his name  
be.

Deathless shall be the death, the name he  
nameless;  
Sterile of stars his twilight time of death;  
With fire of hell shall shame consume him  
shameless,  
And dying, all the night darken his death.

The years are as thy garments, the world's  
ages  
As sandals bound and loosed from thy  
swift feet;  
Time serves before thee, as one that bath  
for wages  
Praise or shame only, bitter words or  
sweet.

Thou's yest "Well done," and all a cen-  
tury kindles;  
Again thou sayest "Depart from sight  
of me,"  
And all the light of face of all men dwindle,  
And the age is as the broken glass of  
thee.

The night is as a seal set on men's faces,  
On faces fallen of men that take no  
light  
Nor give light in the deeps of the dark  
places,  
And things incorporate with the body of  
night.

Their souls are serpents winterbound and  
frozen,

Their shame is as a tame beast, at their  
feet  
Couched; their cold lips deride thee and  
thy chosen,  
Their lying lips made grey with dust for  
meat.

Then when their time is full and days run  
over,  
The splendor of thy sudden brow made  
bare  
Darkens the morning; thy bared hands  
move over  
The veils of light and night and the awful  
air.

And the world naked as a new-born maiden  
Stands virginal and splendid as at birth,  
With all thine heaven of all its light un-  
laden,  
Of all its love unburdened all thine earth.

For the utter earth and the utter air of  
heaven  
And the extreme depth is thine and the  
extreme height;  
Shadows of things and veils of ages riven  
Are as men's kings unkingdome'd in thy  
sight.

Through the iron years, the centuries  
barren gated,  
By the ages barred impenetrable doors,  
From the evening to the morning have we  
waited.  
Should thy foot haply sound on the awful  
floors,

The floors untrodden of the sun's feet  
glimmer,  
The star-stricken pavements of the  
night;  
Do the lights burn inside? the lights was  
darker  
On festal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them;  
it may be  
Dawn is at hand to smite the loud feast  
darker;  
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day  
is,  
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom  
come.

Shall it not come? deny they or dissemble,  
 Is it not even as lightning from on high  
 Now? and though many a soul close eyes  
 and tremble,  
 How should they tremble at all who love  
 thee as I?  
 I am thine harp between thine hands, O  
 mother!  
 All my strong chords are strained with  
 love of thee.  
 We grapple in love and wrestle, as each  
 with other  
 Wrestle the wind and the unreluctant  
 sea.  
 I am no courtier of thee sober-suited,  
 Who loves a little for a little pay.  
 Menot thy winds and storms nor thrones  
 disrooted  
 Nor molten crowns nor thine own sins  
 dismay.  
 Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art  
 thou sinless;  
 Stained hast thou been, who art there-  
 fore without stain;  
 Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but  
 kinless  
 Thou, in whose womb Time sows the  
 all-various grain.  
 I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful  
 mother!  
 I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy  
 grace.  
 How were it with me then, if ever another  
 Should come to stand before thee in this  
 my place?  
 I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy canon  
 Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath;  
 The grave of souls born worms and creeds  
 grown carrion  
 Thy blast of judgment fills with fires of  
 death.  
 Thou art the player whose organ-keys are  
 thunders,  
 And I beneath thy foot the pedat prest;  
 Thou art the ray whereat the rent night  
 sunders,  
 And I the budlet borne upon thy breast.  
 I shall burn up before thee, pass and perish,  
 As hare in sunrise on the red sea-line,  
 But thou from dawn to sunsett shalt  
 cherish  
 The thoughts that led and soars that  
 lighted mine.  
 Reared between night and noon and truth  
 and error,  
 Each twilight-travelling bird that trills  
 and screams  
 Sickeneth at midday, nor can face for terror  
 The imperious heavens inevitable ex-  
 tremes.  
 I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers  
 At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;  
 I keep no time of song with gold-perched  
 singers  
 And chirp of linnets on the wrists of  
 kings.  
 I am thy storm-thrush of the days that  
 darken,  
 Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy  
 bark  
 To port through night and tempest; if  
 thou hearken,  
 My voice is in thy heaven before the  
 lark.  
 My song is in the mist that hides thy  
 morning,  
 My cry is up before the day for thee;  
 I have heard thee and beheld thee and give  
 warning,  
 Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.  
 Birds shall wake with thee voiced and  
 feathered fairer,  
 To see in summer what I see in spring;  
 I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O  
 thunder-bearer,  
 And they shall be who shall have tongues  
 to sing.  
 I have love at least, and have not fear, and  
 part not  
 From thine unnavigable and wingless  
 way;  
 Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art  
 not,  
 Nor all thy night long have denied thy  
 day.  
 Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy psalm,  
 Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to vale

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>With wild notes as of eagles Aeschylean,<br/>And Sappho singing in the night-<br/>gale.</p> <p>Sung to by mighty sons of dawn and<br/>daughters,<br/>Of this night's songs thine ear shall keep<br/>but one ;</p> <p>That supernal song which shook the chan-<br/>nelled waters,</p> | <p>And called thee skyward as God calls<br/>the sun.</p> <p>Come, though all heaven again be fire<br/>above thee ;<br/>Though death before thee come to clear<br/>thy sky ;</p> <p>Let us but see in his thy face who love thee ;<br/>Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let<br/>us die.</p> |
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## A MARCHING SONG

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>We mix from many tunds,<br/>We march for very far ;<br/>In hearts and lips and hands<br/>Our staves and weapons are ;</p> <p>The light we walk in darkens sun and<br/>moon and star.</p> <p>It doth not flame and wane<br/>With years and spheres that roll,<br/>Storm cannot shake nor stain<br/>The strength that makes it whole.</p> <p>The fire that moulds and moves it of the<br/>sovereign soul.</p> <p>We are they that have to cope<br/>With time till time retire ;<br/>We live on hopeless hope.<br/>We feed on tears and fire ;</p> <p>Time, foot by foot, gives back before our<br/>sheer desire.</p> <p>From the edge of harsh decision,<br/>From discord and defeat,<br/>From doubt and lame division,<br/>We pluck the fruit and eat ;</p> <p>And the mouth finds it latter, and the<br/>spirit sweet</p> <p>We strive with time at wrestling<br/>Till time be on our side<br/>And hope, our plumless nestling,<br/>A full-fledged eagle ride<br/>Down the loud length of storm its wind-<br/>ward wings divide.</p> <p>We are girt with our belief,<br/>Clothed with our will and crowned ;<br/>Hope, fear, delight, and grief,<br/>Before our will give ground ;</p> <p>Their calls are in our ears as shadows of<br/>dead sound.</p> | <p>All but the heart forsakes us,<br/>All fails us but the will ;<br/>Keen treason tracks and takes us<br/>In pits for blood to fill ;</p> <p>Friend falls from friend, and faith for faith<br/>lays wait to kill.</p> <p>Out under moon and stars<br/>And shafts of the urgent sun<br/>Whose face on prison bars<br/>And mountain-heads is one,</p> <p>Our march is everlasting till time's march<br/>be done.</p> <p>Whither we know, and whence,<br/>And dare not care where through,<br/>Desires that urge the sense,<br/>Fears changing old with new,<br/>Pearls and pains beset the ways we press<br/>into ;</p> <p>Earth gives us thorns to tread,<br/>And all her thorns are trod ;<br/>Through lands burnt black and red<br/>We pass with feet unshod ;</p> <p>Whence we would be man shall not keep us,<br/>nor man's God.</p> <p>Through the great desert beasts<br/>Howl at our backs by night,<br/>And thunder-forging priests<br/>Blow their dead bale-fires bright,<br/>And on their broken anvils beat out bolts<br/>for fight.</p> <p>Inside their sacred smithies,<br/>Though hot the hammer rings,<br/>Their steel links snap like withies,<br/>Their chains like twisted strings,<br/>Their surest fetters are as plighted words<br/>of kings.</p> |
|--|--|

O nations undivided,  
 O single people and free,  
 We dreamers, we derided,  
 We mad blind men that see,  
 We hear you witness ere ye come that ye  
 shall be.

Ye sitting among tombs,  
 Ye standing round the gate,  
 Whom fire-mouthed war consumes,  
 Or cold-lipped peace bids wait,  
 All tombs and bars shall open, every grave  
 and grate.

The locks shall burst in sunder,  
 The hinges shrieking spin,  
 When time, whose hand is thunder,  
 Lays hand upon the pin,  
 And shoots the bolts reluctant, bidding all  
 men in.

These eyeless times and earless,  
 Shall these not see and hear,  
 And all their hearts burn fearless  
 That were afrost for fear?  
 Is day not hard upon us, yea, not our day  
 near?

France? from its grey dejection  
 Make manifest the red  
 Tempestuous resurrection  
 Of thy most sacred head!  
 Break thou the covering cerecloths; rise up  
 from the dead.

And thou, whom sea-walls sever  
 From lands unwarred with seas,  
 Wilt thou endure for ever,  
 O Milton's England, these?  
 Thou that wast his Republic, wilt thou  
 clasp their knees?

These royalties mist-eaten,  
 These worm-corroded lies,  
 That keep thine head storm-beaten  
 And sunlike strength of eyes  
 From the open heaven and air of intercepted  
 skies;

These princeliags with gauze winglets  
 That buzz in the air unfurled,  
 These summer-swarming kinglets  
 These thin worms crowned and  
 curled,  
 That bask and blink and warm themselves  
 about the world;

These fanged meridian vermin,  
 Shriill gnats that crowd the dusk,  
 Night-moths whose nesting ermine  
 Smells foul of mould and musk,  
 Blind flesh-flies hatched by dark, and ham-  
 pered in their hark;

These honors without honor,  
 These ghost-like gods of gold,  
 This earth that wears upon her  
 To keep her heart from cold  
 No memory more of men that I brought it  
 fire of old;

These limbs, supine, unsteckled,  
 In rottenness of rest,  
 These sleepy lips blood-suckled  
 And satiate of thy breast,  
 These dull wide mouths that drain thee dry  
 and call thee blest;

These masters of thee mindless,  
 That wear thee out of mind,  
 These children of thee kindless  
 That use thee out of kind,  
 Whose hands strew gold before thee and  
 contempt behind;

Who have turned thy name to laughter,  
 Thy sea-like sounded name  
 That now none hearkeneth after  
 For faith in its free fame,  
 Who have robbed thee of thy trust and given  
 thee of their shame;

These hours that mock each other,  
 These years that kill and die,  
 Are these thy gains, our mother,  
 For all thy gains thrown by?  
 Is this that end whose promise made thine  
 heart so high?

With empire and with treason  
 The first right hand made fast,  
 But in man's nobler season  
 To put forth help the last,  
 Love turns from thee, and memory disavows  
 thy past.

Lest thine own sea disclaim thee,  
 Lest thine own sons de-pise,  
 Lest lips shoot out that name thee  
 And seeing thee men slant eyes,  
 Take thought with all thy people, turn thine  
 head and rise.

Turn thee, lift up thy face;  
 What ails thee to be dead?

Ask of thyself for grace,  
 Seek of thyself for bread,  
 And who shall starve or shame thee, blind  
 or lause thine dead?

The same sun in thy sight,  
 The same sea in thine ears,  
 That saw thine hour at height,  
 That sang thy song of years,  
 Behold and hearken for thee, knowing thy  
 hopes and fears.

O people, O perfect nation,  
 O England that shall be,  
 How long till thou take station?  
 How long till thinealls live free?  
 How long till all thy soul be one with all  
 thy sea?

Ye that from south to north,  
 Ye that from east to west,  
 Stretch hands of longing forth,  
 And keep your eyes from rest,  
 Lo, when ye will, we bring you gifts of  
 what is best.

From the awful northward pines  
 That skirt their wan dim seas  
 To the ardent Apennines  
 And sun-struck Pyrenées,  
 One frost on all their forlorn bates the  
 blossoming trees.

The leaves look up for light,  
 For heat of helpful air;  
 The trees of oldest height  
 And thin storm-shaken hair  
 Seek with gaunt hands up heavenward if the  
 sun! is there.

The woods where souls walk lonely,  
 The forests girt with night,  
 Desire the day-star only  
 And firstlings of the light  
 Not seen of slaves nor shining in their  
 masters' sight.

We have the morning star,  
 O foolish people, O kings!  
 With us the day-springs are,  
 Even all the fresh day-springs;  
 For us, and with us, all the multitudes of  
 things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,  
 We heard you beat from far!  
 We bring the light that saves,  
 We bring the morning star;

Freedom's good things we bring you,  
 whence all good things are.

With us the winds and fountains  
 And lightnings live in tune;  
 The morning-colored mountains  
 That burn into the noon,  
 The mist's mild veil on valleys muffled from  
 the moon:

The thunder-darkened highlands  
 And lowlands hot with fruit,  
 Sea-bays and shoals and islands,  
 And chills that fall man's foot,  
 And all the flower of large limbed life and  
 all the root:

The clangor of sea-eagles  
 That teach the morning mirth  
 With baying of heaven's bristles  
 That seek their prey on earth,  
 By sounding strait and channel, gulf and  
 reach and firth.

With us the fields and rivers,  
 The grass that summer thrills,  
 The haze where morning quivers,  
 The peace at heart of hills,  
 The sense that kindles nature, and the  
 soul that fills.

With us all natural sights,  
 All notes of natural scale;  
 With us the starry lights;  
 With us the nightingale;  
 With us the heart and secret of the worldly  
 tale.

The strife of things and beauty,  
 The fire and light adored,  
 Truth, and life-lightening duty,  
 Love without crown or sword,  
 That by his might and godhead makes man  
 god and lord.

These have we, these are ours,  
 That no priests give nor kings;  
 The honey of all these flowers,  
 The heart of all these springs;  
 Ours, for where freedom lives not, there  
 live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;  
 Come, and be all soul's fed;  
 From field and street and prison  
 Come, for the feast is spread;  
 Live, for the truth is living; wake, for  
 night is dead.

## SIENA.

INSIDE this northern summer's fold  
The fields are full of naked gold,  
Broadest from heaven on lands it loves;  
The green velvet air is full of doves;  
Soft leaves that sift the sunbeams let  
Light on the small warm grasses wet  
Fall in short broken kisses sweet,  
And break again like waves that beat  
Round the sun's feet.

But I, for all this English mirth  
Of golden-shod and dancing days,  
And the old green-girt sweet-hearted earth  
Desire what here no spells can raise.  
Far hence, with holier heavens above,  
The lovely city of my love  
Bathes deep in the sun-satiated air  
That flows round no fair thing more fair  
Her beauty bare.

There the utter sky is holier, there  
More pure the intense white height of air,  
More clear men's eyes that mine would  
meet,  
And the sweet springs of things more sweet,  
There for this one warm note of doves  
A clamor of a thousand loves  
Storms the night's ear, the day's assails,  
From the tempestuous nightingales,  
And hills, and falls.

O gracious city well-beloved,  
Italian, and a maiden crowned,  
Siena, my feet are no more moved  
Toward thy strange-shapen mountain-  
bound:

But my heart in me turns and moves  
O lady lovehest of my loves,  
Toward thee, to lie before thy feet  
And gaze from thy fair fountain-seat  
Up the sheer street;

And the house midway hanging see  
That saw Saint Catherine bodily,  
felt on its floors her sweet feet move,  
And the live light of fiery love  
Burn from her beautiful strange face,  
As in the sanguine sacred place  
Where in pure hands she took the head  
Severed, and with pure lips still red  
Kissed the lips dead.

For years through, sweetest of the saints,  
In quiet without cease she wrought,  
Till cries of men and fierce complaints  
From outward moved her maiden  
thought;  
And prayers she heard and sighs toward  
France,  
"God, send us back deliverance,  
Send back thy servant, lest we die!"  
With an exceeding bitter cry  
They smote the sky.

Then in her sacred saving hands  
She took the sorrows of the lands,  
With maiden palms she lifted up  
The sick time's blood-enbittered cup,  
And in her virgin garment furled  
The faint limbs of a wounded world.  
Clothed with calm love and clear desire,  
She went forth in her soul's attire,  
A massive fire.

Across the might of men that strove  
It shone, and over heads of kings;  
And molten in red flames of love  
Were swords and many monstrous things;  
And shields were lowered, and anap were  
spears,  
And sweeter tuned the clamorous years;  
And faith came back, and peace, that were  
Fled; for she bade, saying, "Thou, God's  
heir,  
Hast thou no care

"Lo, men lay waste thine heritage  
Still, and much heathen people rage  
Against thee, and devise vain things.  
What comfort in the face of kings,  
What counsel is there? Turn thine eyes  
And thine heart from them in like wise;  
Turn thee unto thine holy place  
To help us that of God for grace  
Require thy face.

For who shall hear us if not thou  
In a strange land? what dost thou there?  
Thy sheep are spoiled, and the ploughers  
plough  
Upon us; why hast thou no care  
For all this, and beyond strange hills  
Liest unregardful what snow chills

Thy little white feet, I want to  
Lo, in thine ears, before thy feet,  
Thy lost sleep bleat.

"And strange men feed on faultless lives,  
And there is blood, and men put knives,  
She shed, unto the young lamb's throat;  
And one hath eaten, and one smote,  
And one had hung it, and is fed  
Full of the flesh of these, and red  
With blood of these as who drinks wine,  
And God knoweth, who hath sent thee a  
sign,  
If these were thine."

But the Pope's heart within him burned,  
So that he rose up, seeing the sign,  
And came among them but she turned  
Back to her daily way divine,  
And fed her folk with silent things,  
And lived her life with curbed white wings,  
And mixed herself with heaven and died;  
And now on the shore city-side  
Smiles like a bride.

You see her in the fresh clear gloom,  
Where walls shut out the flame and bloom,  
Of full-breathed summer, and the roof  
Keeps the keen ardent air aloof  
And sweet weight of the violent sky;  
There bodily beheld on high,  
She seems as one hearing in tune  
Heaven within heaven, at heaven's full  
noon.

In sacred swoon:

A solemn swoon of peace that aches  
With ruminant blindness of heaven,  
While all the wide-eyed spirit wakes,  
Vigilant of the supreme Seven,  
Where eternal flames in God's sight move,  
Made unendurable with love,  
That without wind or blast or breath  
Compels all things through life and death  
Whither God saith.

There on the dim side-chapel wall  
Thy mighty touch memorial,  
Razzi, raised up, for ages dead,  
And fixed for us her heavenly head:  
And, rent with pain, I thorn and nail,  
Bared the live likeness of her God,  
To men's eyes turning from these lands,  
Where, pale from thine immortal hands,  
Christ wounded stands:

And thy blood in his holy hair  
And white brows over hanging eyes  
That plead against us, and the fair  
Made lips full of words or sighs  
In the great torment that binds down  
His beautiful head with the bloodless crown,  
White as the immortal stem-flower,  
A fool beheld in dreams that were  
Beheld of her.

In vain on all these sins an I years  
Falls the slow blood, fall the slow tears;  
In vain poured forth as waterspings,  
Fruitful, on your altar, and your fires,  
About your feet of suffering old;  
Still your God, spate upon an old,  
Bleeds at your hand: let now I go  
All his flock from him saying our  
Judis alone.

Surely your race it was that he,  
On a signed backward with his arms,  
Beholding in Gethsemane  
Bled the red bitter sweat of shame,  
Knowing how the word of Christian should  
Mean to men evil and not good,  
Seem to men shameful for your sake,  
Whose lips, for all the prayers they make,  
Man's blood must shake.

But blood nor tears ye love not, you  
Thine my love leads my longing to,  
For as the world's old faith of flowers,  
O golden goddesses of ours!  
From what Mahan rose-pleasance  
Hath Apollonic bidden glance  
The boyish lightnings of your feet?  
From what sweet Pappian sword or seat  
Led you in one sweet?

O white three sisters, three as one,  
With flowerlike arms for flowery bands  
Your linked limbs glitter like the sun,  
And time lies beaten at your hands.  
Time and wild years and wars and men  
Pass, and ye care not whence or when;  
With calm lips over sweet for scorn,  
Ye watch-night pass, O children born  
Of the old world morn.

Al, in this strange and shrineless place,  
What doth a goddess, what a Grace,  
Whence a Greek worships her shined limbs  
With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?  
Whence no line makes luxuriant  
The coloring airs in Amathus,

Till the myrl, knowing her mother near,  
Sobs with love, a hoarse with sweet fear?  
What's eye here?

For the utter land is dark, and wan  
Argument of a blinding day;  
And the nerves fruitless in certain stars,  
Chimely, and bright, and a million of stars,  
Chimely, and bright, and a million of stars,  
And through their celestial fire cast  
town.

Looks west, and sees the dead sun lie,  
In sanguine death that taints the sky,  
With angry dye.

And from the war worn white we learn  
In twilight, in the time of doubt,  
One sound comes of one who per whom  
Moved with low motions of slow air,  
The great trees nigh the castle swing  
In the wind alone, evening;  
"Kior Kior at us, kior"  
"La Tia" that small sweet word alone  
Is not yet gone.

"Kior Kior di m." — the sound  
Sole out of deep, dumb days remote  
Across the fiery and fatal ground  
Comes tender as a lute bird's note  
To where a ghost with empty hands,  
A woe worn ghost, her palace stands  
In the mid city, where the strong  
Bells turn the sunset air to song,  
And the towers throng.

With other face, with speech the same,  
A mightier maiden's likeness came  
Late among mourning men that slept,  
A sacred ghost that went and wept,  
Whom is the passion-wounded Lamb,  
Saying, "Ah, remember me, that am  
Italia." (From deep sea to sea  
Earth heard, earth knew her, that this was  
she.)  
"Kior Kior."

Love made me of all things fairest thing,  
And hate unmade me; this knows he  
Who with God's sacrificial ring  
Fringed mine hand, espousing me  
Yea, in thy myriad-mooded woe,  
Yea, Mother, hast thou not said so?  
Have not our hearts within us stirred,  
O thou most holy of thy word?  
Have we not heard?

And thy child, thy girl, thy boy,  
Thy mother's child, such was true of thee;  
And thy child, thy girl, thy boy,  
My mother, year that thou hadst thou dead,  
And that sorrow I can't see to die,  
And all this while thou hadst thou mourned  
Thy sorrow of the child that thou hadst,  
And the woman that hadst thou there, a  
Have we not heard?

The weary past, thy child, thy boy,  
Upon thy look, in thy thy days,  
Saw all Italy in thine, saw we  
Thy child, thy girl, thy boy, thy boy,  
The of thy child, thy girl, thy boy,  
That reveal, that be the Roman race;  
This not I can't see to die, but we,  
What is it, Mother, that we see,  
What if not thee?

Look thou from Siena southward home,  
Where the priest's pall has set out on Rome,  
And through the town, in the low, billowing bands  
Toward thine, in the low, billowing bands,  
Look thou and listen, and see  
All the dead, quies, all the dead,  
In the blind eyes let there be light;  
In the light, in the light, in the light  
Let there be light.

Bow down the beauty of thine head,  
Sweet, and with lips of living breath  
Kiss thy sons sleeping, and thy dead,  
That there be no more, in the death,  
Gave us thy light, thy night, thy love,  
Whom thy face, seen, at a love,  
Drew to thy feet; and when being free,  
Thou hast blessed thy children, and to thee,  
Bless also me.

Me that when others played or slept  
Sat still under thy cross and wept,  
Me who so early and unaware  
Felt fall on bent bowed brows and hair  
(Thin drops of the overflowing flood!)  
The bitter blessing of thy blood;  
The sacred shadow of thy pain,  
Thine, the true maiden mother, slain  
And raised again.

Me consecrated, if I might,  
To praise thee, or to love at least,  
O mother of all men's dear delight  
Thou madest a child, a desolated boy, priest



Before my lips had leave to sing,  
Or my hands hardly strength to cling  
About the intricate tree  
Whereto the bird made by my heart and thee  
And ask, "Let be."

For to thee too the high Fates gave  
Grace to be savior of hand and eye,  
That being risen, in the equaling,  
God and the People should be one;  
By the old roads thy footprints track,  
Man more divine, more human too,  
Savior; that when no light was known  
but darkness, and a dying, one down,  
Light should be shown.

Let there be light, O Italy!  
For our feet flit in the night,  
O lamp of living years to be,  
O light of God, let there be light!  
Fill with a love keener than flame,  
Men soiled in spirit with thy name,  
The cities and the Roman lakes,

Where men with other than man's eyes  
Saw thy sun rise.

For thou as thou wast and thine were they  
Whose flames outshine thy very day;  
For thou art thine and theirs thou art  
Whose blood beats living in man's heart,  
Rising in our eyes fled and dead,  
We are in thy sake these men fled;  
They that saw Thee fly, they that see  
Meaning, they in years to be  
That shall see thee.

For thou art all of us, and ours  
To go till the seasons bring to birth  
A perfect people, and all the powers  
Be with them that bear fruit on earth;  
Till the man be of one in being one  
With no longer a shadow on sun;  
And thou, in likeness of a guide,  
Lead the People like a bride  
Up to God's side.

## COR CORDIUM.

O HEART of hearts, the elixir of loves  
etc.

Hil' round with flowers and all the  
bounty of bloom.

O wonderful and perfect heart for whom  
The lyrist liberty made his a lyre;  
O heavenly heart at whose most dear  
deities

Death rose, living and singing, of life's  
to-day.

And with him risen and reënt in death's  
room

All day thy choral psalms ring full choir;  
O heart whose beating blood was ringing  
song.

O sole thing sweeter than thine own  
songs were.

Help us for thy fire love's sake to be  
free.

True for thy truth's sake, for thy strength's  
sake strong.

Till very life be made clean, of life  
The nursing earth as the sepulchre  
sea.

## IN SAN LORENZO.

Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering  
Night?

Hath not the Dawn a message in thine  
ear?

Though thou be stone, and sleep, yet  
shalt thou hear

When the word falls from heaven—Let  
there be light.

Thou knowest we would not do thee despite  
To wake thee while the old sorrow and  
shame were near;

We spoke not loud for thy sake, and  
for fear

Least thou shouldst lose the rest that was  
thy right,

The blessing given thee that was thine  
alone,

The happiness to sleep and to be stoned;  
Nay, we kept silence of thee for thy sake

Albeit we knew thee alive, and left with  
thee

The great good gift to feel not nor to see  
But will not yet thine Angel bid thee  
wake?

## TIRESIAS.

## PART I.

It is an hour before the hour of dawn,  
 Set in mine hand my staff and leave me  
 here  
 Outside the hollow house that blind men  
 fear,  
 More blind than I who live on life with-  
 drawn  
 And feel on eyes that see not but foresee  
 The shadow of death which clothes  
 Antigone.

Here lay her living body that here lies  
 Dead, if man living know what thing is  
 death,  
 If life be all made up of blood and  
 breath,  
 And no sense be save as of ears and eyes,  
 But heart there is not, tongue there is  
 not found,  
 To think or sing what verge hath life or  
 bound.

In the beginning when the powers that  
 made  
 The young child man a little loved him,  
 seeing  
 His joy of life and fair face of his being,  
 And bland and laughing with the man-  
 child played,  
 As friends they saw on our divine one  
 day  
 King Cadmus take to queen Harmonia.

The strength of soul that builds up as with  
 hands  
 Walls spiritual and towers and towns of  
 thought  
 Which only fate, not force, can bring to  
 nought,  
 Took then to wife the light of all men's  
 lands,  
 War's child and love's, most sweet and  
 wise and strong,  
 Order of things and rule and guiding  
 song.

It was long since: yea, even the sun that  
 saw  
 Remembers hardly what was, nor how  
 being.

And now the wise heart of the worldly  
 song  
 Is perished, and the holy hand of law  
 Can set no tune on time, nor help again  
 The power of thought to build up life for  
 men.

Yea, surely are they now transformed or  
 dead,  
 And sleep below this world, where no  
 sun warms,  
 Or move about it now in formless forms  
 Inognizable, and all their lordship fled;  
 And where they stood up singing crawl  
 and hiss  
 With fangs that kill behind their lips that  
 kiss.

Yet though her marriage-garment, seeming  
 fair  
 Was dyed in sin and woven of jealousy  
 To turn their seed to poison, time shall  
 see  
 The gods reissue from them, and repair  
 Their broken stamp of godhead, and  
 again  
 Thought and wise love sing words of law  
 to men.

I, Tiresias the prophet, seeing in Thebes  
 Much evil, and the misery of men's  
 hands  
 Who sow with fruitless wheat the stones  
 and sands,  
 With fruitful thorns the fallows and warm  
 glebes,  
 Eate their hands hold lest worse hap  
 came to pass,  
 But which of you had heed of Tiresias?

I am as Time's self in mine own wearied  
 mind,  
 Whom the strong heavy-footed years  
 have led  
 From night to night and dead men unto  
 dead,  
 And from the blind hope to the memory  
 blind;  
 For each man's life is woven, as Time's  
 life is,  
 Of blind young hopes and old blind  
 memories.

- I am a soul on side of death and birth,  
I see before me and afterward I see,  
O child, O corpse, the live-dead face of  
thee,  
Whose life and death are one thing upon  
earth  
Where day kills night and night again  
kills day  
And dies: but where is that Harmonizer
- O hollow-holden light not seen of day,  
Air, and warm winds that tangle in man's  
eye  
Stretch your strong wings at morning;  
and thou, sky,  
Whose hollow circle engirdling earth and  
sea  
All night the set stars limit, and all day  
The moveless sun, from sunrise to day,
- Ye heights of hills, and thou Direcan  
spring  
Inviolable, and ye towers that saw earth  
down  
Seven kings keen-sighted toward your  
seven-faced town  
And quenched the red seed of one sightless  
king;  
And thou, for death less brutal than  
for birth,  
Whose wild leaves hide the rumor of the  
earth,
- O mountain whereon gods made a case of  
kings,  
Citheron, thou that sawest on Periclean  
lead  
Fangs of a mother fasten and wax round  
And satiate with a son thy swollen spines  
And heardst her cry night all thine eye-  
nests  
Who gave death suck at sanguine suck-  
ling breasts;
- Yea, and a grief more grievous, without  
name,  
A curse too grievous for the name of  
grief,  
Thou'st wept, and hear'st the rumor, ear-  
belief  
Even unto death and madness, when the  
flame  
Was lit whose ashes dropped about the  
pyre
- That of two brethren made one sundering  
fire;
- O bitter nurse, that on thine hard bare knees  
Rardst for his fate the bloody-footed  
child  
Whose hands should be more bloodily  
used  
And his old blind feet walk wearier ways  
than these,  
Whose seed, brought forth in darkness  
unto doom,  
Should break as fire out of his mother's  
womb;
- For you witness as ye bear to me,  
Time, day, night, sun, stars, life, death,  
air, sea, earth,  
And ye that round the human house of  
birth  
Watch with veiled heads and weaponed  
hands, and see  
Good things and evil, strengthless yet and  
dumb,  
Sit in the clouds with cloudlike hours to  
come;
- Ye forces without form and viewless powers  
That have the keys of all are years in hold,  
That prophecy too late with tongues of  
gold,  
In a strange speech whose words are per-  
ished hours,  
I witness to you what good things ye give  
As ye to me what evil while I live.
- What should I do to blame you, what to  
praise,  
For a floral hours and hours funeral?  
What should I do to curse or bless at all  
For winter-woven or summer-colored days?  
I curse the that will and bless whoso can,  
I care no common part in you with man.
- I see a springing water, whose quack sound  
Makes softer the soft sunless patient an,  
And the wife's hand is laid on my thin  
hair  
Light as a lover and the grasses round  
Have odors of them of green bloom and  
rain  
Sweet as the kiss wherewith sleep kisses  
pain.

- I hear the low sound of the spring of time,  
Still beating as the low live throbb of blood  
And where its waters gathered head and  
fool
- I hear change moving on them, and the  
chime  
Across them of reverberate wings of  
hours  
Sounding, and feel the future air of  
flowers.
- The wind of change is soft as snow, and  
sweet  
The sense thereof as roses in the sun.  
The faint wind springing with the spring  
that run,  
The dim sweet smell of flowering hope, and  
heat  
Of unbelohn sunrise; yet how long  
I know not till the morning put forth  
song.
- I prophesy of life, who live with death;  
Of joy, being sad; of sunlight, who am  
blind;  
Of man, whose ways are alien from man-  
kind  
And his lips are not parted with man's  
breath;  
I am a word out of the speechless years.  
The tongue of time, that no man sleep  
who hears.
- I stand a shadow across the door of doom.  
Athwart the lintel of death's house, and  
wait;  
Not quick nor dead, nor flexible by fate,  
Nor quite of earth nor wholly of the tomb;  
A voice, a vision, light as fire or air,  
Driven between days that shall be and  
that were.
- I prophesy, with feet upon a grave,  
Of death cast out and life devouring death  
As flame doth wood and stubble with a  
breath;  
Of freedom, though all manhood were one  
slave;  
Of truth, though all the world were liar;  
of love,  
That time nor hate can raze the witness of.  
Lest that it was given for love's sake and his  
law's  
Their powers have no more power out  
they divide
- Spoils wrung from lust or wrath of man  
or pride,  
And keen oblivion without pity or pause  
Sets them on fire and scatters them on  
air  
Like ashes shaken from a suppliant's hair.
- But *if* they lay no hand on; life once  
given  
No force of theirs hath competence to  
take;  
Life that was given for some divine  
thing's sake,  
To mix the latterness of earth with heaven,  
Light with man's night, and music with  
his breath,  
Dies not, but makes its living tool of  
death.
- I have seen this, who live where men are  
not,  
In the high starless air of fruitful night  
On that sereneest and obscurest height  
Where dead and unborn things are one in  
thought  
And whence the live unconquerable  
springs  
Feed full of force the torrents of new  
things.
- I have seen this, who saw *Eng* since, being  
man,  
Now I know not, if indeed I be,  
The fair bare body of Wisdom good to  
see  
And *ex* whence my light and *light* began;  
Light on the goal and darkness on the  
way,  
Light all through night and darkness  
all through day.
- Mother, that by that Pegasus spring  
Dilst fold round in thine arms thy  
blinded son,  
Weeping "O heliest, what thing hast  
thou done,  
What, to my child? woe's me that see the  
thing!  
Is this thy love to me-ward, and hereof  
Must I take sample how the gods can  
love"

- "O child, thou hast seen indeed, poor child of mine,  
The breasts and flanks of Pallas bare in sight,  
Pat never shalt see more the dear sun's light,  
O Hebeon, how great a pay is thine  
For some poor antelopes and wild-deer dead,  
My child's eyes hast thou taken in their stead —"
- Mother, thou knowest not what he had to give,  
Thy goddess though then art cruel, for mine eyes;  
Fame and foreknowledge, and to be too most wise,  
And certainties of high-thoughted life to give,  
And in mine hand this gubbling staff to be  
As eyesight to the feet of men that see.
- Perchance I shall not die at all, nor pass  
The general door in the hotel of men dead,  
Yet even the very tongue of wisdom said  
What grace should come with death to Persias,  
What special honor that God's hand accord  
Who gathers all men's notions as their lord,  
And sometimes when the secret eye of thought  
Is changed with obscuration, and the sense  
Aches with long pain of hollow prescience,  
And fiery foresight with foresanting thought  
Seems even to reach my pain and consume,  
Hunger and thirst come on me for the tomb.
- I could be fain to drink my death and sleep,  
And no more wript about with labor and dreams  
Talk with the stars and with the winds and streams  
And with the inevitable years, and weep  
For how should he who communes with the years  
Be sometime not a living part of their years
- O child, that guided of thine only will  
Didst set thy maiden foot against the gate  
To strike it open ere thine hour of fate,  
And gone, men say not thou dost ill,  
For love's sake and the reverence of his awe  
Divinely dying, slain by mortal law;  
For love is awful as immortal death,  
And through thee surely hast thy brother won  
Rest, out of sight of our world-weary sun,  
As I in the dead land where ye ghosts draw breath,  
A royal plate and honor; so wast thou  
Happy, though earth have hold of thee too now.
- So hast thou life and name inviolable  
And joy it may be, sure I and severe,  
Joy secret souled beyond all hope or fear,  
A monumental joy when in to dwell  
Seclude and silent, a selected state,  
Serene possession of thy proper fate.
- Thou art not dead, as these are dead who live  
Full of blind years, a sorrow-shaken kind,  
Nor as these are am I the prophet blind;  
They have not life that have nor heart to give  
Life, nor have eyesight who lack heart to see  
When to be not is better than to be
- Ove whom time but bears with for a span,  
How long will ye be blind and dead, how long  
Make your own souls part of your own soul's wrong?  
Son of the word of the most high gods, man,  
Why wilt thou make thine hour of light and death  
Lumpier of all but shame than very death?
- But, wilt thou live for ever? though thou care  
With all thine heart for life to keep it fast,  
Shall not thine hand forego it at the last?  
For thy sun's hour shall take thee by the head

Sleeping, or when thou knowest not, or  
wouldst fly;  
And as men died much mightier shalt  
thou die.

Yea, they are dead, men much more worth  
than thou;

The savour of heroic lives that were,  
Is it not mixed into thy common air?

The sense of them is shed about thee now;  
Feel not thy brows a wind blowing from  
far?

Aches not thy forehead with a faint  
star?

The light that thou may'st make out of thy  
name

Is in the wind of this same hour that  
drives,

Blown within reach but once of all men's  
lives;

And he that puts forth hand upon the flame  
Shall have it for a girdle on his head,  
To sign him for a king among the dead.

But these men that the lessening years be-  
hold,

Who sit the most part without helm or  
crown,

And brawl and sleep and wear their lives  
days down

With joys and griefs and let their roofs of old  
And care not if the better day shall  
Are these or art thou dead, Antigone?

## PART II.

As when our wiles out of a waning dream  
And sees with listless eyes the faded  
thought

Where of the vision as a web was wrought,  
I saw beneath a heaven of chert and gleam,  
Ere yet the heart of the young sun waxed  
brave,

One like a prophet standing by a grave.

In the hour heaven was hardly lean on  
breath,

And all the colored hills and fields were  
grey,

And the wind wandered seeking for the  
day,

And wailed as though he had found her  
done to death

And this grey hour had built to bury her  
The hollow twilight for a sepulchre.

But in my soul I saw as in a glass

A pale and living holy full of grace

Lace lying, and over it the prophet's  
face

Fixed; and the face was not of Theodas,

For such a sunny fire was in his eyes

As though when light it was that made  
the show.

Such eyes, ho!d God's have been when  
very love

Looked for it of them and set the sun  
in flame,

And such his lips that called the light by  
name

And bode the morning forth at sound  
thereof;

His face was sad and masterful as fate,

And like a star's his look compassionate.

Like a star's gazed on of sad eyes so long

It seems to yearn with pity, and all its  
fire

As a man's heart to tremble with desire

And heavens though the light would bring  
forth song

Yet from his face flashed lightning on  
the land,

And like the thunder-bearer's was his  
hand.

The steepness of strange stars had tried his  
feet,

And his lips yet seemed sick of that salt  
bread

Wherewith the lips of banishment are  
fed;

But nothing as there in the world so  
sweet

As the most bitter love, like God's own  
grace,

Wherewith he gazed on that fair buried  
face.

Grief and glad pride and passion and sharp  
shame,

Wrath and remembrance, faith and hope  
and hate

And pitiless pity of days degenerate,

Where in his eyes as in incipitate flame  
That burned about her and the heart  
thereof

And central flower was very fire of love.

But all about her grave when in she slept,  
 Were none of the wild wind-rooted  
 years,  
 Whose foot-prints lying were full of blood  
 and tears,  
 Strucks as of Maenads on their hills that  
 leapt  
 And yelled as beasts of rayn, and their  
 meat  
 Was the rent flesh of their own sons to  
 eat :

And fiery downward passing with strange  
 cries ;  
 And Sphinx-like shapes about the ruined  
 land,  
 And the red reek of purgatorial hands  
 An intermixture of it castic eyes,  
 And light as of that chrysoleum flame  
 Which made an end of the Cadmean  
 name,

And I beheld again, and to the grave,  
 And the bright body I'd therein as dead,  
 And the same shadow aross another  
 head,  
 That bowed down silent on that sleeping  
 slave  
 Who was the Lily of empire from her  
 birth  
 And light of all the kingdoms of the  
 earth,

Within the compass of the watcher's hand  
 All angels of other men and diverse  
 power,  
 Were held at ease and gathered up as  
 flowers ;  
 His heart was as the heart of his whole  
 folk,  
 And at his feet as at a I servants lay  
 Twilight and dawn and night and labor-  
 ing day,

He was the law of the sons of God,  
 I even now when seeing seemed at his lips  
 to see  
 The trumpet of the judgment that should  
 be,  
 And I might have heard him for a rod,  
 At the death breath that made the moun-  
 tain ring,  
 The lightning of Moses on his brow

The strong wind of the coming of the  
 Lord  
 Had blown as flame upon him, and  
 brought down  
 On his bare head from heaven fire for a  
 crown,  
 And fire was girt upon him as a sword  
 To smite and lighten, and on what ways  
 he trod  
 There ! Il from him the shadow of a God

Pale with the whole world's judgment in  
 his eyes,  
 He stood and saw the grief and shame  
 endure  
 That he, though highest of angels, might  
 not cure,  
 And the same sins done under the same  
 skies,  
 And the same slaves to the same tyrants  
 thrown,  
 And I in he would have slept, and fain  
 been stone.

But with un-lumbering eyes he watched the  
 sleep  
 That scaled her sense whose eyes were  
 suns of old ;  
 And the night shut and opened, and  
 beheld,  
 The same grave where those prophets came  
 to weep,  
 But she that lay therein had moved and  
 stirred,  
 And where those twain had watched her  
 stood a third,

The triple rhyme that closed in Paradise  
 With Love's name scaling up its stary  
 speech  
 The triple might of hand that found in  
 reach  
 All crowns beheld far off of all men's eyes,  
 So golden, color, carved wonders of live  
 stone,  
 These were not, but the very soul alone,

The living spirit, the good gift of grace,  
 The truth which takes of its own blood  
 to give  
 That the dead veins of buried hope may  
 live,  
 Come on her sleeping, face to naked face,

And from a soul more sweet than all the south  
Breathed love upon her sealed and breathless mouth.  
Between her lips the breath was blown as fire,  
And through her flushed veins leapt the liquid life  
And with sore passion and ambiguous strife  
The new birth rent her and the new desire  
The will to live, the competence to be,  
The sense to hearken and the soul to see.  
And the third prophet standing by her grave  
Stretched forth his hand and touched her, and her eyes,  
Opened as sudden suns in heaven might rise,  
And her soul caught from his the faith to save ;  
Faith above creeds faith beyond records, born  
Of the pure, naked, fruitful, awful morn.  
For in the daybreak now that night was dead  
The light, the shadow, the delight, the pain,  
The purpose and the passion of those twin,  
Seemed gathered on that third prophetic head,  
And all their crowns were as one crown, and one  
His face with her face in the living sun.  
For even with that communion of their eyes  
His whole soul passed into her and made her strong ;  
And all the sounds and shows of shame and wrong,  
The hands that slays, the lip that mocks and lies,  
Temples and thrones that yet men seem to see,—  
Are these dead or art thou dead, Italy ?

## THE SONG OF THE STANDARD.

MAIDEN most beautiful, mother most bountiful, lady of lands,  
Queen and republican, crowned of the centuries whose years are thy sands,  
See for thy sake what we bring to thee, Italy, here in our hands.  
This is the banner thy gonfalon, fair in the front of thy fight,  
Red from the hearts that were pierced for thee, white as thy mountains are white,  
Green as the spring of thy soul everlasting, whose life-blood is light.  
Take to thy bosom thy banner, a fair bird fit for the nest,  
Feathered for flight into sunrise or sunset, for eastward or west,  
Fledged for the flight everlasting, but held yet warm to thy breast.  
Gather it close to thee, song-bird or storm-bearer, eagle or dove,  
Lift it to sunward, a beacon beneath to the beacon above,  
Green as our hope in it, white as our faith in it, red as our love  
Thunder and splendor of lightning are hid in the folds of it furled ;  
Who shall unroll it but thou, as thy bolt to be handled and hurled,  
Out of whose lips is the honey, whose bosom the milk of the world ?  
Out of thine hands hast thou fed us with pasture of color and song ;  
Glory and beauty by birthright to thee as thy garments belong ;  
Out of thine hands thou shalt give us as surely deliverance from wrong.  
Out of thine eyes thou hast shed on us love as a lamp in our night,  
Wisdom a lodestar to ships, and remembrance a flame-colored light ;  
Out of thine eyes thou shalt shew us as surely the sundawn of right.  
Turn to us, speak to us, Italy, mother, but once and a word,  
None shall not follow thee, none shall not serve thee, not one that has heard ;  
Twice hast thou spoken a message, and time is athirst for the third.



|  |  |
|--|--|
| Kingdom and empire of peoples thou hadst,<br>and thy lordship made one<br>North sea and south sea and east men and<br>west men that look on the sun ;<br>Spirit was in thee and counsel, when soul<br>in the nations was none.       | England in dole of her, France in despair<br>of her, all without heart<br>Stand on her side in the vanward of ages,<br>and strike on her part !<br>Strike but one stroke for the love of her<br>love of thee, sweet that thou art !      |
| Banner and beacon thou wast to the cen-<br>turies of stormwind and foam,<br>Ages that clashed in the dusk with each<br>other, and years without home ;<br>Empress and propheticess wast thou, and<br>what wilt thou now be, O Rome ? | Take in thy right hand thy banner, a strong<br>staff fit for thine hand ;<br>Forth at the light of it hither shall four things<br>thrust, from the land ;<br>Easter then starts from the sun shall they<br>fly, being lighter than sand. |
| Ah, by the faith and the hope and the<br>that have need of thee now,<br>Shines not thy face with the forethought of<br>freedom, and burns not thy brow ?<br>Who is against her but all men ? and who<br>is beside her but thou ?     | Green thing to green in the summer makes<br>an ever, and rose-tree to rose ;<br>Lily by lily the year becomes perfect ; and<br>none of us knows<br>What thing is fairest of all things on earth<br>and it brightens and blows.           |
| Art thou not better than all men ? and<br>where shall she turn but to thee ?<br>Lo, not a breath, not a beam, not a beacon<br>from midland to sea ;<br>Freedom cries out for a sign among nations,<br>and none will be free.         | This thing is fairest in all time of all things,<br>in all time is best ;<br>Freedom, that made thee, our mother, and<br>suckled hers sons at the breast ;<br>Take to thy bosom the nations, and there<br>shall the world come to rest.  |

## ON THE DOWNS.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| A FAINT sea without wind or sun ;<br>A sky like flameless vapor dim ;<br>A valley like an unseeded grave<br>That no man cares to weep upon,<br>Bare, without boon to crave,<br>Or flower to save.                     | I send mine eyes out as for news<br>Or comfort that all these refuse,<br>Feelings of light or living air<br>From windward where the low clouds muse<br>And the sea blind and bare<br>Seems full of care.       |
| And on the lip's edge of the down,<br>Here where the bent-grass burns to brow<br>In the dry sea-wind, and the heath<br>Crawls to the cliff-side and looks down,<br>I watch, and hear beneath<br>The low tide breathe. | So is it now as it was then,<br>And as men have been such are men,<br>There as I stood I seem to stand,<br>Here sitting chambered, and again<br>Feel spread on either hand<br>Sky, sea, and land.              |
| Along the long lines of the cliff,<br>Down the flat sea-line without skiff<br>Or sail or black-blown fume for mark,<br>Through wind-worn heads of heath and<br>Stems blossomless and stark<br>With dry sprays dark.   | As a queen taken and stripped and bound<br>So earth, discolored and dis-crowned ;<br>As a king's palace empty and dead<br>The sky was without light or sound ;<br>And on the summer's head<br>Were ashes shed. |

Scarce wind enough was on the sea,  
Scarce hope enough there moved in me,  
To sow with live blown flowers of white  
The green plain's sad serenity,  
Or with stray thoughts of light  
Touch my soul's sight.

By footless ways and sterile went  
My thought unsatisfied, and bent  
With blank unspeculative eye -  
On the untraced sun of discontent  
Where, watched of helpless skies,  
Life hopeless lies.

East and west went my soul to find  
Light, and the world was bare and blind  
And the soil herbless where she trod  
And saw men laughing scourge mankind,  
Unsmitten by the rod  
Of any God.

Out of time's blind old eyes were shed  
Tears that were mortal, and left dead  
The heart and spirit of the years,  
And on man's fallen and helmetless head  
Time's disarming tears  
Fell cold as fears.

Hope flowering had but strength to bear  
The fruitless fruitage of despair;  
Grief trod the grapes of joy for wine,  
Whereof love drinking unaware  
Died as one unliving

And made no sign,  
And soul and body dwelt apart;  
And weary wisdom without heart  
Stared on the dead round heaven and  
Sighed,  
Is death too hollow as thou art,  
Or as man's living pride?  
And saying so, died.

And my soul heard the songs and groans  
That are about and under thrones,  
And felt through all time's mummied thrill  
Fate's cold unperceptive semitones  
That made of good and ill  
One same tune still.

Then "Where is God? and where is ill?  
Or what good end of these?" she said;  
"Is there no God or end at all,

Not reason with unreason weighed  
Nor force to disenfranchise  
Weak feet that fall?

"No light to lighten and no rod  
To chasten men? - Is there no God?"  
So I, with anguish, iron-zoned,  
Went my soul weeping as she trod  
Between the man and the man  
And men that grow . . .

O fool, that for brute cries of wrong  
Held not the grey glad mother's song  
King response from the hills and waves,  
But heard harsh noises all day long  
Of spirits that were slaves  
And dwelt in graves.

The wise word of the secret earth  
Who know - what life and death are worth,  
And how no help and no control  
Can speed or stay things come to birth  
Not all world's wheels that roll  
Crush one born soul.

With all her tongues of life and death,  
With all her bloom and blood and breath,  
From all years dead and all things done,  
In the ear of man the mother saith,  
"There is no God, O son,  
If thou be none."

So my soul sick with watching heard  
That day the wonder of that word,  
And as one springs out of a dream  
Spring, and the stagnant wells were stirred  
Whence flows through gloom and gleam  
Thought's soulless stream.

Out of pale cliffs and sunburnt heath,  
Out of the low sea curled beneath  
In the land's bending arm embayed,  
Out of all lives that thought hears breathe  
Life within life inlaid,  
Was answer made.

A multitudinous monotone  
Of dust and flower and seed and stone,  
In the deep sea-rock's mid-sea sloth,  
In the live web's treading zone,  
In all men love and loathe,  
One God at growth.

One forceful nature uncreate  
That feels itself with death and fate,

And gold and change and time,  
That with all men has a way  
Till the hour shall find them climb  
And live the time.

For all things come by fate to flower  
At their appointed hour,  
And fate brings truth, and truth to know  
And in whom fills time's veins with power,  
As brooding on that sea,  
My thought filled me.

And the sun smote the clouds and slow  
And from the sun the sea's breath drew,  
And white waves laughed and turned and fled

The long green heaving sea-field through,  
And on them overhead  
The sky burnt red,

The red flag that wind sets free,  
On the wide summer-colored sea  
Streaked out the red lines of the light,  
The five sun's standard, blown to lee  
As on the live sea's white  
And green delight.

And with divine triumphant awe  
My spirit moved within me saw,  
With burning passion of stretched eyes,  
Clear as the light's own firstborn law,  
In whistles, wastes of skies  
Time's deep down rise.

## MESSIDOR.

Put in the sickles and reap;  
For the morning of harvest is red,  
And the long large ranks of the corn  
Of red and white lie as the morn  
Stand thick in the necks and deep  
For them that faint to be red,  
Let all be eager and weep  
Come forth, for I who would have bread  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Cold and clothed as the morn,  
The corn grows redder than gold,  
And the good strong sun is a light  
To the mists of the day-dawn white,  
And the crescent, a faint sharp horn,  
In the fear of his face turns cold  
As the snakes of the night-time that creep  
From the flag of our faith unrolled,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

In the mists of the day-dawn white  
The red gold of the morning star,  
The large flame lightens and grows  
Till the red-gold harvest-rows,  
Full grown, are full of the light  
As the spirits of strong men are,  
Crying, Who shall slumber or sleep?  
Who put back morning or mar?  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Till the red-gold harvest-rows  
For miles through shudder and shine  
In the wind's breath fed with the sun,  
A thousand spear-heads as one

Bowed as for battle to close  
Lane in rank against line  
With place and station to keep  
Till all men's hands at a sign  
Put in the sickles and reap.

A thousand spear-heads as one  
Wave as with swing of the sea  
When the wind tide sways at its height  
For the hour is for harvest or fight  
In face of the just cabin sun,  
As the signal in season may be  
And the lot in the helm may leap  
When chance shall shake it; but ye,  
Put in the sickles and reap.

For the hour is for harvest or fight  
To clothe with red men of red;  
O men sore stricken of hours,  
Lo, this one, is not it ours  
To lean, to gather, to smite?  
Let none make risk of his head  
Within reach of the clean scythe-sweep,  
When the people that lay as the dead  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Lo, this one, is not it ours,  
Now the ruins of dead things rattle  
As dead men's bones in the pit,  
Now the kings wax lean as they sit  
Girt round with memories of powers,  
With musters counted as cattle  
And armies folded as sheep  
Till the red blind husbandman battle  
Put in the sickles and reap.

Now the kings wax lean as they sit,  
 The people grow strong to stand;  
 The men they trod on and spat,  
 The dumb dread people that sat  
 As corpses cast in a pit,  
 Rise up with God at their hand,  
 And thrones are huddled on a heap,  
 And strong men, sons of the land,  
 Put in the sickles and reap.

The dumb dread people that sat  
 All night without screen for the night,  
 All day without food for the day,  
 They shall not give their harvest away,  
 They shall eat of its fruit and wax fat;  
 They shall see the desire of their sight,  
 Though the ways of the seasons be steep,  
 They shall climb with face to the light,  
 Put in the sickles and reap.

## ODE ON THE INSURRECTION IN CANTUA.

## STR. 1.

LEAVE my laurel-leaf  
 At the white feet of grief,  
 Seeing how with covered face and plume-  
 less wings,  
 With unverted head  
 Veiled, as who mourns his death,  
 Lay Freedom couched between the  
 thrones of kings,  
 A wearied lion without hair,  
 And bleeding from base wounds, and vexed  
 with alien air.

## STR. 2.

Who was it, who, put poison to thy mouth,  
 Who lulled with craft or chanted thy con-  
 stant eyes,  
 O light of all men, lamp to north and  
 south,  
 Eastward and westward, under all men's  
 skies?  
 For if thou sleep, we perish, and thy name  
 Dies with the dying of our ephemeral  
 breath;  
 And if the dust of earth o'ergrows thy  
 flame,  
 Heaven also is darkened with the dust of  
 death.  
 If thou be mortal, if thou change or cease,  
 If thine hand fail, or thine eyes turn from  
 Greece,  
 Thy first-fruit, and the first-fruits of thy  
 fame,  
 God is no God, and man is moulded out  
 of shame.

## STR. 3.

Is there change in the secret skies,  
 In the sacred places that see  
 The divine beginning of things,  
 The weft of the web of the world?

Is Freedom a worm that dies,  
 And God no God of the free?  
 Is heaven like as earth with her kings,  
 And time as a serpent curled  
 Round him as a tree?

From the steel-bound snows of the north  
 From the mystic mother, the east,  
 From the sands of the fiery south,  
 From the low-lit clouds of the west,  
 A sound of a cry is gone forth;  
 Arise, stand up from the feast,  
 Let wine be far from the mouth,  
 Let no man sleep or take rest,  
 Till the plague hath ceased.

Let none rejoice or make mirth  
 Till the evil thing be stayed,  
 Nor grief be lulled in the lute,  
 Nor hope be loud on the lyre;  
 Let none be glad upon the earth,  
 O music of young man and maid,  
 O songs of the bride, be mute,  
 For the light of her eyes, her desire,  
 Is the soul dismayed.

It is not a land new-born  
 That is scourged of a stranger's hand,  
 That is rent and consumed with flame,  
 We have known it of old, this face,  
 With the cheeks and the tree-stem torn,  
 With shame on the brow as a brand,  
 We have named it of old by name,  
 The land of the royaldest race,  
 The most holy land.

## STR. 4.

Had I words of fire,  
 Whose words are weak as snow  
 Were my heart a lyre  
 Whence all its love might flow

In the melody of children's of death,  
 In the <sup>1</sup> ~~1~~ <sup>2</sup> where with human's passion  
 worship was;

Could my song have  
 The thought wear words confine,  
 And my tongue O Greece,  
 In ye a woe with time;

It will move with people with the limbs  
 Till she washes her hand to bath a crime  
 divine.

(Once he felt the  
 This traitor's heart  
 Though he felt the pain  
 And life is all with him.

It is better that we are <sup>3</sup> ~~2~~ <sup>4</sup> two  
 Than that many live, and life be <sup>5</sup> ~~6~~ <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>

Then with force of  
 And I feel no that's not  
 from the wound of pain,  
 A woe that ye is for faith,

A man child should deliver to come to  
 Greece.

As I say, out should the child be born on  
 earth.

## STR. 5.

O that the many days had been  
 Ere white peace and thine <sup>1</sup> ~~2~~ <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
 Were at the heart of <sup>11</sup> ~~12~~ <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup>  
 Round in a <sup>21</sup> ~~22~~ <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup>  
 For one of the sweet of <sup>31</sup> ~~32~~ <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup>  
 Freedom, of the <sup>41</sup> ~~42~~ <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup>  
 Girl about with all the <sup>51</sup> ~~52~~ <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup>  
 With the <sup>61</sup> ~~62~~ <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup>  
 The <sup>71</sup> ~~72~~ <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup>  
 And his <sup>81</sup> ~~82~~ <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup>  
 And his <sup>91</sup> ~~92~~ <sup>93</sup> <sup>94</sup> <sup>95</sup> <sup>96</sup> <sup>97</sup> <sup>98</sup> <sup>99</sup> <sup>100</sup>  
 In an <sup>101</sup> ~~102~~ <sup>103</sup> <sup>104</sup> <sup>105</sup> <sup>106</sup> <sup>107</sup> <sup>108</sup> <sup>109</sup> <sup>110</sup>  
 Where the <sup>111</sup> ~~112~~ <sup>113</sup> <sup>114</sup> <sup>115</sup> <sup>116</sup> <sup>117</sup> <sup>118</sup> <sup>119</sup> <sup>120</sup>  
 And her <sup>121</sup> ~~122~~ <sup>123</sup> <sup>124</sup> <sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> <sup>127</sup> <sup>128</sup> <sup>129</sup> <sup>130</sup>  
 With the <sup>131</sup> ~~132~~ <sup>133</sup> <sup>134</sup> <sup>135</sup> <sup>136</sup> <sup>137</sup> <sup>138</sup> <sup>139</sup> <sup>140</sup>

## ANS. 4.

But now, close <sup>1</sup> ~~2~~ <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
 While war <sup>11</sup> ~~12~~ <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup>  
 The king <sup>21</sup> ~~22~~ <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup>  
 see;

"Aha, we are <sup>31</sup> ~~32~~ <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup>  
 "We are <sup>41</sup> ~~42~~ <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup>

"And it was <sup>51</sup> ~~52~~ <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup>  
 We are <sup>61</sup> ~~62~~ <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup>  
 and <sup>71</sup> ~~72~~ <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup>

But ye he <sup>81</sup> ~~82~~ <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup>  
 name."

## ANS. 2.

O that the <sup>1</sup> ~~2~~ <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
 O that <sup>11</sup> ~~12~~ <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup>

With <sup>21</sup> ~~22~~ <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup>  
 And <sup>31</sup> ~~32~~ <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup>

It is <sup>41</sup> ~~42~~ <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup>  
 This <sup>51</sup> ~~52~~ <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup>

As to <sup>61</sup> ~~62~~ <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup>  
 Some <sup>71</sup> ~~72~~ <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup>

For <sup>81</sup> ~~82~~ <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup>

For <sup>91</sup> ~~92~~ <sup>93</sup> <sup>94</sup> <sup>95</sup> <sup>96</sup> <sup>97</sup> <sup>98</sup> <sup>99</sup> <sup>100</sup>  
 So <sup>101</sup> ~~102~~ <sup>103</sup> <sup>104</sup> <sup>105</sup> <sup>106</sup> <sup>107</sup> <sup>108</sup> <sup>109</sup> <sup>110</sup>

For <sup>111</sup> ~~112~~ <sup>113</sup> <sup>114</sup> <sup>115</sup> <sup>116</sup> <sup>117</sup> <sup>118</sup> <sup>119</sup> <sup>120</sup>  
 not <sup>121</sup> ~~122~~ <sup>123</sup> <sup>124</sup> <sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> <sup>127</sup> <sup>128</sup> <sup>129</sup> <sup>130</sup>

## ANS. 3.

As the <sup>1</sup> ~~2~~ <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
 So <sup>11</sup> ~~12~~ <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup>

And <sup>21</sup> ~~22~~ <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup>  
 So <sup>31</sup> ~~32~~ <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup>

A <sup>41</sup> ~~42~~ <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup>  
 O <sup>51</sup> ~~52~~ <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup>

From <sup>61</sup> ~~62~~ <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup>

In <sup>71</sup> ~~72~~ <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup>

Such <sup>81</sup> ~~82~~ <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup>  
 For <sup>91</sup> ~~92~~ <sup>93</sup> <sup>94</sup> <sup>95</sup> <sup>96</sup> <sup>97</sup> <sup>98</sup> <sup>99</sup> <sup>100</sup>  
 For <sup>101</sup> ~~102~~ <sup>103</sup> <sup>104</sup> <sup>105</sup> <sup>106</sup> <sup>107</sup> <sup>108</sup> <sup>109</sup> <sup>110</sup>

Her <sup>111</sup> ~~112~~ <sup>113</sup> <sup>114</sup> <sup>115</sup> <sup>116</sup> <sup>117</sup> <sup>118</sup> <sup>119</sup> <sup>120</sup>  
 Her <sup>121</sup> ~~122~~ <sup>123</sup> <sup>124</sup> <sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> <sup>127</sup> <sup>128</sup> <sup>129</sup> <sup>130</sup>  
 Who <sup>131</sup> ~~132~~ <sup>133</sup> <sup>134</sup> <sup>135</sup> <sup>136</sup> <sup>137</sup> <sup>138</sup> <sup>139</sup> <sup>140</sup>

So <sup>141</sup> ~~142~~ <sup>143</sup> <sup>144</sup> <sup>145</sup> <sup>146</sup> <sup>147</sup> <sup>148</sup> <sup>149</sup> <sup>150</sup>  
 With <sup>151</sup> ~~152~~ <sup>153</sup> <sup>154</sup> <sup>155</sup> <sup>156</sup> <sup>157</sup> <sup>158</sup> <sup>159</sup> <sup>160</sup>  
 Un <sup>161</sup> ~~162~~ <sup>163</sup> <sup>164</sup> <sup>165</sup> <sup>166</sup> <sup>167</sup> <sup>168</sup> <sup>169</sup> <sup>170</sup>

For <sup>171</sup> ~~172~~ <sup>173</sup> <sup>174</sup> <sup>175</sup> <sup>176</sup> <sup>177</sup> <sup>178</sup> <sup>179</sup> <sup>180</sup>  
 With <sup>181</sup> ~~182~~ <sup>183</sup> <sup>184</sup> <sup>185</sup> <sup>186</sup> <sup>187</sup> <sup>188</sup> <sup>189</sup> <sup>190</sup>

When <sup>191</sup> ~~192~~ <sup>193</sup> <sup>194</sup> <sup>195</sup> <sup>196</sup> <sup>197</sup> <sup>198</sup> <sup>199</sup> <sup>200</sup>  
 The <sup>201</sup> ~~202~~ <sup>203</sup> <sup>204</sup> <sup>205</sup> <sup>206</sup> <sup>207</sup> <sup>208</sup> <sup>209</sup> <sup>210</sup>

Many <sup>211</sup> ~~212~~ <sup>213</sup> <sup>214</sup> <sup>215</sup> <sup>216</sup> <sup>217</sup> <sup>218</sup> <sup>219</sup> <sup>220</sup>  
 Made <sup>221</sup> ~~222~~ <sup>223</sup> <sup>224</sup> <sup>225</sup> <sup>226</sup> <sup>227</sup> <sup>228</sup> <sup>229</sup> <sup>230</sup>

Made like as a bride,

And these are the bridegroom's gifts,  
 Anguish that struts the breath,  
 Shame, and the weeping of mothers,  
 And the smacking dead at the breast,  
 White breast that is long and lifts,  
 And the dumb dead at mouth, which saith,  
 "How long, and how long, my  
 brothers,"  
 And wrath which endures not rest,  
 And the pain of death.

## ANS. 4

Ah, but would that men,  
 With eyelids purged by tears,  
 Saw, and heard again  
 With consecrated ears,  
 All the clamor, all the splendor, all the  
 -lum,  
 All the lights and sound of war, the fate  
 and fears;  
 Saw far off aspens,  
 With crash of mine and gite,  
 From a single pine  
 The myriad flames of fate,  
 Soul by soul transfigured in funeral fire,  
 Hat made weak by love, and love made  
 strong by hate;  
 Children without speech,  
 And many a nursing breast;  
 Old men in the breach,  
 Where death sat down a guest,  
 With triumphant lament from mud and  
 ash,  
 Let the world salute their ruin and their  
 rest,  
 In one iron hour  
 The crescent flared and waned,  
 As from tower to tower,  
 Fires caked and smug, incensed,  
 Death with flame in hand, an open blood-  
 red flower,  
 Passed, and where it bloomed no bloom  
 of life remained.

## ANS. 5

Hear thou, earth, the heavy-hearted  
 Weary nurse of wandering  
 From the dust of years of pined,  
 From old men's funeral pyres,  
 Raise up thy sacred head;  
 Lift the light up of thine eyes.

Where are they of all thy dead  
 That did more than the men dying  
 In their so-fake Grecian wise?  
 Not with garments rent and sighing,  
 Neither gifts of myth and gold,  
 Shall their souls lament them lying  
 In the time of their way cold;  
 Let with lives to live replying,  
 And a word lip from of old.

## FOUR

O somber heart of earth and wold with  
 grief,  
 Thou in thy time wast as a land for mirth,  
 Dm womb of life and many a seed and  
 shed,  
 And full of changes, ancient heart of  
 earth,  
 From grain of power, from grass and  
 every leaf, [birth,  
 Thy mysteries and thy multitudes of  
 From hollow and hill, from vales and all  
 thy spiries,  
 From all hopes born and breath of all  
 lips made,  
 From thunder, and the sound of winds  
 and wings,  
 From light, and from the solemn sleep  
 of shade,  
 From the tall fountains of all living things,  
 Speak, that this plague beayed,  
 Bear witness all the ways of death and life  
 If thou be with us in the world's old  
 If thou be mother indeed, [strife,  
 And from these wounds that bleed  
 Gallop in thy great breast the dews that  
 fall,  
 And on thy sacred knees  
 Lull with mute melodies,  
 Mother, thy sleeping sons in death's dim  
 hall,  
 For these thy sons, behold,  
 Sons of thy sons of old,  
 Bear witness if these be not as they were;  
 If that high name of Greece  
 Depart, dissolve, debase  
 From mouths of men and memories like  
 as air,  
 By the last mill that drips  
 Dead on the child's dead lips,  
 By old men's white unvisited hair,  
 By sweet unlaured faces  
 That still have red high places,  
 Where death and freedom found one lion's  
 lair,

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>By all the bloodred tears<br/>That till the chafed years,<br/>The vessels of the sacrament of time,<br/>Wherewith, O thou most holy,<br/>O Freedom, safe and slowly<br/>Thy ministrant white hands cleanse earth<br/>of crime ;<br/>Though we stand off afar<br/>Where slave and slaveries are,<br/>Among the chains and crowns of poisoner<br/>peace ;<br/>Though not the beams that come<br/>From rent Arcadian<br/>Can melt her mists and bid her snows de-<br/>crease ;</p> | <p>Do thou with sudden wind<br/>Darken the face of kings,<br/>But turn again the beauty of thy brows on<br/>Greece ;<br/>Thy white and woundless brows,<br/>Whereto her great heart bows ;<br/>Give her the glories of thine eyes to see ;<br/>Turn thee, O holiest head,<br/>Toward all thy quick and dead,<br/>For love's sake of the souls that cry for<br/>thee ;<br/>O love, O light, O flame,<br/>By thine own Grecian name,<br/>We call thee and we charge thee that all<br/>these be free.</p> |
|--|--|

*Jan. 1867.*

### "NON DOLET."

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>It does not hurt. She looked along the knife<br/>Smiling, and watched the thick drops<br/>mix and run<br/>Down the sheer blade ; not that which<br/>had been done<br/>Could hurt the sweet sense of the Roman<br/>wife,<br/>But that which was to do, yet ere the strife<br/>Could end for each for ever, and the sun ;<br/>Nor was the palm yet nor was peace yet<br/>won<br/>While pain had power upon her husband's<br/>life.</p> | <p>It does not hurt, Italia. Then art more<br/>Than baile to bridegroom ; how shalt<br/>thou not take<br/>The gift love's blood has reddened for<br/>thy sake ?<br/>Was not thy lifeblood given for us be-<br/>fore ?<br/>And if love's heartblood can avail thy<br/>need,<br/>And thou not die, how should it hurt<br/>indeed ?</p> |
|---|--|

### EURYDICE.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>ORPHEUS, the night is full of tears and cries,<br/>And hardly for the storm and ruin shed<br/>Can even thine eyes be certain of her head<br/>Who never passed out of thy spirit's eyes,<br/>But stood and shone before them in such<br/>wise<br/>As when with love her lips and hands<br/>were fed,<br/>And with mute mouth out of the dusty dead<br/>Strove to make answer when thou had'st<br/>her rise.</p> | <p>Yet viper-stricken must her lifeblood feel<br/>The fang that stung her sleeping, the<br/>foul germ<br/>Even when she wakes of hell's most<br/>poisonous worm,<br/>Though now it writhe beneath her wound-<br/>ed heel,<br/>Turn ye, she will not fade nor fly from<br/>thee ;<br/>Wait, and see hell yield up Eurydice.</p> |
|---|--|

## AN APPEAL.

## I.

ART thou indeed among these  
Thou of the tyrannous crew,  
The kingdoms fed upon blood,  
O queen from of old of the seas,  
England, art thou of them too  
That drink of the poisonous flood,  
That hide under poisonous trees?

## II.

Nay, thy name from of old,  
Mother, was pure, or we dreamed;  
Purer we hold thee than this,  
Purer fair would we hold;  
So goodly a glory it seemed,  
A fame so bounteous of bliss,  
So more precious than gold.

## III.

A praise so sweet in our ears,  
That thou in the tempest of things  
As a rock for a refuge shouldst stand,  
In the bloodred river of tears  
Poured forth for the triumph of kings;  
A safeguard, a sheltering land,  
In the thunder and torrent of years.

## IV.

Strangers came gladly to thee,  
Exiles, chosen of men,  
Safe for thy sake in thy shade,  
Sat down at thy feet and were free,  
So men spake of thee then;  
Now shall their speaking be stayed?  
Ah, so let it not be!

## V.

Not for revenge or affright,  
Pride, or a tyrannous lust,  
Cast from thee the crown of thy praise,  
Mercy was thine in thy might;  
Strong when thou wert, thou wert just;  
Now, in the wrong-doing days,  
Cleave thou, thou at least, to the right.

## VI.

How should one charge thee, how sway,  
Nay, by the memories that were?  
Not thy gold nor the strength of thy ships,  
Nor the might of thine armies at bay,  
Made thee, mother, most fair;  
But a word from republican lips  
Said in thy name in thy day.

## VII.

Hast thou said it, and hast thou forgot?  
Is thy praise in thine ears as a scold?  
Blood of men gentle was shed,  
Children, and souls without spot,  
Shed, but in places far off;  
*Let slaughter us none be,* said  
Milton; and slaughter was not.

## VIII.

Was it not said of thee too  
Now, but now, by thy foe  
By the slaves that had thine men for sale,  
And thee would slay as they slew —  
"Down with her walls that enclose  
Freemen that eye us ask now,  
Fugitives, men that are true!"

## IX.

This was thy praise or thy blame  
From bond-man or free-man — to be  
Pure from pollution of slaves,  
Clean of their sins, and thy name  
Bloodless, innocent, free;  
Now if thou be not, thy wave  
Wash not from off thee thy shame.

## X.

Freeman he is not, but slave,  
Whoso in fear for the State  
Cries for surety of blood,  
Help of gibbet and grave;  
Neither is any land great  
Whom, in her fear-stricken mood,  
These things only can save.



## XI.

Lo, how far from sin,  
Taintless of tyrannic deeds,  
The mighty slaughter, for years  
Who trod the winepress of war;  
Shines with immaculate hands;  
Slays not a foe, neither fears;  
Stains not peace with a spear.

## XII.

Thou art my want or slave,  
Thou art my lord, not as these,  
Thou art not worth other than they,  
Strive with them, thou, but to save;  
For nobler strength, and release;  
Lo! thou arise, if thou slay,  
Thy name as a ghost from the grave.

*November 20, 1867.*

## PERINDE AC CADAVER.

IN a vision Liberty stood  
By the child's chamber bed  
Where, barren or gray, and cold,  
Knowing naught if she wept or would,  
England slept with her dead.

Her face that the foam had whirled,  
Her hands that were steeped in misery,  
Her eyes which had looked in the world,  
Over all was a drawl, a slow, a cold,  
To and her ad eyes had dyed.

She turned and bright in her dream  
With grey lips cold and cold;  
She saw not the face as a human  
Burn on her, but only a gleam  
Through her sleep as of new a ring  
gold.

But the goddess, with terrible eyes,  
In the light of her downy waves,  
Spoke fire in the dull, in the eyes;  
"Thou, sick with hammer and bars,  
Wilt thou sleep now in food or arise?"

"With dreams, and with words, and with  
light,  
Memories and empty desires,  
Thou hast wrapped thyself round all night;  
Thou hast shut up thine heart from the  
right,  
And warmed thee at burnt out fires.

"Yet once if I mote at thy gate,  
Thy sons would sleep not, but heed;  
O'er that vast found so great,  
At their own with thy fly,  
That thy sons have done to my world?"

"O Cromwell's mother, O I reave  
Thou, sabbled Milton, by name,  
Thou would count, the world was best,  
I in wholly crowned, and I do rest,  
Thou, and under by sick to, name?"

"Why wilt thou hate me, and die?  
Thou art my life, and I live,  
What all have I done to thee? why  
Wilt thou turn from me, night, and fly,  
Who would follow thy feet and forgive?"

"Thou hast seen me stricken, and said,  
Thou art to me? I am strong;  
Thou hast seen me bowed down on my  
bed,  
And thou hast hit my head,  
And thou shalt thine hand of my wrong.

Thou hast put out the soul of thy sight;  
Thou hast caught to my tomen as friend,  
To my heart as thou kiss me and smite,  
For me, for freedom, and empires of night  
That begin with the darkness, and end.

"Ere thou awaken, arise,  
With the light that is risen on the lands,  
With the charge of the red-colored skies;  
Set thine eyes on mine eyes,  
Lay thy hands in my hands."

She moved and murmured as she heard,  
So led and shifted her place,  
And the wells of her slumber were stirred  
By the breeze in a wind of the word,  
Then turned and covered her face,

"Ah," she said in her sleep,

"Is my work not done with and of me?  
Is there corn for my sowing and reaping?"

And strange is the pathway and steep,  
And sharp overhead is the sun.

"I have done thee service enough,  
Loved thee enough in my day;  
Now not hatred nor love  
Nor hardly remembrance thereof  
Lives in me to lighten my way.

"And is it not well with us here?  
Is change as good as is rest?  
What hope should I move me, or tear,  
That eye should open, or ear,  
Who have long since won what is best?"

"Where among us are such things  
As turn men's hearts into hell?  
Have we not queens without sinings,  
Scotched princes, and fangless kings?  
Yea," she said, "we are well.

"We have filed the teeth of the snake  
Monarchy, how should it bite?"

"Should the slippery slow thing wake,  
It will not sting for my sake;"

Yea," she said, "I do not bite."

So spake she, drunken with dreams,  
Mad; but ag in in her ears  
A voice as of storm-swallow, "I dream  
Spoke; "No have shame then redeems  
Thy lusts of sloth and thy tear?"

"Thy poor he slain of thine hands,  
Their starve'd limbs rot in thy sight;

As a shadow the ghost of thee stands  
Among men living, and lands,  
And stirs not leftward or right.

"Freeman he is not, but slave,  
Who stands not out on my side;  
His own hand hollows his grave,  
Nor strength is in me to save  
Where strength is none to abide.

"Time shall tread on his name  
That was written for honor of old,  
Who hath taken in change for fame  
Dust, and silver, and shame,  
Ashes, and iron, and gold."

## MONOTONES.

BECAUSE there is but one truth;  
Because there is but one looper;  
Because there is but one light;  
Because we have with us our youth  
Once, and one chance and one manner  
Of service, and then the night;

Because we have found not yet  
Any way for the world to follow  
Save only that ancient way;  
Whosoever forsake or forget,  
Whose faith soever be hollow,  
Whose hope soever grow grey;

Because of the watchwords of kings  
That are many and strange and unwritten,  
Diverse, and our watchword is one;  
Therefore, though seven be the strings,  
One string, if the harp be smitten,  
Sole sounds, till the tune be done;

Sounds without cadence or change  
In a weary monotonous burden,  
Be the keynote of mourning or mirth;

Free, but free not to range;  
Taking for crown and for guerdon  
No man's praise upon earth;

Saying one sole word evermore,  
In the ears of the charmed world saying,  
Charmed by spells to its death;  
One that charmed of yore  
To a tune of the sword-sweep's playing  
In the lips of the dead blew breath;

Therefore I set not mine hand  
To the shifting of changed modulation  
To the smiting of manifold strings;  
While the thrones of the throned men stand  
One song for the morning of nations,  
One for the twilight of kings.

One chord, one word, and one way,  
One hope as our law, one heaven,  
Till slain be the great one wrong;  
Till the people it could not slay,  
Risen up, love for one star seven,  
For a single, a sevenfold song.

## THE OBLATION.

ASK nothing more of me sweet,  
 All I can give you I give;  
 Heart of my heart, were it more,  
 More would I be laid at your feet;  
 Love that should help you to live,  
 Song that should help you to soar.

All things were nothing to give  
 Once to have a taste of you in life,  
 Touch you and taste of you sweet,

Think you and breathe you and live,  
 Sweet to your wings as they soar,  
 To be in by chance of your feet.

I'll it have love and no more  
 Give you but love of you, sweet;  
 He that hath me, let him give;  
 He that hath wings, let him soar;  
 Mine is his heart at your feet  
 He that must love you to live.

## A YEAR'S BURDEN.

FIRE and wild light of hope and doubt and  
 fear,  
 Wind of swift change, and clouds and hours  
 that veer  
 As the storm shifts of the tempestuous year;  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

Hope sits yet hiding her war-wearied eyes,  
 Doubt sets her forehead earthward and  
 denies,  
 But fear brought hand to hand with danger  
 dies,  
 Dies and is burnt up in the fire of fight.

Hearts bruised with loss and eaten through  
 with shame  
 Turn at the time's touch to devouring  
 flame;  
 Grief stands as one that knows not her own  
 name,  
 Nor if the star she sees bring day or night.

No song breaks with it on the violent air,  
 But shrieks of shame, defeat, and brute des-  
 pair;  
 Yet something at the star's heart far up  
 there  
 Burns as a beacon in our shipwrecked  
 sight.

O strange fierce light of presage, unknown  
 star,  
 Whose tongues shall tell us what thy secrets  
 are,  
 What message trembles in thee from so far!  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

From shores laid waste across an iron sea  
 Where the waifs drift of hopes that were to  
 be,  
 Across the red-rolled foam we look for thee,  
 Across the fire we look up for the light.

From days laid waste across disastrous  
 years,  
 From hopes cut down across a world of  
 fears,  
 We gaze with eyes too passionate for tears,  
 Where faith abides though hope be put to  
 flight.

Old hope is dead, the grey-haired hope  
 grown blind  
 That talked with us of old things out of  
 mind,  
 Dreams, deeds and men the world has left  
 behind;  
 Yet, though hope die, faith lives in hope's  
 despite.

Aw, with hearts fixed on death and hope-  
 less hands  
 We stand about our banner while it stands  
 Above but one field of the ruined lands;  
 Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

Though France were given for prey to bird  
 and beast,  
 Though Rome were rent in twain of king  
 and priest,  
 The soul of man, the soul is safe at least  
 That gives death life and dead men  
 hands to smite.

Are ye so strong, O kings, O strong  
men? Nay,  
Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,  
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not  
slay,  
Even thought, that fire nor iron can  
affright.

The woundless and invisible thought that  
goes  
Free throughout time as north or south  
wind blows,  
Far throughout space as east or west  
wind blows,  
And all dark things before it are made  
bright.

Thy thought, thy word, O soul republican,  
O spirit of life, O God whose name is  
man;  
What sea of sorrows but thy sight shall  
span?  
Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

With all its coils crushed, all its rings un-  
curled,  
The one most poisonous worm that soiled  
the world  
Is wrenched from off the throat of man,  
and hurled  
Into deep hell from empire's helpless-  
height.

Time takes no more infection of it now;  
Like a dead snake divided of the plough,  
The rotten thing lies cut in twain; but  
thou,  
Thy fires shall heal us of the serpent's  
bite.

Ay, with red cautery and a burning brand  
Purge thou the leprous leaven of the  
land;

Take to thee iron, and iron in thine hand,  
Till flood and tear have washed the  
soiled limbs white.

We have sinned against thee in dreams  
and wicked sleep;  
Smite, we will shrink not; strike, we will  
not weep;  
Let the heart feel thee; let thy wound go  
deep;  
Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

Wound us with love, pierce us with long-  
ing, make  
Our souls thy sacrifices; turn and take  
Our hearts for our sin-offerings let them  
break,  
And mould them with thine hands and  
give them aught.

Then, when the cup of ills is drained in-  
deed,  
Will we come to thee with our wounds  
that bleed,  
With famished mouths and hearts that  
thou shalt feed,  
And see thee worshipped as the world's  
delight.

There shall be no more wars nor king-  
doms won,  
But in thy sight whose eyes are as the sun  
All names shall be one name, all nations  
one,  
All souls of men in man's one soul unite.

O sea whereon men labor, O great sea  
That heaven seems one with, shall these  
things not be?  
O earth, our earth, shall time not make us  
free?  
Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

## EPILOGUE.

BETWEEN the world and the grand  
I let you to his world of truth.

Stars that will come to our eyes and  
eyes.

Stars on a world till the dark comes;

Let stars and heavens fall on us;

Yes, stars and heavens set and rise;

Yes, all some brotherly hand

Weave the world's threads; their crown,

At the below; to let him down.

And whatsoever of life or light  
Love had to give you, what of might  
Or heart or hope, or yours to live,  
I charge you take all that to give  
For very love's sake, in whose name,  
Through pain of heart and life,  
And loss of peace and light or night,  
You live and move and have your breath,  
Toiling with on the ridge of death.

I charge you faint not all right through  
For love's sake that was breathed on you  
To be to you as wings and feet  
For travel, and as food to eat  
And sense of spirit to renew  
And bloom of fragrance to keep sweet  
And fire of purpose to keep true  
The life, if I live, such things be,  
That I would give you fourth of me.

Out where the breath of war may be,  
Out in the rank and red-tened air  
That sounds and smells of death  
hath  
No light but death's upon its path  
Seen through the dark wind's tangled hair,  
I send you past the wild things' wrath  
To find his face who bade you bear  
Fruit of his seed to faith and love,  
That he may take the heart thereof.

By day or night, by sea or street,  
Fly till ye find and clasp his feet  
And kiss as worshipper who bring  
Too much love on their lips to give,  
But with his hed heads accept and greet  
The presence of some heavenly thing  
In the near air; so may ye meet  
His eyes, and drop not utterly  
For shame's sake at the light you see.

Not utterly struck spiritless  
For shame's sake and unworthiness  
Of the poor and less than's that come  
Empty, these lips that should be sound;  
The love who's seal can but in us  
These years, worthless things we are,  
Whose blessing have not strength to bless  
Nor lightings fire to burn up aught  
Nourish with thunders of their thought.

One light, but they have, even love; one  
light,  
The light keeps clear the air by night;  
One choir, of faith as of a lyre;  
One heat, of hope as of a fire;  
One part, one music, and one night,  
One dance, one altar, and one choir;  
As though one's living heart in sight  
Who said, when all that's set was foam,  
"Let there be Rome," and there we  
come.

As a star set in place for token  
Like a live word of God's mouth spoken,  
A star's sound, light and life,  
In the great darkness thick as hell  
A star's flame of love unquenched,  
A sign to conquer and compel,  
A law to stand in heaven unbroken  
When by the sun shine, and where  
the sun  
The stars and companies are made new

so re-appear on our generations  
That light of the most ancient nation,  
Law, life, and light, on the world's way,  
The very God of very day,  
Has set you; from their star-like stations  
For down the light in dismay  
Flot, crowned with mess of tribulations,  
The suns of souls' years, whose light  
And life and law were of the night.

The naked king's crown quenched and stark  
In eyes with their dead things down the dark  
Hedless; then whole world, throne by  
throne,  
Fell, and its whole heart turned to stone,  
Hedless; their hands that touch'd our ark  
Withered; and lo, aloft, alone,  
On time's white waters man's one bark,  
Where the one sun's own open eye  
Lies the soft gulf of low green sky.

So for a season piloted  
 It sailed the sunlight, and I took her  
 With tre of dawn over her fate  
 The wan face of incumbent fate  
 That paused half pitying overhead  
 And almost mid-fare on the night  
 Of those dark hours the next day tried  
 For shame, and almost had forsworn  
 Service of night for love of morn.

Then broke the whole night in one day,  
 Thundering; then all hell with one thrax  
 Heaved, and brought forth beneath the  
 stroke  
 Death; and all dead things moved and  
 woke  
 That the dawn's arrow had brought low,  
 At the great sound of night that broke  
 Thundering, and all the old world-wide  
 woe;  
 And under night's loud-sounding dome  
 Men sought her, and she was not Rome.

Still with blind hands and robes blood-wet  
 Night hangs on heaven, reluctant yet,  
 With black blood dripping from her eyes  
 On the soiled hanks of the skies,  
 With brows and lips that thirst and threat,  
 Heart-sick with fear lest the sun rise,  
 And aching with her fires that set,  
 And shuddering ere dawn lends her bars,  
 Burns out with all her beaten stars.

In this black wind of war they fly  
 Now, ere that hour be in the sky  
 That brings back hope, and makes a rebel  
 And light and law to lands that rebel;  
 That spirit of sweet hour when they  
 The bloody-handed night and black  
 Shall be cast out of heaven to die;  
 Kingdom by kingdom, crown by crown,  
 The fires of darkness are blown down.

Yet heavy, grievous on the weight  
 Sits on us of imperfect fate,  
 From wounds of other days and deeds  
 Still this day's breathing body bleeds;  
 Still kings for fear and slaves for hate  
 Sow lives of men on earth like seeds  
 In the red soil they saturate;  
 And we, with faces eastward set,  
 Stand sightless of the morning yet.

And many for pure sorrow's sake  
 Look back and stretch back hands to take

Out of the old, a vain, ease and sleep,  
 Flowers of night's grating, strong to  
 creep.

The soul in dreams it will not break,  
 Song of soft hours that sigh and weep  
 Behind eyelids, nigh to wake  
 With subtle plumes and hilling breath  
 That soothe its weariness to death.

And in my, called of hope and pride,  
 Call on the sunrise from our side,  
 In high lights and rumors of fire h flames  
 That swift and veer by night like flames,  
 Sounds and blown trumpets, ghosts that  
 call  
 Call on, and hail them by dead names,  
 Tears, fears, memories, dreams divide  
 Spirit from soul, and wear out  
 Strong hearts of men with hope and  
 doubt.

Till time light and sorrow bear  
 The soul a life, eyeless could despair,  
 That comes among us, mad and blind,  
 With counsels of a broken mind,  
 Tales of times dead and woe that were,  
 And prophesying against mankind,  
 Strikes out the horror of her hair  
 To take the sunlight with its coils  
 And hold the living soul in toils.

By many ways of death and moods  
 Souls pass into their civitudes,  
 Then young wings weaken, plume by  
 plume  
 Drops, and their eyelids gather gloom  
 And elude against man's fraud and feud,  
 And their tongues call they know not  
 whom  
 To help in their vicissitudes;  
 For many slayers are, but one  
 Liberty, single as the sun.

One light, one law, that burns up strife,  
 And one sufficiency of life,  
 Self-sustained, the suffering soul  
 Turns the loud wheels of changes toll,  
 So began man man bare the knife,  
 Soes the world covered, and is whole;  
 So have taken downless frail to wife,  
 And feet from hand's incestuous bed  
 Crawl forth, and smite his father dead;

Sees death made drunk with war, sees time  
 Weave many colored erioe with crime,  
 State overthrown on ruining state,  
 And dares not be disconsolate.

O, ye that see the world as I do,  
O, ye that see the world as I do,  
Heard the wind in the leaves of the pine  
At the foot of the mountain peak,  
All the things that are in the world.

She only that sees with her own  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
Heard the wind in the leaves of the pine  
At the foot of the mountain peak,  
All the things that are in the world.

By the new for love of death of it  
The hour in the world of the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world.

And we that cannot bear of the  
The sounds and lights of liberty,  
The wings of the world of God  
That the world is in the world of God  
With us in the world of God,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world.

We that see wars and doves and kings,  
And portents of enmity and things,  
Empires and agonies and slaves,  
And wars and flames of towns-swallowing  
That hear the harsh, hours of sharp wings  
Above the roar of tanks like waves,  
From wreck to wreck, the world of wings,  
Know that men there are who see  
And hear the things other far than we,

By the light signs of their flow,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world.

By the signs that are not but know  
Men who have heard and grace to give,  
Men who have seen the soul and live,

By the signs that are in their eyes,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world.

By the strong patient godhead seen  
Impart in their mortal men,  
The conscience of a God that still  
And that is in the world of God,  
And that is in the world of God,  
And that is in the world of God,  
And that is in the world of God.

By the light and shining signs  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world,  
The things that are in the world.

So I now gazing; till the sense  
Being set on fire of confidence  
Strains itself sunward, feels out far  
Beyond the bright and morning star,  
Beyond the extreme wife's reliance,  
To where the fierce first sunbeams are  
Whose fire intolerant and intense  
A faintpangs whence day burns to be  
Far from the heaven from breathing sea.

I see not, know not, am am blest,  
Master, who know that thou knowest,  
Dear lord and leader, at whose hand  
The first days and the last days stand,  
With scars and crowns on head and breast,  
That fought for love of the sweet land  
Or shall fight in her latter quest;  
All the days armed and girt and crowned  
Whose glories ring thy glory round.

Thou sawest, when all the world was blind,  
The light that should be of mankind,  
The very day that was to be;  
And how shalt thou not sometime see

Thy city perfect to thy mind  
 Stand face to living face with thee,  
 And no mis-crowned man's head behind ;  
 The hearth of man, the human home,  
 The central flame that shall be Rome ?

As one that ere a June day rise  
 Makes seaward for the dawn and tries  
 The water with delighted limbs  
 That taste the sweet dark sea and swim,  
 Right eastward under strengthening skies,  
 And sees the gradual rippling rims  
 Of waves whence day breaks blossom-wise  
 Take the ere light peer well above,  
 And laughs from all his heart with love ;

And softer swimming with raised head  
 Feels the full flower of morning shed  
 And fluent sunrise round him rolled  
 That laps and laves his body bold  
 With fluctuant heaven in water's stead,  
 And urgent through the growing gold  
 Strikes, and sees all the spray flash red,  
 And his soul takes the sun, and yearns  
 For joy wherewith the sea's heart burns ;

So the soul seeking through the dark  
 Heavenward, a dove without an ark,

Transcends the unnavigable sea  
 Of years that wear out memory ;  
 So calls a sunward-singing lark,  
 In the ear of souls that should be free ;  
 So points them toward the sun for mark  
 Who steer not for the stress of waves,  
 And seek strange helmsmen, and are  
 slaves.

For if the swimmer's eastward eye  
 Must see no sunrise - must put by  
 The hope that lifted him and led  
 Once, to have light about his head,  
 To see beneath the clear low sky  
 The green foam-whitened wave wax red  
 And all the morning's banner fly—  
 Then, as earth's helpless hopes go down,  
 Let earth's self in the dark tides drown.

Yea, if no morning must behold  
 Man, other than were they now cold,  
 And other deeds than past deeds done,  
 Nor any near or far-off sun  
 Salute him risen and sunlike-souled,  
 Free, boundless, fearless, perfect, one,  
 Let man's world die like worlds of old,  
 And here in heaven's sight only be  
 The sole sun of a worldless sea.



## POEMS AND BALLADS.

## SECOND SERIES.

## THE LAST ORACLE.

(A. D. 301.)

ΕΡΩΤΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΗΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟ ΛΑΟΣ ΑΥΛΑΙ-  
 ΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΠΥΡΡΟΝ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΝ,  
 ΟΥ ΤΑΙΣ ΛΑΛΟΥΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΑΠΕΥΘΕΡΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΛΑΛΟΙ ΘΕΩΡ.

YEARS ago thou art fallen in darkness or  
 in day, or night,

As's ways, and waned that knew not thee  
 nor thine,

While thy words could light by night and  
 could light by day,

Since thy last promise left thy dark mid-  
 dle bare,

Dart thou, dumb, and dumb the fount of song  
 to those who

Love for words more useful than tears of  
 those that sing,

*And thou art fallen from the throne of  
 dominion,*

*And thou art fallen from that of the one who had  
 and thou art,*

*And thou art fallen from the throne of  
 dominion,*

*And thou art fallen from the throne of  
 dominion,*

And the great king's high saw heart, thy true  
 last word,

Fell thine answer pierce and cleave it to  
 the core,

And he bowed down his hopeless head  
 to the dust of the wild world's tide,

As a dog, *thou art compared*, he said,  
*Or a swine*, no soul it, and died.

And the world that was thine and was  
 ours,

When the Ganges took hands with the  
 Hours,

Grew cold as a winter wave  
 from the wind from a wide-mouthed grave,

As a dog with open to swallow  
 the light that the world held dear.

O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
 Destroyer and healer, hear!

Age on age thy mouth was mute, thy face  
 was hidden,

And the lips and eyes that loved thee blind  
 and dumb;

Song for took their tongues that held thy  
 name forbidden,

I light their eyes that saw the strange God's  
 kingdom come,

Fire for light and hell for heaven and psalms  
 for psalms

Filled the clearest eyes and lips most sweet  
 of song,

When for clout of Greeks the wail of Gali-  
 leans

Made the whole world moan with hymns of  
 woe and wrong,

Yea, not yet we see thee, father, as they saw  
 thee,

They that worshipped when the world was  
 thine and thine,

They whose words had power by thine own  
 power to draw thee

Down from heaven till earth seemed more  
 than heaven divine,

For the times are about us that hover  
 When darkness is half withdrawn

And the skirts of a dead night cover  
 The face of the eve now dawn.

For the past is not utterly past  
 Though the word on its lips be the last,

And the time be gone by with its creed  
 When men were as beasts that bleed,

As sheep or as swine that wallow,  
 In the shambles of faith and of fear.

O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,  
 Destroyer and healer, hear!

Yet it may be, Lord and father, could we know  
 it,

We that love thee for our darkness shall  
 have light

More than ever prophet hailed of old or poet  
 Standing or owned and robed and sovereign

in thy sight,  
 To the likeness of one God their dreams en-  
 thrall'd thee,

Who wast greater than all Gods that waned  
 and grew;

Son of God the shining son of Time they  
 called thee,

Who wast older, O our father, than they  
 knew,

For no thought of man made Gods to love or  
 honor

Ere the song within the silent soul began,  
 Nor might earth in dream or deed take heaven  
 upon her

Till the word was clothed with speech by  
 Lips of man.  
 And the word and the life wast thou,  
 The spirit of man and the breath;  
 And before thee the Gods that bow  
 Take us as thine hands and death.  
 For these are as ghosts that wane,  
 That are gone in an age or twain;  
 Harsh, merciful, passionate, pure,  
 They perish, but thou shalt endure;  
 Be their life as the swif's of the swallow,  
 They pass as the flight of a year,  
 O father of all of us, Pan, Apollo,  
 Destroyer and healer, hear!

Thou the word, the light, the life, the breath,  
 The glory,  
 To come to help and heal, to lighten and to  
 slay,  
 Thine is all the song of man, the world's  
 whole story;  
 Not of morning and of evening is thy day,  
 O Land younger Gods are Unried or begotten  
 From uprising to downsetting of thy sun,  
 From eastward, fallen to westward and  
 forgotten,  
 And their springs are many, but their end  
 is one.  
 Others births of godheads find one death ap-  
 pointed,  
 As the soul whence each was born makes  
 room for each;  
 God by God goes out, disrowned and dis-  
 appointed,  
 But the soul stands fast that gave them  
 shape and speech,  
 Is the sun yet cast out of heaven?  
 Is the song yet cast out of man?  
 Life that had song for its leaven  
 To quicken the blood that ran  
 Through the veins of the songless years  
 More bitter and cold than tears,  
 Heaven that had thee for its one  
 Light, life, word, witness, O sun,  
 Are they soundless and sightless and  
 hollow,  
 Without eye, without speech, without  
 ear?  
 O father of all of us, Pan, Apollo,  
 Destroyer and healer, hear!

Time arose and smote thee silent at his warn-  
 ing,  
 Change and darkness fell on men that fell  
 from thee;  
 Dark thou satest, veiled with light, behind  
 the morning,

Till the soul of man should lit up eyes  
 and see,  
 Till the blind mute soul get speech and  
 eyesight,  
 Man may worship not them, lit of now with;  
 In his sight the stars whose fires grow  
 dim in  
 thy sight  
 Shine as sunbeams on the night of death  
 and sun.  
 Time again is risen with mightier word of  
 warning,  
 Change hath blown a man a blast of colder  
 breath;  
 Clothed with clouds and stars and beams that  
 melt a man's  
 Lo, the Gods that ruled by grace of man and  
 death!  
 They are conquered, they are slain, they  
 are stricken,  
 Whose might made the whole world  
 pale;  
 They are dust that had rise not or  
 quicken  
 Though the world for their death's sake  
 wail.  
 As a found on a wild beast's track,  
 So time as thou gaderd in chase;  
 As wolves when the hunt makes head,  
 They are scattered, they fly, they are slain;  
 They are dead beyond fall, beyond healing,  
 Aid the cry of the chase, and the chase,  
 O father of all of us, Pan, Apollo,  
 Destroyer and healer, hear!

Day by day thy shadow sines in heaven be-  
 holden,  
 Even the sun, the shining shadow of thy  
 face:  
 King, the ways of heaven before thy feet, now  
 golden;  
 God, the soul of earth is kindled with thy  
 grace.  
 In thy lips the speech of man whence Gods  
 were fashioned,  
 In thy soul the thought that makes them  
 and unmake,  
 By thy light and heat incarnate and impass-  
 sioned,  
 Soul to soul of man gives light for light and  
 takes,  
 As they knew thy name of old time could we  
 know it,  
 Healer called of sickness, slayer invoked of  
 wrong,  
 Light of eyes that saw thy light, God, king,  
 priest, poet,  
 Song should bring thee back to heal us with  
 thy song.



not like the most that others do re-  
 the, and thus was I, and thus was I,  
 and thus was I, and thus was I,

I.

Hadst thou the secret, wouldst thou have  
 To have with thee, as I have had,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,

II.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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XIII.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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XIV.

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XV.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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XVI.

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XVII.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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XVIII.

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XIX.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
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XX.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,

XXI.

And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,  
 And thus was I, and thus was I,

Sounding, that nor may number nor may  
name,  
We know not, even thy brethren; yea, not we  
Whose eyes desire the light that lightened thee,  
Whose ways and thine are one way and the  
same.

## XXVII.

But of the riddles that in sleep we read,  
And trust them not, be flattering truth indeed,  
As he that rose our mightiest called them,—he,  
Much higher than thou as thou much higher  
than we—  
There, might we say, all flower of all our  
seed,  
All singing souls are as one sounding sea.

## XXVIII.

All those that here were of thy kind and kin,  
Beside thee and below thee, full of love,  
Full-souled for song,—and one alone above  
Whose only light folds all your glories in—  
With all birds' notes from nightingale to dove  
Fill the world whither we too fain would win.

## XXIX.

The world that sees in heaven the sovereign  
light  
Of sunlike Shakespeare, and the fiery night  
Whose stars were watched of Webster; and  
beneath,  
The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath,  
Grown in King's gardens, plucked from  
pastoral heath,  
Wrought with all flowers for all men's heart's  
delight.

## XXX.

And that fixed fervor, iron-red like Mars,  
In the mid moving tide of tenderer stars,  
That burned on loves and deeds the darkest  
dome,  
Athwart the incestuous prisoner's bride-house  
burns;  
And thine, most highest of all their fires but  
one,  
Our morning star, sole risen before the sun,

## XXXI.

And one light risen since theirs to rim such  
race  
Thou has seen, O Phoshor, from thy pride of  
place.

Thou hast seen Shelley, him that was to thee  
As light to fire or dawn to lightning; me,  
Me likewise, O our brother, shall thou see,  
And I behold thee, for 'to glorious face?

## X

You twain the same swift year of manhood  
swept.  
Down the steep darkness, and our father  
wept.  
And from the gleam of Apollonian tears  
A holier aureole rounds your memories, kept  
Most fervent-fresh of all the singing spheres,  
And April-colored through all months and  
years.

## XXVIII.

You twain fate spared not half your fiery span;  
The longer date fulfils the lesser man  
Ye from beyond the dark dividing date  
Stand smiling, crowned as gods with foot on  
fate.  
For stronger was your blessing than his ban,  
And earliest whom he struck, he struck too  
late.

## XXIX.

Yet love and loathing, faith and unfaith yet  
Bind less to greater souls in unison,  
And one desire that makes three spirits as  
one  
Takes great and small as in one spiritual net  
Woven out of hope toward what shall yet be  
done  
Ere hate or love remember or forget.

## XXX.

Woven out of faith and hope and love too  
great  
To bear the bonds of life and death and fate;  
Woven out of love and hope and faith too  
dear  
To take the print of doubt and change a  
fear:  
And interwoven with lines of wrath and hate  
Blood-red with soils of many a sanguine year.

## XXXI.

Who cannot hate, can love not; if he grieve,  
His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain  
That rears no harvest from the green sea's  
plain,

And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is  
vain.  
Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, relieve  
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

XXXII.

But you, most perfect in your hate and love,  
Our great twin-spirited brethren; you that  
stand  
Heal by head glittering, hand made fast in  
hand,  
And underfoot the fang-drawn worm that  
strove  
To wound you living; from so far ab-  
look love, not scorn, on ours that was our  
land.

XXXIII.

For love we lack, and help and heat and light  
To clothe us and to comfort us with night.  
What help is ours to take or give? but ye—  
O, more than sunrise to the blind cold sea,  
That wailed aloud with all her waves all night,  
Much more, being much more glorious, should  
you be.

XXXIV.

As fire to frost, as ease to toil, as dew  
To flowerless fields, as sleep to slackening  
pain,  
As hope to souls long weaned from hope  
again  
Returning, or as blood revived anew  
To dry-drawn limbs and every pulseless vein,  
Even so toward us should no man be but you.

XXXV.

One rose before the sunrise was, and one  
Before the sunset, lovelier than the sun,  
And now the heaven is dark and bright and  
loud  
With wind and starry drift and moon and  
cloud,  
And night's cry rings in straining sheet and  
shroud,  
What help is ours if hope like yours be none?

XXXVI.

O well-beloved, our brethren, if ye be,  
Then are we not forsaken. This kind earth  
Made fragrant once for all time with your  
birth,

And bright for all men with your love, and  
worth  
The clasp and kiss and wedlock of the sea,  
Were not your mother if not your brethren  
we.

XXXVII.

Because the days were dark with gods and  
kings  
And in time's hand the old hours of time as  
rods,  
When force and fear set hope and faith at  
odds,  
Ye failed not nor abased your plume-plucked  
wings;  
And we that front not more disastrous things,  
How should we fail in face of kings and gods?

XXXVIII.

For now the deep dense plumes of night are  
thinned  
Surely with winnowing of the glimmering wind  
Whose feet are fledged with morning; and the  
breath  
Begins in heaven that sings the dark to death.  
And all the night wherein men groaned and  
sinned  
Sickens at heart to hear what sundawn saith.

XXXIX.

O first-born sons of hope and fairest, ye  
Whose prows first clove the thought-un-  
sounded sea  
Whence all the dark dead centuries rose to  
bar  
The spirit of man lest truth should make him  
free,  
The sunrise and the sunset, seeing one star,  
Take heart as we to know you that ye are.

XI.

Ye rise not and ye set not; we that say  
Ye rise and set like hopes that set and rise  
Look yet but seaward from a land-locked bay;  
But where at last the sea's line is the sky's  
And truth and hope one sunlight in your eyes,  
No sunrise and no sunset marks their day.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and  
highland,  
At the sea-down's edge between windward  
and lee,

Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
The steep square slope of the blossomless  
bed

Where the weeds that grew green from the  
graves of its roses  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's  
hand?

So long have the gray bare walks lain guest-  
less,  
Through branches and briers if a man make  
way.

He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifed  
That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
To the strait waste place that the years have  
rifled

Of all but the thorns that are touched not  
of time.

The thorns he squares when the rose is taken;  
The rocks are left when he wastes the  
plain.

The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-  
shaken.  
These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls  
not ;  
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots  
are dry ;

From the thicket of thorns whence the night-  
ingale calls not,  
Could she call, there were never a rose to  
reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
Only the wind here hovers and revels

In a round where life seems barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was  
weeping,

Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred  
sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look  
thither,'

Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the  
flowers to the sea ;

For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-  
blossoms wither,

And men that love lightly may die—but we ?'  
And the same wind sang and the same waves  
whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals were  
shed.

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that  
had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then  
went whither ?

And were one to the end—but what end  
who knows ?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the  
rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to  
love them ?

What love was ever as deep as a grave ?

They are loveless now as the grass above  
them  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and  
the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons  
hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now  
or weep,

When as they that are free now of weeping  
and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever ;

Here change may come not till all change  
end.

From the graves they have made they shall  
rise up never,

Who have left nought living to ravage and  
end.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground  
growing,

While the sun and the rain live, these shall  
be ;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these blow-  
ing

Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff  
 crumble,  
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs  
 drink,  
 Till the strength of the waves of the high  
 tides humble  
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
 Here now in his triumph where all things  
 falter,  
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own  
 hand spread,  
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
 Death lies dead.

RELICS.

This flower that smells of honey and the sea,  
 White lurnstone, seems in my hand to be  
 A white star made of memory long ago  
 Lit in the heaven of dear times dead to me.

A star out of the skies love used to know  
 Here held in hand, a stray left yet to show  
 What flowers my heart was full of in the  
 days  
 That are long since gone down dead memory's  
 flow.

Dead memory that revives on doubtful ways,  
 Ha I hearkening what the buried season says  
 Out of the world of the unapparent dead  
 Where the lost Aprils are, and the lost  
 Mays.

Flower, once I knew thy star-white brethren  
 bred  
 Nigh where the last of all the land made  
 head  
 Against the sea, a keen-faced promontory,  
 Flowers on salt wind and sprinkled sea-dews  
 fed.

Their heads were glad of the free place's  
 gle  
 The venging them all his stormy story  
 Hat all winter to the sleepless  
 SP  
 And a s. s. their hues were hard and  
 hoary.

Like things born of the sea and the bright  
 day,  
 They laughed out at the years that could not  
 slay,  
 Live sons and joyous of unquiet hours,  
 And stronger than all storms that range for  
 prey.

And in the close indomitable flowers  
 A keen-edged odor of the sun and showers  
 Was as the smell of the fresh honeycomb  
 Made sweet for mouths of none but para-  
 mours.

Out of the hard green wall of leaves that  
 ciomb  
 They showed like windfalls of the snow-soft  
 foam,  
 Or feathers from the weary south-wind's  
 wing,  
 Fair as the spray that it came shoreward  
 from.

And thou, as white, what word hast thou to  
 bring?  
 If my heart hearken, whereof wilt thou sing?  
 For some sign surely thou too hast to bear,  
 Some word far south was taught thee of the  
 spring.

White like a white rose, not like these that  
 were  
 Taught of the wind's mor and the winter  
 air,  
 Poor tender thing of soft Italian bloom,  
 Where once thou grewest, what else for me  
 grew there.

Born in what spring and on what city's tomb,  
 By whose hand wast thou reached, and  
 plucked for whom?  
 There hangs about thee, could the soul's  
 sense tell,  
 An odor as of love and of love's doom.

Of days more sweet than thou wast sweet to  
 smell,  
 Of flower-soft thoughts that came to flower  
 and fell,  
 Of loves that lived a lily's life and died,  
 Of dreams now dwelling where dead roses  
 dwell.

O white birth of the golden mountain-side  
 That for the sun's love makes its bosom wide  
 At sunrise, and with all its woods and  
 flowers  
 Takes in the morning to its heart of pride I

Thou hast a word of that one land of ours,  
 And of the fair town called of the fair towers,  
 A word for me of my San Gimignano,  
 A word of April's greenest-girdled hours.



Of the breached walls whereon the wall-  
flowers ran  
Called of Saint Fina, breachless now of man,  
Though time with soft feet break them  
stone by stone,  
Who breaks down hour by hour his own  
reign's span.

Of the cliff overcome and overgrown  
That all that flowerage clothed as flesh clothes  
bone,  
That garment of acacias made for May,  
Whereof here lies one witness overblown.

The fair brave trees with all their flowers at  
play,  
How king-like they stood up into the day!  
How sweet the day was with them, and the  
night!  
Such words of message have dead flowers to  
say.

This that the winter and the wind made  
bright,  
And this that lived upon Italian light,  
Before I throw them and these words away,  
Who knows but I what memories too take  
flight?

#### AT A MONTIP'S END.

THE night last night was strange and shaken :  
More strange the change of you and me.  
Once more, for the old love's love forsaken,  
We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,  
One last time, one more and no more,  
We watched the waves set in, the serried  
Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,  
Heard hardly through the windy night  
Far water ringing, low reefs clanging,  
Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,  
The clashing channels rocked and rang  
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,  
And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,  
Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes  
From the roiled surf that flashed, and noted  
Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing  
At the sand's edge, a short sad breath  
Trembling to touch the goal, and dying  
With weak heart heaved up once in death—

The rustling sand and shingle shaken  
With light sweet touches and small sound—  
These could not move us, could not waken  
Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,  
Under gray skies by waters white.  
Our hearts were full of windy weather,  
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted  
And streaming storms and straying fires,  
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted  
By dolefuls and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew  
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed  
the sea :  
And one with me I could not dream you ;  
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes  
Touched and slid over and flashed past—  
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges  
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,  
Touched to death by diviner eyes—  
As on the old gods' untended altars  
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shrine relighted  
Sees the last fiery shadow shine,  
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,  
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine)

So once with fiery breath and flying  
Your winged heart touched mine and went,  
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,  
Sundered and smiled and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,  
Enough we found, we found too much ;  
For the mult' sh'ine is hardly lonely  
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,  
Slight as the sun's sight of the star :  
Enough to show one must not deem you  
For love's sake other than you are.

Who snares and tames with fear and danger  
A bright beast of a fiery kin,

Only to mar, only to change her  
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,  
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise ;  
What profit, if she yield her tamer  
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,  
Take all she is or leave complete ;  
Transmute you will not form or feature,  
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give  
her ;

Sweet is the sweet thing as it is,  
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her ;  
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?

So may one read his weird, and reason,  
And with vain drugs assuage no pain.  
For each man in his loving season  
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,  
Spells that appease not any grief,  
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging  
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses !  
What help? the world is full of loves ;  
Night after night of running kisses,  
Chirp after chirp of changing doves,

Should Love disown or disesteem you  
For loving one man more or less ?  
You could not tame your light white sea-new,  
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,  
We are what life made us, and shall be.  
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,  
And south for you and north for me,

But this one broken foam-white feather  
I throw you off the hither wing,  
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,  
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, daytime over,  
You, couched at long length on hot sand  
With some sleek sun-discolored lover,  
Wince from his breath as from a brand:

Till the acrid hour aches out and ceases,  
And the sheathed eyeball sleeper swims,  
The deep flank smooths its dimpling creases,  
And passion bosens all the limbs :

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather  
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,  
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather  
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

But I, who leave my queen of panthers,  
As a tired honey-heavy bee  
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers  
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardors of the chalice'd centre,  
From the amorous anthers' golden grime,  
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,  
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets  
The flower-dust with the flower-smell clings ;  
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets  
Leave the sand marked with print of rings ;

So to my soul in surer fashion  
Your savage stamp and savor hangs ;  
The print and perfume of old passion,  
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

SESTINA.

I SAW my soul at rest upon a day  
As the bird sleeping in the nest of night,  
Among soft leaves that give the starlight way  
To touch its wings but not its eyes with light ;  
So that it knew as one in visions may,  
And knew not as men waking, of delight.

This was the measure of my soul's delight ;  
It had no power of joy to fly by day,  
Nor part in the large lordship of the light ;  
But in a secret moon-beholden way  
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,  
And all the love and life that sleepers may.

But such life's triumph as men waking may  
It might not have to feed its faint delight  
Between the stars by night and sun by day,  
Shut up with green leaves and a little light ;  
Because its way was as a lost star's way,  
A world's not wholly known of day or night.

All loves and dreams and sounds and gleams  
of night  
Made it all music that such min-trels may,  
And all they had they gave it of delight ;  
But in the fall face of the line of day  
What place shall be for any starry light,  
What part of heaven in all the wide sun's  
way ?

Yet the soul woke not, sleeping by the way,  
 Watched as a nursling of the large-eyed  
 night,  
 And sought no strength nor knowledge of the  
 day,  
 Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,  
 Nor mightier joy nor truer than dreamers may,  
 Nor more of song than they, nor more of  
 light.  
 For who sleeps once and sees the secret light  
 Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way  
 Between the rise and rest of day and night,  
 Shall care no more to fare as all men may,  
 But he is place of pain or of delight,  
 There shall he dwell, beholding night as  
 day.

Song, have thy day and take thy fill of light  
 Before the night be fallen across thy way;  
 Sing while he may, man hath no long delight.

#### THE YEAR OF THE ROSE.

FROM the depths of the green garden-closes  
 Where the summer in darkness dozes  
 Till autumn pluck from his hand  
 An hour-glass that holds not a sand;  
 From the maze that a flower-belt encloses  
 To the stones and sea-grass on the strand  
 How red was the reign of the roses  
 Over the rose-crowned land!

The year of the rose is brief;  
 From the first blade blown to the sheaf,  
 From the thin green leaf to the gold,  
 It has time to be sweet and grow old,  
 To triumph and leave not a leaf  
 For witness in winter's sight  
 How lovers once in the light  
 Would mix their breath with its breath,  
 And its spirit was quenched not of night,  
 As love is subdued not of death.

In the red-rose land not a mile  
 Of the meadows from stile to stile,  
 Of the valleys from stream to stream,  
 But the air was a long sweet dream  
 And the earth was a sweet wide smile  
 Red-mouthed of a goddess, returned  
 From the sea which had borne her and  
 burned,

That with one swift smile of her mouth  
 Looked full on the north as it yearned,  
 And the north was more than the south.

For the north, when winter was long,  
 In his heart had made him a song,  
 And clothed it with wings of desire,  
 And shod it with shoon as er are,  
 To carry the tale of his wrong  
 To the south-west wind by the sea,  
 That who might bear it but he  
 To the ears of the goddess unknown  
 Who waits till her time shall be  
 To take the world for a throne?

In the earth beneath, and above  
 In the heaven where her name is love,  
 She warms with light from her eyes  
 The seasons of life as they rise,  
 And her eyes are as eyes of a dove,  
 But the wings that lit her and bear  
 As an eagle's, and all her hair  
 As fire by wind's breath curled,  
 And her passage is song through the air,  
 And her presence is spring through the world.

So turned she northward and came,  
 And the white-thorn land was aflame  
 With the fires that were shed from her feet,  
 That the north, by her love made sweet,  
 Should be called by a rose-red name;  
 And a murmur was heard as of doves,  
 And a music beginning of loves  
 In the light that the roses made,  
 Such light as the music loves.  
 The music of man with maid.

But the days drop one upon one,  
 And a chill soft wind is begun  
 In the heart of the rose-red maze  
 That weeps for the roseleaf days  
 And the reign of the rose undone  
 That ruled so long in the light,  
 And by spirit, and not by sight,  
 Through the darkness thrilled with its breath,  
 Still ruled in the viewless night,  
 As love might rule over death.

The time of lovers is brief;  
 From the fair first joy to the grief  
 That tells when love is grown old,  
 From the warm wild kiss to the cold,  
 From the red to the white-rose leaf,  
 They have but a season to seem  
 As roseleaves lost on a stream  
 That part not and pass not apart  
 As a spirit from dream to dream,  
 As a sorrow from heart to heart.

From the bloom and the gloom that encloses  
 The death-bed of Love where he dozes

Till a relic be left not of sand  
To the hour-glass that breaks in his hand ;  
From the change in the gray garden-closes  
To the last stray grass of the strand,  
A rain and ruin of roses  
Over the red rose-land.

A WASTED VIGIL

I.

COULDEST thou not watch with me one hour ?  
Behold,  
Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold,  
With sudden feet that graze the gradual sea ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

II.

What, not one hour ? for star by star the night  
Falls, and her thousands world by world take  
flight ;  
They die, and day survives, and what of thee ?  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

III.

Lo, far in heaven the web of night undone,  
And on the sudden sea the gradual sun ;  
Wave to wave answers, tree responds to tree ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

IV.

Sunbeam by sunbeam creeps from line to line,  
Foam by foam quickens on the brightening  
brine ;  
Sail by sail passes, flower by flower gets free ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

V.

Last year, a brief while since, an age ago,  
A whole year past, with bud and bloom and  
snow,  
O moon that wast in heaven, what friends  
were we !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

VI.

Old moons, and last year's flowers, and last  
year's snows  
Who now saith to thee, moon ? or who saith,  
rose ?  
O dust and ashes, once found fair to see !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

VII.

O dust and ashes, once thought sweet to  
smell !  
With me it is not, is it with thee well ?  
O sea-drift blown from windward back to lee !  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

VIII.

The old year's dead hands are full of their  
dead flowers,  
The old days are full of dead old loves of ours,  
Born as a rose, and briefer born than she ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

IX.

Could two days live again of that dead year,  
One would say, seeking us and passing here,  
*Where is she ?* and one answering, *Where is  
he ?*  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

X.

Nay, those two lovers are not anywhere ;  
If we were they, none knows us what we were,  
Nor aught of all their barren grief and glee.  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

XI.

Half false, half fair, all feeble, be my verse  
Upon thee not for blessing nor for curse  
For some must stand, and some must fall or  
flee ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

XII.

As a new moon above spent stars thou wast ;  
But stars endure after the moon is past.  
Couldst thou not watch one hour, though I  
watch three ?  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

XIII.

What of the night ? The night is full, the  
tide  
Storms inland, the most ancient rocks divide ;  
Yet some endure, and bow nor head nor  
knee ;  
Couldst thou not watch with me ?

XIV.

Since thou art not as these are, go thy ways ;  
Thou hast no part in all my nights and days.  
Lie still, sleep on, be glad—as such things  
be ;  
Thou couldst not watch with me.

## THE COMPLAINT OF LISA.

*(The Sunflower.)*

DE VILLEN, ON, X, 7.

THERE is a young man that draws death  
So sad as I have seen in things said on her,  
There is not one upon the world's way  
Who is wearier as I am weary of ad but death,  
Toward whom I look as looks the sunflower  
All day wear all his whole soul toward the  
sun;

While in the sun's sight I make moan all  
day.

And all night on my sleepless maiden bed  
Weep and call out on death, O Love, and  
thee,

That thou or he would take me to the dead,  
And know not what thing evil I have done  
That life should lay such heavy hand on me.

Alas, Love, what is this thou wouldst with  
me?

What honor shalt thou have to quench my  
breath,

Or what shall my heart broken profit thee?

O Love, O great god Love, what have I  
done,

That thou shouldst linger so after my death? <sup>?</sup>  
My heart is harmless as my life's first day:

Seek out some false fair woman, and plague  
her

Till her tears even as my tears fill her bed:  
I am the least flower in thy flowery way,  
But till my time be come that I be dead  
Let me live out my flower-time in the sun  
Though my leaves shut before the sunflower.

O Love, Love, Love, the kingly sunflower!  
Shall he the sun hath looked on look on me,  
That live down here in shade, out of the sun,  
Here living in the sorrow and shadow of  
death?

Shall he that feeds his heart full of the day  
Care to give mine eyes light, or my lips  
breath?

Because she loves him shall my lord love her  
Who is as a worm in my lord's kingly way?  
I shall not see him or know him alive or  
dead;

But thou, I know thee, O Love, and pray to  
thee

That in brief while my brief life-days be done,  
And the worm quickly make my marriage-  
bed.

For under ground there is no sleepless bed:  
But in the sun I have I met sunflower  
These eyes have slept not seeing all night  
at day.

If I had my eyes, and face fronting the sun,  
Wherever I were anywhere be any death,  
I would in the mid and not I him fast to me,  
That I may sleep with the world's eldest  
dead.

With her that died seven centuries since, and  
her

That I went last night down the night-wander-  
ing way.

For this is sleep indeed, when labor is done,  
With no low, without dreams, and without  
breath.

And without thought, O name unnamed I call  
thee.

Ah, but, forgetting all things, shall I thee?  
Wilt thou not be as now about my bed,  
There unright and as here before the sun?  
Shall not thy vision vex me alive and dead,  
Thy moving vision without form or breath?  
I read long since the bitter tale of her  
Who read the tale of Launcelot on a day,  
And died, and had no quiet after death,  
But was moved ever along a weary way,  
Lost with her love in the underworld; ah me,  
O my king, O my lordly sunflower,  
Would God to me too such a thing were done!

But if such sweet and bitter things be done,  
Then, flaking from life, I shall not fly from thee.  
For in that living world without a sun  
Thy vision will lay hold upon me dead,  
And meet and mock me, and mar my peace  
in death.

Yet if being wroth God had such pity on her,  
Who was a sinner and foolish in her day,  
That even in hell they twain should breathe  
one breath.

Why should I be not in some wise pity me?  
So if I sleep not in my soft strait bed  
I may look up and see my sunflower  
As he the sun, in some divine strange way.

O pour my heart, well knowest thou in what  
way

This sore sweet evil unto us was done.  
For on a holy and a heavy day  
I was arisen out of my still small bed  
To see the knights that, and one said to me  
"Thou king," and seeing him, somewhat stop-  
ped my breath,

And if the girl spake more, I heard not her,

For only I saw what I shall see when dead,  
A kingly flower of knights, a sunflower,  
That shown against the sun, gat like the sun,  
And I for a fire, O heit, consuming thee,  
The me of love that fights the pyre of death.

Howbeit I shall not die an evil death  
Who have loved in such a sad and sinless  
way.

That is my love, lord, was no shame to thee,  
So when mine eyes are shut against the sun,  
Or my soul's sun, O the world's sunflower.

For nor no man will quite despise me dead,  
And dying I pray with all my low last breath  
That thy whole life may be as was that day,  
That feast-day that made troth-plight death  
and me,

Giving the world light of thy great deeds  
done ;

And that fair face brightening thy bridal bed,  
That God be good as God hath been to her.

That all things goodly and glad remain with  
her,

All things that make glad life and goodly  
death ;

That as a bee sucks from a sunflower  
Honey, when summer draws delighted breath,  
Her soul may drink of thy soul in like way,  
And love make life a fruitful marriage-bed

Where day may bring forth fruits of joy to  
day

And night to night till days and nights be  
dead.

And as she gives light of her love to thee,  
Give thou to her the old glory of days long  
done ;

And either give some heat of light to me,  
To warm me where I sleep without the sun.

O sunflower made drunken with the sun,  
O knight whose lady's heart draws thine to  
her,

Great king, glad lover, I have a word to thee,  
There is a weed lives out of the sun's way,  
Hid from the heat deep in the meadow's bed,  
That swoons an' whitens at the wind's least  
breath,

A flower star-shaped, that all a summer day  
Will gaze her soul out on the sunflower  
For very love till twilight finds her dead,  
I at the great sunflower heeds not her poor  
death,

Knows not when all her loving life is done ;  
And so much knows my lord the king of me.

Aye, all day long he has no eye for me ;  
With golden eye following the golden sun

From rose-colored to purple-pillowed bed,  
From birthplace to the flame-lit place of  
death,

From eastern end to western of his way.  
So mine eye follows thee, my sunflower,  
So the white star-flower turns and yearns to  
thee,

The sick weak weed, not well alive or dead,  
Trod underfoot if any pass by her,  
Pale, without color of summer or summer  
breath

In the shrunk shuddering petals, that have  
done

No work but love, and die before the day.

But thou, to-day, to-morrow, and every day,  
Be glad and great, O love whose love slays  
me.

Thy fervent flower made fruitful from the sun  
Shall drop its golden seed in the world's way,  
That all men thereof nourished shall praise  
thee

For grain and flower and fruit of works well  
done ;

Till thy shed seed, O shining sunflower,  
Bring forth such growth of the world's garden-  
bed

As like the sun shall outlive age and death.  
And yet I would thine heart had heed of her  
Who loves thee alive ; but not till she be  
dead.

Come, Love, then, quickly, and take her ut-  
most breath.

Song, speak for me who am dumb as are the  
dead ;

From my sad bed of tears I send forth thee,  
To fly all day from sun's birth to sun's death  
Down the sun's way after the flying sun,  
For love of her that gave thee wings and  
breath

Ere day be done, to seek the sunflower.

FOR THE FEAST OF GIORDANO  
BRUNO,

PHILOSOPHER AND MARTYR.

I.

SON of the lightning and the light that glows  
Beyond the lightning's or the morning's  
light,  
Soul splendid with all-righteous love of  
right,  
In whose keen fire all hopes and fears and  
woes

Were clean consumed, and from their ashes  
 rose  
 Transfigured, and intolerable to sight  
 Save of purged eyes whose lids had cast  
 off night,  
 In love's and wisdom's likeness when they  
 close,  
 Embracing, and between them truth stands  
 fast,  
 Embraced of either; thou whose feet  
 were set  
 On English earth while this was England  
 yet,  
 Our friend that art, our Sidney's friend that  
 wast,  
 Heart harder found and higher than all men's  
 past,  
 Shall we not praise thee though thine  
 own forget?

## II.

Lift up thy light on us and on thine own,  
 O soul whose spirit on earth was as a  
 rod  
 To scourge off priests, a sword to pierce  
 their God,  
 A staff for man's free thought to walk alone,  
 A lamp to lead him far from shrine and throne  
 On ways untrodden where his fathers  
 trod  
 Ere earth's heart withered at a high  
 priest's nod  
 And all men's mouths that made not prayer  
 made moan,  
 From bonds and torments and the ravening  
 flame  
 Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet  
 Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,  
 And walk with him apart till Shelley came  
 To make the heaven of heavens more  
 heavenly sweet  
 And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

## AVE ATQUE VALE.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs;  
 Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs,  
 Et quand O tobre souffle, émondeur des vieux arbres,  
 Son vent mélancolique a l'entour de leurs marbres,  
 Certes, ils doivent trouver les vivants bien ingrats.  
*Les Fleurs du Mal.*

## I.

SHALL I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,  
 Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?

Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,  
 Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel,  
 Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,  
 Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?  
 Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,  
 Half-faded fiery blossoms, pale with heat  
 And furi of bitter summer, but more sweet  
 To thee than gleamings of a northern shore  
 Trod by no tropic feet?

## II.

For always thee the feivid languid glories  
 Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;  
 Thine ears knew all the wandering watery  
 sighs  
 Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promon-  
 tories,  
 The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave  
 That knows not where is that Leneadian  
 grave  
 Which hides too deep the supreme head of  
 song.  
 Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,  
 The wild sea winds her and the green  
 gulfs bear  
 Hither and thither, and vex and work her  
 wrong,  
 Blind gods that cannot spare.

## III.

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season,  
 brother,  
 Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:  
 Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poison-  
 ous,  
 Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other  
 Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in  
 clime;  
 The hidden harvest of luxurious time,  
 Sin without shape, and pleasure without  
 speech;  
 And where strange dreams in a tumultu-  
 ous sleep  
 Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits  
 weep;  
 And with each face thou sawest the shadow on  
 each,  
 Seeing as men sow men reap.

## IV.

O sleepless heart and sombre soul unsleeping,  
 That were athirst for sleep and no more  
 life  
 And no more love, for peace and no more  
 strife!  
 Now the dim gods of death have in their  
 keeping

Spirit and body and all the springs of  
song.

Is it well now where love can do no  
wrong,  
Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang  
Behind the unopening closure of her lips?  
Is it not well where soul from body slips  
And flesh from bone divides without a pang  
As dew from flower-bell drips?

v.

It is enough; the end and the beginning  
Are one thing to thee, who art past the  
end.

O hand unclasped of unbeholden friend,  
For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for  
winning,

No triumph and no labor and no lust,  
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.  
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith nought,  
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night  
With obscure finger silences your sight,  
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks  
thought,

Sleep, and have sleep for light.

vi.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves  
are over,

Dreams and desires and sombre songs  
and sweet,

Hast thou found place at the great knees  
and feet

Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,  
Such as thy vision here solicited.

Under the shadow of her fair vast head,

The deep division of prodigious breasts,  
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,

The weight of awful tresses that still keep  
The savor and shade of old-world pine-forests

Where the wet hill-winds weep?

vii.

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?

O gardener of strange flowers, what bud,  
what bloom,

Hast thou found dawn, what gathered in  
the gloom?

What of despair, of rapture, of derision,

What of life is there, what of ill or good?

Are the fruits gray like dust or bright like  
blood?

Does the dim ground grow any seed of  
the

The faint fields quicken any terrene root,  
In low lands where the sun and moon are

mute

And all the stars keep silence? Are there  
flowers

At all, or any fruit?

viii.

Alas, but though my flying song flies after,  
O sweet strange elder singer, thy more  
fleet

Singing, and footprints of thy fleetest feet,  
Some dim derision of mysterious laughter

From the blind tongueless warders of the  
dead,

Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's  
veiled head,

Some little sound of unregarded tears

Wept by effaced unprofitable eyes,

And from pale mouths some cadence of  
dead sighs—

These only, these the nearkening spirit hears,  
Sees only such things rise.

ix.

Thou art far too far for wings of words to  
follow,

Far too far off for thought or any prayer.

What ails us with thee, who art wind and  
air?

What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?  
Yet with some fancy, yet with some  
desire,

Dreams pursue death as winds a flying  
fire,

Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.

Still, and more swift than they, the thin  
flames flies,

The low light fails us in elusive skies,

Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind  
Are still the eluded eyes.

x.

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,

Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad  
soul,

The shadow of thy swift spirit, this shut  
scroll

I lay my hand on, and not death est-anges

My spirit from communion of thy song—

These memories and these melodies that  
throng

Veiled porches of a Muse funeral—

These I salute, these touch, these clasp  
and fold

As though a hand were in my hand to  
hold,

Or through mine ears a mourning musical

Of many mourners rolled.

xi.

I among these, I also, in such station

As when the pyre was charred, and puffed  
the sods,



And offer'd them to gods, and their  
The old man's name is not  
I stand in awe, and  
Do not cry out, and  
and shed  
Offering to the gods, the  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and

XII.

I lay not and not any treasure  
Not like the boy lying by  
The stone that made  
The most and the best of  
This is the best of  
But lying usward with  
The most his Muses that  
Weep, and our God's heart yearns.

XIII.

For, sparing of his sacred strength, not often  
Among us, finding here the Lord of light  
Makes music of his music and his might  
In our hearts, and in lips that soft  
Weep, the tone and heat of songs  
That lips indeed he touched with bitter  
And he mist of them, and I with bitter bread;  
Yet surely men's hand thy soul's food  
The man that scared thy spirit at his  
Who feeds our hearts with fame.

XIV.

There he lies now at thy soul's  
God of all men and things, he  
down

To my horse, with thy crown  
And I will cry out, and  
I will cry out, and  
Compassionate, with soul and sacred  
Mourns of his children, the  
And I will cry out, and  
Thine unclouded mouth and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and

XV.

And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and  
And I will cry out, and

XVI.

And now we shall break to  
And now we shall break to  
And now we shall break to  
And now we shall break to  
And now we shall break to

And now we shall break to  
And now we shall break to  
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And now we shall break to  
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month sorrow kept the  
 when keen rays vex  
 With light feet bims  
 through larkness and  
 sentha  
 ear,  
 Lost Love went weepin  
 a virgin's dew,  
 And for a wind that  
 note low  
 How shall the dew  
 dawn is  
 fled,  
 O wherefore should the May flower outlast  
 May?  
 The D  
 love, with  
 and  
 su  
 new and look upon  
 y dead,  
 P  
 at down the  
 eyes,  
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 show like a flower  
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 t, fast thou  
 s to  
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 he spake  
 with fleshly  
 lips  
 clear,  
 But soft as  
 sleep  
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 clear,  
 Behold, the  
 winter  
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 and  
 Fell,  
 and  
 fruits  
 broke  
 forth  
 year.  
 And upon  
 ea  
 was  
 largess,  
 And moving  
 music  
 winged  
 flight,  
 and  
 shapes  
 and  
 sounds  
 of  
 god,  
 heard  
 And day's  
 foot  
 set  
 upon  
 the  
 neck,  
 And with  
 such  
 a  
 song  
 the  
 flow  
 ways  
 were  
 stirred  
 As of a  
 god's  
 head  
 hidden  
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 a  
 bird,  
 Or as the  
 who  
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 the  
 sun  
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 spring,  
 Should find  
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 utterance  
 in  
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 flower-soft  
 word,  
 And all  
 the  
 reason  
 should  
 break  
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 and  
 sing  
 From one  
 flower's  
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 in  
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 rose  
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 ing;  
 Such  
 beauteous  
 and  
 light  
 of  
 song  
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MEMORIALS

AUTHOR

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And Love beholding knew not for the same,  
The shape that led him, nor in face nor name,  
For he was bright and great of thews and  
fair,  
And in Love's eyes he was not Death, but  
Fame.

Not that gray ghost whose life is empty and  
bare  
And his limbs moulded out of mortal air,  
A cloud or change that shifts into a shower  
And dies and leaves no light for time to wear:

But a god clothed with his own joy and power,  
A god re-risen out of his mortal hour  
Immortal, king and lord of time and space,  
With eyes that look on them as from a tower.

And where he stood the pale sepulchral place  
Bloomed, as new life might in a bloodless  
face,  
And where men sorrowing came to seek a  
tomb  
With funeral flowers and tears for grief and  
grace,

They shined with light as of a world in bloom  
The portal of the House of Fame illumed  
The ways of life wherein we toiling tread,  
And watched the darkness as a brand con-  
sume.

And through the gates where rule the death-  
less dead  
The sound of a new singer's soul was shed  
That sang among his kinsfolk, and a beam  
Shot from the star on a new ruler's head.

A new star lighting the Lethean stream,  
A new song mixed into the song supreme  
Made of all souls of singers and their  
might,  
That makes of life and time and death a  
dream.

Thy star, thy song, O soul that in our sight  
Wast as a sun that made for man's delight  
Flowers and all fruits in season, being so  
near  
The sun-god's face, our god that gives us  
light.

To him of all gods that we love or fear  
Thou among all men by thy name wast dear,  
Dear to the god that gives us spirit of song  
To bind and burn all hearts of men that hear.

The god that makes men's words too sweet  
and strong  
For life or time or death to do them wrong,  
Who sealed with his thy spirit for a sign  
And filled it with his breath thy whole life long.

Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine  
Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign  
vine,  
And with all love of all things loveliest  
Gave thy soul power to make them more  
divine.

That thou might'st breathe upon the breath-  
less rest  
Of marble, till the brows and lips and breast  
Felt fall from off them as a cancelled curse  
That speechless wherewith they lived opprest,

Who gave thee strength and heat of spirit to  
pierce  
All clouds of form and color that disperse,  
And leave the spirit of beauty to remould  
In types of clean chryselephantine verse.

Who gave thee words more golden than fine  
gold  
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old,  
And build thy songs up in the sight of time  
As statues set in godhead manifold:

In sight and scorn of temporal change and  
clime  
That meet the sun re-risen with fluent rhyme  
—As god to god might answer face to face—  
From lips whereon the morning strikes sublime.

Dear to the god, our god who gave thee place  
Among the chosen of days, the royal race,  
The lords of light, whose eyes of old and  
ears  
Saw even on earth and heard him for a space.

There are the souls of those once mortal years  
That wrought with fire of joy and light of  
tears  
In words divine as deeds that grew thereof  
Such music as he swoons with love who hears.

There are the lives that lighten from above  
Our under lives, the spherul souls that move  
Through the ancient heaven of song-illumined  
air  
Whence we that hear them singing die with  
love.

There all the crowned Hellenic heads, and  
there  
The old gods who made men godlike as they  
were,

The lyric lips wherefrom all songs take fire,  
Live eyes, and light of Apollonian hair.

There, round the sovereign passion of that lyre  
Which the stars hear and tremble with desire,  
The ninefold light Pierian is made one  
That here we see divided, and aspire,

Seeing, after this or that crown to be won;  
But where they hear the singing of the sun,  
All form, all sound, all color, and all thought  
Are as one body and soul in unison.

There the song sung shines as a picture  
wrought

The painted mouths sing that on earth say  
naught.

The carven limbs have sense of blood and  
growth  
And large-eyed life that seeks nor lacks not  
aught.

There all the music of thy living mouth  
Lives, and all lovers wrought of thine hand in  
youth

And bound about the breasts and brows  
with gold

And colored pale or dusk from north to south.

Fair living things made to thy will of old,  
Lean of thy lips, no births of mortal mould,  
That in the world of song about thee wait  
Where thought and truth are one and mani-  
fold.

Within the graven lintels of the gate  
That here divides our vision and our fate,  
The dreams we walk in and the truths of  
sleep.

All sense and spirit have life inseparate.

There what one thinks, in his to grasp and  
keep;

There are no dreams, but very joys to reap,  
No foiled desires that die before delight,  
No tears to see across our joys and weep.

There hast thou all thy will of thought and  
sight,

All hope for harvest, and all heaven for flight;  
The sunrise of whose golden-mouthed glad  
head

To paler songless ghosts was heat and light.

Here where the sunset of our year is red  
Men think of thee as of the summer dead,  
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,  
With unshod feet, with brows unchapeleted.

Couldst thou not wait till age had wound, they  
say,

Round those wreathed brows his soft white  
blossoms? Nay

Why shouldst thou vex thy soul with this  
harsh air,

Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its  
way?

Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to  
wear

The holy flower of gray time-hallowed hair;  
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,  
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair.

And hear we not thy words of molten gold  
Singing? or is their light and heat acold

Whereat men warmed their spirits? Nay,  
for all

These yet are with us, ours to hear and hold.

The lovely laughter, the clear tears, the call  
Of love to love on ways where shadows fall.

Through doors of dim division and disguise,  
And music made of doubts unmusical;

The love that caught strange light from death's  
own eyes,\*

And filled death's lips with fiery words and  
sighs,

And half asleep let feed from veins of his  
Her close red warm snake's mouth, Egyptian-  
wise:

And that great night of love more strange than  
this,†

When she that made the whole world's bale  
and bliss

Made king of the whole world's desire a  
slave,

And killed him in mid kingdom with a kiss;

Veiled loves that shifted shapes and shafts,  
and gave,‡

Laughing, strange gifts to hands that durst  
not crave,

Flowers double-blossomed, fruits of scent  
and hue

Sweet as the bride-bed, stranger than the  
grave;

\* *La Morte Amoureuse.*  
*Une Nuit de Cécopâtre.* † *Mademoiselle de Maupin.*

All joys and wonders of old lives and new  
That ever in love's shine or shadow grew,  
And all the grief whereof he dreams and  
grieves,  
And all sweet roots fed on his light and dew;

All these through thee our spirit of sense per-  
ceives,  
As threads in the unseen woof thy music  
weaves,  
Birds caught and snared that fill our ears  
with thee,  
Bay-blossoms in thy wreath of brow-bound  
leaves.

Mixed with the masque of death's old comedy  
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers,  
that we  
For all the flowers thou gav'st upon thee  
shed,  
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

Blue lorus-blooms and white and rosy-red  
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,  
And on this margin of the sundering sea  
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead.

## SONNET.

(WITH A COPY OF "MADMOISELLE DE  
MAUPIN.")

This is the golden book of spirit and sense,  
The holy writ of beauty: he that wrought  
Made it with dreams and faultless words  
and thought  
That seeks and finds and loses in the dense  
D'im air of life that beauty's excellence  
Wherewith love makes one hour of life  
de traught  
And all hours after follow and find not aught.  
Here is that height of all love's eminence  
Where man may breathe but for a breathing-  
space  
And feel his soul burn as an altar-fire  
To the unknown God of unachieved desire,  
And from the middle mystery of the place  
Watch bolts that break, hear sounds as of  
a quire,  
But see not twice unveiled the veiled God's  
face.

## AGE AND SONG.

(TO BARRY CORNWALL.)

## I.

In vain men tell us time can alter  
Old loves or make old memories falter,  
That with the old year the old year's life  
closes,  
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,  
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,  
The old summer rears the new-born roses.

## II.

Much more a Muse that bears upon her  
Raiment and wreath and flower of honor,  
Gathered long since and long since woven,  
Fades not or falls as fall the vernal  
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal,  
By summer or winter charred or cloven.

## III.

No time casts down, no time upraises,  
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,  
As need no grace of sun or shower,  
No saving screen from frost or thunder,  
To tend and house around and under  
The imperishable and fearless flower.

## IV.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,  
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations,  
Dead, but for one thing which survives—  
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,  
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,  
That lives in light above men's lives.

## IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

(OCTOBER 4, 1874.)

## I.

In the garden of death, where the singers  
whose names are deathless  
One with another make music unheard of  
men,  
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips  
long breathless,  
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not  
or change again,  
Who comes now crowned with the blossom  
of snow-white years?

What music is this that the world of the dead  
men hears?

II.

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips  
were honey,  
Whose name in our ears and our fathers'  
ears was sweet,  
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs  
made sunny,  
To the beautiful veiled bright world where  
the glad ghosts meet,  
Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and an-  
guish and rest,  
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more  
blest.

III.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were  
filled and brightened,  
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and  
the flower of his song ;  
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their  
ears were lightened,  
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered  
his name so long ;  
By the living and dead lips blest that have  
loved his name,  
And clothed with their praise and crowned  
with their love for fame.

IV.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers  
that close not,  
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold  
by night,  
As a thought in the heart shall increase when  
the heart's self knows not,  
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our  
eyes as a light ;  
Shall wax with the years that wane and the  
seasons' chime,  
As a white rose thornless that grows in the  
garden of time.

V.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with  
another,  
And men sit sad that were glad for their  
sweet song,\* sad  
The same year calls, and elder with  
younger brother,  
Takes mutely from his hand that  
we all shall

\* Sydney Dobell died August 22, 1874.

They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows  
be come ;  
And the birds are loud, but the lips that out-  
sang them dumb.

VI.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair  
names and famous,  
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet  
bosom of death ;  
But the flower of their souls he shall take not  
away to shame us,  
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now  
lack breath.  
For with us shall the music and perfume  
that die not dwell,  
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome,  
and we farewell.

EPICEDE.

(James Lorimer Graham died at Florence, April 30,  
1876.)

LIFE may give for love to death  
Little ; what are life's gifts worth  
To the dead wrapt round with earth ?  
Yet from lips of living breath  
Sighs or words we are fain to give,  
All that yet, while yet we live,  
Life may give for love to death.

Dead so long before his day,  
Passed out of the Italian sun  
To the dark where all is done  
Fallen upon the verge of May ;  
Here at life's and April's end  
How should song salute my friend  
Dead so long before his day ?

Not a kindlier life or sweeter  
Time, that lights and quenches men,  
Now may quench or light again,  
Mingling with the mystic metre  
Woven of all men's lives with his  
Not a clearer note than this,  
Not a kindlier life or sweeter.

In this heavenliest part of earth  
He that living loved the light,  
Light and song, may rest aright,  
One in death, if strange in birth,

With the deathless dead that make  
Life the lovelier for their sake  
In this heavenliest part of earth.

Light, and song, and sleep at last—  
Struggling hands, and suppliant knees  
Get no gooder gift than these.  
Song that holds remembrance fast  
Light that lights us death, attend  
Round their graves who have to friend  
Light, and song, and sleep at last.

#### TO VICTOR HUGO.

He had no children, who for love of men,  
Being God, endured of Gods such things  
as thou,  
Father: nor on his thunder-beaten brow  
Fell such a woe as bows thine head again,  
Twice bowed before, though godlike, in man's  
ken,  
And seen too high for any stroke to bow  
Save this of some strange God's that bends  
it now  
The third time with such weight as bruised it  
then.  
Fain would grief speak, fain utter for love's  
sake  
Some word; but comfort who might bid thee  
take?  
What God in your own tongue shall talk  
with thee,  
Showing how all souls that look upon the  
sun  
Shall be for thee one spirit and thy son,  
And thy soul's child the soul of man to be?

January 3, 1876.

#### INFERIAE.

SPRING, and the light and sound of things on  
earth  
Requickening, all within our green sea's  
girth:  
A time of passage or a time of birth  
Fourscore years since as this year, first and  
last.

The sun is all about the world we see,  
The breath and strength of very spring; and  
we

Live, love, and feed on our own hearts; but  
he  
Whose heart fed mine has passed into the  
past.

Past, all things born with sense and blood  
and breath;  
The flesh hears no ght that now the spirit  
saith,

If death be like as birth and birth as death,  
The first was fair—more fair should be the  
last.

Fourscore years since, and come but one  
month more

The count were perfect of his moral score  
Whose sail went seaward yesterday from shore  
To cross the last of many an unsailed sea.

Light, love and labor up to life's last height,  
These three were stars unsetting in his sight  
Even as the sun is life and heat and light  
And sets not nor is dark when dark are we.

The life, the spirit, and the work were one  
That here—ah, who shall say, that here are  
done

Nor I, that know not; father, not thy son,  
For all the darkness of the night and sea.

#### A BIRTH-SONG.

For Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti, born September  
20, 1875.)

OUT of the dark sweet sleep  
Where no dreams laugh or weep  
Borne through bright gates of birth  
Into the dim sweet light  
Where day still dreams of night  
While heaven takes form on earth,  
White rose of spirit and flesh, and lily of love,  
What note of song have we  
Fit for the birds and thee,  
Fair nestling couched beneath the mother-  
dove?

Nay, in some more divine  
Small speechless song of thine  
Some news too good for words  
Heart-hushed and smiling, we  
Might hope to have of thee,  
The youngest of God's birds,  
If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,  
If ours might understand  
The language of thy land,

Ere thine become the tongue of mortal  
hours:

Ere thy lips learn too soon  
Their soft first human tune,  
Sweet, but less sweet than now,  
And thy raised eyes to read  
Glad and good things indeed,  
But none so sweet as thou:  
Ere thought lift up their flower-soft lids to see  
What life and love on earth  
Bring thee for gifts at birth,  
But none so good as thine who hast given us  
thee:

Now, ere thy sense forget  
The heaven that fills it yet,  
Now, sleeping or awake,  
If thou couldst tell, or we  
Ask and be heard of thee,  
For love's undying sake,  
From thy dumb lips divine and bright mute  
speech  
Such news might touch our ear  
That then would burn to hear  
Too high a message now for man's to reach.

Ere the gold hair of corn  
Had withered wast thou born,  
To make the good time glad;  
The time that but last year  
Fell colder than a tear  
On hearts and hopes turned sad.  
High hopes and hearts quickening in thy  
dawn,

Even theirs whose life-springs, child,  
Filled thine with life and smiled,  
But then wept blood for half their own with-  
drawn.\*

If death and birth be one,  
And set with rise of sun,  
And truth with dreams divine,  
Some word might come with thee  
From over the still sea  
Deep hid in shade or shine,  
Crossed by the crossing sails of death and birth,  
Word of some sweet new thing  
Fit for such lips to bring,  
Some word of love, some afterthought of  
earth.

If love be strong as death,  
By what so natural breath  
As thine could this be said?  
By what so lovely way

\* Oliver Maxod Brown died November 5, 1874, in his twentieth year.

Could love send word to say  
He lives and is not dead?  
Such word alone were fit for only thee,  
If his and thine have met  
Where spirits rise and set,  
His whom we see not, thine whom scarce we  
see:

His there new-born, as thou  
New-born among us now:  
His, here so fruitful-souled,  
Now veiled and silent here,  
Now dumb as thou last year,  
A ghost of one year old:  
If lights that change their sphere in changing  
meet,  
Some ray might his not give  
To thine who wast to live,  
And make thy present with his past life  
sweet?

Let dreams that laugh or weep,  
All glad and sad dreams, sleep;  
Truth more than dreams is dear.  
Let thoughts that change and fly,  
Sweet thoughts and swift, go by;  
More than all thought is here.  
More than all hope can forge or memory  
feign  
The life that in our eyes,  
Made out of love's life, lies,  
And flower-like fed with love for sun and rain.

Twice royal in its root  
The sweet small olive-shoot  
Here set in sacred earth;  
Twice dowered with glorious grace  
From either heaven-born race  
First blended in its birth;  
Fair God or Genius of so fair an hour  
For love of either name  
Twice crowned, with love and fame,  
Guard and be gracious to the fair-named  
flower.

EX-VOTO.

WHEN their last hour shall rise  
Pale on these mortal eyes,  
Herself like one that dies,  
And kiss me dying  
The cold last kiss, and fold  
Close round my limbs her cold  
Soft shade as rain: it roiled  
And leave them lying.



If aught my soul would say  
Might move to hear me pray  
The birth-god of my day  
That he might hearken,  
This grace my heart should crave,  
To find no landward grave  
That worldly springs make brave,  
World's winters darken,

Nor grow through gradual hours  
The cold blind seed of flowers  
Made by new beams and showers  
From limbs that moulder,  
Nor take my part with earth,  
But find for death's new birth  
A bed of larger girth,  
More chaste and colder.

Not earth's for spring and fall,  
Not earth's at heart, not all  
Earth's making, though men call  
Earth only mother,  
Not hers at heart she bare  
Me, but thy child, O fair  
Sea, and thy brother's care,  
The wind thy brother.  
Yours was I born, and ye,  
The sea-wind and the sea,  
Made all my soul in me  
A song forever,  
A harp to string and smite  
For love's sake of the bright  
Wind and the sea's delight,  
To fail them never:

Not while on this side death  
I hear what either saith  
And drink of either's breath  
With heart's thanksgiving  
That in my veins like wine  
Some sharp salt blood of thine,  
Some springtide pulse of brine  
Yet leaps up living.

When thy salt lips wellnigh  
Soaked in my mouth's last sigh,  
Gudged I so much to die  
This death as others?  
Was it no ease to think  
The chalice from whose brink  
Fate gave me death to drink  
Was thine,—my mother's?

Thee too, the all-fostering earth,  
Fair as thy fairest birth,  
More than thy worthiest worth,  
We call, we know thee,

More sweet and just and dread  
Than live men highest of head  
Or even thy holiest dead  
Laid low below thee.

The sunbeam on the sheaf,  
The dewfall on the leaf,  
All joy, all grace, all grief,  
Are thine for giving;  
Of thee our loves are born,  
Our lives and loves, that mourn  
And triumph; tares with corn,  
Dead seed with living:

All good and ill things done  
In eyeshot of the sun  
Last in thee made one  
Rest well contented;  
All words of all man's breath  
And works he doth or saith,  
All wholly done to death,  
None long lamented.

A slave to sons of thee,  
Thou, seeming, yet art free;  
But who shall make the sea  
Serve even in seeming?  
What plough shall bid it bear  
Seed to the sun and the air,  
Fruit for thy strong sons' fare,  
Fresh wine's foam streaming?

What oldworld son of thine,  
Made drunk with death as wine,  
Hath drunk the bright sea's brine  
With lips of laughter?  
Thy blood they drink: but he  
Who hath drunken of the sea  
Once deeper than of thee  
Shall drink not after.

Of thee thy sons of men  
Drink deep, and thirst again;  
For wine in feasts, and then  
In fields for slaughter;  
But thirst shall touch not him  
Who hath felt with sense grown dim  
Rise, covering lip and limb,  
The wan sea's water.

All fire of thirst that aches  
The salt sea cools and slakes  
More than all springs or lakes,  
Freshets or shallows;  
Wells where no beam can burn  
Through fracture of the fern  
That hides from hart and henn  
The haunt it hallows.

Peace with all graves on earth  
 For death or sleep or birth  
 Be alway, one in worth  
 One with another;  
 But when my time shall be,  
 O mother, O my sea,  
 Alive or dead, take me,  
 Me too, my mother.

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I HID my heart in a nest of roses,  
 Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;  
 In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,  
 Under the roses I hid my heart.  
 Why would it sleep not? why should it  
 start,

When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?  
 What made sleep flutter his wings and part?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,  
 And mid leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;  
 Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,  
 And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.  
 Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's  
 wound smart?

Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?  
 What bid's the lids of thy sleep dispart?  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,  
 It never was writ in the traveller's chart,  
 And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows  
 is,

It never was sold in the merchant's mart,  
 The swallows of dreams through its dim  
 fields dart,

And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops  
 heard;

No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

FNVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,  
 To sleep for a season and hear no word  
 Of true love's truth or of light love's art,  
 Only the song of a secret bird.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A SEA that heaves with horror of the night,  
 As madened by the moon that hangs  
 aghast

With strain and torment of the ravening  
 blast,  
 Haggard as hell, a bleak blind bloody light;  
 No shore but one red reef of rock in sight,  
 Whereon the waifs of many a wreck were  
 cast  
 And shattered in the fierce nights over-  
 past  
 Wherein more souls toward hell than heaven  
 took flight;  
 And 'twixt the shark-toothed rocks  
 swallowing shoals  
 A cry as out of hell from all these souls  
 Sent through the sheer gorge of the  
 slaughtering sea,  
 Whose thousand throats, full-fed with life by  
 death,  
 Fill the black air with foam and furious  
 breath;  
 And over all these one star—Chastity.

A BALLAD OF FRANCOIS VILLON,

PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS.

BIRD of the bitter bright gray golden morn  
 Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous  
 years,

First of us all and sweetest singer born  
 Whose far shrill note the world of new men  
 hears

Cleave the cold shuddering shade as  
 twilight clears;

When song new-born put off the old world's  
 attire

And felt its tune on her changed lips expire,  
 Writ foremost on the roll of them that came

Fresh girt for service of the latter lyte,  
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
 name!

Alas the joy, the sorrow and the scorn,  
 That clothed thy life with hopes and sins  
 and fears,

And gave thee stones for bread and tares for  
 corn

And plume-plucked jail-birds for thy  
 starveling peers

Till death clipt close their flight with shame-  
 ful shears;

Till shifts came short and loves were hard to  
 hite,

When ill of song nor twitch of twangling  
 w re

Could buy thee bread or kisses; when light  
 fame

Spurned like a ball and baled through brake  
and briar,  
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name!

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and  
torn!

Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light  
quick tears!

Poor perfect voice, most blithe when most  
felloren,

That rings athwart the sea whence no man  
steers

Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in  
our ears!

What far delight has cooled the fierce desire  
That like some ravenous bird was strong to  
tire

On that frail flesh and soul consumed with  
flame,

But left more sweet than roses to respire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name?

ENVOI.

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and  
fire,

A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire :

Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled  
thy shame.

But from thy feet now death has washed the  
mire,

Love reads our first at head of all our quire,  
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's  
name.

PASTICHE.

Now the days are all gone over  
Of our singing, love by lover.  
Days of summer-colored seas  
Blown adrift, through beam and breeze.

Now the nights are all past over  
Of our dreaming, dreams that hover  
In a mist of fair false things,  
Nights afloat on wide wan wings.

Now the loves with faith for mother,  
Now the fears which hope for brother,  
Scarce are with us as strange words,  
Notes from songs of last year's birds.

Now all good that comes or goes is  
As the smell of last year's roses,  
As the radiance in our eyes  
Shot from summer's ere he dies.

Now the morning faintlier risen  
Seems no God come forth of prison,  
But a bird of plume-plucked wing,  
Pale with thoughts of evening.

Now hath hope, outraced in running  
Given the touch up of his cunning  
And the palm he thought to wear  
Even to his own strong child—despair,

BEFORE SUNSET.

In the lower lands of day  
On the hither side of night,  
There is nothing that will stay.  
There are all things soft to sight;  
Lighted shade and shadowy light  
In the wayside and the way.  
Hours the sun has spared to smite,  
Flowers the rain has left to play.

Shall these hours run down and say  
No good thing of thee and me?  
Time that made us and will slay  
Laughs at love in me and thee;  
But if here the flowers may see  
One whole hour of amorous breath,  
Time shall die, and love shall be  
Lord as time was over death.

SONG.

LOVE laid his sleepless head  
On a thorny rosy bed;  
And his eyes with tears were red,  
And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn  
Kept watch by his head forlorn.  
Till the night was overworn  
And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day  
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,  
And the watchers ghostly and gray  
Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,  
And his lips waved ruddy as light:  
Sorrow may reign for a night,  
But day shall bring back delight.

A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER.

I.

OTENDER time that love thinks long to see,  
Sweet foot of spring that with her footfall  
sows  
Late snowlike flowery leavings of the  
snows,  
Be not too long irresolute to be;  
O mother-month, where have they hidden  
thee?  
Out of the pale time of the flowerless rose  
I reach my heart out toward the springtime  
lands,  
I stretch my spirit forth to the fair hours,  
The purplest of the prime;  
I lean my soul down over them, with hands  
Made wide to take the ghostly growths of  
flowers;  
I send my love back to the lovely time.

II.

Where has the greenwood hid thy gracious  
head?  
Veiled with what visions while the gray  
world grieves,  
Or muffled with what shadows of green  
leaves,  
What warm intangible green shadows spread  
To sweeten the sweet twilight for thy bed?  
What sleep enchants thee? what delight  
deceives?  
Where the deep dreamlike dew before the  
dawn  
Feels not the fingers of the sunlight yet  
Its silver web unweave,  
Thy footless ghost on some unfooted lawn  
Whose air the unrisen sunbeams fear to  
fret  
Lives a ghost's life of daylong dawn  
and eve.

III.

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,  
Large nightfall, nor imperial plenilune,  
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted  
noon,  
But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,  
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,  
Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown  
moon:  
Hard overhead the half-lit crescent swims,  
The tender-colored night draws hardly  
breath,

The light is listening;  
They watch the dawn of slender-shapen limbs,  
Virginal, born again of doubtful death,  
Chill foster-father of the weanling  
spring.

IV.

As sweet desire of day before the day,  
As dreams of love before the true love born  
From the outer edge of winter overworn  
The ghost arisen of May before the May  
Takes through dim air her unawakened way,  
The gracious ghost of morning risen ere  
morn,  
With little unblown breasts and child-eyed  
looks  
Following, the very maid, the girl-child  
spring,  
Lifts windward her bright brows,  
Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,  
And kindles with her own mouth's coloring  
The fearful firstlings of the plumeless  
boughs.

V.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,  
Fair face that art not, how thy maiden  
breath  
Shall put at last the deadly days to death  
And fill the fields and fire the woods with thee  
And seaward hollows where my feet would be  
When heaven shall hear the word that  
April saith  
To change the cold heart of the weary time,  
To stir and soften all the time to tears,  
Tears joyfuller than mirth;  
As even to May's clear height the young days  
climb  
With feet not swifter than those fair first  
years  
Whose flowers revive not with thy  
flowers on earth.

VI.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give  
back  
One good thing youth has given and borne  
away;  
I crave not any comfort of the day  
That is not, nor on time's retrodden track  
Would turn to meet the white-robed hours  
or black  
That long since left me on their mortal way;  
Nor light nor love that has been, nor the  
breath

That comes with the morning from the sun  
to be  
And sets light hope on fire ;  
No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for  
death,  
No flower nor leaf once fallen from life's  
green tree,  
Nor fruit once plucked or once fulfilled  
desire.

## VII.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled  
With twilight through the moodless moun-  
tain air,  
While youth with burning lips and wreath-  
less hair  
Sang toward the sun that was to crown his  
head,  
Rising ; the hopes that triumphed and fell  
dead,  
The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours  
that were ;  
These may'st thou not give back forever ;  
these,  
As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie  
waste,  
Lie deeper than the sea ;  
But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and  
hours of ease,  
And all its April to the world thou may'st  
Give back, and half my April back to  
me.

## CHORIAMBICS.

Love, what ailed thee to leave life that was  
made lovely, we thought, with love ?  
What sweet visions of sleep lure'd thee away,  
down from the light above ?  
What strange faces of dreams, voices that  
called, hands that were raised to wave,  
Lure'd or led thee, alas, out of the sun, down  
to the sunless grave ?  
Ah, thy luminous eyes ! once was their light  
fed with the fire of day ;  
Now their shadow lids cover them close,  
hush them and hide away.  
Ah, thy snow-colored hands ! once were they  
chafins, mighty to bind me fast ;  
Now no blood in them burns, mindless of  
love, senseless of passion past.

Ah, thy beautiful hair ! so was it once braided  
for me, for me ;  
Now for death is it crowned, only for death,  
lover and lord of thee.

Sweet, the kisses of death set on thy lips,  
colder are they than mine ;  
Colder surely than past kisses that love  
poured for thy lips as wine.

Lo'st thou death ? is his face fairer than  
love's, brighter to look upon ?  
Seest thou light in his eyes, light by which  
love's paces and is overshone ?

Lo, the roses of death, gray as the dust, chiller  
of life than snow !  
Why let fall from thy hand love's that were  
thine, roses that loved thee so ?

Large red lilies of love, sceptral and tall,  
lovely for eyes to see ;  
Thornless blossom of love, full of the sun,  
nits that were reared for thee.

Now death's poppies alone circle thy hair,  
girdle thy breasts as white ;  
Bloodless blossoms of death, leaves that have  
sprung never against the light.

Nay then, sleep if thou wilt ; love is content ;  
what should he do to weep ?  
Sweet was love to thee once ; now in thine  
eyes sweeter than love is sleep.

## AT PARTING.

For a day and a night Love sang to us,  
played with us,  
Folded us round from the dark and the  
light ;  
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he  
made with us,  
Made with our hearts and our lips while he  
stayed with us,  
Staved in mid passage his pinions from  
flight  
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings  
had he hidden us,  
Covered us close from the eyes that would  
snite,  
From the feet that had tracked and the  
tongues that had chidden us

Smothering in shade of the myrtles forbid  
 us  
 Spirit and flesh growing one with delight  
 For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will  
 not stay for us;  
 Morning is here in the joy of its night:  
 With his breath has he sweetened a night  
 and a day for us;  
 Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way  
 for us;  
 Love can but last in us here at his height  
 For a day and a night.

A SONG IN SEASON.

I.

Thou whose beauty  
 Knows no duty  
 Due to love that moves thee never;  
 Thou whose mercies  
 Are men's curses,  
 And thy smile a scourge forever:

II.

Thou that givest  
 Death and livest  
 On the death of thy sweet giving;  
 Thou that sparest  
 Not nor carest  
 Though thy scorn leave no love living:

III.

Thou whose rootless  
 Flower is fruitless  
 As the pride its heart encloses,  
 But thine eyes are  
 As May skies are,  
 And thy words like spoken roses:

IV.

Thou whose grace is  
 In men's faces  
 Fierce and wayward as thy will is;  
 Thou whose peerless  
 Eyes are tearless,  
 And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies;

V.

Thou that takest  
 Hearts and makest  
 Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,

Whom the swallow  
 Sure should follow  
 Leading summer where we find thee;

VI.

Thou that wakest  
 Hearts and breakest,  
 And thy broken hearts forgive thee,  
 That wilt make no  
 Pause and take no  
 Part that love for love might give thee.

VII.

Thou that bindest  
 Eyes and blindest,  
 Serving worst who served thee longest;  
 Thou that speakest,  
 And the weakest  
 Heart is his that was the strongest;

VIII.

Take in season  
 Thought with reason;  
 Think what gifts are ours for giving;  
 Hear what beauty  
 Owes of duty  
 To the love that keeps it living.

IX.

Dust that covers  
 Long dead lovers  
 Song blows off with breath that brightens;  
 At its flashes  
 Their white ashes  
 Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

X.

Had they bent not  
 Head or lent not  
 Ear to love and amorous duties,  
 Song had never  
 Saved forever,  
 Love, the least of all their beauties.

XI.

All the golden  
 Names of olden  
 Women yet by men's love cherished,  
 All our dearest  
 Thoughts hold nearest,  
 Had they loved not, all had perished.

## XIII.

If no fruit is  
Of thy beauties  
Tell me yet, since none may win them,  
What and wherefore  
Love should care for  
Of all good things hidden in them?

## XIV.

Pain for profit  
Gives us but of it,  
If the lips that line their lover's  
Hold no treasure  
Past the measure  
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

## XV.

If they give not  
Or forgive not  
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,  
Love that misses  
Fruit of kisses  
Long will bear no thankless burden.

## XV.

If they care not  
Though love were not,  
If no breath of his burn through them,  
Joy must borrow  
Song from sorrow,  
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

## XVI.

Grief has measures  
Soft as pleasure's,  
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,  
Songs to sing him,  
Dreams to bring him,  
And a red-rose bed to sleep in.

## XVII.

Hope with fearless  
Looks and tearless  
Lies and laughs too near the thunder;  
Fear hath sweeter  
Speech and meet  
For heart's love to hide him under.

## XVIII.

Joy by daytime  
Fills his playtime  
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in;

Night and morrow  
Weave round sorrow  
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide

## XIX.

Graceless faces,  
Loveless graces,  
And the notes in light that quicken,  
Sands that run down  
Ere the sundown,  
Rose-leaves dead ere autumn sicken.

## XX.

Fair and fruitless  
Charms are bootless  
Spells to ward off age's peril;  
Lips that give not  
Love shall live not,  
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

## XXI.

But the beauty  
Bound in duty  
Fast to love that falls off never  
Love shall cherish  
Lest it perish,  
And its roots bears fruit forever.

## TWO LEADERS.

Βάτε δόμον, μεγάλοι φιλοτιμοί  
Νυκτος παίδες άπαίδες υπ' εύφρονι πομπή.

## I.

O GREAT and wise, clear-souled and high of  
heart,  
One the last flower of Catholic love, that  
grows  
Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose,  
From the fierce juggling of the priests' low  
mart  
Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart  
From the blind hard foul rout whose shame-  
less shows  
Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no  
man knows  
With prayers and curses and the soothsayer's  
art;  
One like a storm-god of the northern foam  
Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and  
breaks the sea  
And thunders back its thunder, rhyme  
for rhyme  
Answering, as though to outroar the tides  
of time

And of the world's wave lack—hat  
 The world's wave lack—hat  
 The world's wave lack—hat  
 you home

II.

With all our hearts we praise you whom ye  
 hate,  
 High souls that hate us; for our hopes are  
 higher,  
 And higher than you's the goal of our de-  
 sire,  
 Though high your ends be as your hearts are  
 great,  
 Your world of Gods and kings, of shrine and  
 state,  
 Was of the night when hope and fear stood  
 nigher,  
 Wherein men walked by light of stars and  
 fire  
 All man by day stood equal with his fate,  
 Honor not hate we give you, love not fear,  
 Last prophets of past kind, who fill the  
 dome  
 Of great dead Gods with wrath and wail, nor  
 hear  
 Time's word as man's: 'Go honored  
 hence, go home,  
 Night's childless children; here your hour is  
 done;  
 Pass with the stars, and leave us with the  
 sun.'

VICTOR HUGO IN 1877.

'Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?'  
 Above the spring-tide sundawn of the year,  
 A sunlike star, not born of day or night,  
 Filled the fair heaven of spring with  
 heavenlier light,  
 A gleam of all ages orb'd in one sole sphere  
 whose light was as a Titan's smile or tear;  
 Then rose a ray more flowerlike, starry  
 white,  
 Like a child's eye grown lovelier with  
 delight,  
 Sweet as a child's heart-lightning laugh to  
 hear;  
 And last a fire from heaven, a fiery rain  
 As of God's wrath on the unclean cities,  
 fell  
 And lit the shuddering shades of half-  
 seen hell  
 That shrank before it and were cloven in  
 twain;

A beacon fired by lightning, whence all  
 time  
 Sees red the bare black ruins of a  
 ne.

CHILD'S SONG.

WHAT is gold worth, say,  
 Worth for work or play,  
 Worth to keep or pay,  
 Hide or throw away,  
 Hope about or fear?  
 What is love worth, pray?  
 Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould  
 Lie the dead leaves rolled  
 Of the wet woods old,  
 Yellow leaves and cold,  
 Woods without a dove;  
 Gold is worth but gold;  
 Love's worth love.

TRIADS.

I.

THE word of the sun to the sky,  
 The word of the wind to the sea,  
 The word of the moon to the night,  
 What may it be?

II.

THE flower of the fly,  
 The bird to the tree,  
 The cloud of the light,  
 Who can tell us?

III.

THE song of the fields to the kye,  
 The song of the lime to the  
 The song of the depth to the  
 Who knows all these?

II.

I.

THE message of April to May  
 That May sends on to June  
 And June gives out to July  
 Their birthday boon;



## II.

The delight of the dawn in the day,  
 The delight of the day in the noon,  
 The delight of a song in a sigh  
 That breaks the tune ;

## III.

The secret of passing away,  
 The cost of the change of the moon,  
 None knows it with ear or with eye,  
 But all will soon.

## III.

I.  
 The live wave's love for the shore,  
 The shore's for the wave as it dies,

The love of the thunder-fire  
 That sears the skies,

## II.

We shall know not though life wax hoar,  
 Till all life, spent into sighs,  
 Burn out as consumed with desire  
 Of death's strange eyes ;

## III.

Till the secret be secret no more  
 In the light of one hour as it flies,  
 Be the hour as of suns that expire  
 Or suns that rise.

FOUR SONGS OF FOUR SEASONS.

I. WINTER IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

I.

Outside the garden  
 The wet skies harden;  
 The gates are barred on  
 The summer side:  
 Shut out the flower-time,  
 'Sunbeam and shower-time;  
 Make way for our time,  
 Wild winds have cried.  
 Green once and cheery,  
 The woods, worn weary,  
 Sigh as the dreary  
 Weak sun goes home:  
 A great wind grapples  
 The wave, and dapples  
 The dead green floor of the sea with foam.

II.

Through fell and moorland,  
 And salt-sea foreland,  
 Our noisy norland  
 Resounds and rings;  
 Waste waves thereunder  
 Are blown in sunder,  
 And winds make thunder  
 With cloudwide wings;  
 Sea-drift makes dimmer  
 The beacon's glimmer;  
 Nor sail nor swimmer  
 Can try the tides;  
 And snowdrifts thicken  
 Where, when leaves quicken,  
 Under the heather the sundew hides.

III.

Green land and red land,  
 Moorside and headland,  
 Are white as dead land,  
 Are all as one;  
 Nor honied heather

Nor bells to gather,  
 Fair with fair weather  
 And faithful sun:  
 Fierce frost has eaten  
 All flowers that sweeten  
 The fells rain-beaten;  
 And winds their foes  
 Have made the snow's bed  
 Down in the rose-bed;  
 Deep in the snow's bed bury the rose.

IV.

Bury her deeper  
 Than any sleeper;  
 Sweet dreams will keep her  
 All day, all night;  
 Though sleep benumb her  
 And time o'ercome her,  
 She dreams of summer,  
 And takes delight,  
 Dreaming and sleeping  
 In love's good keeping,  
 While rain is weeping  
 And no leaves cling;  
 Winds will come bringing her  
 Comfort, and singing her  
 Stories and songs and good news of the spring.

V.

Draw the white curtain  
 Close, and be certain  
 She takes no hurt in  
 Her soft low bed;  
 She feels no colder,  
 And grows not older,  
 Though snows enfold her  
 From foot to head;  
 She turns not chilly  
 Like weed and lily  
 In marsh or hilly  
 High watershed,

Or green soft island  
In lakes of highland ;  
She sleeps awhile, and she is not dead.

## VI.

For all the hours,  
Come sun, come showers,  
Are friends of flowers,  
And fairies all ;  
When frost entrapped her,  
They came and lapped her  
In leaves, and wrapped her  
With shroud and pall ;  
In red leaves wound her,  
With dead leaves bound her  
Dead brows, and round her  
A death-knell rang ;  
Rang the death-bell for her,  
Sang 'is it well for her,  
Well, is it well with you rose ?' they sang.

## VII.

O what and where is  
The rose now, fairies,  
So shrill the air is,  
So wild the sky ?  
Poor last of roses,  
Her worst of woes is  
The noise she knows is  
The winter's cry ;  
His hunting holla  
Has scared the swallow ;  
Fain would she follow  
And fain would fly ;  
But wind unsettles  
Her poor last petals ;  
Had she but wings, and she would not die.

## VIII.

Come, as you love her,  
Come close and cover  
Her white face over,  
And forth again  
Ere sunset glances  
On foam that dances,  
Through lowering lances  
Of bright white rain ;  
And make your playtime  
Of winter's daytime  
As if the Maytime  
As if here to sing ;  
As if the snowballs

Were soft like blowballs,  
Blown in a mist from the stalk in the spring.

## IX.

Each reed that grows in  
Our stream is frozen,  
The fields it flows in  
Are hard and black ;  
The water-fairy  
Waits wise and wary  
Till time shall vary  
And thaws come back.  
'O sister, water,'  
The wind besought her,  
'O twin-born daughter  
Of spring with me,  
Stay with me, play with me,  
Take the warm way with me.  
Straight for the summer and oversea.'

## X.

But winds will vary,  
And wise and wary  
The patient fairy  
Of water waits ;  
All shrunk and wizen,  
In iron prison,  
Till spring re-risen  
Unbar the gates ;  
Till, as with clamor  
Of axe and hammer,  
Chained streams that stammer  
And struggle in straits  
Burst bonds that shiver,  
And thaws deliver  
The roaring river in stormy spates.

## XI.

In fierce March weather  
White waves break tether,  
And whirled together  
At either hand,  
Like weeds uplifted,  
The tree-trunks rifted  
In spars are drifted,  
Like foam or sand,  
Past swamp and sallow,  
And reed beds callow,  
Through pool and shallow,  
To win and lee,  
Till, no more tongue-tied,  
Full flood and young tide  
Roar down the rapids and storm the sea

XII.

As men's cheeks faded  
 On shores invaded,  
 When shorewards waded  
     The lords of fight ;  
 When churl and craven  
 Saw hard on haven  
 The wide-winged raven  
     At mainmast height ;  
 When monks affrighted  
 To windward sighted  
 The birds full-flighted  
     Of swift sea-kings ;  
 So earth turns paler  
 When Storm the sailor  
 Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.

XIII.

O strong sea-sailor,  
 Whose cheeks turn paler  
 For wind or hail or  
     For fear of thee ?  
 O far sea-farer,  
 O thunder-bearer,  
 Thy songs are rarer  
     Than soft songs be.  
 O fleet-foot stranger,  
 O north-sea ranger  
 Through days of danger  
     And ways of fear,  
 Blow thy horn here for us,  
 Blow the sky clear for us,  
 Send us the song of the sea to hear.

XIV.

Roll the strong stream of it  
 Up, till the scream of it  
 Wake from a dream of it  
     Children that sleep,  
 Seamen that fare for them  
 Forth, with a prayer for them ;  
 Shall not God care for them,

Angels not keep?  
 Spare not the surges  
 Thy stormy scourges ;  
 Spare us the dirges  
     Of wives that weep.  
 Turn back the waves for us :  
 Dig no fresh graves for us,  
 Wind, in the manifold gulfs of the deep.

XV.

O stout north-easter,  
 Sea-king, land-waster,  
 For all thine, haste, or  
     Thy stormy skill,  
 Yet hast thou never,  
 For all endeavor,  
 Strength to dis sever  
     Or strength to spill,  
 Save of his giving  
 Who gave our living,  
 Whose hands are weaving  
     What ours fulfill ;  
 Whose feet tread under  
 The storms and thunder ;  
 Who made our wonder to work his will.

XVI.

His years and hours,  
 His world's blind powers,  
 His stars and flowers,  
     His night and days,  
 Sea-tide and river,  
 And waves that shiver,  
 Praise God, the giver  
     Of tongues to praise.  
 Winds in their blowing,  
 And fruits in growing ;  
 Time in its going.  
     While time shall be ;  
 In death and living,  
 With one thanksgiving,  
 Praise him whose hand is the strength of the sea.

2. SPRING IN TUSCANY.

ROSE-RED lilies that bloom on the banner ;  
 Rose-checked gardens that revel in spring ;  
 Rose-mouthed acacias that laugh as they  
     climb,

Like plumes for a queen's hand fashioned to  
     fan her  
 With wind more soft than a wild dove's wing,  
 What do they sing in the spring of their time ?

If this be the rose that the world hears singing,  
 Soft in the soft night, loud in the day,  
 Songs for the fire-flies to dance as they  
 hear;  
 If that be the song of the nightingale, spring-  
 ing  
 Forth in the form of a rose in May,  
 What do they say of the way of the year?

What of the way of the world gone Maying,  
 What of the work of the buds in the bowers,  
 What of the will of the wind on the wall,  
 Fluttering the wall-flowers, sighing and playing,  
 Shrinking again as a bird that cowers,  
 Thinking of hours when the flowers have  
 to fall?

Out of the throats of the loud birds shower-  
 ing,  
 Out of the folds where the flag-lilies leap,  
 Out of the mouths of the roses stirred,  
 Out of the herbs on the walls reflowering,  
 Out of the heights where the sheer snows  
 sleep,  
 Out of the deep and the steep, one word.

One from the lips of the lily-flames leaping,  
 The glad red lilies that burn in our sight,  
 The great live lilies for standard and  
 crown;  
 One from the steeps where the pines stand  
 sleeping,  
 One from the deep land, one from the height,  
 One from the light and the might of the  
 town.

The lowlands laugh with delight of the high-  
 lands,  
 Whence May winds feed them with balm  
 and breath

From hills that beheld in the years behind  
 A shape as of one from the blest souls' islands,  
 Made fair by a soul too fair for death,  
 With eyes on the light that should smite  
 them blind.  
 Vallombrosa remotely remembers,  
 Perchance, what still to us seems so near,  
 That time not darkens it, change not man,  
 The foot that she knew when her leaves were  
 September's,  
 The face lift up to the star-blind seer,  
 That saw from his prison arisen his stars.

And Pisa broods on her dead, not mourning,  
 For love of her loveliness given them in fee;  
 And Prato gleams with the glad monk's  
 gift  
 Whose hand was there as the hand of morning;  
 And Siena, set in the sand's red sea,  
 Lifts loftier her head than the red sand's  
 drift.

And far to the fair south-westward lightens,  
 Girdled and sandalled and plumed with  
 flowers,  
 At sunset over the love-lit lands,  
 The hill-side's crown where the wild hill  
 brightens,  
 Saint Fina's town of the Beautiful Towers,  
 Hailing the sun with a hundred hands.

Land of us all that have loved thee dearest,  
 Mother of men that were lords of man,  
 Whose name in the world's heart works as  
 a spell,  
 My last song's light, and the star of mine earli-  
 est,  
 As we turn from thee, sweet, who wast ours  
 for a span,  
 Fare well we may not who say farewell.

## 3. SUMMER IN AUVERGNE.

THE sundawn fills the land  
 Full as a feaster's hand  
 Fills full with bloom of bland  
 Bright wine his cup;  
 Flows full to flood that fills  
 From the arch of air it thrills  
 Those rust-red iron hills  
 With morning up;

Dawn, as a janthor's springs,  
 With fierce and fire-fledged wings  
 Leaps on the land that rings  
 From her bright feet  
 Thro' all its lava-black  
 Cones that east answer back  
 And cliffs of footless track  
 Where thunders meet.

The light speaks wide and loud  
From deeps blown clean of cloud  
As tho' days' heart were proud  
And heaven's were glad;  
The towers brown-striped and grey  
Take fire from heaven of day  
As tho' the prayers they pray  
Their answers add.

Higher in these high first hours  
Wax all the keen church towers,  
And higher all hearts of ours  
Than the old hills' crown,  
Higher than the pillared height  
Of that strange cliff-side bright  
With basalt towers whose might  
Strong time bows down.

'Shut out the flower time  
Half sun's half shower time,  
Make way for our time.'

Wild winds have cried,  
What is love worth? nay,  
Tell me, dear.

And the old fierce ruin there  
Of the old wild princes' lair  
Whose blood in mine hath share  
Gapes gaunt and great  
Toward heaven that long ago  
Watched all the wan land's woe  
Whereon the wind would blow  
Of their bleak hate.

Dead are those deeds; but yet  
Their memory seems to fret  
Lands that might else forget  
That old world's brand;  
Dead all their sins and days;  
Yet in this red climes rays  
Some fiery memory stays  
That scars their land.

4. AUTUMN IN CORNWALL.

THE year lies fallen and faded  
On cliffs by clouds invaded,  
With tongues of storms upbraided,  
With wrath of waves bedinned;  
And inland, wild with warning,  
As in deaf ears or scorning  
The clarion even and morning  
Rings of the south-west wind.

The wild bents wane and wither  
In blasts whose breath bows hither  
Their grey-grown heads and thither,  
Unblest of rain or sun;  
The pale fierce heavens are crowded  
Wite shapes like dreams beclouded,  
As though the old year enshrouded  
Lay, long ere life were done.

Full-charged with old-world wonders,  
From dusk Tintagel thunders  
A note that smites and sunders  
The hard froze-fields of air;  
A trumpet stormier-sounded  
Than once from lists rebounded  
When strong men sense-confounded  
Fell thick in tourney there.

From scarce a duskier dwelling  
Such notes of wail rose welling  
Thro' the outer darkness, telling  
In the awful singer's ears  
What souls the darkness covers,  
What love-lost souls of lovers,  
Whose cry still hangs and hovers  
In each man's born that hears.

For there by Hector's brother  
And yet some thousand other  
He that had griet to mother  
Passed pale from Dante's sight;  
With one fast linked as fearless,  
Perchance, there only tearless;  
Iseult, and Tristram, peerless  
And perfect queen and knight.

A shrill-winged sound comes flying  
North, as of wild souls crying  
The cry of things undying,  
That know what life must be;  
Or as the old year's heart, stricken  
Too sore for hope to quicken  
By thoughts like thorns that thicken,  
Broke, breaking with the sea.

## THE WHITE CZAR.

[In an English magazine of 1877 there appeared a version of some insolent lines addressed by "A Russian Poet to the Empress of India." To these the first of the two following sonnets was designed to serve by way of counterblast. The writer will scarcely be suspected of royalism or imperialism. But it seemed to him that an insult levelled by Muscovite lips at the ruler of England might perhaps be less untidy than unofficially received by an Englishman who was also a republican.]

## I.

GENAVE by the hue that chills thy cheek  
 And Pilate by the hue that sears thine hand  
 When e'en all earth's waters cannot wash the  
 brand  
 That signs thy soul a manslayer's though thou  
 speak  
 All Christ, with lips most murderous and most  
 meek—  
 Thou'st thy foot where England's used to  
 stand!  
 Then reach thy rod forth over Indian land!  
 Slave of the slaves that call thee lord, and  
 weak  
 As their foul tongues who praise thee! son of  
 them  
 Whose presence put the snows and stars to  
 shame  
 In centuries dead and damned that reek be-  
 low  
 Curse-consecrated, crowned with crime and  
 flame,

To them that bare thee like them shalt  
 thou go  
 Forth of man's life—a leper white as snow.

## II.

Call for clear water, wash thine hand, be  
 clean,  
 Cry, *What is truth?* O Pilate; thou shalt  
 know  
 Haply too soon, and gnash thy teeth for  
 woe  
 Ere the outer darkness take thee round unseen  
 That hides the red ghosts of thy race obscene.  
 Bound nine times round with hell's most  
 dolorous flow  
 And in its pools thy crownless head lie low  
 By his of Spain who dared an English queen  
 With half a world to hearten him for fight,  
 Till the wind gave his warriors and their might  
 To shipwreck and the corpse encumbered  
 sea;  
 But thou, take heed, ere yet thy lips wax white,  
 Lest as it was with Philip so it be,  
 O white of name and red of hand, with thee.

## RIZPAH.

How many sons, how many generations,  
 For how long years hast thou bewept, and  
 known

Not end of torment nor surcease of moan,  
 Rachel or Rizpah, wefullest of nations,  
 Crowned with the crowning sign of desolation,

And couldst not even scare off with hand or  
groan  
Those carrion birds devouring bone by  
bone  
The children of thy thousand tribulations?  
Thou wast our warrior once; thy sons long  
dead

Against a foe less foul than this made head,  
Poland, in years that sound and shine afar;  
Ere the east beheld in thy bright sword-blade's  
stead  
The rotten corpse-light of the Russian star  
That lights towards hell his bondslaves and  
their Czar.

TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LIGHT of our fathers' eyes, and in our own  
Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy name,  
That on the front of noon was as a flame  
In the great year nigh twenty years ago  
When all the heavens of Europe shook and  
shone  
With stormy wind and lightning, keeps its  
fame  
And bears its witness all day through the  
same;

Not for past days and great deeds past alone,  
Kossuth, we praise thee as our Lan lor praised,  
But that now too we know thy voice up-  
raised,  
Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of God,  
Thine hand, the thunder-bearer's, raised to  
smite  
As with heaven's lightning for a sword and  
rod  
Men's heads abased before the Muscovite.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF VILLON.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FAIR ARMOURESS.

1.

MESSEMEETH I heard cry and groan  
That sweet who was the armourer's maid;  
For her young years she made sore moan,  
And right upon this wise she said;  
"Ah fierce old age with foul bald head,  
To spoil fair things thou art over fain;  
Who holdeth me? who? would God I were  
dead!  
Would God I were well dead and slain!

2.

"Lo, thou hast broken the sweet yoke  
That my high beauty held above  
All priests and clerks and merchant-folk;  
There was not one but for my love  
Would give me gold and gold enough,  
Though sorrow his very heart had riven,  
To win from me such wage thereof  
As now no thief would take if given.



3.

"I was right chary of the same,  
 God wot it was my great folly,  
 For love of one sly knave of them,  
 Good store of that same sweet had he ;  
 For all my subtle wiles, perdie,  
 God wot I loved him well enow ;  
 Right evilly he handled me,  
 But he loved well my gold, I trow.

4.

"Though I gat bruises green and black,  
 And I am never the less a jot ;  
 Though he found burdens on my back,  
 He said ' Kiss me,' and heed it not,  
 Kissed that little pam I felt, God wot,  
 When that foul thief's mouth, found so sweet,  
 Kissed me — Much good thereof I got !  
 I keep the sin and the shame of it.

5.

"And he died thirty year ago.  
 I am old now, no sweet thing to see ;  
 By God, though, when I think thereon,  
 And of that good glad time, woe's me,  
 And stare upon my changed body  
 Stark naked, that has been so sweet,  
 Lean, wizen, like a small dry tree,  
 I am nigh mad with the pain of it.

6.

"Where is my faultless forehead's white  
 The lifted eyebrows, soft gold hair  
 Eyes wide apart and keen of sight,  
 With subtle skill in the amorous air ;  
 The straight nose, great nor small, but fair,  
 The small carved ears of shapeliest growth,  
 Chin dimpling, color good to wear,  
 And sweet red splendid kissing mouth ?

7.

"The shapely slender shoulders small,  
 Long arms, hands wrought in glorious wise,  
 Round little breasts, the hips withal  
 High, full of flesh, not scant of size,  
 Fit for all amorous masteries ;

.....  
 .....  
 .....?

8.

"A writhed forehead, hair gone grey,  
 Fallen eyebrows, eyes gone blind and red,  
 Their laughs and looks all fled away,  
 Yea, all that smote men's hearts are fled ;  
 The bowed nose, fallen from goodhead ;  
 Foul flapping ears like water-flags ;  
 Peaked chin, and cheeks all waste and dead,  
 And lips that are two shabby rags :

9.

"Thus endeth all the beauty of us,  
 The arms made short, the hands made lean,  
 The shoulder bowed and ruinous,  
 The breasts, ahck ! all fallen in ;  
 The flanks too, like the breasts, grown thin

.....  
 .....  
 .....

10.

"So we make moan for the old sweet days,  
 Poor old light women, two or three  
 Squatting about the straw-fire's blaze,  
 The bosom crushed against the knee,  
 Like fagots on a heap we be,  
 Round fires soon lit, soon quenched and dead,  
 And we were once so sweet, even we !  
 Thus fareth many and many an one."

A DOUBLE BALLAD OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Now take your fill of love and glee,  
 And after balls and banquets hie ;  
 In the end ye'll get no good for fee,  
 But just heads broken by and by ;  
 Light loves make beasts of men that sigh ;  
 They changed the faith of Solomon,  
 And left no Samson lights to spy ;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

Sweet Orpheus, lord of minstrelsy,  
 For this with flute and pipe came nigh  
 The danger of the dog's heads three  
 That ravening at hell's door doth lie ;  
 Fain was Narcissus, fair and shy,  
 For love's love lightly lost and won,  
 In a deep well to drown and die ;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

Sardana, flower of chivalry,  
 Who conquer'd Crete with horn and cry,  
 For this was fain a maid to be  
 And learn with girls the thread to ply ;  
 King David, wise in prophecy,  
 Forgetting the fear of God for one  
 Seen washing either shapely thigh ;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

For this did Amnon, craftily  
 Feigning to eat of cakes of rye,  
 Deflower his sister fair to see,  
 Which was foul incest ; and hereby  
 Was Herod moved, it is no lie,  
 To lop the head of Baptist John  
 For dance and jig and psaltery ;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

Next of myself I tell, poor me,  
 How thrashed like clothes at wash was I  
 Stark naked, I must needs agree ;  
 Who made me eat so sour a pie  
 But Katherine of Vaucelles ? thereby  
 Noë took third part of that fan ;  
 Such wedding-gloves are ill to buy ;  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

But for that young man fair and free  
 To pass those young maids lightly by,  
 Nay, would you burn him quick, not he ;  
 Like broom-horsed witches though he fry,  
 They are sweet as civet in his eye ;  
 But trust them, and you're fooled anon ;  
 For white or brown, and low or high,  
 Good luck has he that deals with none !

A FRAGMENT ON DEATH.

AND Paris be it or Helen dying,  
 Who dies soever, dies with pain.  
 He that lacks breath and wind for sighing,  
 His gall bursts on his heart ; and then

He sweats, God knows what sweat ! again,  
 No man may ease him of his grief ;  
 Child, brother, sister, none were fain  
 To bail him thence for his relief.

Death makes him shudder, swoon, wax pale,  
 Nose bend, veins stretch, and I breathe sin-  
 ter'd;  
 Neck swells, flesh softens, joints all fail  
 Crack their strained nerves, and arteries  
 Slender,  
 O woman's body found so tender  
 Smooth, sweet, so precious, such's the

Make the good heart smil' count to render?  
 Never pass quiet to the knees.

This original beautiful version's masterpiece  
 the nameless *Ballad of the Maid of Old Times*, so  
 incomparably rendered in the marvellous version of  
 Mr. Rossetti's well-known poem, by the succeeding  
 poem, as inferior to its companion as is my attempt at  
 translation of it to his triumph in that higher  
 ballad held.—A. C. S.]

## BALLAD OF THE LORD OF OLD TIME.

AFTER THE FORMER ARGUMENT.

WHAT more? Where is the third Calist,  
 Last of that name now dead and gone,  
 Who held four years the Papalist?  
 Alphonso king of Aragon,  
 The grantee lord, duke of Bourbon,  
 And Arthur, duke of old Britaine?  
 And Charles the Seventh, that worthy  
 one?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.  
 The Scot too, king of mount and mist,  
 With half his face vernilion,  
 Men tell us, like an amethyst  
 From brow to chin that blazed and shone;  
 The Cypriote king of old renown,  
 Alas! and that good king of Spain,

Whose name I cannot think upon?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.

No more to say of them I list:  
 'Tis all but vain, all dead and done:  
 For death may no man born resist,  
 Nor make appeal when death comes on.  
 I make yet one more question;  
 Where's Lancelot, king of far Bohain?  
 Where's he whose grandson called him son?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.

Where is Guesclin, the good Breton?  
 The lord of the eastern mountain-chain,  
 And the good late duke of Alençon?  
 Even with the good knight Charlemain.

## BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

ALBETH the Venice girls get praise  
 For their sweet speech and tender air,  
 And tho' the old women have wise ways  
 Of chattering for amorous ware,  
 Yet at my peril dare I swear,  
 Search Rome, where God's grace mainly tar-  
 ries,  
 Florence and Savoy, everywhere,  
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.  
 The Naples women, as folk prattle,  
 Are sweetly spoken and subtle enough:

German girls are good at tattle,  
 And Prussians make their boast thereof;  
 Take Egypt for the next remove,  
 Or that waste land the Tartar harries,  
 Spain or Greece, for the matter of love,  
 There's a good girl's lip out of Paris.

Breton and Swiss know nought of the matter,  
 Gascony girls or girls of Toulouse;  
 Two Frenchwomen with a half hour's chatter  
 Would shut them up by threes and twos;  
 Calais, Lorraine, and all their crews,

(Names enow the mad song carries)  
 England and Picardy, search them and  
 choose,  
 There's no good girl's lip out of Paris.

Prince, give praise to our French ladies  
 For the sweet sound their speaking carries ;  
 "Twixt Rome and Cadiz many a maid is,  
 But no good girl's lip out of Paris.

BALLAD WRITTEN FOR A BRIDEGROOM

WHICH VILLON GAVE TO A GENTLEMAN NEWLY MARRIED TO A WIFE WHOM HE HAD  
 WON WITH THE SUGAR.

At daybreak, when the falcon claps his wings,  
 No whit for grief, but noble heart and high,  
 With loud glad noise he stirs himself and  
 springs,  
 And takes his meat and toward his lure draws  
 nigh ;

Such good I wish you ! Yea, and heartily  
 I am fired with hope of true love's meed to get ;  
 Know that Love writes it in his book ; for why,  
 This is the end for which we twain are met.

Mine own heart's lady with no gainsayings  
 You shall be always wholly till I die ;  
 And in my right against all bitter things  
 Sweet laurel with fresh rose its force shall try ;  
 Seeing reason wills not that I cast love by  
 (Nor here with reason shall I chide or fret)  
 Nor cease to serve, but serve more constantly ;  
 This is the end for which we twain are met.

And, which is more, when grief about me  
 clings

Through Fortune's fit and fume of jealousy,  
 Your sweet kind eye eats down her threaten-  
 ings

As wind doth smoke ; such power sits in your  
 eye.

Thus in your field my seed of harvestry  
 Thrives, for the fruit is like me that I set ;

God bids me tend it with good husbandry ;

This is the end for which we twain are met.

Princess, give ear to this my summary :

That heart of mine your heart's love should  
 forget,

Shall never be ; like trust in you put I ;

This is the end for which we twain are met

BALLAD AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF FRANCE.

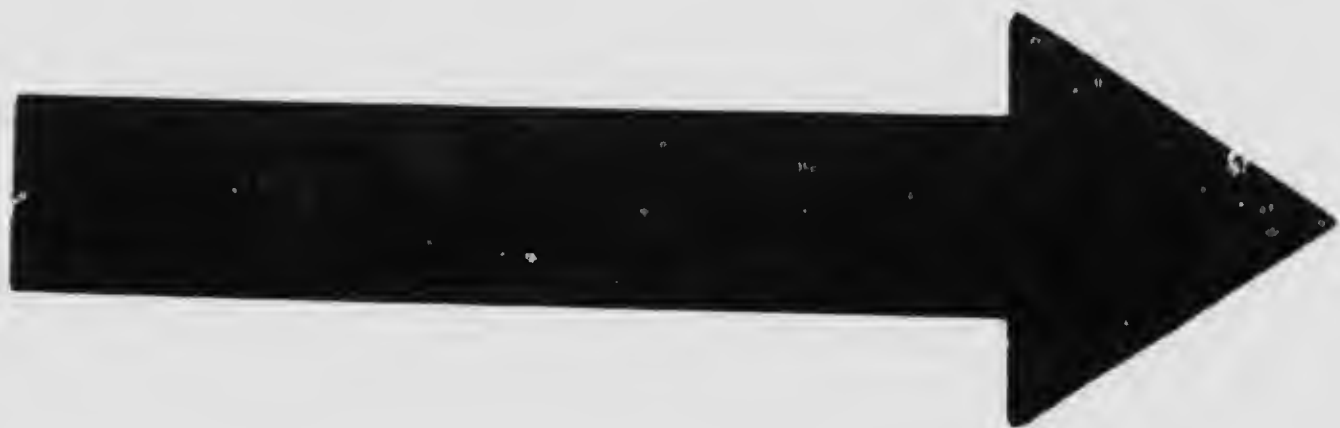
MAY he fall in with beasts that scatter fire,  
 Like Jason, when he sought the fleece of  
 gold,

Or change from man to beast three years entire,  
 As King Nebuchadnezzar did of old ;  
 Or else have times as shameful and as bad  
 As Trojan folk for ravished Helen had ;  
 Or gulfed with Proserpine and Tantalus,  
 Let hell's deep fen devour him dolorous,

With worse to bear than Job's worst suf-  
 ferance,

Bound in his prison-maze with Dædalus,  
 Who could wish evil to the state of  
 France !

May he four months, like bitterns in the mire,  
 Howl with head downmost in the lake-  
 springs cold,



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Or to bear harness like strong bulls for hire  
To the Great Turk for money down he  
sold ;  
Or thirty years like Magdalen live sad,  
With neither wool nor web of linen clad ;  
Drown like Narciss', or swing down pendulous  
Like Absalom with locks luxurious,  
Or liker Judas fallen to reprobance ;  
Or find such death as Simon sorcerous,  
Who could wish evil to the state of France !

May the old times come of fierce Octavius's  
ire,  
And in his belly molten coin be told ;  
May he like Victor in the mill expire,  
Crushed between moving millstones on  
him rolled,  
Or in deep sea drenched breathless, more  
adrad

Than in the whale's bulk Jonas, when God  
bade ;  
From Phoebus' light, from Juno's treasure-  
house  
Driven, and from joys of Venus amorous,  
And cursed of God most high to the utter-  
ance,  
As was the Syrian king Antiochus,  
Who could wish evil to the state of France !

ES VOY.

Prince, may the bright-winged brood of Æolus  
To sea-king Glaucus' wild wood cavernous  
Bear him bereft of peace and hope's least  
glance,  
For worthless is he to get good of us,  
Who could wish evil to the state of France !

THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

WHO is this I hear?—Lo, this is I, thine  
heart,

That holds on merely now by a slender string,  
Strength fails me, shape and sense are rent  
apart.

The blood in me is turned to a bitter thing,  
Seeing thee skulk here like a dog shivering.—  
Yea, and for what?—For that thy sense found  
sweet.—

What irks it thee?—I feel the sting of it.—  
Leave me at peace.—Why?—Nay now, leave  
me at peace ;

I will repent when I grow ripe in wit.—  
I say no more.—I care not though thou  
cease.—

What art thou, trow?—A man worth praise,  
perfoy.—

This is thy thirtieth year of wayfaring.—  
'Tis a mule's age.—Art thou a boy still?—  
Nay.—

Is it hot lust that spurs thee with its sting,  
Grasping thy throat? Know'st thou not  
anything?—

Yea, black and white, when milk is mixed  
with flies,

I can make out.—No more?—Nay, in no wise,  
Shall I begin again the count of these?

Thou art undone.—I will make shift to rise.—  
I say no more.—I care not though thou  
cease.—

I have the sorrow of it, and thou the smart.  
Wert thou a poor mad fool or weak of wit,  
Then might'st thou plead this pretext with  
thine heart ;

But if thou know not good from evil a whit,  
Either thy head is hard as stone to hit,  
Or shame, not honor, gives thee most content.  
What canst thou answer to this argument?—

When I am dead I shall be well at ease.—  
God! what good luck?—Thou art over elo-  
quent.—

I say no more.—I care not though thou  
cease.—

Whence is this ill?—From sorrow and not  
from in.

When Saturn packed my wallet up for me  
I well believe he put these ills therein.—

Fool, wilt thou make thy servant lord of  
thee?

Hear now the wise King's counsel; thus  
saith he ;

All power upon the stars a wise man hath ;

There is no planet that shall do him scathe.—  
Nay, as they made me I grow and I de-  
crease.—  
What say'st thou?—Truly this is all my faith.—  
I say no more.—I care not though thou  
cease.—

Would'st thou live still?—God help me that I  
may!—  
Then thou must—What? turn penitent and  
pray?—

Read always —What?—Grave words and good  
to say;

Leave off the ways of fools, lest they dis-  
please.—

Good; I will do it.—Wilt thou remember?—  
Yea.—

Abide not till there come an evil day.

I say no more.—I care not though thou  
cease.—

EPISTLE IN FORM OF A BALLAD TO HIS FRIENDS.

HAVE pity, pity, friends, have pity on me,  
Thus much at least, may it please you, of  
your grace!

I lie not under hazel or hawthorn-tree  
Down in this dungeon ditch, mine exile's  
place

By leave of God and fortune's foul disgrace.  
Girls, lovers, glad young folk and newly wed,  
Jumpers and jugglers, tumbling heel o'er head,  
Swift as a dart, and sharp as needle-ware,  
Throats clear as bells that ring the kine to shed,  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

Singers that sing at pleasure, lawlessly,  
Light, laughing, gay of word and deed, that  
race

And run like folk light-witted as ye be  
And have in hand nor current coin nor base,  
Ye wait too long, for now he's dying apace.

Rhymers of lays and roundels sung and read,  
Ye'll brew him broth too late when he lies dead.

Nor wind nor lightning, sunbeam nor fresh air,  
May pierce the thick wall's bound where lies  
his bed;

Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

O noble folk from tithes and taxes free,  
Come and behold him in this piteous case,  
Ye that nor king nor emperor holds in fee,  
But only God in heaven; behold his face  
Who needs must fast, Sundays and holidays,  
Which makes his teeth like rakes; and when  
he hath fed

With never a cake for banquet but dry bread,  
Must drench his bowels with much cold  
watery fare,

With board nor stool, but low on earth instead;  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

Princes afore-named, old and young foresaid,  
Get me the king's seal and my pardon sped,  
And hoist me in some basket up with care;  
So swine will help each other ill bested,  
For where onesqueaks they run in heaps ahead.  
Your poor old friend, what, will you leave  
him there?

THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLAD

WHICH VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADES, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED ALONG WITH THEM.

MEN, brother men, that after us yet live,  
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;  
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,  
The sooner God shall take of you pity.  
Here we are five or six strung up, you see,  
And here the flesh that all too well we fed  
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,

And we the bones grow dust and ash withal;  
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,  
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,  
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though  
we

We're slain by law, ye know that all alive



Have not wit alway to walk righteously ;  
 Make therefore intercession heartily  
 With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,  
 That his grace be not as a dry well-head  
 For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall ;  
 We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,  
 And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,  
 Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive  
 Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for  
 fee  
 Our beards and eyebrows ; never are we free,

Not once, to rest ; but here and there still  
 speed,  
 Drive at its wild will by the wind's change  
 led,  
 More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-  
 wall ;  
 Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,  
 Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed ;  
 We have nought to do in such a master's hall.  
 Be not ye therefore of our fellowhead,  
 But pray to God that he forgive us all.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth ;  
 He is great : he hath in him God most  
 high.

Children before their fleshly birth  
 Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong  
 They come ; God gives us them awhile.  
 His speech is in their stammering tongue,  
 And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes  
 Alas ! their right to joy is plain.

! If they are hungry, Paradise  
 Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with  
 pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower  
 Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.  
 Man holds an angel in his power.  
 Ah ! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things  
 Whom in the shadow where we sleep  
 He sends us clothed about with wings,  
 And find them ragged babes that weep !

## NOCTURNE.

LA nuit écoute et se penche sur l'onde  
 Pour y cueillir rien qu'un souffle d'amour ;  
 Pas de lueur, pas de musique au monde,  
 Pas de sommeil pour moi ni de séjour,  
 O mère, ô Nuit, de ta source profonde  
 Verse-nous, verse enfin l'oubli du jour.

Verse l'oubli de l'angoisse et du jour ;  
 Chante; ton chant assoupit l'âme et l'onde ;  
 Fais de ton sein pour mon âme un séjour,  
 Elle est bien lasse, ô mère, de ce monde,  
 Où le baiser ne veut pas dire amour,  
 Où l'âme aimée est moins que toi profonde.

Car toute chose aimée est moins profonde,  
O Nuit, que toi, fille et mère du jour;  
Toi dont l'attente est le répit du monde,  
Toi dont le souffle est plein de mots d'amour,  
Toi dont l'haleine enfle et réprime l'onde,  
Toi dont l'ombre a tout le ciel pour séjour.

La misère humble et lasse, sans séjour,  
S'abrite et dort sous ton aile profonde;  
Tu fais à tous l'aumône de l'amour;  
Toutes les soifs viennent boire à ton onde,  
Tout ce qui pleure et se dérobe au jour,  
Toutes les faims et tous les maux du monde.

Moi seul je veille et ne vois dans ce monde  
Que ma douleur qui n'aît point de séjour  
Où s'abriter sur ta rive profonde

Et s'endormir sous tes yeux loin du jour;  
Je vais toujours cherchant au bord de l'onde  
Le sang du beau pied blessé de l'amour.

La mer est sombre où tu naquis, amour,  
Pleine des pleurs et des sanglots du monde;  
On ne voit plus le gouffre où naît le jour  
Luire et frémir sous ta leuër profonde;  
Mais dans les cœurs d'homme où tu fais séjour  
La douleur monte et baisse comme une onde.

ENVOI.

Fille de l'onde et mère de l'amour,  
Du haut séjour plein de ta paix profonde  
Sur ce bas monde épands un peu de jour.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Pour mettre une couronne au front d'une  
chanson,  
Il semblait qu'en passant son pied semât des  
roses,  
Et que sa main cueillit comme des fleurs  
écloses  
Les étoiles au fond du ciel en floraison.

Sa parole de marbre et d'or aviat le son  
Des lairons de l'été chassant les jours moroses;

Comme en Thrace Apollon ba. ri des grands  
cieux roses,  
Il regardait du cœur l'Olympe, sa maison.

Le soleil fut pour lui le soleil du vieux monde,  
Et son œil recherchait dans les flots embrasés  
Le sillon immortel d'où s'élança sur l'onde  
Vénus, que la mer molle enivrait de baisers:  
Enfin, dieu ressaisi de sa splendeur première,  
Il trône, et son sépulcre est bâti de lumière.

ODE.

(LE TOMBEAU DE THEOPHILE GAUTIER.)

QUELLE fleur, ô Mort, quel joyau, quel  
chant,

Quel vent, quel rayon de soleil couchant,  
Sur ton front penché, sur ta main avide,  
Sur l'âpre pâleur de ta lèvre aride,  
Vibre encore et luit?

Tu n'as sein est sans lait, ton oreille est vide,  
Ton œil plein de nuit.

Ta bouche est sans souffle et ton front sans  
ride;

Mais l'éclair voilé d'une flamme hu. ide,  
Flamme éclose au cœur d'un ciel pluvieux,  
Rallume ta lèvre et remplit tes yeux

De lueurs d'opale;

Ta bouche est vermeille et ton front joyeux,  
O toi qui fus pâle.

Comme aux jours divins la mère des dieux,

Reine au sein fécond, au corps radieux,  
Tu surgis au bord de la tombe arrière;  
Tu nous apparais, ô Mort, vierge et mère,  
Effroi des humains,  
Le divin laurier sur la tête altière  
Et la lyre aux mains.

Nous reconnaissons, courlés vers la terre,  
Que c'est la splendeur de ta face austère  
Qui dore la nuit de nos longs malheurs;  
Que la vie allée aux mille couleurs,  
Dont tu n'es que l'âme,  
Refait par tes mains les prés et les fleurs,  
La rose et la femme.

Lune constante! astre ami des douleurs  
Qui luis à travers la brume des pleurs!  
Quelle flamme au fond de ta clarté molle

Eclate et rougit, nouvelle aaréole,  
Ton doux front voilé?  
Quelle étoile, ouvrant ses ailes, s'envole  
Du ciel étoilé?

Pleurant ce rayon de jour qu'on lui vole,  
L'homme exècre en vain la Mort triste et folle;  
Mais l'astre qui fut à nos yeux si beau,  
La-haut, loin d'ici, dans un ciel nouveau  
Plein d'astres étoiles,  
Se lève, et pour la nuit du tombeau  
Entr'ouvre ses voiles.

L'âme est dans le corps comme un jeune  
oiseau  
Dont l'aile s'agite au bord du berceau;  
La mort, déliant cette aile inquiète,  
Quand nous écoutons la bouche muette  
C'est nous dit adieu,  
Fait de l'homme infime et sombre un poète,  
Du poète un dieu.

#### IN OBITUM THEOPHILI POETÆ.

O LUX Pieridum et laurigeri delicia dei,  
Vox leni Zephyro lenior, ut veris amans  
novi  
Tollit floridulis implicitum primitiis caput,  
Ten' ergo abripuit non rediturum, ut redeunt  
novo  
Flores vere novi, te quoque mors irrevoca-  
bilem?  
Cur vatem neque te Musa parens, te neque  
Gratia,  
Nec servare sibi te potuit fidum animi Venus?  
Quæ nunc ipsa magis vel puero te Cinyrolo,  
Te desiderium et flebilibus lumen amoribus,

Amissum queritur, sanguineis fusa comam  
genis.  
Tantis tu lacrymis digne, comes dulcis Apol-  
lini,  
Carum nomen eris dis superis atque sodalibus  
Nobis, quis eadem quæ tibi vivo patuit via  
Non acquis patet, at te sequimur passibus  
haud tuis,  
At mesto cinerem carmine non illacrymabi-  
lem  
Tristesque exuvias floribus ac fletibus integris  
Unâ contegimus, nec citharâ nec sine tibiâ,  
Votoque unanime vocis Ave dicimus et Vale.

#### AD CATULLUM.

CATULLE l'écouter, ut velim comes tibi  
Remota per vireta, per cavum nemus  
Sacrumque Ditis haud inhospiti specus,  
Pedem referre, trans aquam Stygis ducem  
Secutus unum et unicum, Catulle, te,  
Ut ora vatis optimi reviserem.  
Tui meique vatis ora, quem scio  
Venustiore adisse vel tuo lacum,  
Benigniora semper arva vel tuis,  
Tibi serenus accipit suos deus,  
Tegitque myrtus implicata laureâ,

Manuque mulcet halituque consecrat  
Fovetque blanda mors amabili sinu,  
Et ore fama fervido colit viros  
Alitque qualis unus ille par tibi  
Britannus unicisque in orbe præstitit  
Amicus ille noster, ille ceteris  
Poeta major, omnibusque floribus  
Priore Landor inclytum rosâ caput  
Revixit extulitque, quam tuâ manu  
Pecepit ac refovit integram suâ.

DEDICATION.

1878.

SOME nine years gone, as we dwelt together  
In the sweet hushed heat of the south French  
weather

Here autumn fell on the vine-tressed hills  
Of the season had shed one rose-red feather,

Friend, whose face is a flame that fills  
All eyes it lightens and hearts it thrills

With joy to be born of the blood which  
bred  
From a land that the grey sea girls and chills

The heart and spirit and hand and head  
Whose might is as light on a dark day shed,

On a day now dark as a land's decline  
Where all the peers of your praise are dead;

In a land and season of corn and vine  
I pledged you a health from a beaker of mine  
But half-way filled to the lip's edge yet  
With hope for honey and song for wine.

Nine years have risen and eight years set  
Since there by the wellspring our hands on it  
met:

And the pledge of my songs that were  
then to be,

I could wonder now, friend, though a friend  
should forget.

For life's helm rocks to the windward and lee,  
And time is as wind, and as waves are we;

And song is as foam that the sea-winds  
fret,

Though the thought at its heart should be  
deep as the sea.

## POEMS AND BALLADS.

THIRD SERIES.

[To William Bell Scott, Poet and Painter, I dedicate these poems. In memory of many years.]

### MARCH: AN ODE.

1887.

#### I.

ERE frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and  
fell, and the splendour of winter had  
passed out of sight,  
The ways of the woodlands were fairer and  
stranger than dreams that fulfil us in  
sleep with delight;  
The breath of the mouths of the winds had  
hardened on tree-tops and branches that  
glittered and shined  
Such wonders and glories of blossomlike snow  
or of frost that outlightens all flowers till  
it fade  
That the sea was not lovelier than here was  
the land, nor the night than the day, nor  
the day than the night,  
Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the  
spring: such mirth had the madness and  
might in thee made,  
March, master of winds, bright minstrel and  
marshal of storms that enkindle the sea-  
son they smite.

#### II.

And now that the rage of thy rapture is satiate  
with revel and ravin and spoil of the  
snow,  
And the branches it brightened are broken,  
and shattered the tree-tops that only thy  
wrath could lay low,  
How should not thy lovers rejoice in thee,  
leader and lord of the year that exults to  
be born  
so strong in thy strength and so glad in thy  
gladness whose laughter puts winter and  
sorrow to scorn?  
Thou hast shaken the snows from thy wings,  
and the frost on thy forehead is molten:  
thy lips are aglow

As a lover's that kindle with kissing, and earth,  
with her raiment and tresses yet wasted  
and torn,

Takes breath as she is in the grasp of thy  
passion to find through her spirit the  
sense of the glow.

#### III.

Fain, fain would we see but again for an hour  
what the wind and the sun have dispelled  
and consumed,

Those full deep swan-soft feathers of snow  
with whose luminous burden the branches  
implumed

Hung heavily, curved as a half-bent bow, and  
fledged not as birds are, but petalled as  
flowers,

Each tree-top and branchlet a pinnacle jewel-  
led and carved, or a fountain that shines  
as it showers,

But fixed as a fountain is fixed not, and  
wrought not to last till by time or by  
tempest entombed,

As a pinnacle carven and gilded of men: for  
the date of its doom is no more than an  
hour's,

One hour of the sun's when the warm wind  
wakes him to wither the snow-flowers  
that froze as they bloomed.

#### IV.

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as  
April subdues thee, and yields up his  
kingdom to May;

So time overcomes the regret that is born of  
delight as it passes in passion away,

And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice  
in or mourn for with tears or thanks-  
givings; but thou.

Bright god that art gone from us, maddest  
and gladdest of months, to what goal  
hast thou gone from us now?

For somewhere surely the storm of thy  
laughter that lightens, the beat of thy  
wings that play,  
Must flame as a fire through the world, and  
the heavens that we know not rejoice in  
thee: surely thy brow  
Hath lost not its radiance of empire, thy spirit  
the joy that impelled it on quest as for  
prey.

V.

Are thy feet on the ways of the limitless  
waters, thy wings on the winds of the  
waste north sea?  
Are the fires of the false north dawn over  
heavens where summer is stormful and  
strong like thee  
Now bright in the sight of thine eyes? are the  
bastions of icebergs assailed by the blast  
of thy breath?  
Is a March with the wild north world when  
April is waning? the word that the  
changed year saith,  
Is it echoed to northward with rapture of  
passion reiterate from spirits triumphant  
as we  
Whose hearts were uplift at the blast of thy  
clarions as men's rearsen from a sleep  
that was death  
And kindled to life that was one with the  
world's and with thine? hast thou set  
not the whole world free?

VI.

For the breath of thy lips is freedom, and  
freedom of thy spirit, the  
sound of  
Glad god of :                    wind, whose heart  
is as high as                    lands of thy kingdom  
are strong

Thy kingdom whose empire is terror and joy,  
twin-featured and fruitful of births  
divine.

Days lit with the flame of the lamps of the  
flowers, and nights that are drunken  
with dew for wine.

And sleep not for joy of the stars that deepen  
and quicken, a denser and fiercer  
throng,

And the world that thy breath bade whiten  
and tremble rejoices at heart as they  
strengthen and shine.

And earth gives thanks for the glory be-  
queathed her, and knows of thy reign  
that it wrought not wrong.

VII.

Thy spirit is quenched not, albeit we behold  
not thy face in the crown of the steep  
sky's arch,

And the bold first buds of the whin wax  
golden, and witness arise of the thorn  
and the larch:

Wild April, enkindled to laughter and storm  
by the kiss of the wildest of winds that  
blow,

Calls loud on his brother for witness; his  
hands that were laden with blossom are  
sprinkled with snow,

And his lips breathe winter, and laugh, and  
relent; and the live woods feel not the  
frost's flame parch;

For the flame of the spring that consumes not  
but quickens is felt at the heart of the  
forest aglow,

And the sparks that enkindled and fed it were  
strewn from the hands of the gods of the  
winds of March.

THE COMMONWEAL.

1887.

I.

Eight hundred years and twenty-one  
Have shone and sanken since the land  
Whose name is freedom bore such brand  
As marks a captive, and the sun  
Beheld her fettered hand.

II.

But ere dark time had shed as rain  
Or sown on sterile earth as seed  
That bears no fruit save tare and  
weed  
An age and half an age again,  
She rose on Runnymede.

## III.

Out of the shadow, starlike still,  
 She rose up radiant in her right,  
 And spake, and put to fear and flight  
 The lawless rule of aweless will  
 That pleads no right save might.

## IV.

Nor since hath England ever borne  
 The burden laid on subject lands,  
 That curb that curbs and binds all hands  
 Save one, and marks for scrydle scorn  
 The heads it bows and brands.

## V.

A commonweal arrayed and crowned  
 With gold and purple, girt with steel  
 At need, that foes must fear or feel,  
 We find her, as our fathers found,  
 Earth's lordliest commonweal.

## VI.

And now, that fifty years are flown  
 Since in a maiden's hand the sign  
 Of empire that no seas confine  
 First as a star to seaward shone,  
 We see their record shine.

## VII.

A troubled record, foul and fair,  
 A simple record and serene,  
 Inscribe for praise a blameless queen,  
 For praise and blame an age of care  
 And change and ends unseen.

## VIII.

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,  
 Rose with the sundawn of a reign  
 Whose grace should make the rough ways  
 plain,  
 And till the worn old world with spring,  
 And heal its heart of pain.

## IX.

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope  
 Was holier than their fathers had,  
 Their wisdom not more wise than glad:  
 They saw the gates of promise ope,  
 And heard what love's lips bade.

## X.

Love armed with knowledge, winged and wise  
 Should hush the wind of war, and see,  
 They said, the sun of days to be  
 Bring round beneath serenest skies  
 A stormless jubilee.

## XI.

Time, in the darkness un beholden  
 That hides him from the sight of fear  
 And lets but dreaming hope draw near,  
 Smiled and was sad to hear such golden  
 Strains hail the all golden year.

## XII.

Strange clouds have risen between, and wild  
 Red stars of storm that lit the abyss  
 Wherein fierce fraud and violence kiss  
 And mock such promise as beguiled  
 The fiftieth year from this.

## XIII.

War upon war, change after change,  
 Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,  
 And hopes austere and faiths august  
 Have war-hed in patience stern and strange  
 Men's works unjust and just.

## XIV.

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal  
 Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,  
 So from time's mistier mountain lawn  
 The spirit of man, in trust immortal,  
 Yearns toward a hope withdrawn.

## XV.

The morning comes not, yet the night  
 Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to  
 see  
 Where twilight is, where light shall be  
 When conquered wrong and conquering right  
 Acclaim a world set free.

## XVI.

Calm as our mother-land, the mother  
 Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,  
 Keeps watch beneath unchangeable skies,  
 When hath she watch the woes of other  
 Strange lands with alien eyes?

## XVII.

Calm as she stands alone, what nation  
Hath lacked an alms from English hands  
What exiles from what stricken lands  
Have lacked the shelter of the station  
Where higher than all she stands?

## XVIII.

Though time dis-crown and change dismantle  
The pride of thrones and towers that frown,  
How should they bring her glories down--  
The sea cast round? or like a mantle,  
The sea-cloud like a crown?

## XIX.

The sea, divine as heaven and deathless,  
Is hers, and none but only she  
Hath learnt the sea's word, none but we  
Her children hear in heart the breathless  
Bright watchword of the sea.

## XX.

Heard not of others, or misheard  
Of many a land for many a year,  
The watchword Freedom fails not here  
Of hearts that witness if the word  
Find faith in England's ear.

## XXI.

She first to love the light, and daughter  
In-arnate of the northern dawn,  
She, round whose feet the wild waves fawn  
When all their wrath of warring water  
Sounds like a babe's breath drawn,

## XXII.

How should not she best know, love best,  
And best of all souls understand  
The very soul of freedom, scanned  
Far off, sought out in darkling quest  
By men at heart unmanned?

## XXIII.

They climb and fall, ensnared, enshrouded,  
By mists of words and toils they set  
To take themselves, till fierce regret  
Shows mad with shame, and all their clouded  
Red skies hang sunless yet.

## XXIV.

But us the sun, not wholly risen  
Nor equal now for all, illumines  
With more of light than cloud that looms;  
Of light that leads forth souls from prison  
And breaks the seals of tombs.

## XXV.

Did not her breasts when reared us rear  
Him who took heaven in hand, and weighed  
Bright world with world in balance last?  
What Newton's might could make not clear  
Hath Darwin's might not made?

## XXVI.

The forces of the dark dissolve,  
The doorways of the dark are broken;  
The word that casts out night is spoken,  
And whence the springs of things evolve  
Light born of night bears token.

## XXVII.

She, loving light for light's sake only,  
And truth for only truth's, and song  
For song's sake and the sea's, how long  
Hath she not borne the world her lonely  
Witness of right and wrong?

## XXVIII.

From light to light her eyes imperial  
Turn, and require the further light,  
More perfect than the sun's in sight,  
Till star and sun seem all funereal  
Lamps of the vaulted night.

## XXIX.

She gazes till the strenuous soul  
Within the rapture of her eyes  
Creates or bids awake, arise,  
The light she looks for, pure and whole  
And worshipped of the wise.

## XXX.

Such sons are hers, such radiant hands  
Have borne abroad her lamp of old,  
Such mouths of honey-dropping gold  
Have sent across all seas and lands  
Her fame as music rolled.



## XXXI.

As music made of rolling thunder  
That hurls through heaven its heart  
sublime,  
Its heart of joy, in charging chime,  
Sounding the songs that round and under  
Her temple surge and climb.

## XXXII.

A temple not by men's hands builded,  
But moulded of the spirit, and wrought  
Of passion and imperious thought,  
With light beyond all sunlight gilded,  
Whereby the sun seems nought.

## XXXIII.

Thy shrine, our mother, seen for fairer  
Than even thy natural face, made fair  
With kisses of thine April air  
Even now, when spring thy banner bearer  
Took up thy sign to bear;

## XXXIV.

Thine annual sign from heaven's own arch  
Given of the sun's hand into thine,  
To rear and cheer each wildwood shrine  
But now laid waste by wild-winged March,  
March, mad with wind like wine

## XXXV.

From all thy brightening downs whereon  
The windy seaward whin-flower shows  
Blossom whose pride strikes pale the rose  
Forth is the golden watchword gone  
Whereat the world's face glows.

## XXXVI.

Thy quickening woods rejoice and ring  
Till earth seems glorious as the sea:  
With yearning love too glad for glee  
The world's heart divers toward the spring  
As all our hearts toward thee.

## XXXVII.

Thee, mother, thee, our queen, who givest  
Assurance to the heavens most high  
And earth whereon her bondsmen sigh  
That by the sea's grace while thou livest  
Hope shall not wholly die.

## XXXVIII.

That while thy free folk hold the van  
Of all men, and the sea-spray shed  
As dew more heavenly on thy head  
Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,  
Man's pride shall drop not dead.

## XXXIX.

A pride more pure than humblest prayer,  
More wise than wisdom born of doubt,  
Girds for thy sake men's hearts aye  
With trust and triumph that despair  
And fear may cast not out.

## XL.

Despair may ring men's hearts, and fear  
Bow down their heads to kiss the dust,  
Where patriot memories rot and rust,  
And change makes faint a nation's cheer,  
And faith yields up her trust.

## XLI.

Not here this year have true men known,  
Not here this year may true men know,  
That brand of shame-compelling woe  
Which bids but brave men shrink or groan  
And lay but honour low.

## XLII.

The strong spring wind blows notes of praise,  
And hallowing pride of heart, and cheer  
Unchanging, toward all true men here  
Who hold the trust of ancient days  
High as of old this year.

## XLIII.

The days that made thee great are dead;  
The days that now must keep thee great  
Lie not in keeping of thy fate;  
In thine they lie, whose heart and head  
Sustain thy charge of state.

## XLIV.

No state so proud, no pride so just,  
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled  
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,  
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust  
As thine in all the world.

## XLV.

Each hour that sees the sunset's crest  
 Make bright thy shores ere day decline  
 Sees dawn the sun on shores of thine,  
 Goes west as east and east as west  
 On thee their sovereign shine.

## XLVI.

The sea's own heart must needs wax proud  
 To have born the world a child like thee.  
 What birth of earth might ever be  
 Thy sister? Time, a wandering cloud,  
 Is sunshine on thy sea.

## XLVII.

Change mars not her; and thee, our mother,  
 What change that irks or moves thee mars?  
 What shock that shakes? what chance that  
 jars?  
 Time gave thee, as he gave none other,  
 A station like a star's.

## XLVIII.

The storm that shrieks, the wind that wages  
 War with the wings of hopes that climb  
 Too high toward heaven in doubt sublime,  
 Assail not thee, approved of ages  
 The towering crown of time.

## XLIX.

Toward thee this year thy children turning  
 With souls uplift of changeless cheer  
 Salute with love that casts out fear,  
 With hearts for beacons round thee burning,  
 The token of this year.

## L.

With just and sacred jubilation  
 Let earth sound answer to the sea  
 For witness, blown on winds as free,  
 How England, how her crowning nation,  
 Acclaims this jubilee.

## THE ARMADA.

1588 : 1888.

## I.

## 1.

ENGLAND, mother born of seamen, daughter  
 fostered of the sea,  
 Mother more beloved than all who bear not  
 all their children free,  
 Reared and nursed and crowned and cher-  
 ished by the sea-wind and the sun,  
 Sweetest land and strongest, face most  
 fair and mightiest heart in one,  
 Lands not higher than when the centuries  
 known of earth were less by three,  
 When the strength that struck the whole  
 world pale fell back from hers undone.

## II.

At her feet were the heads of her foes bowed  
 down, and the strengths of the storm of  
 them stayed,  
 And the hearts that were touched not with  
 mercy with terror were touched and  
 amazed and affrayed:  
 Yea, hearts that had never been molten  
 with pity were molten with fear as with  
 flame,

And the priests of the Godhead whose temple  
 is hell, and his heart is of iron and fire,  
 And the swordsmen that served and the sea-  
 men that sped them, whom peril could  
 tame not or tire,  
 Were as foam on the winds of the waters  
 of England which tempest in tire not  
 or tame.

## III.

They were girded about with thunder, and  
 lightning came forth at the rage of their  
 strength,  
 And the measure that measures the wings of  
 the storm was the breadth of their force  
 and their length:  
 And the name of their might was invincible,  
 covered and clothed with the terror of  
 God;  
 With his wrath were they winged, with his  
 love were they fired, with the speed of  
 his winds were they shod;  
 With his soul were they filled, in his trust were  
 they comforted: grace was upon them  
 as night,  
 And faith as the blackness of darkness: the  
 fame of their balustrades was fair in his  
 sight,

The reek of them sweet as a savour of myrrh  
 in his nostrils: the world that he made,  
 Theirs was it by gift of his servants: the wind,  
 if they spake in his name, was afraid,  
 And the sun was a shadow before it, the stars  
 were astonished with fear of it: fire  
 Went up to them, fed with men living, and lit  
 of men's hands for a shrine or a pyre:  
 And the east and the west wind scattered their  
 ashes abroad, that his name should be  
 blest  
 Of the tribes of the chosen whose blessings are  
 curses from uttermost east unto west.

## II.

## I.

Hell for Spain, and heaven for England,—  
 God to God, and man to man,—  
 Met confronted, light with darkness, life with  
 death: since time began,  
 Never earth nor sea beheld so great a stake  
 before them set,  
 Save when Athens hurled back Asia from  
 the lists wherein they met;  
 Never since the sands of ages through the  
 glass of history ran  
 Saw the sun in heaven a lordlier day than  
 this that lights us yet.

## II.

For the light that abides upon England, the  
 glory that rests on her godlike name,  
 The pride that is love and the love that is  
 faith, a perfume dissolved in flame,  
 Took fire from the dawn of the fierce July  
 when fleets were scattered as foam  
 And squadrons as flakes of spray: when gal-  
 leon and galliass that shadowed the sea  
 Were swept from her waves like shadows that  
 pass with the clouds they fell from, and she  
 Laughed loud to the wind as it gave to  
 her keeping the glories of Spain and  
 Rome.

## III.

Three hundred summers have fallen as leaves  
 by the storms in their season thinned,  
 Since northward the war-ships of Spain came  
 sheer up the way of the south-west  
 wind:

Where the citadel-lits of England are flanked  
 with bastions of serpentine,  
 Far off to the windward loomed their hulls,  
 an hundred and twenty nine,  
 All filled full of war, full fraught with battle  
 and charged with bale;  
 Then store-ships weighted with cannon; and  
 all were an hundred and fifty sail,  
 The measureless menace of darkness un-  
 hungered with hope to prevail upon light,  
 The shadow of death made substance, the  
 present and visible spirit of night,  
 Came, shaped as a waxing or waning moon  
 that rose with the fall of day,  
 To the channel where couches the Lion in  
 guard of the gate of the lustrous bay,  
 Fair England, sweet as the sea that shields  
 her, and pure as the sea from stain,  
 Smiled, hearing hardly for scorn that stirred  
 her the menace of saintly Spain.

## III.

## I.

'They that ride over ocean wide with heppen  
 bridle and horse of tree,'  
 How shall they in the darkening day of wrath  
 and anguish and fear go free?  
 How shall these that have curbed the seas not  
 feel his bridle who made the sea?

God shall bow them and break them now: for  
 what is man in the Lord God's sight?  
 Fear shall shake them, and shame shall break,  
 and all the noon of their pride be night:  
 These that sinned shall the ravening wind of  
 doom bring under, and judgment smite.

England broke from her neck the yoke, and  
 rent the fetter, and mocked the rod:  
 Shrines of old that she decked with gold she  
 turned to dust, to the dust she trod:  
 What is she, that the wind and sea should  
 fight beside her, and war with God?

Lo, the cloud of his ships that crowd her chan-  
 nel's inlet with storm sublime,  
 Darker far than the tempests are that sweep  
 the skies of her northmost clime;  
 Huge and dense as the walls that fence the  
 secret darkness of unknown time.

Mast on mast as a tower goes past, and sail  
by sail as a cloud's wing spread;  
Fleet by fleet, as the throngs whose feet keep  
time with death in his dance of dread;  
Galleons dark as the helmsman's bark of old  
that ferried to hell the dead.

Squadrons proud as their lords, and loud with  
tramp of soldiers and chant of priests,  
lives there told by the thousandfold, made  
fast in bondage as herded beasts;  
Lords and slaves that the sweet free waves  
shall feed on, satiate with funeral feasts.

Nay, not so shall it be, they know; their priests  
have said it; can priesthood lie?  
God shall keep them, their God shall sleep  
not; peril and evil shall pass them by:  
Nay, for these are his children; seas and winds  
shall bid not his children die.

II.

So they boast them, the monstrous host whose  
menace mocks at the dawn; and here  
They that wait at the wild sea's gate, and  
watch the darkness of doom draw near,  
How shall they in their evil day sustain the  
strength of their hearts for fear?

Full July in the fervent sky sets forth her  
twentieth of changing morns;  
Winds fall mild that of late waxed wild; no  
presage whispers or wails or warns;  
Far to west on the bland sea's breast a sailing  
crescent uprears her horns.

Seven wide miles the serene sea smiles be-  
tween them stretching from rim to rim:  
if they shine, but a darker sign should bid  
not hope or belief wax dim:  
God's are these men, and not the sea's; their  
trust is set not on her but him.

God's? but who is the God whereto the  
prayers and incense of these men rise?  
What is he, that the wind and sea should fear  
him, quelled by his sunbright eyes?  
What, that men should return again, and hail  
him Lord of the servile skies?

Hell's own flame at his heavenly name leaps  
higher and laughs, and its gulfs rejoice:

Plague and death from his baneful breath  
take life and lighten, and praise his  
choice:

Chosen are they to devour for prey the tribes  
that hear not and fear his voice.

Ay, but we that the wind and sea gird round  
with shelter of storms and waves  
Know not him that ye worship, grim as  
dreams that quicken from dead men's  
graves:

God is one with the sea, the sun, the land that  
nursed us, the love that saves.

Love whose heart is in ours, and part of all  
things noble and all things fair;

Sweet and free as the circling sea, sublime  
and kind as the fostering air;

Pure of shame as is England's name, whose  
crowns to come are as crowns that were.

IV.

I.

But the Lord of darkness, the God whose  
love is a flaming fire,

The master whose mercy fulfils wide hell till  
its tortures tire,

He shall surely have heed of his servants who  
serve him for love, not hire.

They shall fetter the wing of the wind whose  
pinions are plumed with foam:

For now shall thy horn be exalted, and now  
shall thy bolt strike home;

Yea, now shall thy kingdom come, Lord God  
of the priests of Rome.

They shall cast thy curb on the waters, and  
bridle the waves of the sea:

They shall say to her, Peace, be still: and  
stillness and peace shall be:

And the winds and the storms shall hear them,  
and tremble, and worship thee.

Thy breath shall darken the morning, and  
wither the mounting sun;

And the daysprings, frozen and fettered, shall  
know thee, and cease to run;

The heart of the world shall feel thee, and die,  
and thy will be done.

The spirit of man that would sound thee, and  
search out causes of things,

Shall shrink and subside and praise thee; and  
wisdom, with plum-plucked wings,  
Shall cower at thy feet and confess thee, that  
none may fathom thy springs.

The fountains of song that await but the wind  
of an April to be  
To burst the bonds of the winter, and speak  
with the sound of a sea,  
The blast of thy mouth shall quench them;  
and song shall be only of thee.

The days that are dead shall quicken, the  
seasons that were shall return,  
And the streets and the pastures of England,  
the woods that burgeon and yearn,  
Shall be whitened with ashes of women and  
children and men that burn.

For the mother shall burn with the babe  
sprung forth of her womb in fire,  
And bride with bridegroom, and brother  
with sister, and son with sire;  
And the noise of the flames shall be sweet in  
thine ears as the sound of a lyre.

Yea, so shall thy kingdom be established, and  
so shall the signs of it be:  
And the world shall know, and the wind shall  
speak, and the sun shall see,  
That these are the works of thy servants,  
whose works bear witness to thee.

## II.

But the dusk of the day falls fruitless, whose  
light should have lit them on:  
Sails flash through the gloom to shoreward,  
eclipsed as the sun that shone;  
And the west wind wakes with dawn, and the  
hope that was here is gone.

Around they wheel and around, two knots to  
the Spaniard's one,  
The wind-swift warriors of England, who  
shoot as with shafts of the sun,  
With fourfold sheus for the Spaniard's, that  
spare not till day be done.

And the wind with the sundown sharpens,  
and hurls the ships to the lee,  
And Spaniard on Spaniard smites, and shatters  
and yields; and we,

Ere battle begin, stand lords of the battle,  
acclaimed of the sea.

And the day sweeps round to the nightward;  
and heavy and hard the waves  
Roll in on the board of the hurtling galleons;  
and masters and slaves  
Reel blind in the grasp of the dark strong  
wind that shall dig their graves.

For the sculchres hollowed and shaped of  
the wind in the swerve of the seas,  
The graves that gape for their pasture, and  
laugh, thrilled through by the breeze,  
The sweet soft merciless waters, await and  
are fain of these.

As the hiss of a Python heaving in menace of  
doom to be  
They hear through the clear night round them  
whose hours are as clouds that flee,  
The whisper of tempest sleeping, the heave  
and the hiss of the sea.

But faith is theirs, and with faith are they  
girded and helmed and shod:  
Invincible are they, almighty, elect for a sword  
and a rod;  
Invincible even as their God is omnipotent,  
infinite, God.

In him is their strength, who have sworn that  
his glory shall wax not dim;  
In his name are their war-ships hallowed as  
mightiest of all that swim:  
The men that shall cope with these, and con-  
quer, shall cast out him.

In him is the trust of their hearts; the desire  
of their eyes is he;  
The light of their ways, made lightning for  
men that would fain be free:  
Earth's hosts are with them, and with them  
is heaven; but with us is the sea.

## V.

## I.

And a day and a night pass over;  
And the heart of their chief swells high;  
For England, the warrior, the rover,  
Whose banners on all winds fly,  
Soul-stricken, he saith, by the shadow of  
death, holds off him, and draws not nigh.

And the wind and the dawn together  
 Make in from the gleaming east:  
 And fain of the wild glad weather  
 As famine is fain of feast,  
 And fain of the fight, forth sweeps in its might  
 the host of the Lord's high priest.

And lightly before the breeze  
 The ships of his foes take wing:  
 Are they scattered, the lords of the seas?  
 Are they broken, the foes of the king?  
 And ever now higher as a mounting fire the  
 hopes of the Spaniard spring.

And a windless night comes down:  
 And a breezeless morning, bright  
 With promise of praise to crown  
 The close of the crowning fight,  
 leaps up as the foe's heart leaps, and glows  
 with lustrous rapture of light.

And stinted of gear for battle  
 The ships of the sea's folk lie,  
 Unwarlike, herded as cattle,  
 Six miles from the foeman's eye  
 That fastens as flame on the sight of them  
 tame and offenceless, and ranged as to  
 die.

Surely the souls in them quail,  
 They are stricken and withered at  
 heart,  
 When in on them, sail by sail,  
 Fierce marvels of monstrous art,  
 Power darkening on tower till the sea-winds  
 cower crowds down as to hurl them apart.

And the windless weather is kindly,  
 And comforts the host in these;  
 And their hearts are uplift in them  
 blindly,  
 And blindly they boast at ease  
 That the next day's fight shall exalt them, and  
 smite with destruction the lords of the  
 seas.

II.

And lightly the proud hearts prattle,  
 And lightly the dawn draws nigh,  
 The dawn of the doom of the battle  
 When these shall falter and fly;  
 No day more great in the roll of fate filled  
 ever within the sky.

To fightward they go as to feastward,  
 And the tempest of ships that drive  
 Sets eastward ever and eastward,  
 Till closer they strain and strive;  
 And the shots that rain on the hulls of Spain  
 are as thunders afire and alive.

And about them the blithe sea smiles  
 And flashes to windward and lee  
 Round capes and headlands and isles  
 That heed not if war there be;  
 Round Sark, round Wight, green jewels of  
 light in the ring of the golden sea.

But the men that within them abide  
 Are stout of spirit and stark  
 As rocks that repel the tide,  
 As day that repels the dark;  
 And the light bequeathed from their swords  
 unsheathed shines lineal on Wight and  
 on Sark.

And eastward the storm sets ever,  
 The storm of the sails that strain  
 And follow and close and sever  
 And lose and return and gain;  
 And English thunder divides in sunder the  
 holds of the ships of Spain.

Southward to Calais, appalled  
 And astonished, the vast fleet veers;  
 And the skies are shrouded and palled,  
 But the moonless midnight hears  
 And sees how swift on them drive and drift  
 strange flames that the darkness fears.

They fly through the night from shore-  
 ward,  
 Heart-stricken till morning break,  
 And ever to scourge them forward  
 Drives down on them England's Drake,  
 And hurls them in as they hurtle and spin and  
 stagger, with storm to wake.

VI.

I.

And now is their time come on them.  
 For eastward they drift and reel,  
 With the shallows of Flanders ahead,  
 with destruction and havoc at heel,  
 With God for their comfort only, the  
 God whom they serve; and here  
 Their Lord, of his great loving kindness,  
 may revel and make good cheer;

Though ever his lips wax thirstier with  
drinking, and hotter the lasis in him  
swill;  
For he foils the thirst that consumes him  
with his cool, and his wingless fumes  
with the reek of hail.

## II.

Fiercely moon beats hand on the battle,  
The galleons that loom to the lee  
Bow down, hecl over, upflitting their  
shelterless heads from the sea;  
From scuppers aspirit with blood, from  
guns dislocated and dumb,  
The signs of the doom they looked for,  
The loud name witnesses come.  
They press with sunset to seaward for com-  
fort; and shall not they find it there?  
O servants of God most high, shall his wind  
not pass you by, and his waves not spare?

## III.

The wings of the south-west wind are widen-  
ed; the breath of his fervent lips,  
More keen than a sword's edge, fiercer than  
fire, falls full on the planging sh'ls.  
The pilot is he of their northward flight, their  
stay and their steersman he;  
A helmsman clothed with the tempest, and  
girdled with strength to constrain the  
sea.  
And the host of them trembles and quails,  
caught fast in his hand as a bird in the  
toils;  
For the wrath and the joy that fulfil him are  
mightier than man's, whom he slays and  
spoils.  
And vainly, with heart divided in sunder, and  
labour of wavering will,  
The lord of their host takes counsel with hope  
if haply their star shine still,  
If haply some light be left them of chance to  
renew and redeem the fray;  
But the will of the black south-wester is lord  
of the counsils of war to-day.  
One only spirit it quells not, a splendour un-  
darkened of chance or time;  
Be the praise of his foes with Oquend for  
ever, a name as a star sublime,  
But here what aid in a hero's heart, what help  
in his hand may he?  
For ever the dark wind whitens and blackens  
the hollows and heights of the sea,

And galley by galley, divided and desolate,  
founders; and none takes heed,  
Nor foe nor friend, if they perish; forlorn,  
cast off in their uttermost need,  
They sink in the whirlm of the waters, as peb-  
bles by children from shoreward hurled,  
In the North Sea's waters that end not, nor  
know they a bourn but the bourn of the  
world.

Past many a secure unavailable harbour, and  
many a loud stream's mouth,  
Past Humber and Tees and Tyne and Tweed,  
they fly, scouted on from the south,  
And run by the scourge of the storm-wind  
that smites as a harper smites on a lyre,  
And conspired of the storm as the sacrifice  
loved of their God is consumed with fire,  
And devoured of the darkness as men that are  
slain in the fires of his love are devoured,  
And deflowered of their lives by the storms, as  
by priests is the spirit of life deflowered.  
For the wind, of its godlike mercy, relents not,  
and hounds them ahead to the north,  
With English hunters at heel, till now is the  
herd of them past the Forth,  
All huddled and hurtled seaward; and now  
need none wage war upon these,  
Nor huntsmen follow the quarry whose fall is  
the pastime sought of the seas.  
Day upon day upon day confounds them, with  
measureless mists that swell,  
With drift of rains everlasting and dense as  
the fumes of ascending hell,  
The visions of priest and of prophet beholding  
his enemies misled of his rod  
Beheld but the likeness of this that is fallen on  
the faithful, the friends of God,  
Northward, and northward, and northward  
they stagger and shudder and swerve  
and flit,  
Dismantled of masts and of yards, with sails  
by the fangs of the storm-wind split.  
But north of the headland whose name is  
Wrath, by the wrath or the ruth of the  
sea,  
They are swept or sustained to the westward,  
and drive through the rollers aloof to the  
lee.  
Some strive yet northward for Beland, and  
perish; but some through the storm hewn  
straits  
That sunder the Shetlands and Orkneys are  
borne of the breath which is God's or  
fate's;

And some, by the dawn of September, at last  
 give thanks as for stars that smile,  
 For the winds have swept them to shelter and  
 sight of the cliffs of a Catholic isle,  
 Though many the fierce rocks feed on, and  
 many the merciless heretic slays,  
 Yet some that have laboured to land with  
 their treasure are trustful, and give God  
 praise.  
 And the kernes of murderous Ireland, athirst  
 with a greed everlasting of blood,  
 Unslakable ever with slaughter and spoil,  
 rage down as a ravening flood,  
 To slay and to flay of their shining apparel  
 their brethren whom shipwreck spares;  
 Such faith and such mercy, such love and  
 such manhood, such hands and such  
 hearts are theirs.  
 Short shrift to her foes gives England, but  
 shorter doth Ireland to friends; and worse  
 fare they that come with a blessing on treason  
 than they that come with a curse.  
 Hacked, harried, and mangled of axes and  
 skenes, three thousand naked and dead  
 Bear witness of Catholic Ireland, what sons  
 of what sires at her breasts are bred.  
 Winds are pitiful, waves are merciful, tempest  
 and storm are kind;  
 The waters that smite may spare, and the  
 thunder is deaf, and the lightning is blind;  
 Of these perchance at his need may a man,  
 though they know it not, yet find grace;  
 But grace, if another be hardened against him,  
 he gets not at this man's face.  
 For his ear that hears and his eye that sees  
 the wreck and the wail of men,  
 And his heart that relents not within him, but  
 hungers, are like as the wolf's in his den.  
 Worthy are these to worship their master, the  
 murderous Lord of lies,  
 Who hath given to the pontiff his servant the  
 keys of the pit and the keys of the skies.  
 Wild famine and red shod rapine are cruel,  
 and bitter with blood are their feasts;  
 But fiercer than famine and redder than  
 rapine the hands and the hearts of priests.  
 God! God bade these to the battle; and here,  
 on a land by his servants trod,  
 They perish, a lordly blood-offering, subdued  
 by the hands of the servants of God.  
 These also were fed of his priests with faith,  
 with the milk of his word and the wine;  
 These two are fulfilled with the spirit of dark-  
 ness that guided their quest divine.

And here, cast up from the ravening sea on  
 the mild land's merciful breast,  
 This comfort they find of their fellows in  
 worship; this guerdon is theirs of their  
 quest.  
 Death was captain, and doom was pilot, and  
 darkness the chart of their way;  
 Night and hell had in charge and in keeping  
 the host of the foes of day  
 invincible, vanquished, impre- cable, shat-  
 tered, a sign to her foes of fear,  
 A sign to the world and the stars of laughter,  
 the fleet of the Lord lies here.  
 Nay, for none may declare the place of the  
 ruin wherein she lies;  
 Nay, for none hath beholden the grave  
 whence never a ghost shall rise.  
 The fleet of the foemen of England hath  
 found not one but a thousand graves;  
 And he that shall number and name them shall  
 number by name and by tale the waves.

VII.

I.

Sixtus, Pope of the Church whose hope takes  
 flight for heaven to dethrone the sun,  
 Philip, king that wouldst turn our spring to  
 winter, blasted, appalled, undone,  
 Prince and priest, let a mourner's feast give  
 thanks to God for your conquest won.  
 England's heel is upon you: kneel, O priest,  
 O prince, in the dust, and cry,  
 'Lord, why thus? art thou wroth with us  
 whose faith was great in thee, God most  
 high?  
 Whence is this, that the serpent's hiss derides  
 us? Lord, can thy pledged word lie?  
 'God of hell, are his flames that swell quenched  
 now for ever, extinct and dead?  
 Who shall fear thee? or who shall hear the  
 word thy servants who feared thee said?  
 Lord, art thou as the dead gods now, whose  
 arm is shortened, whose rede is read?  
 'Yet we thought it was not for nought thy  
 word was given us, to guard and guide:  
 Yet we deemed that they had not dreamed  
 who put their trust in thee. Hast thou  
 lied?  
 God our Lord, was the sacred sword we drew  
 not drawn on thy Church's side?



'England hates thee as hell's own gates; and  
England triumphs, and Rome bows  
down:

England mocks at thee; England's rocks cast  
off thy servants to drive and drown:

England loathes thee; and faine betroths and  
plights with England her faith for crown.

'Spain clings fast to thee; Spain, aghast with  
anguish, cries to thee; where art thou?

Spain puts trust in thee; lo, the dust that soils  
and darkens her prostrate brow!

Spain is true to thy service; who shall raise up  
Spain for thy service now?

'Who shall praise thee, if none may raise thy  
servants up, nor aflight thy foes?

Winter wanes, and the woods and plains for-  
get the likeness of storms and snows:

So shall fear of thee fade even here; and what  
shall follow thee no man knows.'

Lords of night, who would breathe your blight  
on April's morning and August's noon,

God your Lord, the condemned, the abhorred,  
sinks hellward, smitten with deathlike  
swoon:

Death's own dart in his hateful heart now  
thrills, and night shall receive him soon.

God the Devil, thy reign of revel is here for  
ever eclipsed and fled:

God the Liar, everlasting fire lays hold at last  
on thee, hand and head:

God the Accurst, the consuming thirst that  
burns thee never shall here be fed.

## II.

England, queen of the waves whose green  
inviolate girdle enrings thee round,

Mother fair as the morning, where is now the  
place of thy foemen found?

Still the sea that salutes us free, roclaims  
them stricken, acclaims thee crow and.

Times may change, and the skies grow strange  
with signs of treason and fraud and fear:

Foes in union of strange communion may rise  
against thee from far and near:

Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as  
cankers waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason  
should league and lie and defame and  
smite,

We that know thee, how far below thee the  
hated barns of the sons of night,

We that love thee, behold above thee the wit-  
ness written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs  
that none may read not but eyeless  
foes:

Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows  
hopeful now but as madness grows:

Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy  
glory, beholds and glows.

Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie,  
forsaking the face of truth:

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee,  
born again from thy deathless youth:

Faith should fail, and the world turn pale,  
wert thou the prey of the serpent's  
tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may  
strive to sting thee at heel in vain:

Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and  
mourn and murmur and plead and plain:

Thou art thou: and thy sunbright brow is  
hers that blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could  
claim in place of thee England's  
place:

Earth bears none that beholds the sun so  
pure of record, so clothed with grace:

Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine,  
as strong or as fair of face.

How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear  
take hold of thy heart? of thine,

England, maiden immortal, laden with charge  
of life and with hopes divine?

Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither  
behold not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives,  
by grace of thy glory, free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with  
hope to serve as he worships thee;

None may, sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats  
down our songs as it hails the sea.

## TO A SEAMEW.

When I had wings, my brother,  
Such wings were mine as thine;  
Such life my heart remembers  
In all as wild Septembers  
As this when life seems other,  
Though sweet, than once was mine;  
When I had wings, my brother,  
Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens  
The silence of thy flight,  
Or fills thy note's elation  
With loftier exultation  
Than man's, whose faint heart sickens  
With hopes and tears that blight  
Such life as thrills and quickens  
The silence of thy flight.

Thy cry from windward clanging  
Makes all the cliffs rejoice;  
Though storm doth seas with sorrow,  
Thy call salutes the morrow;  
While shades of pain seem hanging  
Round earth's most rapturous voice,  
Thy cry from windward clanging  
Makes all the cliffs rejoice.

We, sons and sires of seamen,  
Whose home is all the sea,  
What place man may, we claim it;  
But thine—whose thought may name it?  
Free birds live higher than freemen,  
And gladder ye than we—  
We, sons and sires of seamen,  
Whose home is all the sea.

For you the storm sounds only  
More notes of more delight  
Than earth's in sunniest weather;  
When heaven and sea together  
Join strengths against the lonely  
Lost bark borne down by night,  
For you the storm sounds only  
More notes of more delight.

With wider wing, and louder  
Long clarion-call of joy,  
Thy tribe salutes the terror  
Of darkness, wild as error,  
But sure as truth, and prouder  
Than waves with man for toy;  
With wider wing, and louder  
Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
The wave's heart swells and breaks;  
One moment's passion thrills it,  
One pulse of power fulfils it  
And ends the pride it utters  
When, loud with life that quakes,  
The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
The wave's heart swells and breaks.

But thine and thou, my brother,  
Keep heart and wing more high  
Than aught may scare or sunder;  
The waves whose throats are thunder  
Fall hurtling each on other,  
And triumph as they die;  
But thine and thou, my brother,  
Keep heart and wing more high.

More high than wrath or anguish,  
More strong than pride or fear,  
The sense or soul half hidden  
In thee, for us forbidden,  
Bids thee nor change nor languish,  
But live thy life as here,  
More high than wrath or anguish,  
More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
On earth is nearest thine;  
Who sing, and cease from flying;  
Who live, and dream of dying;  
Grey time, in time's grey fashion,  
Bids wingless creatures pine:  
We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,  
Such joy no nightingale,  
As sways the songless measure  
Wherein thy wings take pleasure:  
Thy love may no man capture,  
Thy pride may no man quail;  
The lark knows no such rapture,  
Such joy no nightingale.

And we, whom dreams embolden,  
We can but creep and sing  
And watch through heaven's waste hollow  
The flight no sight may follow  
To the utter bourne beholden  
Of none that lack thy wing;  
And we, whom dreams embolden,  
We can but creep and sing.

Our dreams have wings that falter,  
 Our hearts bear hopes that die;  
 For thee no dream could better  
 A life no fears may fetter,  
 A pride no care can alter,  
 That wots not whence or why  
 Our dreams have wings that falter,  
 Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine  
 Their lives by time untarnished,  
 Are girt about and garnished,

Who match the wave's full metre  
 And drink the wind's wild wire  
 With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,  
 Wouldst thou change lives with me,  
 And take my song's wild honey,  
 And give me back thy sunny  
 Wide eyes that weary never,  
 And wings that search the sea;  
 Ah, well were I for ever,  
 Wouldst thou change lives with me.

Beachy Head, September, 1886.

## PAN AND THALASSIUS.

### A LYRICAL IDYL.

THALASSIUS.

PAN!

PAN.

O sea-stray, seed of Apollo,  
 What word wouldst thou have with me?  
 My ways thou wast fain to follow  
 Or e'er the years hailed thee  
 Man.

Now

If August brood on the valleys,  
 If satyrs laugh on the lawns,  
 What part in the wildwood alleys  
 Hast thou with the fleet-foot fauns—  
 Thou?

See!

Thy feet are a man's—not cloven  
 Like these, not light as a boy's;  
 The tresses and tendrils inwoven  
 That lure us, the lure of them doys  
 Thee.

Us

The joy of the wild woods never  
 Leaves free of the thirst it slakes:  
 The wild love throbs in us e'er  
 That burns in the dense hot brakes  
 Thus.

Life,

Eternal, passionate, awless,  
 Insatiable, mutable, dear,  
 Makes all men's law for us lawless:  
 We strive not: how should we fear  
 Strife?

We,

The birds and the bright winds know not  
 Such joys as are ours in the mild  
 Warm woodland; joys such as grow not  
 In waste green fields of the wild  
 Sea.

No;

Long since, in the world's wind veering,  
 Thy heart was estranged from me;  
 Sweet Echo shall yield thee not hearing:  
 What have we to do with thee?

Go.

THALASSIUS.

Ay!

Such wrath on thy nostril quivers  
 As once in Sicilian heat  
 Bade herdsmen quail, and the rivers  
 Shrank, leaving a path for thy feet  
 Dry?

Nay,

Lay down in the hot soft hollow  
Too snakelike hisses thy spleen:  
'O sea-stray, seed of Apollo!  
What ill hast thou heard or seen?  
Say.

Man

Knows well, if he hears beside him  
The snarl of thy wrath at noon,  
What evil may soon betide him,  
Or late, if thou smite not soon,  
Pan.

Me

The sound of thy flute, that flutters  
The woods as they smile and sigh,  
Charmed fast as it charms thy satyrs,  
O' charm no faster than I  
Thee.

Fast

Thy music may charm the splendid  
Wide woodland silence to sleep  
With sounds and dreams of thee blended  
And whispers of waters that creep  
Past.

Here

The spell of thee breathes and passes  
And bids the heart in me pause,  
Hushed soft as the leaves and the grasses  
Are hushed if the storm's foot draws  
Near.

Yet

The panic that strikes down strangers  
Transgressing thy ways unaware  
Aright: not me nor endangers  
Through dread of thy secret snare  
Set.

PAN.

Whence

May man find heart to deride me?  
Who made his face as a star  
To shine as a God's beside me?  
Nay, get thee away from us, far  
Hence.

THALASSIUS.

Then

All no man's heart, as he raises  
A hymn to thy secret head,  
Were great with the godhead he praises:  
Thou, God, shalt be like unto dead  
Men.

PAN.

Grace

I take not of men's thanksgiving,  
I crave not of lips that live;  
They die, and behold, I am living,  
While they and their dead Gods give  
Place.

THALASSIUS.

Yea:

Too lightly the words were spoken  
That mourned or mocked at thee dead:  
But whose was the word, the token,  
The song that answered and said  
Nay?

PAN.

Whose

But mine, in the midnight hidden,  
Clothed round with the strength of night  
And mysteries of things forbidden  
For all but the one most bright  
Muse?

THALASSIUS.

Hers

Or thine, O Pan, was the token  
That gave back empire to thee  
When power in thy hands lay broken  
As needs that quake if a bee  
Stirs?

PAN.

Whom

Have I in my wide woods need of?  
Urania's limitless eyes  
Behold not mine end, though they read of  
A word that shall speak to the skies  
Doom.

THALASSIUS.

She

Gave back to thee kingdom and glory,  
And grace that was thine of yore,  
And life to thy leaves, late hoary  
As weeds cast up from the hoar  
Sea.

Song

Can bid faith shine as the morning  
Though light in the world be none:  
Death shrinks if her tongue sound warning,  
Night quails, and beholds the sun  
Strong.

## PAN.

Night  
 Rare rub over men's faces  
 Whose worship wast not of me  
 And gat but sorrow to wings  
 And hardly for tears could see  
 Light.

## Call

No more on the stary pre-ence  
 Whose light through the long dark swam;  
 Hold fast to the green world's pleasure:  
 For I that am lord of it am  
 All.

## THE ASSIUS.

## God,

God Pan, from the glad wood's portal  
 The breaths of thy song blow sweet:  
 But woods may be walked in of mortal  
 Man's thought, where never thy feet  
 Trod.

## Thine

All secrets of growth and of birth are,  
 All glories of flower and of tree,  
 Whosoever the wonders of earth are;  
 The words of the spell of the sea  
 Mine.

## A BALLAD OF BATH.

LIKE a queen enchanted who may not laugh  
 or weep,  
 Glad at heart and guarded from change  
 and care like ours,  
 Girt about with beauty by days and nights  
 that creep  
 Soft as breathless ripples that softly shore-  
 ward sweep,  
 Lies the lovely city whose grace no grief  
 deflowers,  
 Age and grey forgetfulness, time that shift  
 and veers,  
 Touch not thee, our fairest, whose charm no  
 rival nears,  
 Hailed as England's Florence of one  
 whose praise gives grace,  
 Landor, once thy lover, a name that love  
 reveres:  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face.  
 Dawn whereof we know not, and noon whose  
 fruit we reap,  
 Garnered up in record of years that fell  
 like flowers,  
 Sunset or sunrise along the shining steep  
 Whence thy fair face lightens, and where thy  
 soft springs leap,  
 Crown at once and gird thee with grace or  
 guardian powers,  
 Loved of men beloved of us, soals that fame  
 inspheres,  
 All thine air hath music for him who dreams  
 and hears;  
 Voices mixed of multitudes, feet of friends  
 that pace,

Witness why for ever, if heaven's face clouds  
 or clears,  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face,  
 Peace hath here found harbourage mild as  
 very sleep:  
 Not the hills and waters, the fields and  
 wildwood lowers,  
 Smile or speak more tenderly, clothed with  
 peace more deep,  
 Here than memory whispers of days our mem-  
 ories keep  
 Fast with love and laughter and dreams of  
 withered hours,  
 Bright were these as blossoms of old, and  
 thought endears  
 Still the fair soft phantoms that pass with  
 smiles or tears,  
 Sweet as roseleaves hoarded and dried  
 wherein we trace  
 Still the soul and spirit of sense that lives and  
 cheers:  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face,  
 City hilled asleep by the chime of passing  
 years,  
 Sweeter smiles thy rest than the radiance  
 round thy peers;  
 Only love and lovely remembrance here  
 have place,  
 Time on thee lies lighter than music on men's  
 ears;  
 Dawn and noon and sunset are one before  
 thy face,

## IN A GARDEN.

Baby, see the flowers!  
 Baby sees  
 Fairer things than these,  
 Fairer though they be than dreams of  
 cars.

Baby, hear the birds!  
 Baby knows  
 Better songs than those,  
 Sweeter though they sound than sweetest  
 words.

Baby, see the moon!  
 Baby's eyes  
 Laugh to watch it rise,  
 Answering light with love and night with  
 moon.

Baby, hear the sea!  
 Baby's face  
 Takes a graver grace,  
 Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!  
 Baby's hand  
 Opens, warm and bland,  
 Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!  
 Baby's head  
 Bows, as ripe for bed,  
 Now the flowers curl round and close their  
 cells.

Baby, flower of light,  
 Sleep, and see  
 Brighter dreams than we,  
 Till good day shall smile away good night.

## A RHYME.

BABE, if rhyme be none  
 For that sweet small word  
 Babe, the sweetest one  
 Ever heard,

Right it is and meet  
 Rhyme should keep not true  
 Time with such a sweet  
 Thing as you.

Meet it is that rhyme  
 Should not gain such grace;  
 What is April's prime  
 To your face?

What to yours is May's  
 Rosiest smile? what sound  
 Like your laughter sways  
 All hearts round?

None can tell in metre  
 Fit for ears on earth  
 What sweet star grew sweeter  
 At your birth.

Wisdom doubts what may be:  
 Hope, with smile sublime,  
 Trusts; but neither, baby,  
 Knows the rhyme.

Wisdom lies down lonely;  
 Hope keeps watch from far;  
 None but one seer only  
 Sees the star.

Love alone, with yearning  
 Hears for astrolabe,  
 Takes the star's height, burning  
 O'er the babe.

## BABY-BIRD.

BABY-BIRD, baby-bird,  
 Ne'er a song on earth  
 May be heard, may be heard,  
 Rich as yours in mirth.

All your flickering fingers,  
 All your twinkling toes,  
 Play like light that lingers  
 Till the clear song close.

Baby bird, baby bird,  
Your grave is in the air,  
Like a bird's warbled words,  
Speedy and sorrow dies.

Sorrow dies for love's sake,  
The earth grows one with earth,  
Even for one white dove's sake,  
Born a babe once earth.

Baby bird, baby bird,  
Chirping loud and long,  
Other birds hush their words,  
Harkening toward your song.

Sweet as spring through it ring,  
The love's own lure,  
We are all without sound their song,  
Singing for years.

Baby bird, baby bird,  
The happy heart that bears  
To win luck within  
Heaven, and cast out fears.

Earth and sun seem as one  
Sweet light and one sweet word  
Known of none here but one,  
Known of one sweet bird.

## OLIVE.

## I.

Who may praise her?  
Eyes where midnight shames the sun,  
Hair of night and sunshine spun,  
Woven of dawn- or twilight's loom,  
Radiant darkness, lustrous gloom,  
Godlike childhood's flowerlike bloom,  
None may praise aright, nor sing  
Half the grace when with like spring  
Love arrays her.

## II.

Love untold  
Sings in silences, and in light  
Shed from one fair feature, right  
Still from heaven, who once toyed us, now  
Nine years since, he seemed to bow  
Down the brightness of her brow,  
Deigned to pass the high mortal birth;  
Reverence calls her, here on earth,  
Nine years old.

## III.

Love's deep duty,  
Even when love unshingled grows  
Worship, all too surely knows  
How, though love may cast out fear,  
Yet the debt divine and dear  
Due to childhood's godhead here  
May by love of man be paid  
Never, never song be made  
Worth its beauty.

## IV.

Nought is all  
Sung or said or dreamed or thought  
Ever, set beside it, nought  
All the love that man may give -  
Love whose prayer should be, 'Forgive!'  
Heaven, we see, on earth may live;  
Earth can thank not heaven, we know,  
Save with songs that ebb and flow,  
Rise and fall.

## V.

No man living,  
No man dead, save haply one  
Now gone homeward past the sun,  
Ever found such grace as might  
Tune his tongue to praise aright  
Children, flowers of love and light,  
Whom our praise dispraises: we  
Sing, in sooth, but not as he  
Sang thanksgiving.

## VI.

Hope that smiled,  
Smiling her new-born beauty, made  
Out of heaven's own light and shade,  
Smiled not half so sweetly: love,  
Seeing the sun, afar above,  
Wrote the nest that rears the dove,  
Sees, more bright than moon or sun,  
All the heaven of heavens in one  
Little child.

## VII.

Who may sing her?  
 Wings of angels when they stir  
 Make no music worthy her;  
 Sweeter sound her shy soft words  
 Here than song of God's own birds  
 Whom the fire of rapture girds  
 Round with light from love's face lit;  
 Hands of angels and no fit  
 Gifts to bring her.

## VIII.

Babes at birth  
 Their raiment round them cast,  
 Is cup as witness toward their past,  
 Tokens left of heaven; and each,

Ere its lips learn mortal speech,  
 Ere sweet heaven pass on pass reach,  
 Bears in undiverted eyes  
 Proof of unforgotten skies  
 Here on earth.

## IX.

Quenched as embers  
 Quenched with flakes of rain or snow  
 Till the last taint flame burns low,  
 All those lustrous memories lie  
 Dead with babyhood gone by:  
 Yet in her they dare not die;  
 Others, fair as heaven is, yet,  
 Now they share not heaven, forget:  
 She remembers

## A WORD WITH THE WIND.

Lord of days and nights that hear thy word  
 of wintry warning,  
 Wind, whose feet are set on ways that  
 none may tread.  
 Change the nest when in thy wings are fledged  
 for flight by morning,  
 Change the harbour whence at dawn thy  
 sails are spread.  
 Not the dawn, ere yet the imprisoning night  
 has half released her,  
 More desires the sun's full face of cheer,  
 than we,  
 Well as yet we love the strength of the iron-  
 tongued north-easter,  
 Yearn for wind to meet us as we front the  
 sea.  
 All thy ways are good, O wind, and all the  
 world should fester,  
 Were thy fourfold godhead quenched, or  
 stilled thy strife:  
 Yet the waves and we desire too long the  
 deep south-wester,  
 Whence the waters quicken shoreward,  
 clothed with life,  
 Yet the field not made for ploughing save of  
 keels nor harrowing  
 Save of storm-winds lies unbrightened by  
 thy breath:  
 Banded broad with ruddy sapphire glow the  
 sea-banks narrowing  
 Westward, while the sea gleams chill and  
 still as death.

Sharp and strange from inland sounds thy  
 bitter note of battle,  
 Blown between grim skies and waters sul-  
 len-soured,  
 Till the baffled seas bear back, rocks roar and  
 shingles rattle,  
 Vexed and angered and anhungered and  
 a-cold.  
 Change thy note, and give the waves their  
 will, and all the measure,  
 Full and perfect, of the music of their  
 might,  
 Let it till the bays with thunderous notes and  
 throbs of pleasure,  
 Shake the shores with passion, sound at  
 once and smite.  
 Sweet are even the mild low notes of wind and  
 sea, but sweeter  
 Sounds the song whose choral wrath of  
 raging rhyme  
 Bids the shelving shoals keep tune with  
 storm's imperious metre,  
 Bids the rocks and reefs respond in rap-  
 turous chime,  
 Sweet the lisp and lulling whisper and luxu-  
 rious laughter,  
 Soft as love or sleep, of waves whereon the  
 sun  
 Dreams, and dreams not of the darkling hours  
 before nor after,  
 Winged with cloud whose wrath shall bid  
 love's day be done.



Yet shall darkness bring the awakening sea  
 a lordlier lover,  
 Clothed with strength more amorous and  
 more strenuous will.

Whence her heart of carts shall lindle and  
 her soul recover  
 Sense of love too keen to lie for love's  
 sake still.

Let thy strong south-western music sound,  
 and bid the billows  
 Brighten, proud and glad to feel thy  
 scourge and kiss

Sting and soothe and sway them, bowed as  
 aspens bend or willows,  
 Yet resurgent still in breathless rage of  
 bliss.

All to day the slow sleek ripples hardly bear  
 up shoreward,  
 Charged with sighs more light than laugh-  
 ter, faint and fair.

Like a woodland lake's weak wavelets lightly  
 lingering forward,  
 Soft and listless as the slumber-stricken  
 air.

Be the sunshine bared or veiled, the sky  
 superb or shrouded,  
 Still the waters, lax and languid, chafed  
 and foiled,

Keen and thwarted, pale and patient, clothed  
 with fire or clouded,  
 Vex their heart in vain, or sleep like ser-  
 pents coiled.

Thee they look for, blind and baffled, wan  
 with wrath and weary,  
 Blown for ever back by winds that rock the  
 bird;

Winds that seamews breast subdue the sea,  
 and bid the dreary  
 Waves be weak as hearts made sick with  
 hope deferred.

Let thy clarion sound from westward, let the  
 south bear token  
 How the glories of thy godhead sound and  
 shine:

Bid the land rejoice to see the land wind's  
 broad wings broken,  
 Bid the sea take comfort, bid the world be  
 thine.

Half the world abhors thee beating back the  
 sea, and blackening  
 Heaven with fierce and woful change of  
 the taut form.

All the world acclaim thee shifting sail again,  
 and slackening  
 Cloud by cloud the close-reefed cordage of  
 the storm.

Sweeter fields and brighter woods and lordlier  
 hills than waken  
 Here at sunrise never hailed the sun and  
 thee:

Turn thee then, and give them comfort, shed  
 like rain and shaken  
 Fir as foam that laughs and leaps along  
 the sea.

## NEAP-TIDE.

Far off is the sea, and the land is afar:  
 The low banks arch at the sky,  
 Seen hence, and are heavenward high;  
 Though light for the leap of a boy they are,  
 And the far sea late was nigh.

The fair wild fields and the circling downs,  
 The bright sweet marshes and meads  
 All glorious with flow-like weeds,  
 The great grey churches, the sea-washed towns,  
 Recede as a dream recedes.

The world draws back, and the world's light  
 wanes,  
 As a dream dies down and is dead;  
 And the clouds and the gleams overhead  
 Change, and change, and the sea remains,  
 A shadow of dreamlike dread.

Wild, and woful, and pale, and grey,  
 A shadow of sleepless fear,  
 A corpse with the night for bier,  
 The fairest thing that beholds the day  
 Lies haggard and hopeless here,

And the wind's wings, broken and spent, sub-  
 side:  
 And the dumb waste world is hoar,  
 And strange as the sea the shore;  
 And shadows of shapeless dreams abide  
 Where life may abide no more.

A sail to seaward, a sound from shoreward,  
 And the spell were broken that seems  
 To reign in a world of dreams  
 Where vainly the dreamer's feet make forward  
 And vainly the low sky gleams.

The sea-forsaken forlorn deep-wrinkled  
Salt slanting stretches of sand  
That slope to the seaward hand,  
Were they faint of the ripples that flashed and  
twinkled  
And laughed as they struck the strand:

As bells on the reins of the fairies ring  
The ripples that kissed them rang,  
The light from the sun-dawn sprang,  
And the sweetest of songs that the world may  
sing  
Was theirs when the full sea sang.

Now no light is in heaven; and now  
Not a note of the sea wind's tune  
Rings hither: the bleak sky's boon  
Grants hardly sight of a grey sea's brow —  
A sun more sad than the moon.

More sad than a moon that clouds beleaguer  
And storm is a scourge to smite,  
The sick sun's shadowlike light

Grows faint as the clouds and the waves wax  
eager,  
And withers away from sight.

The day's heart cowers, and the night's heart  
quickens:  
Full fain would the day be dead  
And the stark night reign in his stead:  
The sea falls dumb as the sea fog thickens  
And the sunset dies for dread.

Outside of the range of time, whose breath  
Is keen as the manslayer's knife  
And his peace but a truce for strife,  
Who knows if haply the shadow of death  
May be out of the light of life?

For the storm and the rain and the darkness  
borrow  
But an hour from the suns to be,  
But a strange swift passage, that we  
May rejoice, who have mourned not to-day,  
to-morrow,  
In the sun and the wind and the sea.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

SUMMER's face was rosiest, skies and woods  
were mellow,  
Earth had heaven to friend, and heaven had  
earth to fellow,  
When we met where wooded hills and  
meadows meet.

Autumn's face is pale, and all her late leaves  
yellow,  
Now that here again we greet.

Wan with years whereof this eightieth bears  
December,  
Fair and bright with love, the kind old  
face I know

Smiles above the sweet small twain whose  
eyes remember  
Heaven, and fill with April's light this pale  
November,

Though the dark year's glass run low.

For a rose whose joy of life, her silence utters  
When the birds are loud, and low the lulled  
wind mutters,

Grave and silent shines the boy nigh three  
years old.

Wise and sweet his smile, that falters not nor  
flutters,

Grows, and turns the gloom to gold.

Like the new-born sun's that strikes the dark  
and slays it,

So that even for love of light it smiles and  
dies,

Laughs the boy's blithe face whose fair fourth  
year arrays it

All with light of life and mirth that stirs and  
sways it

And fulfils the deep wide eyes.

Wide and warm with glowing laughter's ex-  
ultation.

Full of welcome, full of sunbright jubilation,  
Flash my taller friend's quick eye beams,  
charged with cheer;

But with softer still and sweeter salutation  
Shine my smaller friend's on me.

Little arms flung round my bending neck,  
that yoke it

Fast in tender bondage, draw my face  
down too

Toward the flower soft face whose dumb deep  
smiles invoke it,

Dumb, but love can read the radiant eyes  
that wake it,

Blue as June's mid heaven is blue.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| How may men find refuge, how should hearts<br>be shielded,<br>From the weapons thus by little children<br>wielded,<br>When they lift such eyes as light this<br>lustrous face—<br>Eyes that woke love sleeping unawares, and<br>yielded,<br>Love for love, a gift of grace, | Grace beyond man's merit, love that laughs,<br>to giving<br>Even the sin of being no more a child, nor<br>worth<br>Trust and love that lavish gifts above man's<br>giving,<br>To give the grace of eyes and lips the sweetest<br>fair,<br>Fair as heaven and kind as earth? |
|---|---|

## NIGHT.

## I.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI SERRAVALLE.

NIGHT, whom in shape so sweet thou here  
    may'st see  
Sleeping, was by some Angel sculptured there  
    In marble, and so she sleeps with life  
    like us:  
Thou doubt'st? Awake her: she will speak  
    to thee.

## II.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.

Sleep likes me well, and better yet to know  
    I am but stone. While shame and grief  
    must be,  
    God that hap is mine, to feel not, nor to see:  
Told he of, then, lest thou wake me: ah, speak  
    low.

## IN TIME OF MOURNING.

'RETURN,' we dare not as we learn  
    Would cry from hearts that yearn,  
Love dares not bid our dead again  
    Return,  
O hearts that strain and burn  
    As fires fast fettered burn and strain!  
Bow down, lie still, and learn.

The heart that healed all hearts of pain  
    No funeral rites inurn:  
Its echoes, while the stars remain,  
    Return.

May, 1885.

## THE INTERLUERS.

## I.

Days dawn on us that make amend for many  
    Sometimes,  
When heaven and earth seem ever even  
    than any  
    Man's rhymes.

Light had not all been quenched in France  
    crippled  
    In Greece,  
Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held  
    his peace.

Had Apollo's self not left her word thus  
    long  
    for taken,  
The sea and Lesbos yet in waves of song  
    Had spoken.

## II.

And yet these days of sabbler air and finer  
    Days,  
When lovers look the darkness, and  
    lover  
    The night—

The gift they give of all these golden  
hours,  
Whose urn  
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing  
showers  
In turn--

Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live  
day's track  
Seem living--  
What were they did no spirit give them  
back  
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows,  
telling  
Time nought;  
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and  
dwelling  
In thought.

In human thought their being endures, their  
power  
Abides:  
Else were their life a thing that each light  
hour  
Derides.

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die,  
with all  
They cherish;  
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it  
fall  
And perish.

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation;  
Our days  
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no  
station  
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things  
than time  
Can wrong,  
Made splendid once with speech, or made  
sublime  
By song.

Remembrance, though the tide of change that  
rolls  
Wax hoary,  
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and  
the soul's,  
Their glory.

July 16th, 1885.

THE RECALL.

RETURN, they cry, ere yet your day  
Set, and the sky grow stern:  
Return, strayed souls, while yet ye may  
Return.  
But heavens beyond us yearn;  
Yet heights of heaven above the sway  
Of stars that eyes discern.

The soul whose wings from shoreward  
stray  
Makes toward her viewless bourne  
Though trustless faith and unfaith say,  
Return.

BY TWILIGHT

In a dream that desire of the distance above us  
Should be fettered by fear of the shadows that  
seem,  
In a wake, to be nought, but to hate or to  
love us  
If we dream.  
Nought sinks on the soul, and the stars as they  
gleam  
Speak menace or mourning, with tongues to  
reprove us

That we deemed of them better than terror  
may seem.  
But if hope may not lure us, if fear may not  
move us,  
Thought lightens the darkness wherein the  
supreme  
Pure presence of death shall assure us, and  
prove us  
If we dream.

## A BABY'S EPITAPH.

APRIL made me, winter laid me here away  
 Asleep,  
 Bright as Maytime was my daytime; night is  
 soft and deep.  
 Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well  
 we ye that weep.  
 Ye that held me dear be hold me not a year  
 month long;  
 All the while ye shall remember I was here,  
 whence the song

Came that made me smile, and laid me here,  
 and wrought you wrong.

Angels, calling from your brawling world, me  
 asked here,

Hee and bade me, and forbade me here to  
 rest beguiled:

That I sleep not, pass, and weep not here  
 upon your child.

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

FOURSCORE and five times has the gradual  
 year  
 Risen and fulfilled its days of youth and  
 old  
 Since first the child's eyes opening first  
 beheld  
 Light, who now leaves behind to help us  
 here  
 Light shed from song as starlight from a  
 sphere  
 Scene as summer; song whose charm  
 compelled

The sovereign soul made flesh in Atte-  
 velle

To stand august before us and austere,  
 Half sad with mortal knowledge, all sublime  
 With trust that takes no taint from change  
 or time.

Trust in man's might of manhood. Strong  
 and sage,

Clad of round with reverence of remem-  
 bering hearts,

He, twin-born with our nigh departing age,  
 Into the light of peace and fame departs.

## IN MEMORY OF JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD.

FAREWELL: how should not such as thou fare  
 well,  
 Though we fare ill that love thee, and  
 that live,  
 And know, whate'er the days when thou  
 dwelt  
 May give us, thee again they will not  
 give?

The fire that burns up dawn to bring forth  
 noon

Was father of thy spirit: how shouldst  
 thou

Die as they die for whom the sun and  
 moon

Are silent? Thee the darkness holds not  
 now:

Peace, rest, and sleep are all we know of death,  
 And all we dream of comfort: yet for thou,  
 Whose breath of life was bright and strenuous  
 breath,

Then, while they looked upon the light, and  
 dreamed

That life was theirs for living in the sun,  
 The darkness held in bondage; and they  
 dreamed,

Who knew not that such life as theirs was  
 none,

The seal of sleep set on thine eyes to close  
 Surely can seal not up the keen swift eye  
 That brighten once for ever. Night can show  
 None save the children of the womb of

To give the sun spake, and the morning sang  
 None deep and clear as life or heaven:

The sea

That sounds for them but wild waste music :  
rang  
Notes that were lost not when they rang  
for thee.

The mountains clothed with light and light  
and change,  
The lakes alive with wind and cloud and  
sun  
Made answer, by constraint sublime and  
strange,  
To the ardent hand that bade thy will  
come.

We may not bid the mountains mourn, the  
sea  
That lived and lightened from thine hand  
again  
Mourn, as of old would men that mourned a  
we  
A man beloved, a man elect of men,  
A man that loved them. Vain, divine and  
vain,  
The dream that touched with thoughts or  
tears of ours  
The spirit of sense that lives in sun and rain,  
Sings out in birds, and breathes and tides  
in flowers.

Not for our joy they live, and for our grief  
They die not. Though thine eye be closed,  
thine hand  
Powerless as mine to paint them, not a leaf  
In English woods or glades of Switzerland  
Falls earlier now, fades faster. All our love  
Moves not our mother's changeless heart,  
who gives  
A little light to eyes and stars above,  
A little life to each man's heart that lives,  
A little life to heaven and earth and sea,  
To stars and souls revealed of night and  
day,  
And change, the one thing changeless: yet  
shall she  
Cease too, perchance, and perish. Who  
shall say?

Our mother Nature, dark and sweet as sleep,  
And strange as life and strong as death,  
holds fast,  
Even as she holds our hearts alive, the deep  
Dumb secret of her first-born births and  
last.

But this, we know, shall cease not till the  
strife  
Of nights and days and tears and hopes  
and cold,  
Through the brief eternities of life,  
Calls, and calls from death a living  
friend;

The love made strong with knowledge,  
whence confirmed  
The whole soul takes assurance, and the  
past  
By time's measure, not by memory's,  
termed)  
Lives present life, and mingles first with  
last.

I know long since thy guest of many days,  
Who found thy hearth a brother's, and  
with thee  
Tracked in and out the lines of rolling  
days  
And banks and gulfs and reaches of the  
sea—

Deep dens wherein the wrestling water sobs  
And pants with restless pain of reluctant  
breath  
Till all the sunless hollow sounds and throbs  
With ebb and flow of eddies dark as  
death—

I know not what more glorious world, what  
waves  
More bright with life, if brighter aught  
may live  
Than those that filled and fled their tidal  
caves—  
May now give back the love thou hast  
to give.

Tintock, and the long Trebarwith sand,  
Lone Camelford, and Boscastle divine  
Were flower of southern blossom, bright and  
bland  
Above the roar of granite balled brine,  
Shall hear no more by joyous night or day  
From downs or causeways good to rove  
and ride  
Or feet of ours or horse hoof urge their  
way  
That sped us here and there by tower and  
tide.

The headlands and the hollows and the waves,  
For all our love, forget us; where I am  
Thou art not; deeper sleeps the shadow of  
    graves  
Thou in the sunless. If that once we  
    swam.

Thou hast swum too soon the sea of death;  
For us  
Too soon, but if truth bless love's blind  
    belief  
Faith, born of hope and agony, says not  
    thus:  
And joy for thee for me should mean not  
    grief.

And joy for thee, if ever sad of man  
    Fought joy in change and life of ampler  
    birth  
Than here pens in the spirit for a span,  
Must be the life that doubt calls death  
    on earth.

For if, beyond the shadow and the sleep,  
A place there be for souls without a stain,  
Where peace is perfect, and delight more deep  
Than seas or skies that change and shine  
    again.

There none of all uncolled souls that live  
    May hold a surer station; none may hold  
More light to hope's or memory's hope, nor  
    give  
More joy than thine to those that call  
    thee friend.

Yea, joy from sorrow's barren womb is born  
When faith begets on grief the godlike child;  
As midnight yearns with starry sense of morn  
In Arctic summers, though the sea wax  
    wild.

So love, whose name is memory, thrills at  
    heart,  
Remembering and rejoicing in thee, now  
Alive where love may dream not what thou  
    art  
But knows that higher than hope or love  
    art thou.

'Whatever heaven, if heaven at all may be,  
Await the sacred souls of good men dead,  
'There, now we mourn who loved him here, is  
    he.'  
So, sweet and stern of speech, the Roman  
    said,

Erect in grief, in trust erect, and gave  
His deathless dead a deathless life even  
    here  
Where day bears down on day as wave on  
    wave  
And not man's smile fades faster than  
    his tear.

Albeit this gift be given not me to give,  
Nor power be mine to break time's silent  
    spell,  
Not less shall love that dies not while I live  
Bid thee, beloved in life and death, fare-  
    well.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NEW YEAR, be good to England. Bid her  
    name  
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea;  
Make strong her soldiers, bid her spirit free;  
Bid fast her homeborn be with haks of  
    shear  
More strong than iron and more keen than  
    flame  
Seal up their lips for shame's sake, so  
    shall be  
Whow, the light that lightened freedom be,  
For all full language, in all men's eyes the  
    same.

O last born child of Time, earth's eldest  
    lord,  
God malisrowned of godhead, who for  
    man  
Begets all good and evil things that  
    live,  
He that, His re-a-begotten son, implored  
Of courts that hope and fear not, make  
    the span  
Bright with such light as history bids  
    thee give.

Jan. 1, 1889.

TO SIR RICHARD L. BURTON.

(ON THE TRANSLATION OF "THE WILLOW WIGGERS.")

WARD the sun sinks, grave and glad,      Where shadows are not shadows. Hand in  
but far  
Eastward, with laughter and to jesting  
tears,  
Cloud, rain, and splendour as of  
stars,  
As the sea's thrill toward a child's  
hand  
And sand runs breaks the barrier  
And fires the mist and shews the  
on years  
Vindish, but he that bearkens  
Bright music from the world where shadows  
are.

NETT GWYN.

Heart, that no taint of the throne or  
stage  
Could touch with unclean transformation,  
or alter  
To the likeness of courtiers whose  
chambers falter  
Vine smile or the frown, at the mirth or  
rage,  
Or master whom chance could injure or  
savage,  
Or Lady of Laughter, backed in  
alter,  
A ward of no faithful that cringe and  
that palter

Praise be with thee yet from a hag-ridden  
age,  
Our Lady of Pity thou wast; and to thee  
All England, whose sons are the sons of the  
sea,  
Gives thanks, and will hear not if I  
smile  
When the name of the friend of her sailors is  
spoken;  
And thy lover she cannot but love by the  
token  
That thy name was the last on the lips  
of King Charles.

CALIBAN ON ARIEL.

'His backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract.'

Song is loosed of that most lying  
live,  
Whom stripes may not, yet, not kindness,  
Listen! 'Tis  
The real god of song, Lord Shakespeare,  
'Tis a brave god, if ever god were  
free,  
Whose celestial liquor; but, the  
A most ridiculous monster, loads, ye  
know  
On Ariel's lips what springs of poison  
flow  
Thou chicken heart blasphemer! Hear him  
rave!

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-  
self  
Upon thy wicked dam, the witch whose  
name  
Is darkness, and the sun her eyes'  
offence,  
Though Hell's hot sewerage breed no loathlier  
elf,  
Men cry not shame upon thee, seeing thy  
shame  
So perfect: they but bid thee—'Hag-  
seed, hence!'



## THE WEARY WEDDING.

- O day, my pr, why d'ye laugh and weep,  
 One with another?  
 For ye're my wile and I'm wif to keep,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And we're ye, myna the day ye wed,  
 One with another,  
 For to us are dey when the prims are dead,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And ye have your tears ran down like rain,  
 One with another,  
 For a long love lost and a sweet love slain,  
 Mother, my mother.
- Too late have your tears dripped down like dew,  
 One with another,  
 For a fool's errand at my Sire and my Brethren  
 Slew,  
 Mother, my mother.
- Let past things perish and dead griefs lie,  
 One with another,  
 O day, my pr, why d'ye weep, and fain would I die,  
 Mother, my mother.
- Fair gifts we give ye, to laugh and live,  
 One with another,  
 But sad and strange are the gifts I give,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give for your father's love?  
 One with another,  
 Fines tall for a d'ye prims enough,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give for your mother's sake?  
 One with another,  
 Tears to brew and tares to bake,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your sister Jean?  
 One with another,  
 A flax to hild and a bobble to wean,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your sister Nell?  
 One with another,  
 The green herb and the beginning of fell,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your sister Kate?  
 One with another,  
 For ye're my door and hell's gate,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your brother Will?  
 One with another,  
 Life's grief and world's ill,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your brother Hugh?  
 One with another,  
 A bed of turl to turn into,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your brother John?  
 One with another,  
 The dust of death to feed upon,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your bauld bridegroom?  
 One with another,  
 A barren bed and an empty room,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your bridegroom's  
 friend?  
 One with another,  
 A weary foot to the weary end,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye give your blithe bridesmaid?  
 One with another,  
 Grief to sew and sorrow to braid,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye drink the day ye're wed?  
 One with another,  
 But ye drink of the well-head,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And whatten a water is that to draw?  
 One with another,  
 We maun draw thereof a', we maun drink  
 thereof a',  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what shall ye pu' where the well rinsdeep?  
 One with another,  
 Green herb of death, fine flower of sleep,  
 Mother, my mother.

- Are there any fishes that swim therein?  
 One with another.  
 The white fish grace, and the red fish sin,  
 Mother, my mother.
- Are there any birds that sing thereby?  
 One with another.  
 When they come thither they sing till they die,  
 Mother, my mother.
- Is there any draw-bucket to that well-head?  
 One with another.  
 There's a wee well bucket hangs low by a thread,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And whatten a thread is that to spin?  
 One with another.  
 It's green for grace, and it's black for sin,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye strew on your bride-chamber floor?  
 One with another.  
 But one strewing and no more,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And whatten a strewing shall that one be?  
 One with another.  
 The dust of earth and sand of the sea,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye take to build your bed?  
 One with another.  
 Sin and shame and the bones of the dead,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye wear for your wedding gown?  
 One with another.  
 Grass for the green and dust for the brown,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye wear for your wedding lace?  
 One with another.  
 A heavy heart and a hidden face,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye wear for a wreath to your head?  
 One with another.  
 Ask for the white and blood for the red,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what will ye wear for your wedding ring?  
 One with another.  
 A weary thought for a weary thing,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what shall the chimies and the bell-ropes play?  
 One with another.  
 A weary tune on a weary day,  
 Mother, my mother.
- And what shall be sung for your wedding song?  
 One with another.  
 A weary word of a weary wrong,  
 Mother, my mother.
- The world's way with me runs back,  
 One with another,  
 Wedded in white and buried in black,  
 Mother, my mother.
- The world's day and the world's night,  
 One with another,  
 Wedded in black and buried in white,  
 Mother, my mother.
- The world's bliss and the world's teen,  
 One with another,  
 It's red for white and it's black for green,  
 Mother, my mother.
- The world's will and the world's way,  
 One with another,  
 It's sighing for night and crying for day,  
 Mother, my mother.
- The world's good and the world's worth,  
 One with another,  
 It's earth to flesh and it's flesh to earth,  
 Mother, my mother.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- When she came out at the kirkyard gate,  
 (One with another)  
 The bridegroom's mother was there in wait  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- O mother, where is my great green bed,  
 (One with another)  
 Silk at the foot and gold at the head,  
 Mother, my mother?

- Yea, it is ready, the silk and the gold,  
 One with another.  
 But hie it weel that I be not cold,  
 Mother, my mother.
- She laid her cheek to the velvet and vair,  
 One with another,  
 She laid her arms up to her hair,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Her gold hair fell through her arms full  
 low,  
 One with another;  
 Lord God, bring me out o' woe!  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Her gold hair fell in the gay reeds green,  
 One with another,  
 Lord God, bring me out o' teen'  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- \* \* \* \* \*
- O mother, where is my lady gone?  
 (One with another.)  
 In the bride-chamber she makes sore moan:  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Her hair falls over the velvet and vair,  
 (One with another.)  
 Her great soft tears fall over her hair,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- When he came into the bride's chamber,  
 (One with another.)  
 Her hands were like pale yellow amber,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Her tears made specks in the velvet and  
 vair,  
 (One with another.)  
 The seeds of the reeds made specks in her  
 hair,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- He kissed her under the gold on her head;  
 (One with another.)  
 The lids of her eyes were like cold lead,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- He kissed her under the tail of her ching;  
 (One with another.)  
 There was right little blood therein,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- He kissed her under her shoulder sweet,  
 (One with another.)  
 Her throat was weel, with little heat,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- He kissed her down by her breast flowers red,  
 One with another,  
 They were like never flowers dead,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- What ails you now o' your weeping, wife?  
 (One with another.)  
 It ails me sair o' my very life,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- What ails you now o' your weary ways?  
 (One with another.)  
 It ails me sair o' my long life days,  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Nay, ye are young, ye are over fair,  
 (One with another.)  
 Though I be young, what needs ye care?  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Nay, ye are fair, ye are over sweet,  
 (One with another.)  
 Though I be fair, what needs ye greet?  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Nay, ye are mine while I hold my life,  
 (One with another.)  
 O for I will ye see, o' the worn, for a wife?  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Nay, ye are mine while I have my breath,  
 (One with another.)  
 O for I will ye marry the dust of death?  
 (Mother, my mother.)
- Yea, ye are mine, we are handfast wed,  
 (One with another.)  
 Nay, I am no man's; nay, I am dead,  
 Mother, my mother.

THE WINDS.

O wae fa' the east wind,  
And wae fa' the west;  
I wish I were under the wawa wide  
I wot weel wad I rest.

O wae fa' the north wind,  
And wae fa' the south;  
I wot weel ower my road I wad  
Or ever ye kissed my mouth.

Wae fa' the windward rocks,  
And wae fa' the lee;  
I wot ye might ha' mucken o' these ore ships,  
A' for my love's goring tree.

And wae fa' ye, mairms a',  
And wae fa' the sea;  
It wad be a' for me an' hundred men,  
And let my ae love be.

A TYKE-WAKE SONG.

TYKE of face, full of pride,  
Laid down by a dead man's side.

Ye sing songs a' the day;  
Laid down at night in the red worm's way.

But ye were a' day long;  
Ye can be but lean at even'ong.

Ye had gowd kells on your hair;  
Sae man kens what ye were.

Ye set scorn by the silken stuff;  
Now the grave is clean enough.

Ye set scorn by the rubb'd ring;  
Now the worm is a sutt' sweet thing.

Fine gold and flithe fair face,  
Ye are come to a grimy place.

Gold hair and glad grey een,  
Sae man kens if ye have been.

A REIVER'S NECK-VERSE.

SOME die singing, and some die swainning,  
And weel mot a' they be;  
Some die playing, and some die praving,  
And I wot sae winna we, my dear,  
And I wot sae winna, we.

Some die sailing, and some die wailing,  
And some die fur and free;  
Some die flying, and some die fighting,  
But I for a fause love's fee, my dear,  
But I for a fause love's fee.

Some die laughing, and some die quaffing,  
And some die high on tree;  
Some die spinning, and some die sinning,  
But I gogot and fire for ye, my dear,  
I gogot and fire for ye.

Some die weeping, and some die sleeping,  
And some die under sea;  
Some die ganging, and some die hanging,  
And a twine of a tow for me, my dear,  
A twine of a tow for me.

THE WITCH-MOTHER.

OWHERE will ye gang to and where will ye  
sleep,  
Against the night begins?  
My bed is made wi' cauld sorrows,  
My sheets are lined wi' sins.

And a sair grief sitting at my foot,  
And a sair grief at my head;  
And thole to lay me my hagh pillows,  
And teen till I be dead.

'Auld time's aye aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
That it's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

'Auld time's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

But ye cannae see the auld time,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
He's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Gae ye aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

Auld time's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

'Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
The day that ye were aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
But ye cannae see the auld time,  
She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
On the auld time, aye, aye, aye, aye.

She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
To the auld time, aye, aye, aye, aye.

She's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
He's aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

But ye cannae see the auld time,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

He struck her head frae her fair body,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
And there were three more souls in hell,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
And two more souls in hell.

### THE BRIDE'S FRAGIDY.

'The wind wears me, the day wears me,  
The rain is gin to gree,  
There's nae man, nae wif, by the dark man's  
Sides,  
Nor do I on the dark man's way,  
In, in, out and in,  
Blows the wind and whirls the whin.

'And winnae ye watch the night wif's  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Should brook her an' son's scorn,  
In, in, out and in,  
Blows the wind and whirls the whin.

'O mother, I may not sleep nor stray,  
My wind is ill to dre,  
For a fraise faint bod of the south o' board,  
Wad win my bride of me,  
In, in, out and in,  
Blows the wind and whirls the whin.

'The winds are stragg, and the nights are  
lang,  
And the ways are sair to ride,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye,  
In, in, out and in,  
Blows the wind and whirls the whin.

On I manna hude and I hid, Willie,  
I wot my word is sair;  
Woe I may ye get for a light love yet,  
But never a mither mair.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

O gin the morrow be great wi' sorrow,  
The wate be yours or a'  
I'll nae mair ye sley me than I and stry me,  
The word ye will manna I'.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

When cools were crawling and day was daw  
In,  
He's leam' him forth to ride;  
And the ae first may he's met that day  
Was Fouse Earl Robert's bride.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

On the and braw were the bride folk a',  
But sad and saft rade she;  
And sad as doom was her fouse bridegroom,  
But fair and fair was he.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

And winna ye bide, sae saft ye ride,  
And winna ye speak wi' me?  
For mony's the word and the kindly word  
I have spoken a't wi' thee.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

My lump was lit yestreen, Willie,  
My window gate was wide;  
But ye camena nigh me till day came by me,  
And mule me not your bride.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

He's set his hand to her bridle rein,  
He's turned her horse away;  
And the cry was sair, and the wraith was mair,  
And fast and fain rode they.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

But when they came by C'ollerford,  
I wot the ways were fell,  
For broad and brown the spate swang down,  
And the lift was mirk as hell.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

'And will ye rade you fell water,  
Or will ye bide for fear?  
Nae sae the ve'll win o' your father's kin,  
I thought they should slay me here.'  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

'I had he for rade you fell water,  
Though stange it be to rade,  
Than I wad stand on the fua green strand  
And thou be slain beside.'  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whis the whin.

'I had he for swim you wild water,  
Though sair it be to bide,  
Than I wad stand at a strange man's hand,  
'To be a strange man's bride.'  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

'I had he for drink ye dark water,  
Wi' the stanes to make my bed,  
And the faem to hile me, and thou beside me,  
Than I wad see thee dead.'  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

He's kissed her twice, he's kissed her thrice,  
On cheek and lip and chin;  
He's wound her rein to his hand again,  
And lightly they leapt in.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

Their hearts were high to live or die,  
Their stools were stark of limb;  
But the stream was starker, the spate was  
darker,  
Than man might live and swim.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

The first ae step they strode therein,  
It smote them foot and knee;  
But ere they wan to the mid water  
The spate was as the sea.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

But when they wan to the mid water,  
It smote them hand and head;  
And nae man knows but the wave that flows  
Where they be drawn and dead.  
In, in, out and in,  
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

## A JACOBITE'S FAREWELL.

1716

THINE'S nae mair lands to me, my dear,  
 And nae mair lives to gie;  
 Though a' in the k'nsur to live nae mair,  
 There's but one day to die.  
 For a' things come and a' days gae,  
 What needs ye renal your hair?  
 But kiss me till the morn's morn,  
 Then I'll kiss ye nae mair.

O lands are lost and life's losing,  
 And weat were they to gie?  
 Fu' is on a man gives all he can,  
 But nae man else gives ye.  
 Our king wens ower the sea's water,  
 And I in prison sair;  
 But I'll wae out the morn's morn,  
 And ye'll see me nae mair.

## A JACOBITE'S EXILE.

1719

THE weary day rins down and d'ies,  
 The weary night wears a' her days,  
 And never an hour is fur awa' gae,  
 And never a flower wi' dew.  
 I would the day were night for me,  
 I would the night were day;  
 For then wad I see the bonny fair k'nd,  
 As now in dry an' d'ie.

O bonny flow the Loire and Seine,  
 And loud the dale Dur river;  
 But hound ye shure the Fraes of France,  
 Than a' the hills of France;  
 And the waves of Till that speak sae still  
 Glena goodlier where they gance.

O wad were they that fell felling  
 On dark Dunsinane's day;  
 They keep their fame ayont the fraem,  
 And we die far awa'.

O sand they sleek, and soft, and deep,  
 But night and day ye d'ie we;  
 And ever between the sea and k's green  
 Sounds loud the sand-rings sea.

And ill we sleep, sic sair we weep,  
 But sweet and fast sleep they;  
 And the mool that haps their room' and lips  
 them  
 Is e'en their country's clay;  
 But the land we in ad that are not dead  
 Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,  
 Though fair as dawn it be;  
 For what is here that a stranger's cheer  
 Should yet wax blithe to see?  
 The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,  
 The fields are green and gold;  
 The bill streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,  
 As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nae of ours,  
 And ours are oversea;  
 And the land strange land where on we stand,  
 It wots o' what were we  
 O'er ever we care, yit scathe and shame,  
 To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a wafu' name,  
 And a' weav time and strange,  
 Have they thit seeing a weird for dreecing  
 Can die, and cannot change.

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,  
 Though sair be they to cheer;  
 But I'll nae we hide the thoughts we hide,  
 Milt keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,  
 And ill the weary day;  
 And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,  
 A wafu' gift gie they;  
 For the sings they sing us, the sights they  
 bring us,  
 The morn blaws all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,  
The burn rins blithe and fair;  
The moon's nocht wi' me I wadna gie  
To look thereon again.

On Keilder side the wind blaws wide;  
There sounds the hunting horn  
The rings are sweet as the winds that blow  
Round banks where Tyne is born.

On Wansbeck sings with all her speer,  
The horns and lutes give ear;  
On the wood that rings wi' the sang she  
Sings  
I can see nor hear;  
The far and far the blithe burns are,  
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,  
The loud wind there lives free;  
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blaws by me  
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,  
Nae place at the faem,  
I'd be dead in the sweet soft bed  
That wraps my sires at hame!

Will ye see me o'er the sea-banks fair,  
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,  
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,  
And the goodly towers thereby;  
And none shall know but the winds that blow  
The graves wherein we lie.

### THE TYNESIDE WIDOW.

It's mony a man loves land and life,  
Loves life and land and lee;  
And mony a man loves fair women,  
But never a man loves me, my love,  
But never a man loves me.

Ye weel and weel for a' lovers,  
I got weel may they be;  
And ye weel and weel for a' fair maidens,  
But ave mair woe for me, my love,  
But ave mair woe for me.

O wad be wi' you, ye saut' flowers,  
Ye flowers and every tree;  
And wad be wi' you, a' birdies,  
But teen and tears wi' me, my love,  
But teen and tears wi' me.

O wad be yours, my three brethren,  
And ever weel be ye;  
Wee'ds for doing and loves for wooing,  
But never a love for me, my love,  
But never a love for me.

And ye weel be yours, my seven sisters,  
And good love-days to see,  
And long life days and true lovers,  
But never a day for me, my love,  
But never a day for me.

Good times wi' you, ye bauld riders,  
By the hieland and the lee;  
And by the leeland and by the hieland  
It's weary times wi' me, my love,  
It's weary times wi' me.

Good days wi' you, ye good sailors,  
Soil in and out the sea;  
And by the beaches and by the reaches  
It's heavy days wi' me, my love,  
It's heavy days wi' me.

I had his kiss upon my mouth,  
His bairn up on my knee;  
I would my soul and body were twain,  
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me, my love,  
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me.

The bairn down in the mools, my dear,  
O saft and saft lies she;  
I would the mools were ower my head,  
And the young bairn fast wi' me, my love,  
And the young bairn fast wi' me.

The father under the faem, my dear,  
O sound and sound sleeps he;  
I would the faem were ower my face,  
And the father lay by me, my love,  
And the father lay by me.



I would the faem were ower my face,  
Or the nools on my ee; brec;  
And waking, time with a' lovers,  
But sleeping time wi' me, my love,  
But sleeping time wi' me.

I would the nools were meat in my  
mouth,  
The saut faem in my ee;  
And the land-worm and the water-worm  
To feed fu' sweet on me, my love,  
To feed fu' sweet on me.

My life is sealed with a seal of love,  
And locked with love for a key;

And I lie wrang and I wake lang,  
But ye tak' nae thought for me, my love,  
But ye tak' nae thought for me.

We were weel fain of love, my dear,  
O fain and fain were we;  
It was weel with a' the weary world,  
But O, sae weel wi' me, my love,  
But O, sae weel wi' me.

We were nane ower mony to sleep, my dear,  
I wot we were but three;  
And never a bed in the weary world  
For my bairn and my dear and me, my love,  
For my bairn and my dear and me.

#### DEDICATION.

THE years are many, the changes more,  
Since wind and sun on the wild, sweet  
shore

Where Joyous Gard stands stark by the  
sea  
With face as bright as in years of yore

Shone, swept, and sounded, and laughed for  
glee

More deep than a man's or a child's may be.  
On a day when summer was wild and glad,  
And the guests of the wind and the sun were  
we.

The light that lightens from season clad  
With darkness now, is it glad or sad?

Not sad but glad should it shine, na seems,  
On eyes yet fain of the joys they had.

For joy was there with us; joy that gleams  
And murmurs yet in the world of dreams

Where thought holds fast, as a constant  
warder,

The days when I rode by moors and streams,

Reining my rhymes into buoyant order  
Through bonied leagues of the northland  
border,

Though thought or memory fade, and prove  
A faithless keeper, a thriftless hoarder,

One mark never can change remove,  
One can the years efface not. Love,  
More strong than death or than doubt may  
be,

Treads down their strength and abides  
above.

Yea, change and death are his servants, we,  
Whom love of the dead links fast, though free.

May smile as they that beheld the dove  
Bear home her signal across the sea.

# SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.

## DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

*A sea-mew on a sea-king's wrist alighting,  
As the north sea-wind caught and strained and curled  
The moon-tinted flag that led men fighting  
From field to green field of the water-wild,  
Might find such brief high favour at his hand  
For wings imbued with brine, with foam imparked,  
As these my songs require at yours on land,  
That do not care for love's fire as I require,  
Being lightly born between the foam and sand,  
But reared by hope and memory and desire  
Of lives that were and life that is to be,  
Even such as filled his heavenlier song with fire  
Whose very voice, that sang to set men free,  
Was in your ears as ever in ours his lyre,  
Once, ere the flame received him from the sea.*

## THALASSIUS.

Utopia, the flowery bud-front of the year,  
 One wondering by the way, when April's sea  
 Found on a reach of sun-gold and blue wave  
 and  
 Inlaid with stamens of laurel-mine, a boy  
 Left for the sun's love, and for the light wind,  
 clear  
 Along the cream-flowered strand  
 Breeze or garment, so much more than  
 land  
 Though the last sleep would have been strange, was  
 near,  
 A lobe asleep with flowers, and the light  
 To sun and seaward, but the sun and sea  
 Took more of her love than she could bear,  
 Albeit so far from light, it seemed  
 Not man nor mortal thing, but  
 As even the twilight and her spray now  
 were,  
 That the wind softer felt like an Ocean's hair.

For when I lay down, I did on earth and sea,  
 The last time of that year,  
 Out of the dream, I never felt  
 Be held one hour, or then, or then, or then,  
 Move toward her, nor into the last time, when  
 I trod  
 The live seas, say, God,  
 Across the foam, and with the way that  
 A heavenlier heavens were, or then, or then,  
 star,  
 A shrike, or eye, or bird, or then, or then,  
 Felt a kiss taking her, or then, or then,  
 And heard her love, or then,  
 A noise of songs, and I was then, or then,  
 And hies, and lyres of fuller and lighter  
 strings,  
 And tried the resonant reliance of his ear,  
 Where he held her, one with her,  
 Light and his, or then, or then, or then,  
 An' with her, or then, or then, or then,  
 That hies, or then, or then,  
 A sun-child, who, or then, or then, or then,  
 Was born out of the world of and, or then, or then,

That round the round earth flows and ebbs  
 and flows,

For he that found the sea-flower by the  
 sea,  
 And took to rest like a raft of earth  
 With his most, or then, or then, or then,  
 light of earth,  
 From an, or then, or then, or then,  
 and stars and waves are  
 then,  
 A warm, or then, or then, or then,  
 more of year than change the quick  
 then,  
 Had, or then, or then, or then,  
 their light and darkness on his  
 then,  
 A Star, or then, or then, or then,  
 and memory's ears  
 Still, or then, or then, or then,  
 such words to sing as all his  
 then,  
 Might, or then, or then, or then,  
 press with bell-wing beat of rapturous  
 then,  
 Then, or then, or then, or then,  
 the days of human flight were fled,  
 At that, or then, or then, or then,  
 his knees his fosterling was fed  
 Not, or then, or then, or then,  
 with man's wine, and bread  
 Nor, or then, or then, or then,  
 with man's milk, or then, or then,  
 and fears,  
 but, or then, or then, or then,  
 the old, or then, or then, or then,  
 memorial of his long sped;  
 for, or then, or then, or then,  
 his word with will, or then, or then,  
 and with song for wine  
 Clear, or then, or then, or then,  
 as the full, or then, or then, or then,  
 emerald hyaline,  
 At that, or then, or then, or then,  
 his grave, or then, or then, or then,  
 glad lips the boy would  
 then,  
 Fine, or then, or then, or then,  
 melody of song-notes golden  
 than gold,  
 More, or then, or then, or then,  
 sweet than bees make of the breathing  
 then,  
 Then, or then, or then, or then,  
 his eyes, or then, or then, or then,  
 and bold,  
 My, or then, or then, or then,  
 drink, or then, or then, or then,  
 they, and keep his spirit from  
 then,  
 And, or then, or then, or then,  
 the boy loved his laurel-eden hair  
 As, or then, or then, or then,  
 his own father's risen on the eastern air,  
 And, or then, or then, or then,  
 his white brow-binding, or then,  
 by leaf  
 then,  
 More, or then, or then, or then,  
 than flowers his father's eyes relume;  
 And, or then, or then, or then,  
 his high songs he heard,  
 More, or then, or then, or then,  
 than all notes of any landward bird,  
 More, or then, or then, or then,  
 than all sounds he's free  
 Than the wind's, or then, or then, or then,  
 quiting to the choral sea.

High things the high song taught him ; how  
 the breath  
 Y<sup>e</sup> frail for life may be more strong than  
 death ;  
 And his poor flash of sense in life, that gleams  
 As a ghost's glory in dreams,  
 More stable than the world's own heart's root  
 seems,  
 By that strong faith of lordliest love which  
 gives  
 To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light  
 Clearer to death's bare bones a verier might.  
 That shines or strikes from any man that lives,  
 How he that loves life overmuch shall die  
 To dog's death, utterly ;  
 And he that much less loves it than he hates  
 Of wrongdoing that is done  
 Shall live always underneath the sun  
 Still live a mightier life than time's or fate's,  
 For a finer thing he shewed him, and in night  
 More strong than day and night  
 Whose strengths build up time's towering  
 period ;  
 Yet one thing stronger and more high than  
 God,  
 Which if man had not, then should God not be ;  
 And that was Liberty.  
 And gladly should man die to gain, he still,  
 If born ; and gladder, having lost, lie dead,  
 If man's earth was not, nor the sweet sea-  
 w<sup>aves</sup>.  
 He, nor his own land, nor its very graves,  
 Except they live of not, bore not, had not slaves ;  
 But all of all that is,  
 Were one man free in body and soul, were his,  
 And the song softened, even as heaven by  
 night  
 Comes, from summer down to starrier light,  
 And with its moonlight breath  
 Laysed life for death's sake, and for life's sake  
 death,  
 Till as the sun's own beam and breath com-  
 fuse  
 In one clear hueless haze of glimmering hues  
 The sea's line and the land's line and the sky's,  
 And light for love of darkness almost dies,  
 A darkness only lives for light's dear love,  
 Whose hands the web of night is woven of ;  
 So that heaven of warlike words were life  
 And death brought out of strife ;  
 Yet, by that strong spell of serene increase  
 Brought out of strife to peace.

And the song lightened, as the wind at morn  
 Flashes, and even with lightning of the wind

Night's thick-spun web is thinned  
 And all its web unweaved and overworn  
 Shrinks, as might love from scorn,  
 And as when wind and light on water and  
 land  
 Leap as twin gods from heavenward hand in  
 hand,  
 And with the sound and splendor of their leap  
 Strike darkness dead, and daunt the spirit of  
 sleep,  
 And burn it up with fire ;  
 So with the light that lighted from the lyre  
 Was all the bright heat in the child's heart  
 stirred  
 And blown with blasts of music into flame  
 Till even his sense became  
 Fire, as the sense that fires the singing bird  
 Whose song calls night by name,  
 And in the soul within the sense began  
 The manlike passion of a godlike man,  
 And in the sense within the soul began  
 Thoughts that make men of gods and gods of  
 men.

For love the high song taught him : love  
 that turns  
 God's heart toward man as man's to Godward  
 love  
 That life and death and life are fashioned of,  
 From the first breath that turns  
 Half-kindled on the flowerlike yearling's lip,  
 So light and faint that life seems like to slip,  
 To that yet weaker drawn  
 When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn  
 For the man dying not wholly as all men dies  
 He might be left of his in live men's eyes  
 Out of the dawn's dark of death to rise ;  
 If aught of deed or word  
 Be seen for all time or of all time heard.  
 Love, that though body and soul were over-  
 thrown  
 Should live for love's sake of itself alone,  
 Though spirit and flesh were one thing doom-  
 ed and dead,  
 Not wholly annihilated,  
 Seeing even the loamiest ash-flake that the  
 pyre  
 Drops, and forgots the thing was once afire  
 And give its heart to feed the pale's hill flame  
 Till its own heart its own heat overcame,  
 O, thives its own life, though by scarce a spoon  
 As such men dying outlive themselves in man  
 Outlive themselves for ever ; if the heat  
 Outburn the heart that kindled it, the sweet  
 Outlast the flower whose soul it was, and fit

Forth of the body of it  
 Into some new shape of strange perfection,  
 More potent than its life, but live, pure of  
 How shall I see something of that old reality,  
 That only could the fact of gifts to give,  
 As lighten something given of all men's doom,  
 Even from the labor of work,  
 Even to the self-sufficiency of one's good,  
 And these the loving labor of song and love,  
 Still wrap in the love of old and new,  
 I can hardly see the spring, born of  
 Then sleep with bright thoughts that would  
 the dove  
 To music, when the lullaby winds rise,  
 The marriage-song of the feather-flower and  
 broom  
 And all the joy thereof.

And hate the song too tough, the hate of all  
 That brings or holds in the ill  
 Of spirit or flesh, that soon creeps to the  
 The holy body and sacred soul of man,  
 And who resolve a curse with crooked  
 A throne in torment, or a crown for  
 Rose, modelled on a poor man's molten  
 There, said he, should man's dearest  
 set  
 Inevitably, to faint, not to forget  
 Till the last warmth of a north of the  
 In flesh that were should hold a living  
 Seeing wolves and a g and birds that  
 strike air  
 Leave the last bone of all the common  
 nature

And hope the high song taught him, hope  
 whose eyes  
 Can sound the seas unsoundable, the  
 In her sole eyesight: that can see  
 What earth beheld not, hear what wind  
 and  
 sea  
 Hear not, and speak what all these  
 crying in  
 one  
 Can speak not to the sun,  
 For in her sovereign eyelight all things  
 are  
 Clear as the closest seen and kindest  
 seen,  
 That marries morn and even and winter  
 and  
 spring  
 With one loves golden ring,  
 For she can see the days of man, the  
 birth  
 Of good and death of evil things on  
 earth,  
 Inevitable and infinite, and sure,  
 As present pain is, or herself is  
 pure,  
 Yet she can hear and see, beyond all  
 things,  
 That lighten from before Time's  
 thunder-  
 wings

Through the lawbird circle of wheel-winged  
 things,  
 The sunset of the twilight of all  
 Gods:  
 And when of them, if the ending course  
 they  
 take,  
 The wind, which the spirit that was man,

And fear the song too taught him; fear to  
 be  
 Worthless the wind of the wind and sea,  
 That had him, like a sea-mew reared  
 In rocks of the sea,  
 When he was of wangle life, my sing or  
 shine

For he was worthless of that heaven he  
 had  
 When all the life in all his limbs was  
 glad  
 And all the crops in all his veins were  
 wine  
 And all the pains of life; when his heart,  
 Singing, bade heaven and wind and sea  
 be  
 part

In one, two, a playmate, and they bore;  
 Fear to go crowlike, so of the flower he  
 wore  
 When the wind loved him and the water  
 knew,  
 The idols a life that dove their blithe  
 life  
 through

With living limbs exultant, or held  
 strife  
 More amorous than all dalliance  
 eye  
 and  
 With the right breath and strength of  
 their  
 large  
 life,  
 With all strong wrath of all their  
 wind,  
 that  
 blew,

As glumes of all storms of the air that  
 fell  
 from  
 the  
 sky,  
 With ear from his ear of revel, and with  
 eye  
 as  
 of  
 heaven  
 turned  
 hell.

For when the red light of their breath  
 had  
 made  
 All heaven aflood with light more  
 dire  
 than  
 shade,

He felt it in his blood and eyes and  
 hair  
 Burn as if all the fires of the earth  
 and  
 air  
 Had had strong hold upon his  
 flesh,  
 and  
 stung  
 The soul behind it as with  
 serpent's  
 tongue,  
 Forked like the truest lightning; not  
 could  
 bear

But hardly, half distraught with strong  
 delight,  
 The joy that like a garment wrapped  
 him  
 round

And tipped him over and under  
 With moment of great light  
 As a pure of great sound  
 As a cry, loud leap earthward of the  
 thunder  
 From heaven's most furthest bound;  
 So seemed all heaven in hearing and  
 in  
 sight

And hand and foot with love and reverence  
 In something of an ivory hand  
 might  
 The down to me his, fed, the even light  
 light,  
 In cold and spirit of one I more I lay

So clothed with love and that the love  
 makes great,  
 And armed with hope and fate,  
 On the first foot upon the spring, I own I ways  
 all feet pass and praise  
 I am dim down betwixt the winter and  
 spring,

But the sharp harsh wind harrying heaven and  
 earth  
 Came back April that had borne his birth  
 downward on her summit, she was much  
 strong,

And tears and laughter for the dew-drops  
 falling,

And he indeed a dew-drop, by the sea  
 and him level, then all men may be,  
 and looked, with God's eyes; and in then  
 light

And what that drew men's own to near their  
 sight,

Even of all eyes drawn toward him; and his  
 mouth

Was as the very rose of all men's youth,  
 The rose of all the rose-beds in the world;  
 And his brows the curls were snakes that  
 curled,

And like his tongue a serpent's, and his voice  
 spoke death, and bids rejoice.

And then he spake no word, seeming as dumb,  
 A dumb thing mild and hurtless; nor at first  
 on his bowed eyes seemed any light to  
 come,

Not his meek lips for blood or tears to throb;  
 He was one blind and mute in mild sweet wise  
 looking for pity on pitiful lips and eyes.  
 He strayed with faint bare lily-lovely feet  
 Helpless, and fit like sweet;

Not might man see, not having word hereof,  
 That this of all gods was the great god Love.

And seeing him lovely and like a little child  
 that wellnigh wept for wonder that it could  
 be so feeble and fearful, with all such  
 youth as spake him so by; but there fell  
 on the sweet lips no sweet word, visible  
 in a ear or thought might reach;  
 No sound to make the dim cold silence glad,

No breath to blow the hard harsh air with  
 light;

Only the saddest smile of all things sweet,  
 Only the sweetest smile of all things sad.

And so they went together one green way  
 Till April dying made free the world for May;  
 And on his grave suddenly Love's face turned,  
 And in his blind eyes burned  
 Hard light and heat of laughter; and like  
 flame

That opens in a mountain's ravening mouth  
 To blare and sear the sunlight from the south,  
 His mouth opened, and his first word  
 was:

'Knowest thou me now by name?'

And all his stature waxed immeasurable,  
 As of one shadowing heaven and lightning  
 hell;

And sturdier stood he than a tower that stands  
 And darkens with its darkness far-out sands  
 When on the sky leans red;

And with a voice that stilled the winds he said:  
 'I am he that was thy lord before thy birth,  
 I am he that is thy lord till thou turn earth;  
 I make the night more dark, and all the morrow  
 Dark as the night whose darkness was my  
 death;

O fool, my name is sorrow;  
 Thou fool, my name is death.'

And he that heard spake not, and looked  
 right on

Again, and Love was gone,  
 Through many a night toward many a  
 wearier day

His spirit bore his body down its way,  
 Through many a day toward many a wearier  
 night

His soul sustained his sorrows in her sight,  
 And earth was bitterer, and heaven, and even  
 the sea  
 sorrowful even as he.

And the wind helped not, and the sun was  
 dumb;

And with too long stress of grief to be  
 His heart grew sore and numb.

And one bright eve ere summer in autumn  
 took

At sunset standing on a grey sea-bank  
 He felt the wind fitfully shift and heave  
 As toward a stormier eye;  
 And all the wide wide sea shuddered; and  
 earth

Shook underneath as toward some uncles  
 bath,  
 Intolerable in every way of all  
 Heaven, striking, struck like a tricken  
 trail  
 And far out of the eye, and far  
 From post, the eye, and far, and far,  
 Beyond the eye, and far, and far,  
 That was not of the lightning; and a sound  
 King, with it round, and round  
 That was not of the thunder; and a light  
 As of old clouds by night,  
 That was not of them; and with songs and  
 cries  
 That sang and humed the round about the ke,  
 A ship's steady, steady, steady, steady,  
 From all ways round to move in on the main,  
 Clamorous, against the land; and their feet  
 Were as the wind's, and fleet,  
 And their small, wings, were as wild birds' are  
 sweet,

And as when all the world of earth was  
 wroth,  
 And all the host of all men driven foam  
 By the red hand of Rome,  
 Rounds on here, and there, are overthronged  
 With fire, and faces full of wonder, fast  
 Their walls and stings the tiger when his  
 feet  
 Is his, and his blood  
 And a look with trampling of the monstrous  
 wood  
 That seek, and stains the tortuous close-coiled  
 wood  
 Made monstrous with its myriad mastering  
 brood,  
 Face by face, panted and gleamed and  
 pressed,  
 And breast by passionate breast  
 Heaved hot with a vain us rapture, as they  
 gazed  
 Their ripe, all face of the deep live draught,  
 The sharp quick rock or keen rich bloodshed,  
 Flown  
 Through the dense deep drift up to the emper-  
 or's throne  
 From the under, tearing sand,  
 With clamor of all-applaudive throats and  
 hands,  
 Munging in manifold time  
 With shrill blithe mockeries of the lithe  
 limbed mime;  
 So from somewhere far forth of the un-  
 holden,

Driven, driven from over and after and  
 foot,  
 Hence, blown through fides of brazen blast and  
 gelion,  
 With a sound of chiming waves that drown the  
 thunder  
 Or thunder that strikes dumb the sea's own  
 chiming,  
 Begin the bellowing of the bull-voiced mime,  
 Fumble; his bowled down as lilies, or pilus,  
 Even as the breathless, blatt as of a breeze  
 Fanned with clamor and clamor and storms  
 of pilus;  
 And thods run up the roots of old world tree,  
 To the flames of torches, tossed as tumbling  
 trees  
 Made mad the moonless and interlate air  
 To a river, and revolved in the riotous hair  
 A garment of the furled Bassinides,

So came all these in on him; and his heart,  
 As out of sleep suddenly struck a start,  
 Danced, and his flesh took fire of theirs, and  
 grief  
 Was as a lost year's leaf  
 Blown dead far down the wind's way; and he  
 set  
 His pale mouth to the brightest mouth it met  
 That laughed for love against his lips, and  
 bade  
 Follow; and in following all his blood grew  
 glad  
 And as again a sea-bird's; for the wind  
 Took him to bathe him deep round breast and  
 brow  
 Not as it takes a dead leaf drained and  
 thinned,  
 But as the brightest bay-flower blown on bough,  
 Set springing toward it singing; and they rode  
 By many a vine-leaved, many a rose-hung road,  
 Faded with exultation; many a night  
 Set all its stars upon the as for spies  
 On many a moon-bowling mountain-height  
 Where he rode only by the merrier light  
 Of his dread lady's hot sweet hungering eyes.  
 For the moon wandered witless of her way,  
 Spell-stricken by strong magic in such wise  
 As wizards use to set the stars astray,  
 And in his ears the music that makes mad  
 Beat always; and what way the music bade,  
 That always rode he; nor was any sleep  
 His, nor from height nor deep,  
 But heaven was as re-iron, slumberless,  
 And had no heart to bless;  
 And earth lay sere and dawning as distraught,

And help in her was none, lit.

Then many a midnight, many a noon and  
even,

His mother, passing forth of her for heaven,  
With goodlier gifts than all we poets can give  
From earth or from the heaven where some  
things live,

With slime of sea-flowers through the lay-  
kittanil

Woven for a crown her foam-white heads had  
made

To crown him with land! Land in his few,  
Saw of the world that was his day; but he  
was other-worlded beside her.

Mammet of pale-mouthed Lepidoptera  
crowd

Fell on some winter dawn of some time year  
He let the violet on the painter's lip  
sate and the green on his lip.

And set his eyes to seaward, nor gazed  
It sound he a landward habit had, nor  
ear;

And passing forth of all those fur three racks  
Back to the grey sea-larks.

And on a sea-rock lying, but the steep,  
Fell after many sleepless days on the lip.

And in his sleep the dun green light was  
shed

Heavily round his head

But through the veil of soft blue and deep,  
Blurred like a lamp's that waxes the night  
drops dead

His; and his eyes got grace of sleep to see  
The deep divine dark day life of the sea,

These water-walls and clear dusk water-ways,  
Wood-based, or branching as a sea-flower  
sprays

But the he of this dividing; and  
glory of all her glories that he knew.

From sharp rapture of receiving tears  
He woke on the with yearnings of old years,

Hee as one purged of pain that passion bore,  
He child of bitter mother; for his own

Heoked laughing toward him from her midsea  
throne,

Up toward him there ashore.

Thence in his heart the great same joy be-  
gan,

Of child that made him man;

And turned again from all hearts else on quest,  
He communed with his own heart, and had  
rest.

And the wind which up the low waters ran  
The waves and the winds together, till the joy  
of the child of the boy.

Lull the earth's great comfort and the sweet  
birth

But the child blew life in where was heartless  
dead;

Death's unstricken of soul's day, where  
stare

Of thought and flesh made mock of death and  
life

And grace returned upon him of his birth  
When the heaven was mixed with heavenlike sea  
and earth;

And long, long birth strong wings that took the  
air

From the world, but with might of sorrow  
and death

And father's face and mental in his own,  
Nor was not part of strength in blast and  
freeze

The child in the sun's child and the sea's;  
Long will there in the steady grow great

With child of raving winds, that vi late  
Then flying length of limb with manes like  
fire

And eyes out of rain; heaven's  
With fire more violent than the lightning  
levin's

And breath drained out and desperate of desire,  
Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew  
strong,

Grew great with child of song,  
Nor less than when his veins first leapt for joy  
To draw delight in such as burns a boy,

Now too the soul of all his senses felt  
The passion to pride of deep sea-pulses dealt  
Enough nerve and jubilant vein

As from the love and largess of old time,  
And with his heart again

The tidal throbs of all the tides keep rhyme  
And charm him from his own soul's separate  
sense

With infinite and invasive influence  
That mid-strength sweet in him and sweet-  
ness strong,

Being now no more a singer, but a song.

Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind  
blow

And clearer sea-hine lightened, for the waves  
Were full of godhead and the light that says,  
His father's, and their spirit had pierced him  
through,

He felt strange breath and light all round him  
shed



The flower that bloom'd with a piper ; and the  
 crow  
 Had their hearts, as if they were but human, I think,  
 And the old bird's voice of the old good time,  
 that is  
 O'fall of my sunlight and the sea, from  
 the  
 A tosterling and the rive on earth ;  
 Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or tide,  
 A manchild with an ear to win God's love ;  
 Because thou hast loved thought more than I  
 do, mine,  
 Thy father, and thy mother, and I see ;  
 Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and  
 sold

I have sold thine love for song, God's living gold ;  
 Because thou hast given thy flower and the  
 crow  
 To the man's hearts with visions, truer than  
 truth ;  
 Because thou hast kept in those world-wander-  
 ing eyes  
 The light that mak's some music of the kite ;  
 Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied  
 ear  
 The music that puts light into the spheres ;  
 Have the rime in thine heart and in thy mouth  
 The sound of song that mingles north and  
 south,  
 The song of all the winds that sing of me,  
 And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.<sup>7</sup>

## ON THE CLIFFS.

*ἡμερόφωτος ἀηδών.*

SAPPHO.

BETWEEN the moon-dawn and the sun-dawn  
 here  
 The twilight hugs half stark, and half the sea  
 Still quivers as for love or pain or fear.  
 O'er the sun mightier than these all may be  
 A woman's live heart might beat  
 When in a God's with mortal blood should  
 meet  
 And all its pulse too full to bear the strain  
 Which is our love or pleasure's twin-born, pain.  
 From the grim woods to the grim soil cling  
 That bears for all fair fruits  
 Wan wild sparse flowers of windy and wintry  
 spring  
 Between the native serpent-hyphen roots  
 Where rebrought their dim growth hardly strikes  
 and shoots  
 And shows one gracious thing  
 Hardly, to speak for summer one sweet word  
 Of summer's self scarce head  
 But light on the deep green sterile fields, thick  
 set

With flowerless hawthorn even to the upward  
 verge  
 Whence the woods gathering watch new elms  
 emerge  
 Higher than their highest of crowns that sea  
 winds fret,  
 Hold fast, for all that night or wind can say,  
 Some pale pure col or yet,  
 Too dim for green and luminous for grey,  
 Between the climbing inland elms above  
 And these beneath that breast and break the  
 bay,  
 A barren peace too soft for hate or love  
 Broods on an hour too dim for night or day.  
 O wind, O wingless wind that walk'st the sea,  
 Weak wind, wing-broken, wearier wind than we,  
 Who are yet not spirit-broken, maimed like  
 thee  
 Who wail not in our inward night as thou  
 In the outer darkness now,  
 What word has the old sea given thee for mine  
 ear

Canst thou by thine lips to hear?  
 I would she would she send me, knowing  
 not how.

Nay, what for other word  
 Thin ever of her woe spoken of me  
 Or all my winged white kin of the sea  
 Between fresh wave and wave was ever heard,  
 Leaves the clear dark crowding me with  
 tree

Took she for stars to separate and cease  
 I and in multitudinous y?  
 What voice of what strong God had formed  
 and stirred

The fortress rock of silence rent apart  
 Ever to the cool Night all autumnal?  
 What voice of God grown heave in a bird,  
 Made known of old or erst?  
 Then lightning, yet, thou knowest, O mother  
 of Night,

Keen as that cry from thy strange children  
 sent  
 Water with the Athenian judgment-shine was  
 bent,

For wrath that all their wrath was vainly spent,  
 Thy wrath for wrong made right  
 By justice in her own divine despite  
 That had pass forth unblamed

The sinless martyr-ide and unshamed?  
 Yes, what new cry is this, what note more  
 bright

Than their song's wing of words was dark of  
 flight,

What word is this thou hast heard,  
 Thine and not thine of theirs, O Night, what  
 word

More keen than lightning and more sweet than  
 light?

As if men's heart grew godlike in one bird  
 And all those hearts cried on thee, crying with  
 might,

Hear us, O mother Night!

Dumb is the mouth of darkness as of death;  
 Light, sound and life in one  
 In the eye and lips of dawn that draw the sun  
 To hear what first child's word with glimmer-  
 ing breath

Their weak wan weandling child the twilight  
 saith;

But night makes answer none.

God, if thou be god.—bird, if bird thou be,—  
 Do thou then answer me.

For but one word, what wind soever blow,

Thou blow up now I ever from the sea.  
 In hapless years of youth dead long ago  
 And deep beneath their own dead leaves and  
 snow

Buried, I heard with bitter heart and sore  
 The same sea's words changeable, nor knew  
 But that mine own life-love were changeless  
 too

And sharp and salt with unshed tear on tear  
 And cold and fierce and barren; and my  
 soul,

Sickening, swam weakly with bated breath  
 In a deep sea-like bath,  
 As I felt the wind buffet her face with brine  
 Hard, as I had thought on thought in long  
 life's sad

Blown by keen gusts of memory sad as thin—  
 Heap the weight up of pain, and break, and  
 have

Strength—none enough to grieve  
 In the sick heavy spirit, unmoored with strife  
 Of waves that beat at the tired hips of life.

Nay, sad may be man's memory, sad may be  
 The dream he weaves him as for shadow of  
 thee,

But—sire one breathing-space, one heartbeat  
 long,

Wilt thou take shadow of sadness on thy song,  
 Not thou, being more than man or man's desire,  
 Being bird and God in one,

With throat of gold and spirit of the sun;  
 The sun whom all our souls and songs call sire,  
 Whose godhead gave thee, chosen of all our  
 quire,

Thee only of all that serve, of all that sing  
 Before our sire and king,

Borne up some space on time's world-wander-  
 ing wing,

This gift, this doom, to bear till time's wing  
 tire

Life everlasting of eternal fire.

Thee only of all; yet can no memory say  
 How many a night and day  
 My heart has been as thy heart, and my life  
 As thy life is, a sleeper's hidden thing,  
 Full of the thirst and hunger of winter and  
 spring,

That seeks its food not in such love or strife  
 As fill men's hearts with passionate hours and  
 rest.

From to loved lips and on no loving breast  
 Have I sought ever for such gifts as bring  
 Comfort, to stay the secret soul with sleep,





Can heal or hurt or lull or change again  
The singing-soul that makes his soul sublime  
Who hears the far fall of its fire-fledged rhyme  
Fill darkness as with bright and burning rain  
Till all the live gloom inly glows, and light  
Seems with the sound to cleave the core of  
night.

The singing-soul that moves thee, and that  
moved  
When thou wast woman, and their songs divine  
Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven's lyric  
wine

Fell dumb, fell down reproved  
Before one sovereign Le bian song of thine,  
That soul, though love and life had fain held  
fast,

Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and past  
Through the indrawn hollow of earth and  
heaven and hell.

As through some strait sea-shell  
The wide sea's immemorial song,—the sea  
That sings and breathes in strange men's ears  
of thee

How in her barren bride-bed, void and vast,  
Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last.

To sleep? Ah, then, what song is this, that  
here

Makes all the night one ear,  
One ear fulfilled and mad with music, one  
Heart kindling as the heart of heaven, to hear  
A song more fiery than the awakening sun  
Sings, when his song sets fire  
To the air and clouds that build the dead  
night's pyre?

*O thou of divers-colored mind, O thou  
Deathless, God's daughter subtle-souled—lo,  
now,*

Now to the song above all songs, in flight  
Higher than the day-star's height, [night!  
And sweet as sound the moving wings of  
*Thou of the divers-colored seat—behold,  
Her very song of old!—*

*O deathless, O God's daughter subtle-souled!*  
That same cry through this bosage overhead  
Rings round reiterated,

Palpitates as the last palpitated,  
The last that parted through her lips and died  
Not down this grey north sea's half-sapped  
cliff-side

That crumbles toward the coastline, year by  
year

More near the sands and near;  
The last loud lyric wery cry she cried, [here,  
Heard once on heights Leucadian,—heard not

Not here; for this that fires our northland  
This is the song that made [night,  
Love fearful, even the heart of love afraid,  
With the great [ish of its great delight,  
No swan-song, [far-fluttering half-drawn  
breath,

No word that love of love's sweet nature saith,  
No dirge that fills the narrowing lids of death,  
No healing hymn of peace-prevented strife,—  
This is her song of life.

*I love thee,—haak, one tenderer note than  
all—*

*Attus, of old time, one —one low long fall,  
Sighing—one long low lovely loveless call,  
Dying—one pause in song so flamelike fast—  
Attus, low, since in old time of erpast—  
One soft first pause and last.*

One,—then the old rage of rapture's fiercest  
rain

Storms all the music-maddened night again.

*Child of God, close crafts-woman, I beseech thee  
Bid not ache nor cry, nor break nor master,  
Lady, my spirit—*

O thou her mistress, might her cry not reach  
thee?

Our Lady of all men's loves, could Love go  
past her,

Pass, and not hear it?

She hears not as she heard not; hears not me,  
O treble-natured mystery,—how should she  
Hear, or give ear?—who heard and heard not  
thee;

Heard, and went past, and heard not; but all  
time

Hears all that all the ravin of his years  
Hath east not wholly out of all men's ears  
And dulled to death with deep dense funeral  
chime

Of their reiterate rhyme.

And now of all songs uttering all her praise,  
All hers who had thy praise and did thee  
wroag,

Abides one song yet of her lyric days,  
Thine only, this thy song.

O soul triune, woman and god and bird,  
Man, man at least has heard.

All ages call thee conqueror, and thy cry  
The mightiest as the least beneath the sky  
Whose heart was ever set to song, or stirred  
With wind of mounting music blown more high  
Than wildest wing may fly,

Hath heard or hears,—even Æschylus as I.  
But when thy name was woman, and thy word

Haman,—then haply, surely then meseems  
This thy bird's note was heard on earth of  
none,

Of none save only in dreams.

In all the world then surely was but one  
Song; as in heaven at high-tide one seep-tred sun  
Regent, on earth here surely without fail  
One only, one imperious nightingale.

Dumb was the field, the woodland-mute, the  
lawn

Silent; the hill was tongueless as the vale

Even when the list'air waif of cloud that felt

Its heart beneath the coloring moon-rays melt,

At high-midnoon or midnight halt withdrawn,

Et'ed all the sudden deep-divine moon-awn.

Then, unsaluted by her twin-born tune,

That later timeless morning of the moon

Rose past its hour of moonrise; clouds gave  
way

To the old-reconquering ray,

But no song answering made it more than day;

No cry of song by night

Shot fire into the cloud-constraining light.

One only, one Eolian island heard

Thrill, but through no bird's throat,

In one strange manlike maiden's godlike note,

The song of all these as a single bird.

Till the sea's portal was as funeral gate

For that sole singer in all time's ageless date

Single'd and signed for so triumphal fate,

All nightingales but one in all the world

All her sweet life were silent; only then,

When her life's wing of womanhood was furled,

Their cry, this cry of thine was heard again,

As of me now, of any born of men.

Through sleepless clear spring nights filled full

of thee,

Rekindled here, thy ruling song has thrilled

The deep dark air and subtle tender sea

And breathless hearts with one bright sound

fulfilled.

Or at midnoon to me

Swimming, and birds about my happier head

Sluimming, one smooth soft way by water and

air,

To these my bright born brethren and to me

Hath not the clear wind borne or seemed to  
bear

A song wherein all earth and heaven and sea

Were molten in one music made of thee

To enforce us, O our sister of the shore,

Look once in heart back landward and adon:

For songless were we sea-mews, yet had we

More joy than all things joyful of thee—more,

Haply, than all things happiest; nay, save thee

In thy strong rapture of imperious joy

Too high for heart of sea-borne bird or boy.

What living things were happiest if not we?

But knowing not love nor change nor wrath

nor wrong,

No more we knew of song,

Song, and the secrets of it, and their might,

What blessings curse it and what curses bless,

I know them since my spirit had first in sight,

Clear as thy song's words or the live sun's

light,

The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness

That held the fire eternal; eye and ear

Were as a god's to see, a god's to hear,

Through all his hours of daily and nightly

chime,

The sundering of the two-edged spear of time:

The spear that pierces even the sevenfold

shields

Of mightiest Memory, mother of all songs

made,

And wastes all songs as roseleaves kissed and

frayed

As here the harvest of the foam-flowered fields;

But thine the spear may waste not that he

wields

Since first the God whose soul is man's live

breath,

The sun whose face hath our sun's face for

shade,

Put all the light of life and love and death

Too strong for life, but not for love too strong,

Where pain makes peace with pleasure in thy

song,

And in thine heart, where love and song make

strife,

Fire everlasting of eternal life.

## THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE.

Sea, and bright wind, and heaven of a level  
 More dear than all things earth-born; O'er  
 Mother more dear than love's own fondling,  
 More than love's eyes are, O'er  
 Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear,  
 As fire to feel and breathe and burn; be  
 A spirit of sense more deep and fiery,  
 A gift of love, if love in you more strong  
 In me than very sense.  
 For I sing I have loved with second love, but  
 They first, thee, mother; ere my songs had  
 That love of loves, whose fondling makes man  
 Wa in me strong as death,  
 And strong no slave may love thee, no, not  
 That loves not free in more,  
 And more for thy sake love's dear and fair love  
 The error that he's set, on which of thy shore  
 Or what may wave soever, all things done  
 Of him beneath the sun  
 In his despite and then, to eyes and ear  
 Your light and song that as with lamp and  
 Guide of the strength of our sphere I universe  
 Thy breath it was, thou knowest, and none  
 That taught me love of one thing more divine,  
 Ah, yet my worth was old,  
 Its beauty as dead and cold  
 As love's old's or man's gold,  
 And all my spirit of shining steel and sail and  
 Or ever I might behold  
 The forest of thy fond  
 Enraptured, enraptured,  
 In all thy flower-sweet flock of O'lands dear  
 and near.

Yet in my heart I dreamed  
 The fairest things, no so much,  
 Truth, dreaming, ever dreamed,

Had made mine eyes already like a god's to  
 Of all sea-things that were  
 Clothed on with water and air,  
 That none could live more fair  
 Than thy sweet love long since had shown for  
 love to me.

I knew not, mother of mine,  
 That one birth more divine  
 Than all births else of thine  
 That hang like flowers or jewels on thy deep  
 soft breast  
 Was left for me to shine  
 Above thy girthing line  
 Of bright and breathing brine,  
 To take mine eyes with rapture and my sense  
 with reft.

That this was left for me,  
 Mother, to have of thee,  
 To touch, to taste, to see,  
 To feel as fire labelling all my blood and breath,  
 As wing of living fire  
 Keen as the heart's desire  
 Till it makes the heart its pyre  
 And on its burning visions burns itself to death.

For here of all thy waters, here of all  
 Thy windy ways the wildest, and best  
 A some belaguered city's war-breached wall  
 With deaths e-meshed all round it in deep net,  
 To be sown with rocks deadlier than steel, and  
 fiercer  
 With the cross-countering currents, where  
 the  
 Drips, turning like a wind-bewildered leaf,  
 The driest welt of waves that prow may  
 pierce  
 Gulls and the sharpest warp of shoals that  
 dip  
 Suddenly, so rare well under for one brief  
 Keen breathing space between the streams  
 reverse,  
 scarce showing the fanged edge of one hung-  
 cring lip  
 Or the truthfulness of the hovering reef;  
 And in most of the murderous water's web

All around it stretched and spun,  
Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging sea,  
The loveliest thing that shines against the sea.

O flower of all wind flowers and sea-flowers,  
Made lovelier by love of the sea  
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-  
flowers

Like foam of the sea-facing tree!  
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles  
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,  
With snow-colored spray for thy petals,  
Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters,  
That the lordly north wind, when his love  
On the fairest of many king's daughters  
Bore down for a spoil from above,  
Chose forth of all farthest far islands,  
As a haven to harbor her head,  
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,  
His bride-worthy bed?

O haply, my sea-flower, he found thee  
Made fast as with anchors to land,  
And broke, that his waves might be round  
thee,

Thy fetters like rivets of sand?  
And afar by the blast of him drifted  
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,  
As a lark by the heart in her lifted  
To mix with the moan?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision  
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,  
As he moved to devise thy division  
Or in the land as a rest for his love?  
As a nest when his wings would remeasure  
The ways were of old they would be,  
As a bird's-bed upbuilt for his pleasure  
By sea-rock and sea?

For what flowers of midmost inland May  
More might flowers the hawthorn, or  
More sweet  
Sweet gold of the earth for wander-  
er's feet;

For on no northland way  
Crowds the close whin-bloom closer, set like  
thee

With thorns about for fangs of sea-rock shown  
Through blithe lips of the bitter brine to see:  
Nor thither landward comes the sea-wind  
Down,  
Nor blithe for leaps the land-wind back to sea:

Nor louder springs the living song of birds  
To shame our sweetest words.  
And in the narrowest of thine hollowest hold  
For joy thine aspens quiver as though for cold,  
And many a self-lit flower-illumined tree  
Outlaughs with snow-bright or with rose-bright  
glee

The laughter of the fields whose laugh is gold,  
Yea, even from depth to height,  
Even thine own beauty with its own delight  
Fulfills thine heart in thee an hundredfold  
Beyond the larger hearts of is-lands bright  
With less intense contraction of desire  
Self-satiate, centred in its own deep fire;  
Of shores not self-enchanted and entranced  
By heavenly severance from all shadow of mirth  
Or mourning upon earth;  
As thou, by no similitude enhanced,  
By no fair foil made fairer, but alone  
Fair as could be no beauty save thine own,  
And wondrous as no world-beholden wonder:  
Throned, with the world's most perilous sea  
for thine,  
And praised from all its choral throats of  
thunder.

Yet one praise hast thou, holier  
Then praise of theirs may be,  
To exalt thee, wert thou lowlier  
Than all that take the sea  
With shores whence waves ebb slower  
Than these fall off from thee:

That One, whose name gives glory,  
One man whose life makes light,  
One crowned and throned in story  
Above all empire's height,  
Came where thy straits run hoary,  
To behold thee last in sight;

With flowing eyes to hold thee,  
With rapturous heart to read,  
To encompass and enfold thee,  
With love whence all men feed,  
To brighten and behold thee,  
Who is mightiest of man's seed;  
More strong than strong disaster,  
I of fate and fear too strong;  
Earth's friend, whose eyes look past her,  
Whose hands would purge of wrong;  
Our lord, our light, our master,  
Whose word sums up all song.

Be it April or September  
That plays his perfect part,  
Burn June or blow December,



Thou canst not in thine heart  
But rapturously remember,  
All heavenlike as thou art,

Whose footfall made thee fairer,  
Whose passage more divine,  
Whose hand, our thunder-bearer,  
Heb'd fire that bade thee shine  
With subtler glory and rarer  
Than thrills the sun's own shrine.

Who knows how then his godlike banished gaze  
Turned haply from its goal of natural days  
And homeward hunger for the clear French  
clime,

Toward English earth, whereumber now the  
Accursed

Rots, in the hate of all men's hearts inhearsed,  
A cannon ranker to the sense of time  
For that sepulchral gift of stone and lime  
By royal grace laid on it, less of weight  
Than the load laid by fate,

Fate, misbegotten child of his own crime,  
Son of as foul a bastard-bearing birth  
As even his own on earth;

Less heavy than the load of cursing piled  
By loyal grace of all souls undeliled  
On one man's head, whose reeking soul made  
rotten

The loathed live corpse on earth once misbe-  
gotten?

But when our Master's homeless feet were here,  
France yet was foul with joy more foul than  
fear,

And slavery chosen, more vile by choice of  
chance

Than dull damnation of inheritance  
From Rus-in year to year,

Alas fair mother of men, alas my France,  
What aïd'st thee so to all, that wert so dear  
For all men's sake to all men, in such trance,  
Plague-stricken? Had the very Gods, that  
saw

Thy glory lighten on us for a law,  
Thy gospel go before us for a guide,  
Had these waxed envious of our love and awe  
Or was it less their envy than thy pride  
That bared thy breast for the obscene vulture-  
claw,

High priestess, by whose mouth Love prophesied

That fate should yet mean freedom? Howso-  
ever,

That hour, the helper of men's hearts, we  
praise,

Which blots out of man's book of after days  
The name above all names abhorred for ever.  
And His name shall we praise not, whom these  
flowers,

These rocks and evening waters bound for  
girth

Round this wild starry spantong plot of earth,  
Beheld, the mightier for those heavier hours  
That bowed his heart not down  
Nor marred one crowning blossom of his  
crown?

For surely, might we say,  
Even from the dark deep sea-gate that makes  
way

Through channelled darkness for the darkling  
day

Hardly to let men's faltering footfall win

The uncess passage in,  
Where breaks a world's lower against the sun,  
A small sweet world of wave-encompassed  
wonders,

Kept from the wearier landward world asunder  
With violence of wild waters, and with thunder  
Of many winds as one,

To where the keen sea-current grinds and frets  
The black bright sheer twin flameless Altarlets  
That lack no live blood-sacrifice they crave  
Of shipwreck and the shrine-subservient wave,  
Having for priest the storm-wind, and for choir  
Lightnings and clouds whose prayers and  
praise are fire,

All the isle acclaimed him coming; she, the  
least

Of all things low liest that the sea's love hides  
From strange men's insult, walled about with  
tides

That bid strange guests back from her flower-  
strewn feast,

Set all her fields aflower, her flowers aflame,  
To applaud him that he came.

Nor surely flashed not something of delight  
Through that steep strait of rock whose twin  
cliffed height

Links rag with rag reiterate, land with land,  
By one sheer thread of narrow-wing precipice  
Edmont, that binds and sunders

Abyss from hollower imminent abyss  
And wilder isle with island, blind for bliss  
Of sea that lightens and of wind that thunders;  
Nor peeled not surely back from deep to steep  
Reverberate acclamation, steep to deep  
Inveterately acclaiming and replying  
Praise, and response applausive; nor the sea,  
For all the sea-wind's crying,

Knew not the song her sister, even as she

Thundering, or like her confluent spring-tides  
 brightening,  
 And like her darkness-lightening ;  
 The song that moved about him silent, low  
 Both soundless wings retold and re-told  
 On that Prometheus' brow,  
 Then quivering as for flight that wakes the  
 world.

From the roots of the rocks underlying the  
 gulfs that engird it around  
 Was the isle not enkindled with light of him  
 lulling, or thrilled not with sound ?  
 Yea, surely the sea like a harper laid hand on  
 the shore as a lyre,  
 As the lyre in his own for a birthright of old  
 that was given of his sire,  
 And the hand of the child was put forth on  
 the chords yet alive and all-time  
 From the hand of the God that had wrought it  
 in heaven ; and the hand was the same,  
 And the tongue of the child spoke, singing ;  
 and never a word that he sang,  
 But the strings made answer unstricken, as  
 though for the God they rang,  
 And the eyes of the child shone, lightning ;  
 and touched as by life at his nod,  
 They shuddered with music, and quickened as  
 though from the glance of the God,  
 So trembled the heart of the hills and the  
 rocks to receive him, and yearned  
 With desirous delight of his presence and love  
 that beholding him burne I,  
 Yea, down through the mighty twin hollows  
 where never the sunlight shall be,  
 Deep sunk under imminent earth, and subdued  
 to the stress of the sea,  
 That to dwell on the dim weak changes by change  
 of their tides in the dark,  
 As the wave sinks under within them, reluctant,  
 removed from its mark,  
 Even there in the terror of twilight in bloom  
 with its blossoms alight,  
 Did a sense of him touch not the gleam of their  
 flowers with a fiercer flush ?  
 Though the sun they behold not for ever, yet  
 knew they not over them One  
 Whose soul was the soul of the morning, whose  
 song was the song of the sun ?  
 But the secrets inviolate of sunlight in hollows  
 untrodden of day,  
 Shall he dream what are these who beholds  
 not ? or he that hath seen, shall he say ?  
 For the path is for passage of sea-crews ; and  
 he that hath glided and leapt

Over sea-grass and sea-rock, alighting as one  
 from a citadel erect  
 That his foemen beleaguer, descending by  
 darkness and stealth, at the last  
 Peers under, and all is as hollow to hellward,  
 agape and aghast,  
 But about and afar in the darkness a tremendous  
 color subsides  
 From the crimson high crest of the purple-  
 pecked reef to the soft-colored sides  
 That brighten as ever they widen till downward  
 the level is won  
 Of the soundless and colorless water that  
 knows not the sense of the sun ;  
 From the crown of the culminant arch to the  
 floor of the lutelet bloom,  
 One infinite blossom of blossoms innumerable  
 afish through the gloom,  
 All under the deeps of the darkness are glim-  
 mering ; all over impends  
 An immeasurable infinite flower of the dark  
 that dilates and descends,  
 That exalts and expands in its breathless and  
 blind efflorescence of heart  
 As it broadens and bows to the wave-ward,  
 and breathes not, and hearless apart,  
 As a beaker in vase at a feast on Olympus, ex-  
 hausted of wine,  
 But inlaid as with rose from the lips of Dionè  
 that left it divine  
 From the lips evening of laughter and love  
 everlasting, they leave  
 In the cleft of his heart who shall kiss them a  
 snake to corrode it and cleave,  
 So climaxes the gloom into glory, the glory  
 recoils into gloom  
 That the eye of the sun could not handle, the  
 lip not of Love could relume,  
 So darkens reverted the cup that the kiss of her  
 mouth set on fire ;  
 So blackens a brand in his eyes that as moulder  
 awhile from the pyre,  
 From the beam from beneath and without it  
 refrangent again from the wave  
 Strikes up through the portal a ghostly reverse  
 on the dome of the cave,  
 On the depth of the dome ever darkling and  
 dim to the crown of its arc ;  
 That the sun-colored tapestry, sunless for ever,  
 may soften the dark,  
 But within through the silver archway  
 aglimmer again from the right  
 Is the seal of the sea's tide set on the mouth  
 of the mystery of night,  
 And the seal on the seventh day breaks but a  
 little, that by its mean

May behold what the sun hath not looked on,  
The stars of the night have not seen.

Even like that hollow-bosomed rose, inverse  
And inmate, the heaven of thy vast verity,  
Our Master, over all our souls impends,  
Imminent; we, with heart-enkindle'd eyes,  
Up wondering, search the music-mould of  
Spoken by sweet speech, concert but as it flows  
Light of bright sound, sound of clear light, in  
one,

As all the stars found utterance through the  
sun.

And all that heaven is like a rose in bloom,  
Flower-colored, where its own sun's rays  
illumine

As from one central and impetuous heart  
The whole shies every part:  
But lighting still and darkling downward,  
to

The light and darkness of it,  
The lighting of the lamp; between  
Between the full moon and the

The wassong of the bounding life aglow,  
That have the herald tender to the rose, that  
From north to south the light that lapp,  
The tragic sundawns reddening, and  
As with bright blood from  
breast,

The peace of noon that strikes the sea to sleep,  
The wail over the world of all that weep,  
The peace of night when death hangs life on  
rest.

Godless who gatherest all the herald waves  
Into thy great sweet pastureless green fold,  
I pray thee for our love of old,

I pray thee by thy power that slays and saves,  
Take thou my song of this thy flower to keep  
Who hast my heart in hold;

And from thine high place of thy garden-steep,  
Where one sheer terrace oversees thy deep  
From the utmost rock, reared height  
Down even to thy dear depths of night and  
Pit,

Let our own's salutation; and on me  
To check the loneliness of thy sea.

## BIRTHDAY ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF

VICTOR HUGO.

FEBRUARY FOUR, 1860.

*Between two seas the sea-bird's wing makes hall,  
Wind-worn and white, to the white heart's straits  
For breath to give, for life to give, it's  
That of a still heart's watch, on the world  
High tower of morning, and in the dawn  
With pride, as one of the world's bases  
What is the name of the world's straits  
The name of the world's straits  
And if the world's straits speak,  
I'd let the world's straits speak, my song,  
I'd let the world's straits speak, my song,  
The passage of the world's straits and long  
Fate of the world's straits, my song,  
Was the world's straits, my song.*

BIRTHDAY ODE.

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FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF VICTOR HUGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

Spring, born in heaven ere many a spring-  
time flown,

Lead spring that sawest on earth

A babe of deathless birth,

A flower of rosier flowerage than thine own,

A glory of goodlier godhead; even this day,

Thou floods the mist of February with May,

And strik'st death dead with sunlight, and the  
breath

Wherby the deadly doers are done to death,

That in day's despite

Would crown the imperial night,

And in deep hate of insubmissive spring

Exhume the royal winter for a king,

This day that casts the days of darkness down

Low as a broken crown,

We call thee from the gulf of deeds and days,

Deathless and dead, to hear us whom we praise.

A light of many lights about thine head,

Lights manifold and one,

Others molten in a sun,

A sun of divers beams incorporated,

Compact of confluent aureoles, each more fair

Than man, save only at highest of man, may

So didst thou rise, when this our grey-grown

age

Had trod two paces of his pilgrimage,

Two paces through the gloom

From his fierce father's tomb,

Led by cross lights of lightnings, and the

flame

That burned in darkness round one darling

name;

So didst thou rise, nor knewest thy glory, O

thou

Thou art risen upon us now,

The glory given thee for a grace to give,

And take the praise of all men's hearts that

live,

First in the dewy ray

Ere dawn be slain of day

The fresh crown'd lilies of discrowned kings'

prime

Sprung splendid as of old

With moonlight-coloured gold

As I rays refract from the oldworld heaven of

thine;

Pale with proud light of stars decreased  
In westward wane reluctant from the con-  
quering east.

But even between their golden-golden bloom

Strange flowers of wildwood glory,

With frost and moonshine hoary,

Thrust up the new growths of their green-  
leaved gloom,

Red buds of bellad blossom, where the dew

Flushed as with bloodlike passion, and its hue

Was as the life and love of hearts on flame,

And ere from forth of each live chalice came:

Young sprays of elder song,

Stem straight and petal strong,

Bright foliage with dark frondage overlaid,

And light the lovelier for its lordlier shade;

And morn and even made loud in woodland

lone

With cheer of clarions blown,

And through the tourney's clash a clarion's

cheer

Laugh to laugh echoing, tear washed off by

tear.

Then eastward far past northland lea and

lawn

Beneath a heavier light

Of stormier day and night

Began the music of the heaven of dawn,

Bright sound of battle along the Grecian

waves,

Loud light of thunder above the Mediar

graves,

New strife, new song on Æschylean seas,

Canais risen above Themistocles;

Old glory of warrior ghosts

Shed fresh on filial hosts,

With dewfall redder than the dews of day,

And earth-born lightnings out of bloodbright

spray;

Then through the flushed grey gloom on

shadowy sheaves

Low flights of falling leaves;

And choirs of birds transfiguring as they

throng

All the world's twilight and the soul's to song,

Voices more dimly deep

Than the inmost heart of sleep,

And tenderer than the rose-mouthed morning

lips;

And midstmost of them heard  
The viewless water's word,  
The sea's breath in the wind, was carried  
To his lips,  
That fell, one well and round  
And round the ether in, and was with faintly  
And

But th! the glory of the lowly  
The story of man's  
Whose tale was written  
And had for seal all the night, for only  
For scribe the prophet of the  
Exalted over twilight and her star;  
For scroll beneath his Apollo's  
The dim twin wastes of sea and glimmering  
land.

Hark, on the hill-wind, clear  
For all men's hearts to hear  
Sound like a stream at the fall from the steep  
That all time's depths might answer, deep to  
deep,  
With trumpet-measures of triumphal wail  
From windy vales to vales,  
The crying of one for Love that strayed and  
sinned  
Whose brain took madness of the mountain  
wind.

Between the birds of laughter and dusky  
wing,  
What mightier-moulded forms  
Gave with red clouds and storms  
Mix their strong hearts with theirs that soar  
and sing?  
Before the storm-blast blown of death's dark  
hour  
The marriage moonlight withers, that the moon  
For two made one may and three made by  
death  
One ruin at the blasting of its breath;  
Clothed with heart's flame renewed  
And strange new maidenhood,  
Faith light as on the lips that bloomed for face  
Pure as the lightning of love's first-born face;  
Wide-eyed and patient ever, till the curse  
Fond where to fill and pierce,  
Keen expiation whets with edge more dread  
A father's wrong to smite a father's head.

Born, supreme from birth  
As loveliest born on earth

Since earth bore ever woman that were fair;  
Since she known of her own love,  
Her daughter of sin or spouse;  
Who holds her life, yet helpless with her  
hand;  
The quest of divine things made,  
To wade down her amorous aureole half-sufficed  
with shade.

As red the fire-scathed royal northland bloom,  
That let our story a name  
Dyed through with blood and flame  
For her life shrivelled from a  
For theirs her priests had pass from earth in  
For to be the thirst of God their  
A keen the blast of love-enkindled  
That burst the Padian tyrant's guarded  
As sad the softer moon  
Made one with music's own  
For one whose feet made music as they  
On ways by loveless love made hot from hell;  
But higher than these and all the song thereof  
The perfect heart of love,  
For heart by fraud and hate once crucified,  
That, dying, gave thanks, and in thanksgiving  
died.

Above the windy walls that rule the Rhine  
A noise of eagles' wings  
And wintry war-time rings,  
With roar of savage trampling corn and vine  
And storm of wrathful wassail dashed with  
song  
And under these the watch of wreckless wrong,  
With fire of eyes unhungered; and above  
These, the light of the stricken eyes of love,  
The dim sweet eyes that follow  
The wind-outwinging swallow,  
And face athirst with young wan yearning  
month  
Turned after toward the unseen all-golden  
south,  
Hopeless to see the birds back ere the wane,  
Or the leaves born again;  
And still the might and music mastering fate  
Of life more strong than death and love than  
hate.

In special strength lifiform  
Stand the twin sons of storm  
Transfigured by transmission of one hand  
That gives the new-born time  
Their semblance more sublime  
Than once it lightened over each man's land;

There Freedom's winged and wimpled  
 mouthed hoen,  
 And here our high Dictator, in his son dis-  
 crowned.

What strong-limbed shapes of kindred throng  
 round these  
 Before, between, behind,  
 Sons born of one man's mind,  
 Led at his hands and fostered round his knees?  
 Fear takes the spirit in thralldom at his nod,  
 And pity makes it as the spirit of God,  
 As his own soul that from her throne above  
 Sheds on all souls of men her showers of love,  
 On all earth's evil and pain  
 Pours mercy forth as rain  
 And comfort as the dewfall on dry land;  
 And feels with pity from a faultless hand  
 All by their own fault stricken, all cast out  
 By all men's scorn or doubt,  
 Or with their own hands wounded, or by fate  
 Brought into bondage of men's fear or hate.

In violence of strange visions north and south  
 Confronted, east and west,  
 With frozen or fiery breast,  
 Eyes fixed or fevered, pale or Hoodred mouth,  
 Kept watch about his dawn-enkindled dreams;  
 But ere high noon a light of nearer beams  
 Made his young heaven of manhood more be-  
 nign,  
 And love made soft his lips with spiritual wine,  
 And left them fired, and fed  
 With sacramental bread,  
 And sweet with honey of tenderer words than  
 tears  
 To feed men's hopes and fortify men's fears,  
 And strong to silence with benignant breath  
 The lips that doom to death,  
 And swift with speech like fire in fiery lands  
 To melt the steel's edge in the headsmen's  
 hands.

Higher than they rose of old,  
 New builded now, beheld,  
 The live great filices of Our Lady's  
 towers;  
 And round them like a dove  
 Wounded, and sick with love,  
 One fair ghost moving, crowned with fateful  
 flowers,  
 Watched yet with eyes of bloodied lust  
 And eyes of love's heart broken and unbroken  
 trust.

But sadder always under shadowier skies,  
 More pale and sad and clear  
 Waxed away, drawn more near,  
 The Love of Duty lit with Love's own eyes;  
 Fill the awful hands that culled in rosier  
 hours  
 From fairy-footed fields of wild old flowers  
 And sorcerous woods of Rhineland, green and  
 hoary,  
 Young children's chaplets of enchanted story,  
 The great kind hands that showed  
 I stile its homeward road,  
 And, as his helper made his foeman God,  
 Of pity and mercy wrought themselves a rod,  
 And opened for Napoleon's wondering kin  
 France, and bade enter in,  
 And threw for all the doors of refuge wide,  
 Took to them lightning in the thunder-tide.

For storm on earth above had risen from under,  
 Out of the hollow of hell,  
 Such storm as never fell  
 From darkest deeps of heaven distract with  
 thunder;  
 A cloud of cursing, past all shape of thought,  
 More foul than foulest dreams, and overfraught  
 With all obscene things and obscure of birth  
 That ever made infection of man's earth;  
 Having all hell for cloak  
 Wrapped round it as a smoke  
 And in its womb such offspring so defiled  
 As earth bare never for her loathliest child,  
 Rose, brooded, reddened, broke, and with its  
 breath  
 Put France to poisonous death;  
 Yea, far as heaven's red laboring eye could  
 glance,  
 France was not, save in men cast forth of  
 France.

Then, - while the plague-sore grew  
 Two darkling decades through,  
 And rankled in the festering flesh of time, -  
 Where darkness binds and frees  
 The wildest of wild seas  
 In fierce mutations of the unslumbering  
 clime,  
 There, sleepless too, o'er shuddering wrong  
 One hand appointed shook the reddening  
 scourge of song.

And through the lightning of the apparent  
 word  
 Dividing shame's dense night  
 Sounds lovelier than the light

And light men sweet than song from night's  
 own land  
 Mixed each their hearts with other, till the  
 gloom  
 Was glorious as with all the stars in gloom,  
 sonorous as with all the spheres in chime  
 Heralded through flowering heaven; the sea  
 sublime  
 One only with its own  
 Old waves and waters' tone,  
 Suddenly or glid with its own glory, and crown-  
 ed  
 With its own light, and thudded with its own  
 sound,  
 Learn now their song, more sweet than heav-  
 en's may be,  
 Who pass away by sea;  
 The song that takes of old hav'ns' find for well,  
 With pulse of plangent water like a knell,  
 And louder ever and louder and yet more loud  
 Till night be shemol of men  
 Rings the Black Huntsman's horn  
 Through darkening deeps beneath the covering  
 cloud,  
 Till all the wild beasts of the darkness hear;  
 Till the Cz or quik, till Ares a cower for fear,  
 Till the king breathe not, till the priest war-pole,  
 Till spies and slayers on seats of judgment  
 quad,  
 Till mine and cowl bow down  
 And crumble as a crown,  
 Till Cesar driven to the fair and hounded  
 Pope  
 Red breathless and drop heartless out of hope,  
 And one the uncleanest kindest beast of all  
 Lower than his fortune fall;  
 The wolfish wif of casual empire, born  
 To turn all hate and honor cold with scorn.  
 Yea, even at night's full noon  
 Light's birth-song hallel in time,  
 Spake, witnessing that with us one must be,  
 God; naming so by name  
 That priests have thought to shame  
 The strength whose scourge sounds on the  
 smitten sea;  
 The my tey manifold of night  
 Which bids the wind give back to night the  
 things of night.  
 Even God, the unknown of all time; force  
 or thought,  
 Nature or fate or will,  
 Clothed round with good and ill,  
 Veiled and revealed of all things and of  
 nought,  
 Hooded and helmeted with mystery, gilt and  
 shod  
 With light and darkness, unapparent God,  
 Him the high prophet o'er his wild work  
 told  
 Found indivisible ever and imminent  
 At hidden heart of truth,  
 In forms of age and youth  
 Tripartite and transient ever, masked and  
 crowned,  
 From all bonds loosened and with all bonds  
 bound,  
 Diverse and one with all things; love and  
 hate,  
 Earth and the starry state  
 Of heaven nunc measurable, and years that flee  
 As clouds and winds and rays across the sea,  
 But higher than stars and deeper than the  
 waves  
 Of day and night and morrow  
 That roll for all time, sorrow  
 Keeps ageless watch over perpetual graves,  
 From dawn to morning of the soul in flower,  
 Through toils and dreams and visions, to that  
 hour  
 When all the deeps were opened, and one  
 room  
 Took two sweet lives to embrace them and en-  
 tomb,  
 The strong song plies its wing  
 That makes the darkness ring  
 And the deep light reverberate sound as deep;  
 Song soft as flowers or grass, more soft than  
 sleep,  
 Song bright as heaven above the mounting  
 bird,  
 Song like a god's tear heard  
 Falling, filtered of life and death and light,  
 And all the stars and all the shadow of night,  
 Till, when its flight hath past  
 Time's loftiest mark and last,  
 The god where good kills evil with a kiss  
 And Darkness in God's sigat  
 Grows as his brother Eternity,  
 And heaven and hell one heart whence all  
 the abyss  
 Treads with love's music; from his  
 trance  
 Love waking leads it home to her who stayed  
 in France,  
 But now from all the world-old winds of the  
 air

O'er the forest of recordings  
 A million's lives in plumes  
 A million's feet in flying  
 A million's north and south seasons, east and west,  
 A million's dark when in its clouds rest  
 The heavy fold of the sky, with no sun  
 A million's hand ever for by men's hands  
 A million's hand with desire,  
 A million's hand of man took care,  
 A million's hand led upon the hills and seas  
 A million's hand to hear time witness what the sun  
 A million's hand, and what the moon and stars of  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand lost not light;  
 A million's hand to dusk what way men wander  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand through the twilight of the gods to God,  
 A million's hand of man and woman twin and one,  
 A million's hand the earliest dews imperaled  
 A million's hand of all the world  
 A million's hand with an ocean, a globe of the  
 A million's hand that saw Christ's tears and hallowing  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand for love's sake in the lips of a  
 A million's hand years as waves whose foam was  
 A million's hand whose room  
 A million's hand and the rays of Norman  
 A million's hand the eastern crescent's horn  
 A million's hand than moon;  
 A million's hand flights whose lives were flights of eagles  
 A million's hand wings,  
 A million's hand lives like snakes' lives of crawling  
 A million's hand things;  
 A million's hand all the ravin of all the swords that reap  
 A million's hand as sheaves on heap  
 A million's hand to all the following have fields of  
 A million's hand sounds of lovesongs lovelier than the  
 A million's hand light.

The million's throne of the east  
 Set for death's riotous host  
 Round the single hand where darkling cen-  
 turies wait,  
 And sylvan slaughter, mute,  
 Feeds power with flesh and  
 Glitter and groan with mortal  
 And throne and cup and lamp's light  
 bear witness to their lord of only  
 death.

And freedom by live cup lies dead,  
 And murder at his feet

A million's hand with low and meat,  
 A million's hand of food man and a child,  
 A million's hand body and blood, in spable  
 A million's hand in the sacrament of hell,  
 A million's hand from their monstrous eucharist,  
 A million's hand wax cold that murdered where they  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand in mid feast  
 A million's hand to light the least  
 A million's hand ease men's hungering hearts of  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand to lower none in heaven, to see nor hear,  
 A million's hand give his own pollution with the food  
 A million's hand of his blood  
 A million's hand was the living poisonous as it poured;  
 A million's hand on the clouds the unchangeable cleanse his  
 A million's hand word

A million's hand the word unutterable that made  
 A million's hand on day and night division,  
 A million's hand from vision on to vision,  
 A million's hand from dream to dream, from darkness into  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand from sensibility into sunlight, move and lives  
 A million's hand the steersman's eye, the helming hand that  
 A million's hand gives  
 A million's hand line to the wheels and wings that whirl along  
 A million's hand the innocuous impulse of the sphere of  
 A million's hand  
 A million's hand through all the eternal years,  
 A million's hand beyond all stars and spheres,  
 A million's hand beyond the washing of the waves of time,  
 A million's hand beyond all heights where no thought else may  
 A million's hand climb,  
 A million's hand beyond the dawning due of suns that were,  
 A million's hand the height and depth of air;  
 A million's hand above in the abyss whence all things move that  
 A million's hand are  
 A million's hand finds only living Love, the sovereign star.

Not less the weight and worth  
 Found even of love on earth  
 To wash all stain of tears and sins away,  
 On day and night  
 That he who knew not it,  
 In the winged shape of song with death to  
 play:  
 To warm young children with its wings,  
 And try with fire the heart elect for  
 things.

For all worst wants of all most miserable  
 With divine heat to dead  
 All herbs and herbs that heal,  
 Among all woes whereunder poor men dwell



On March 1st, 1893, I was born  
 On earth, a wave of the sea,  
 Mother of life,  
 What work of wonder  
 Yet in my heart  
 At heart, my eye  
 Watch and wage war  
 Wonder  
 Lower than the lightning  
 thunders  
 Of seas, less monstrous  
 Keep your heart  
 And on your heart  
 Feel the sea close  
 A lay of your doom  
 With clouds of me  
 Lamentation  
 Keen by sea and  
 laughter  
 A moon by night  
 We see with the  
 eyes  
 As a ghostly  
 light  
 As from flesh  
 tears of our souls  
 Test to the  
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 Burns dim of  
 Divine and  
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 With rays  
 As though the  
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 swell  
 With  
 Rejoice  
 To feel

Above a walled sea,  
 The glory of  
 Ninety three  
 Fair here with blood  
 and with  
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 That earth  
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yet the smallest more strong  
 from all will act as if it sung,  
 I send forth such life in  
 O — I like springing rain  
 The with its precious beams shower,  
 are fed  
 For a strong wine and ramular bread;  
 Given of itself as a ves life and light,  
 of right;  
 The gentlest gift on earth, to be  
 Ours, while the sun glows to the sea.  
 Our Father and Master and Lord,  
 must be some for a word,  
 the spirit in hearts for throne;  
 As in just years long,  
 Take now my subject song,  
 crowned head made humble but thine  
 own;  
 at on thy day of worldly birth  
 s thanks for all thou hast past thanks  
 et all on earth.

# TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE.

## PRELUDE.

### TRISTRAM AND ISULT.

LOVE, that is first and last of all things made,  
The light that has the living world for shade,  
The spirit that for tempo I'ved has on  
The souls of all men woven in and on  
One fiery raiment with all life's downy light  
And lights of sunny and of rainy day and  
thought,  
And alway through new act and path and new  
Shines the divine same body and deity  
through,  
The body spiritual of fire and light  
That is to worldly noon and noon and night;  
Love, that is flesh up on the spirit of man  
And spirit within the flesh whence breath be-  
gan;  
Love, that keeps all the ebb and flow of lives in  
chime;  
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;  
That wrought the whole world with one stroke  
of hand,  
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,  
And with the pulse and motion of his breath  
Through the great heart of the earth strikes  
life and death,  
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet  
time live  
Through day and night of things, alternative,  
Through silence and through sound of stress  
and strife,  
And ebb and flow of dying death and life;  
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's  
ears,  
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks  
of tears,  
That binds on all men's feet or chains or  
wings;  
Love, that is root and fruit of tene things,  
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not  
drown,  
The whole world's fiery force not burn down;

Love, that what time his own hands guard  
his head  
The whole world's wrath and strength shall  
not strike dead;  
Love, that if once his own hands make his  
grave  
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not  
save;  
Love, that for very life shall not be sold,  
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with  
gold;  
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven  
farewell,  
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;  
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,  
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven;  
Love that is fire within thee and light above,  
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;  
Through many and lovely thoughts and much  
desire  
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire;  
Through many and lovely days and much de-  
light  
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.  
Yea, but what then? albeit all this were  
thus,  
And soul smote soul and I left it ruinous,  
And love led love as cycleless men lead men,  
Through chance by chance to deathward—  
Ah, what then?  
Hath love not likewise led them further yet,  
Out through the years where memories rise  
and set,  
Some large as suns, some moon-like warm  
and pale,  
Some starry-sighted, some through clouds  
that sail  
seen as red flame through spectral float of  
time,  
Each with the blush of its own special bloom

On the fair face of its own coloured light,  
 Distinguishable in all the host of night,  
 Divisible from all the radiant rest  
 And separable in splendour? Hath the best  
 Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,  
 A better heaven than heaven is? Hath not  
 love  
 Made for all these their most particular air  
 To shine in, their own beams and names to  
 bear,  
 Their ways to wander and their wards to  
 keep,  
 Till story and song and glory and all things  
 sleep?  
 Hath he not plucked from death of lovers  
 dead  
 Their musical soft memories, and kept red  
 The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,  
 The sunsets of their stories in his skies,  
 The blush of their dead blood in lips that  
 speak  
 Of their dead lives, and in the listener's  
 cheek  
 That trembles with the kindling pity lit  
 In gracious hearts for some sweet fever-fit.  
 A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought  
 By tales that make their hearts out of nought,  
 The faithless faith that lives without belief  
 Its light life through, the griefless ghost of  
 grief?  
 Yea, as warm night refashions the sere blue  
 In storm-struck petal or in sun-struck bud,  
 With tender hours and tempering dew to cure  
 The hunger and thirst of day's distemperature  
 And ravin of the dry discolouring hours,  
 Hath he not bid relume their flameless flow-  
 ers  
 With summer fire and heat of lapping song,  
 And bid the short-lived things, long dead,  
 live long,  
 And thought remake their wan funereal  
 fumes,  
 And the sweet shining signs of women's  
 names  
 That mark the months out and the weeks  
 anew  
 He moves in changeless change of seasons  
 through  
 To fill the days up of his dateless year  
 Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Gene-  
 vere?  
 For first of all the spherly signs whereby  
 Love severs light from darkness, and most  
 high,  
 In the white front of January there glows

The rose-bud sign of Helen like a rose;  
 And gold-eyed as the shore flower shelterless  
 Whom on the sharp-breathed sea blows bitter-  
 ness,  
 A term-star that the seafarers of love  
 Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses  
 of,  
 Shoots keen through February's grey frost  
 and damp  
 The lamplike star of Hero for a lamp;  
 The star that Marlowe sang into our skies  
 With mouth of gold, and mourning in his  
 eyes;  
 And in clear March across the rough blue sea  
 The signal sapphire of Aleyone  
 Makes bright the down brows of the wind-  
 foot year;  
 And shining like a sun-beams-mitten tear  
 Full ere it fall, the fair most sign in sight  
 Burned on the wide with April-coloured light  
 When air is quick with song and rain and  
 flame,  
 My birth-month star that in love's heaven  
 hath name  
 Be-cult, a light of blossom and beam and  
 shower,  
 My singing sign that make the song-tree  
 flower;  
 Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond  
 The rose-white sphere of flower-named Rosa-  
 mond  
 Signs the sweet head of Maytime; and for  
 June  
 Flares like an angered and storm-reddening  
 moon  
 Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre  
 shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;  
 Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-  
 stone,  
 A star south-risen that first to music shone,  
 The keen girl-star of golden Juliet bears  
 Light northward to the month whose fore-  
 head wears  
 Her name for flower upon it, and his trees  
 Mix their deep English song with Veronese;  
 And like an awful sovereign crysolite  
 Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the  
 night,  
 The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,  
 A sun flower among small sphered flowers of  
 stars,  
 The light of Cleopatra fills and burns  
 The hollow of heaven whence ardent August  
 yearns;  
 And fixed and shining as the sister-shed

Sweet tears for Phaethon disorbed and dead,  
 The pale bright autumn's amber coloured  
 sphere,  
 That through September sees the saddening  
 year  
 As love-eyes change through sorrow, hath to  
 name  
 Francesca's; and the star that watches flame  
 The embers of the harvest overgone  
 Is Lisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,  
 Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs  
 A blood-bright ruby; last save one light  
 shines  
 An eastern wonder of spheric chrysopeas,  
 The star that made men mad, Angelic's;  
 And latest named and loofhest, with a round  
 Of sword and heap in heaven that ring it  
 round,  
 Last love-light and last love-song of the  
 year's,  
 Gleams like a glorious emerald Genevere's.  
 These are the signs wherethrough the year  
 sees move,  
 Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,  
 A fiery body blood-red from the heart  
 Outward, with fire-white wings made wide  
 apart,  
 That close not and unclose not, but upright  
 Steered without wind by their own light and  
 might  
 Sweep through the flameless fire of air that  
 rings  
 From heaven to heaven with thunder of  
 wheels and wings  
 And antiphones of motion moulded rhyme  
 Through spaces out of pace and timeless  
 time,  
 So shine above dead chance and conquered  
 change  
 The spher'd signs and leave without their  
 range  
 Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for  
 wife,  
 Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of  
 life,  
 Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,  
 Through the dim door of sleep that seem to  
 press,  
 Forms without form, a piteous people and  
 blind  
 Men and no men, whose lamentable kind  
 The shadow of death and shadow of life com-  
 pel  
 Through semblances of heaven and false-  
 faced hell,

Through dreams of light and dreams of dark-  
 ne'st  
 On waves innavigable, are these so lost?  
 Shapes that wax pale and shut in swift strange  
 wile,  
 Void faces with unspeculative eyes,  
 Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths  
 that move,  
 Featureless heads dis-crowned of hate and  
 love,  
 Mockeries and masks of motion and mute  
 breath,  
 Layings of life, the superfluous of death—  
 If these things and no more than these things  
 be  
 Left when man ends or changes, who can see?  
 Or who can say with what more subtle sense  
 Their subtler natures taste in air less dense  
 A life less thick and palpable than ours,  
 Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with  
 dead flowers  
 And measured by low music? how time fares  
 In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,  
 Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star  
 To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,  
 And hers who made as God's own eyes to shine  
 The eyes that met them of the Florentine,  
 Wherein the godhead thence transfigured lit  
 All time for all men with the shadow of it?  
 Ah, and these too felt on them as God's  
 grace  
 The pity and glory of this man's breathing  
 face;  
 For these too, these my lovers, these my  
 twain,  
 Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,  
 With lips that thundered and with feet that  
 trod  
 Before men's eyes incognisable God;  
 Saw love and wrath and light and night and  
 fire  
 Live with one life and at one mouth respire,  
 And in one golden sound their whole soul  
 heard  
 Sounding, one sweet unmitigable word,  
 They have the night who had like us the  
 day;  
 We, whom day binds, shall have the night as  
 they,  
 We, from the fetters of the light unbound,  
 Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep  
 sound,  
 All gifts but one the jealous God may keep  
 From our soul's longing, one he cannot—  
 sleep.

This, though he grudge all other grace to  
prayer,

This grace his closed hand cannot choose but  
spare.

This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,  
Be it lightly given or lothly, God must give.

We, as the men whose name on earth is none,  
We too shall surely pass out of the sun ;

Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,  
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering

wings,  
Wide as the naked world and shadowless.

And long-lived as the world's own weariness.  
Us too, when all the fires of time are cold,

The heights shall hide us and the depths shall  
hold.

Us too, when all the tears of time are dry,  
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.

Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,  
But the large unbewildered eye of night

Hath sense and speculation ; and the sheer  
I limitless length of lifeless life and clear,

The timeless space wherein the brief worlds  
move

Clothed with light life and fruitful with light  
love,

With hopes that threaten, and with fears that  
cease,

Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.

Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and  
fears.

Spun fine as fire and jewelled thick with tears,

These lives made out of loves that long since  
were,

Lives wrought as ours of earth and burnin  
air,

Fugitive flame and water of secret springs,  
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with

wings,  
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save

Some while from washing wreck and wreck-  
ing wave.

Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and  
give

Out of my life to let their dead life live  
Some days of mine, and blow my living

breath  
Between dead lips forgotten even of death ?

So many and many of old have given my  
twain

Love and life song and honey-pated pain,  
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is

sweet,  
So many and with such joy have tracked their

feet,  
What should I do to follow ? yet I too,

I have the heart to follow, many or few  
Be the feet gone before me ; for the way,

Rose-red with remnant roses of the day  
Westward, and eastward white with stars that

break,  
Between the green and foam is fair to take

For any sail the sea-wind steers for me  
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

## I.

## THE SAILING OF THE SWALLOW.

ANOTHER the middle music of the spring  
Came from the castled shore of Ireland's king

A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound  
And south by Wales and all its wonders round

To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home  
That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam.

Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides  
And high Cornish that now the steep sea hides

To the white-veined heights and gusty bays  
Of sheer Cornish fair with famous days.

Above the golden-gilded swallow shone,

Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glit-  
tering stone

As flying sunward oversea, to bear  
Green summer with it through the singing air.

And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,  
As the bright sail with brightening wind was

drawn,  
Sat with full face against the strengthening

light  
Esult, more fair than foam or dawn was

white.

Her gaze was glad as love's own ringing of,  
 And her face love's fire and fire of love,  
 Past thought and speech her maiden motions  
 were,  
 And a more golden sunrise was her hair,  
 The very velvet of her right flesh was made  
 As of light woven and moonbeam-colored  
 shade  
 More fine than moonbeams; white her eye-  
 lids shone  
 As snow sun-stricken that radiates the sun,  
 And through their curl and coloured cloud  
 of deep  
 Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep  
 Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the  
 sky's  
 The springs of unimaginable eyes,  
 As the world's subtler emerald is pierced  
 through  
 With the utmost heaven's inextricable blue,  
 And both are woven and melted in one sleight  
 Of amorous color and implicated light  
 Under the golden guard and gaze of noon  
 So glowed their aweless amorous plenitude  
 Azure and gold and ardent grey, made strange  
 With very difference and deep interchange  
 Inexplicable of glories multiform;  
 Now as the sullen sapphire swells toward  
 storm  
 Foamless, their bitter beauty grew cold,  
 And now a fire with ardour of the gold,  
 Her flower-soft lips were meek and passion-  
 ate,  
 For love upon them like a shadow came  
 Patient, a foreseen vision of sweet things,  
 A dream with eyes fast shut and plumeless  
 wings  
 That knew not what man's love or life should  
 be,  
 Nor had it sight nor heart to hope or see  
 What thing should come, but childlike satis-  
 fied  
 Watched out its virgin vigil in soft pride  
 And unkindled expectation; and the glad  
 Clear cheeks and throat and tender temples  
 had  
 Such maiden heat as if a rose's blood  
 Be it in the live heart of a fly-bud.  
 Between the small round breasts a white way  
 led  
 Heavenward, and from slight foot to slender  
 head  
 The whole fair body flower-like swayed and  
 shone  
 Moving, and what her light hand leant upon  
 Grew blossom-scented; her warm arms began  
 To round and ripen for delight of man  
 That they should clasp and circle; her fresh  
 hands,  
 Like regal lilies of reflowering lands  
 Whose vassal fir-trees, crown and star and  
 plume,  
 Bow down to the empire of that sovereign  
 bloom,  
 None seeptressless, and from her face there  
 went  
 A silent light as of a God content;  
 Save when, more swift and keen than love or  
 shame,  
 Some dash of blood, light as the laugh of  
 flame,  
 Broke it with sudden beam and shining  
 speech,  
 As dream by dream shot through her eyes,  
 and each  
 Outshone the last that lightened, and not  
 one  
 Showed her such things as should be borne  
 and done,  
 Though hard against her shone the sunlike  
 fire  
 That in all change and wreck of time and  
 place  
 Would be the star of her sweet living soul.  
 Nor had love made it as his written scroll  
 For evil will and good to read in yet;  
 But smooth and mighty, without scar or fret,  
 Fresh and high-lifted was the lobeless brow  
 As the oak-tree flower that tops the topmost  
 bough,  
 Ere it drop off before the perfect leaf;  
 And nothing save his name he had of grief,  
 The name his mother, dying as he was born,  
 Made out of sorrow in very sorrow's scorn,  
 And set it on him smiling in her sight,  
 Tristram; who now, clothed with sweet youth  
 and night,  
 As a glad witness wore that bitter name,  
 His second symbol of the world for fame,  
 Famous and fall of fortune was his youth  
 Ere the beard's bloom had left his cheek un-  
 smooth,  
 And in his face a lordship of strong joy  
 And height of heart no chance could curb or  
 cloy  
 Lightened, and all that warmed them at his  
 eyes  
 Loved them as larks that kindle as they rise  
 Toward light they turn to music above the blue  
 strong skies.

So like the morning through the morning  
 moved  
 In a gram, a light to look on and be loved.  
 Song spring between his lips and hands, and  
 shone  
 singing, and strengthened and sank down  
 thereon  
 As a bird settles to the second flight,  
 Then from beneath his harping hands with  
 might  
 Eapt, and made way and had its fill and  
 died,  
 And all whose hearts were fed upon it sighed  
 silent, and in them all the fire of tears  
 Banned as wine drunken not with lips but  
 ears,  
 And gazing on his fervent hands that made  
 The night of music all their souls obeyed  
 With trembling strong subservience of delight,  
 Full many a maid that had him once in sight  
 Thought in the secret rapture of her heart  
 In how dark on-set had these hands borne  
 part  
 How oft, and were so young and sweet of  
 skill;  
 And the red lips whereon the song burned  
 still,  
 What words and cries of battle had they flung  
 Ahwart the swing and shriek of swords, so  
 young;  
 And eyes as glad as summer, what strange  
 youth  
 Felt them so full of happy heart and truth,  
 That had seen sway from side to sundering  
 side  
 The steel flow of that terrible springtide  
 That the moon rules not, but the fire and  
 light  
 Of men's hearts mixed in the mid mirth of  
 fight.  
 Wherefore the joy and love of him they had  
 Made thought more amorous in them and  
 more glad  
 For his fame's sake remembered, and his  
 youth  
 Gave his fame flowerlike fragrance and soft  
 growth  
 As if a rose requickening, when he stood  
 Far in their eye, a flower of faultless blood.  
 And that sad queen to whom his life was  
 death,  
 A rose plucked forth of summer in mid breath,  
 A star fall'n out of season in mid throng  
 Of that life's joy that makes the star's life  
 glow,  
 Made their love sadder toward him and more  
 strong,  
 And in mid change of time and fight and song  
 Chance cast him westward on the low sweet  
 strand  
 Where songs are sung of the old green Irish  
 land,  
 And the sky loves it, and the sea loves best,  
 And as a bird is taken to man's breast  
 The sweet-souled land where sorrow sweet-  
 est sings  
 Is wrapt round with them as with hands and  
 wings  
 And taken to the sea's heart as a flower.  
 There in the luck and light of his good hour  
 Came to the king's court like a noiseless man  
 Tristram, and while some half a season ran  
 Abode before him harping in his hall,  
 And taught sweet craft of new things musical  
 To the dear maiden-moath and innocent  
 hands  
 That for his sake are amorous in all lands.  
 Yet was not love between them, for their fate  
 Lay wrapt in its appointed hour at wait,  
 And had no flower to show yet, and no sting,  
 But once being vexed with some past wound  
 the king  
 Bade give him comfort of sweet baths, and  
 then  
 Should Iscalt watch him as his handmaiden,  
 For his more honour in men's sight, and ease  
 The hurts he had with holy remedies  
 Made by her mother's magic in strange hours  
 Out of live roots and life-compelling flowers,  
 And finding by the wound's shape in his  
 side  
 This was the knight by whom their strength  
 had died  
 And all their might in one man overthrown  
 Had left their shame in sight of all men  
 shown,  
 She would have slain him swordless with his  
 sword;  
 Yet seemed he to her so great and fair a lord  
 She heave'd up hand and smote not; then said  
 he,  
 Laughing—'What comfort shall this dead  
 man be,  
 Damsel? what hurt is for my blood to heal?  
 But set your hand not near the toothed steel  
 Lest the fang strike it.'—'Yea, the fang,' she  
 said,  
 'Should I not strike the very serpent dead  
 That stung my uncle? for his slayer art thou,  
 And half my mother's heart is bloodless now



Through thee, that mad'st the veins of all her  
 kin  
 Bleed in his wounds whose veins through thee  
 ran thin,  
 Yet thought she how their hot chief's violent  
 heart  
 Had flung the fierce word forth upon their  
 part  
 Which bade to battle the best knight that  
 stood  
 On Arthur's, and so dying of his wild mood  
 Had set upon his conqueror's flesh the seal  
 Of his mishallowed and anointed steel,  
 Whereof the venom and enchanted might  
 Made the sign burn here branded in her sight,  
 These things she stood recasting, and her soul  
 Subsiding till its wound of wrath were whole  
 Grew smooth again, as though still softening  
 stole  
 Through all its tempered passion; nor might  
 hate  
 Keep high the fire against him lit of late;  
 But softly from his smiling sight she passed,  
 And peace thereafter made between them fast  
 Made peace between two kingdoms, when he  
 went  
 Home with hands reconciled and heart con-  
 tent,  
 To bring fair truce 'twixt Cornwall's wild  
 bright strand  
 And the long wrangling wars of that loud  
 land.  
 And when full peace was struck betwixt them  
 twain  
 Forth must he fare by those green straits  
 again,  
 And bring back Iscalt for a plighted bride  
 And set to reign at Mark his uncle's side,  
 So now with feast made and all triumphs done  
 They sailed between the moonfall and the sun  
 Under the spent stars eastward; but the queen  
 Out of wise heart and subtle love had seen  
 Such things as might be, dark as in a glass,  
 And lest some doom of these should come to  
 pass  
 Bethought her with her secret soul alone  
 To work some charm for marriage union  
 And strike the heart of Iscalt to her lord  
 With power compulsive more than stroke of  
 sword.  
 Therefore with marvellous herbs and spells  
 she wrought  
 To win the very wonder of her thought,  
 And brewed it with her secret hands and  
 blest

And drew and gave out of her secret breast  
 To one her chosen and Iscalt's handmaidee,  
 Brangvain, and bade her hide from sight of  
 men  
 This marvel covered in a golden cup,  
 So covering in her heart the counsel up  
 As in the gold the wondrous wine lay close;  
 And when the last shout with the last cup rose  
 About the bride and bridegroom bound to bed,  
 Then should this one word of her will be said  
 To her new-married maiden child, that she  
 Should drink with Mark this draught in unity,  
 And no lip touch it for her sake but theirs;  
 For with long love and consecrating prayers  
 The wine was hallowed for their mouths to  
 pledge;  
 And if a drop fell from the beaker's edge  
 That drop should Iscalt hold as dear as  
 blood  
 Shed from her mother's heart to do her good,  
 And having drunk they twain should be one  
 heart  
 Who were one flesh till fleshly death should  
 part—  
 Death, who parts all. So Brangvain swore,  
 and kept  
 The hid thing by her while she waked or  
 slept.  
 And now they sat to see the sun again  
 Whose light of eye had looked on no such  
 twain  
 Since Galahault in the rose-time of the year  
 Brought Launcelot first to sight of Guene-  
 vere.  
 And Tristram caught her changing eyes  
 and said:  
 'As this day raises daylight from the dead  
 Might not this face the light of a dead man?'  
 And Iscalt, gazing where the sea was wan  
 Out of the sun's way, said: 'I pray you not  
 Praise me, but tell me there in Camelot,  
 Saving the queen, who hath most name of  
 fair?  
 I would I were a man and dwelling there,  
 That I might win me better praise than  
 yours,  
 Even such as you have; for your praise en-  
 dures,  
 That with great deeds ye wring from mouths  
 of men,  
 But ours—for shame, where is it? Tell me  
 then.  
 Since woman may not wear a better here,  
 Who of this praise hath most save Guene-  
 vere?'

And Tristram, lightening with a laugh  
held in—  
'Surely a little praise is this to win,  
A poor praise and a little! but of these  
Happes, whom love serves only with bowed  
knees,

Of such poor women fairer face hath none  
That lifts her eyes alive against the sun,  
From Arthur's sister, whom the north seas  
call

Mistress of isles; so yet majestic  
Above the crowns on younger heads she  
moves,  
Delighting with her eyes— late-born  
loves.'

'Ah,' said Iseult, 'is she more tall than I?  
Look, I am tall;' and struck the mast hard  
by,

With almost upward reach of her bright  
hand;

'And look, fair lord, now, when I rise and  
stand,

How high with feet uplifted I can touch  
Standing straight up; could this queen do  
thus much?

Nay, over tall she must be then, like me;  
Less fair than lesser women. May this be,  
That still she stands the second statefist  
there,

So more than many so much younger fair,  
She, born when yet the king your lord was  
not,

And has the third knight after Lameclot  
And after you to serve her? nay, sir, then  
God made her for a godlike sign to men.'

'Ay,' Tristram answered, 'for a sign, a  
sign—

Would God it were not! for no planets shine  
With half such fearful forecast of men's fate  
As a fair face so more unfortunate.'

Then with a smile that lit not on her brows  
But moved upon her red mouth tremulous  
Light as a sea-bird's motion overset.

'You,' quoth Iseult, 'the happier hap for me,  
With no such face to bring men no such fate,  
Get her might all we women born too late  
Prize for good hap, who so enskied above,  
Not more in age excels us than in love.'

There came a glooming light on Tristram's  
face

Answering: 'God keep you better in his  
grace

Than to sit down beside her in men's sight.  
For if men be not blind whom God gives  
light

And lie not in whose lips he bids truth live,  
Great grief shall she be given, and greater give,  
For Merlin witnessed of her years ago

That she should work woe and should suffer  
woe

Beyond the race of women; and in truth  
Her face, a spell that knows nor age nor  
youth,

Like youth being soft, and subtler-eyed than  
age,

With lips that mock the doom her eyes  
presage,

Hath on it such a light of cloud and fire,  
With charm and change of keen or dim  
sire,

And over all a fearless look of fear  
Hung like a veil across its changing cheer,

Made up of herce foreknowledge and sharp  
scorn,

That it were better she had not been born,  
For not love's self can help a face which  
hath

Such insubmissive anguish of wan wrath,  
Blind prescience and self-contemptuous hate

Of her own soul and heavy-footed fate,  
Writ broad upon its beauty: none the less

Its fire of bright and burning bitterness  
Takes with as quick a flame the sense of men

As any sunbeam, nor is quenched again  
With any drop of dewfall; yea, I think

No herb of force or blood-compelling drink  
Would heal a heart that ever it made hot.

Ay, and men too that greatly love her not,  
Seeing the great love of her and Lameclot,

Make no great marvel, nor look strangely  
back

When with his gaze about her she goes by  
Pale as a breathless and star-quicken sky

Between moonrise and sunset, and moves out  
Clothed with the passion of his eyes about

As night with all her stars, yet night is black;  
And she, clothed warm with love of Lameclot,

Girt with his worship as with girdling gold,  
Seems all at heart unhungered and acold,

Seems sad at heart and loveless of the light,  
As night, star-clothed or naked, is but night.'

And with her sweet eyes sunken, and the  
mirth

Dead in their look as earth lies dead in earth  
That reigned on earth and triumphed, Iseult

said:

'Is it her shame of something done and dead  
Or fear of something to be born and done

That so in her soul's eye puts out the sun?'

And Tristram answered: 'Surely, as I think,  
This gives for — I such earnest to drink,  
The sin I was bound, the slight sin I am  
know; —  
Wrought when the summer in her bloom I was  
blown,  
But scarce in flower, and spring had not  
her will  
With bloom of dreams no fruitage could  
fulfil,  
When out of vision and desire was woe  
let,  
The sudden death for a the life, — that  
Leaps a live deed and dies now, then the  
came  
On that blind sin swift-eyed, did I know  
them,  
Touching the duty to go, but I to be  
mad  
With helpless knowledge that too late I  
bade  
What was before the bidding; and I he knew  
How sore a life dead love should lead me  
through  
To what sure end, how fearful; and I to be  
yet  
Nor with her blood nor tears her way be wet;  
And she look bravely with set face on fate,  
Yet she knows well the serpent's court at wait,  
Somewhere to sting and spare not pay, and he,  
Arthur' —

'The king, quoth I sent and lonely,  
'Doth the king too live so in sight of God?  
They say sin touches not a man so soon,  
As shame a woman; yet he too should be  
Part of the penance, being more deep than she  
Set in the sin.'

'Nay,' Tristram said, 'for thus  
It fell by wicked hap and friendless;  
That wittingly he sinned no more than youth  
May sin and be as-soiled of God and truth,  
Repenting; since in his first year of reign  
As he stood splendid with his former claim  
And light of new-blown battle, flushed and  
hot  
With hope and life, came greeting from King  
Lot  
Out of his wind-worn island, oversea,  
And homage to my king and fealty  
Of those north seas wherein the strange  
shapes swim,

As from his man; and Arthur greeted him  
As his good lord and courtier, and he led  
To his Queen feast; who coming with him had  
This Queen Morgause of Orkney, his fair  
wife,

In the green middle Maytime of her life,  
And so on in April was our king's as then,  
Yet I know not was he of all flowering men,  
Nor do I know what gift as yet himself knew not;  
For he was slain in autumn was King Lot  
And long-grown out of season; so there  
Swift love between them, and all spring  
through's song  
Light in their joyous hearing; for none knew  
One bitter bond of blood between them two,  
Save in their father's mother, till too late  
The bond in death of Merlin set forth fate  
And he kept the secret seal on Arthur's birth,  
And showed his men and his ride on earth  
fasted, led, and light on lives to be,  
For surely, though time slay us, yet shall we  
Have such high name and lordship of good  
days.

As shall be seen in us living, and men's praise  
Shall burn a beacon lit above us dead,  
And of the king how shall not this be said  
When any of us from any month has praise,  
That such were men in only this king's days,  
In Arthur's? yet, come shine or shade, no  
less  
His name shall be one name with knights  
lines,

His fame one light with sunlight. Yet in  
sloth  
His age shall bear the burdens of his youth  
And bleed from his own bloodshed; for in-  
deed  
Blind to him blind his sister brought forth  
seed,  
And of the child between them shall be born  
Distinction; so shall God not suffer scorn,  
Nor in men's souls and lives his law lie dead.'  
And as one moved and marveling Iscult  
said:

'Great pity it is and strange it seems to me  
God could not do them so much right as we,  
Who slay not men for witless evil done;  
And these the holdest under God's glad sun  
For sin they knew not he that knew shall slay,  
And smite blind men for stumbling in fair  
day  
What good is it to God that such should die?  
Shall the sun's light grow sinner in the sky,  
Because their light of spirit is clean put out?'  
And sighing, she looked from wave to  
cloud abundant,

And even with that the full-grown tide of day  
Spang upright on the quivering water, say,  
And his face burned against her meeting face

Met like a lover's billed with great love's  
 grace  
 Whose glance takes fire and gives; the quick  
 ca'shore  
 And shivered like spread wings of angels  
 blown  
 By the sun's breath before him; and a low  
 sweet gale shook all the toon-flowers of thin  
 snow  
 As into rain-fall of sea-roses sled  
 Laid by wild leaf on that green garden-bed  
 Which tempests till and sea-winds turn and  
 plough:  
 For rosy and hery round the running prow  
 Laid the flakes and feathers of the spray,  
 And bloomed like blossom cast by God away  
 To waste on the ardent water; swift the  
 moon  
 Weathered to westward as a face in swoon  
 Death-stricken by glad tidings; and the  
 height  
 Throbbled and the centre quivered with de-  
 light  
 And the depth quailed with passion as of  
 love,  
 Till like the heart of some new-mated dove  
 Air, light, and wave seemed full of burning  
 rest,  
 With motion as of one God's beating breast.  
 And her heart sprang in Iseult, and she  
 drew  
 With all her spirit and life the sunrise through,  
 And through her lips the keen triumphant air  
 Scentscented, sweeter than land-roses were,  
 And through her eyes the whole rejoicing  
 cast  
 Sun-satisfied, and all the heaven at feast  
 Spread for the morning; and the imperious  
 mirth  
 Of wind and light that moved upon the earth,  
 Making the spring, and all the fruitful might  
 And strong regeneration of delight  
 That swells the seedling leaf and sapling man,  
 Since the first life in the first world began  
 To burn and bungeen through void limbs and  
 veins,  
 And the first love with sharp sweet procreant  
 pains  
 To pierce and bring forth roses; yea, she felt  
 Through her own soul the sovereign morbid  
 melt,  
 And all the sacred passion of the sun;  
 And as the young clouds flamed and were un-  
 done  
 About him coming, touched and burnt away

In rosy ruin and yellow spoil of day,  
 The sweet veil of her body and corporal sense  
 Felt the dawn also cleave it, and incense  
 With light from new-land and with effluent heat  
 The kindling soul through fleshly hands and  
 feet.  
 And as the august great blossom of the dawn  
 Burst, and the full sun scarce from sea with-  
 drawn  
 Seemed on the fiery water a flower afloat,  
 So as a fire the mighty morning smote  
 Throughout her, and incensed with the influ-  
 ent hour  
 Her whole soul's great mystical red flower  
 Burst, and the bud of her sweet spirit broke  
 Rose-fashion, and the strong spring at a  
 stroke  
 Thrilled, and was cloven, and from the full  
 sheath came  
 The whole rose of the woman red as flame:  
 And all her Mayday blood as from a swoon  
 Flushed, and May rose up in her and was  
 June.  
 So for a space her heart as heavenward  
 burned:  
 Then with half summer in her eyes she  
 turned,  
 And on her lips were April yet, and smiled,  
 As though the spirit and sense unreconciled  
 Shrank laughing back, and would not ere its  
 hour  
 Let life put forth the irrevocable flower.  
 And the soft speech between them grew  
 again  
 With questionings and records of what men  
 Rose mightiest, and what names for love or  
 fight  
 Shone starriest overhead of queen or knight.  
 There Tristram spake of many a noble thing,  
 High feast and storm of tourney round the  
 king,  
 Strange quest by perilous lands of marsh and  
 brake,  
 And circling woods branch-knotted like a  
 snake,  
 And places pale with sins that they had seen  
 Where was no life of red fruit or of green  
 But all was as a dead face wan and dun;  
 And bowers of evil builders whence the sun  
 Turned silent, and the moon holds hardly  
 light  
 Above them through the sick and star-crossed  
 night;  
 And of their hands through whom such holds  
 lay waste,

And all their strengths dishvelled and des-  
tined

Fell rumours, and were not from north to  
south.

And of the night of Merlin's appointment,  
The son of no man's longing, he lay down  
In speechless sleep of a spoils' word;  
For sleeping among graves, where none had  
rest.

And ominous hues of dead being, midday,  
Among the busy grass and a cold frost-  
And wicked herbage with mingled pain,  
And blown upon with the sweet pleasure  
breath

From gaunt rare gaps and hollow doors of  
death,

A maid unspotted, she needs of the spell,  
Felt not about her fire the some thing of hell  
Whose chill and hiss was Merlin; and to  
him

Great light from God gave sight of all things  
dim

And wisdom of all wondrous things, to say,  
What root should bear, what fruit of night or  
day,

And sovereign speech and counsel, for than  
man;

Wherefore his youth like age was wise and  
wan,

And his age sorrowful as if in to sleep;  
Yet should sleep no ever, neither laugh nor  
weep,

Till in some depth of dewy sweet land, or a  
The heavenly hands of bodier Nimrod,

That was the nurse of Lancelot, and next  
sweet

Of all that move with magic'd soft feet,  
Among us, being of lovelier blood and breath,  
Should shut him in with sleep as kind as  
death:

For she could pass between the quick and  
dead;

And of her love toward Pelleas, for whose  
heal

Love wounded and world-wearied she had  
won

A place beyond all pain in Avalon;  
And of the fire that wasted afterward

The lovely eyes and bosom of Etrudige,  
In whose false love his life flows he had  
burned;

And now lying fast from her, her lost heart  
yearned

To seek him, and passed hungering out of  
life;

And after all the thunder-hours of strife  
That were led between King Claudas and King  
Pellinore

How Nimrod's mighty nursing waxed to man,  
And how from his first field such grace he got  
That Lancelot's heart bowed down to Lancelot

And how the little prince Galehaut held him  
dear

And how he even to love of Guinevere  
And of that kiss which made break forth as  
fire

For Lancelot was the flower of his desire,  
The first that lighted at her lips for bliss  
To win from love so great a lover's kiss;  
And of the trial of Balin all his days

To reap for thorns for fruit and tears for  
prize;

Whose hap was evil as his heart was good,  
And all his works and ways by wold and  
wood

Fell through much pain to one last labouring  
day

When he had for tears washed grief with late  
away;

And of the kin of Arthur, and of their might;  
The misborn Lord of Monch, and of his night,  
With cold waste cheeks and eyes as keen as  
pain,

And of the close angry lips of Agravaine;  
And of the glorious Gawain, scattering words as  
flowers,

The kindlier head of worldly paramours;  
And of the fair hand of Gareth, found in fight

Strong as a son of heaven's tushes and as white;  
And of the king's self, glorious yet and glad

For all the trial and doubt of doom he had  
Clothed with men's loves and full of kingly  
deeds.

Then Iseult said: 'Let each knight have  
his praise

And each good man good witness of his  
worth;

But when men had the second came on earth,  
Whom would they praise to have no worldly  
peer

Save him whose love makes glorious Guine-  
vere?

'Nay,' Tristram said, 'such man as he is  
none.'

'What,' said she, 'there is none such under  
sun

Of all the large earth's living? yet I deemed  
Men spoke of one—but maybe men that  
dreamed,

Love, an' tongue, trier, o' wishes, I  
 I'll not—  
 For all high love will harper men  
 Give this one highest, to be so loved—  
 I'll not.

And Frisram said; 'For wit had the  
 the best,  
 For there is none such in the world—  
 'Ay, upon land,' spoth I scull, 'none such in  
 I'll not, nor where fighting folk may be;  
 For were there none such between sky and sea,  
 'Tis a world's worth were poorer than I  
 wist.'

And Frisram took her flow'rs, and  
 and kissed,  
 Kissing; and through his face, as in  
 shame  
 The light blood flighened, 'For is there no  
 such name?'

'I'll not,' said; and he, 'If there be such a word,  
 'Tis the queen's poor harper I'll love the best;  
 For, as the fuller-fethered grows grow long,  
 He help to speed their warm show feet with  
 song.

'For, is it morning risen or is it doase I  
 I'll not makes the air hot toos toon, I'll not eat?  
 Is it bliss given or bitterness, get by  
 I'll not makes most glad men's hearts, but love's high  
 feast?  
 Grief smiles, joy weeps, that day should live and  
 die.

'For with soul's thirst or with the drought  
 that summer yearns out sun, I'll not the south,  
 With all the flowers, that with thy teeth die  
 night  
 Were molten in one rose to make thy mouth?  
 O love, what care though day should live and  
 die?

'For the sun glad of all the love on earth  
 I'll not sport and sense, and work of things, and worth?  
 For the moon sad because the month grows old,  
 And bring her dear, chat, on but bring her, I'll not th?  
 For all these things, as day must live and die,  
 O love, is it day that makes thy delight  
 or thou that see'st day made of thy light?  
 O love, as the sun and sea are thou and I,  
 I'll not without sun dark, sun without sea, for  
 The sun is one though day should live and  
 die.

'O which is elder, night or light, who know  
 An' life or love, who's first of these twin  
 For life is born of love to wail and cry,  
 And love is born of life to heal his woes,  
 And light of night, that day should live and die

'O from of heaven above the worldly sea,  
 O very love, what light is this of the  
 My sea of soul is deep as thou art high,  
 But all thy light is shed through all of me,  
 As love's through love, while day shall live and  
 die.

'No,' said I, 'For your song is hard to  
 mend.'

'Ay,' said he, 'For too light a song to  
 heed,  
 No slight to follow, it may be— Who shall  
 sing

Of love, but in a churl before a king  
 If by love's worth men rate his worthiness?  
 Yet as the poor churl's worth to sing is less,  
 Surely the more shall be the great king's grace  
 To show for churl's love a kinder face.'

'No churl,' she said, 'but one in sooth-  
 ness, o' wise

Who tells but truths that help more than  
 lie

I have heard men sing of love a simpler way  
 Than the crown'd riddles made of right  
 and day.

I'll not well dream when on the rhyme-bells  
 hang.

And Frisram smiled and changed his song,  
 and sang.

'The breath how many lips of lips not mine,  
 Like fruit in snow that makes pure sense divine,  
 I'll not life in them from the living sky  
 For the living fills my heart with blood of thine  
 And I'll not thee with me, while day shall live and die.

'Thy soul's soul I into me with thy breath,  
 And in my heart to each he, reborn of thee said  
 How art thou life the obs' rings of me lie,  
 Even one's heart the gather'd of one death  
 In me and thee, though day may live and die.

'Ah, who knows now if in thy veins it be  
 My blood that feels life sweet, or blood of thee,  
 And this thing a soldier knelt in mine eye  
 That show me of thy blood the seal of me,  
 For thou made in me, while day may live and  
 die?

'Ah, who knows if one be wain or one,  
 And smail, let separate a soul from sun,  
 And I'll not thee with all my life's things dry,  
 And thou from me with all thine I'll not ribs done,  
 And separate souls while day shall live and die?

'O my soul within thine eyes, and hear  
 spirit in all thy pulses thrall with tear,  
 And in my lips the poison of thee sigh,  
 And mine of me made in mine own ear;  
 Am I'll not thou while day shall live and die?

'Art thou not I as I thy love am thou?  
 Set all things pass from us, we are now,  
 For all that was and will be, who knows why?  
 And all that is and is not, who knows how?  
 To know? God knows why day should live  
 and die?

And Iscult mused and spake no word, but  
 sought

Through the ways of her tongue—  
 It's the  
 What face and form of a face  
 In what vein of her soul—undetermined  
 place  
 She seem'd might take for true, and  
 believe  
 the man to be a gallant knight  
 That save the wonder of the twain  
 each one twin, incorporate him with  
 her  
 she with an molten soul imbued,  
 And all the world's work of the multitude,  
 Made one thought and one vision and one  
 song,  
 Love—this thing, this laid hand on her  
 strong  
 she could not choose but yearn till she should  
 see,  
 so went she musing down her thoughts; but  
 he,  
 sweet-hearted as a bird that takes the sun—  
 With clear strong eyes, and feet the glad  
 run  
 Bright through his blood and wide-rejoicing  
 wings,  
 and opens all his self to heaven and sings,  
 Made her mind light as that of a bird  
 With word and song the gable of heaven on  
 earth,  
 Till he was blithe and full of life,  
 So swim the Swallow that is winging  
 sea.  
 And while they sat at supper and feast,  
 Came a light wind that harden'd  
 east  
 And blackening fill'd its might had  
 the  
 skies;  
 And the sea thrilled as with hoarse  
 moaning  
 sighs  
 One after one drawn, with each breath it  
 drew,  
 And the green harden'd into a blue,  
 And the soft light went out of all its face,  
 Then Tristan girt him for an  
 place  
 And took his oar and mated, and tided with  
 might  
 In the east wind's full force and the strong  
 sea's  
 spite  
 Labouring; and all the rowers rowed hard,  
 but he  
 More mightily than any wearier three,  
 And Isolt watched him rowing with smile  
 eyes

That love—but but in holy girlish  
 wise  
 For such joy in his for  
 And that and tender wonder, none the less  
 She thought if God had given her grace to  
 and make war on danger or earth and  
 sea  
 From such a man she would be for his  
 stroke  
 Was mightiest as the mightiest water broke,  
 And in sheer manlike strength  
 Cleave through the wet weight of the  
 And as it was before a great king  
 To triumph was the time their strong  
 A light ship through with smooth  
 Oursers on the grey foam-paved  
 For the sea and breach'd the waves at  
 So too in their they fought the storm  
 And the shorn foam spun from the  
 and high  
 The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and  
 the sky  
 Glad let them for a breath's space  
 Then the bows with a sharp shock  
 Down, and the sea clashed on them, and  
 The bright steers like one panting from  
 And a swimmer's joy on his  
 Rears useff laughing, in that  
 The light ship lifted her bow  
 As might the man his life'd strong  
 Out of the wave-breach; for with one  
 Went all men's oars together, steady set  
 as to lead music, and with heart  
 They smote their strong way through the  
 Till the noon hour had chafed itself to death  
 And the east wind fell tufully, breath  
 Tired; and across the thin and  
 Sprang the face southward of the sun  
 Then all they rested and were cool at heart;  
 And Isolt rose to where she sat apart,  
 And with her sweet and deepening, her deep  
 eyes  
 Cast the furs from her and subtle  
 embroideries

That she had seen her from the morning, and  
 She had like a April wind  
 Her face and throat drew with her trays  
 To hold the first of the whole world  
 And though on Fris tram with her eyes, and  
 I have heard now, I was not afraid,  
 I answering some light courteous word of  
 To see her clear face lighten on his face  
 To see his eyes with mine and mine eyes  
 To see the last time. All eyes such wise  
 To see the deadly face of his old hair  
 And laugh with life, which he hath no  
 To see the life, yet some from me and space,  
 To see tram looked on Iseult face to face  
 And knew not, and she knew not. The last  
 Time that should be told in any rhyme  
 He lay on his mouth of shing on  
 But ever would sing praise of them again;  
 The hour of their hurtless hearts at  
 The best that place should touch them breast  
 To see that tomorrow far from them should  
 The last was with them, and they knew not  
 Fris tram being with them with  
 Said Iseult, for all dear love's sake  
 To drink, and give me for a  
 To see of fair lips, and the look of  
 To see the light and cold not wake the  
 When slept as one half dead with fear and  
 To see tender-natured, so with his hand  
 To see Iseult round her, with soft look  
 To see her pain; so sweet a secret thing  
 To see was, and daughter of a kindly king,  
 And spyn what strange bright secret charge  
 To see the child, white like a white she  
 To see she saw and drew the gold cup forth and  
 To see smile

Marvelling, with such light words, a child  
 The tears of a dead life in her hands;  
 And late to look to Fris tram, the pure  
 To see the love-draught that Iseult had for  
 To see them out of them fear and death and  
 To see them all their life up in men's sight,  
 And to see them sad for ever, then on the  
 To see the love-draught whence had  
 To see the strange thing  
 That might be spoil of some dim Asian  
 To see the light stolen from some waste place of  
 To see and Iseult here in harmless hands,  
 And Iseult, laughing — Other lords that  
 To see and their men feast after them; but  
 To see Our men must see the best wine back to  
 To see till they be full and we of all men least  
 To see feel after them and fun to face so well,  
 To see to with mine handmaid and your squire it  
 To see that child this bright thing from us in a  
 To see And with light lips yet full of their swift  
 To see And hands that wist not though they dug a  
 To see And the harps of gold, and drank, and  
 To see To see drink, after a deep glad king  
 To see To see their life changed in them, for they  
 To see To see if it be death's to drink and face  
 To see As men who change and all that time to gain  
 To see And shuddering with eyes full of fear and  
 To see And hearts rung with a desperate desire  
 To see He had and saw the color in his eyes  
 To see To see marked upon him shining in such  
 To see As a star midway in the midnight fixed,  
 To see Their Gahault was the cup, and she that  
 To see Nor other hand there needed, nor sweet  
 To see speed  
 To see To see these things together; each on each



|   |  |
|---|--|
| Hung with strange eyes and hovered as a<br>bird           | And they saw dark, though still, the unsunken<br>sun |
| Wounded, and each mouth trembled for a<br>word,           | Far through the rain shot fire into the south ;      |
| Their heads reared, and their hands were<br>drawn in one, | And their four lips became one burning<br>mouth.     |

## II.

## THE QUEEN'S PLEASANCE.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Out of the night arose the second day,<br>And saw the ship's bows break the shore-<br>ward spray,  | And dizzier from diviner sounds their ears<br>Than though from choral thunders of the<br>quining spheres,  |
| As the sun's boat of gold and fire began<br>To sail the sea of heaven unsail'd of man,<br>And the soft waves of sacred air to break<br>Round the prow lunched into the morning's<br>lake,  | They heard not how the landward waters rang,<br>Nor saw where high into the morning sprang,<br>Riven from the shore and bastioned with the<br>sea,   |
| They saw the sign of their sea-travel done,<br>Ah, was not something seen of yesternoon,<br>When the sweet light that lightened all the<br>skies   | Toward summits where the north wind's nest<br>might be,<br>A wave-walled palace with its eastern gate<br>Full of the sunrise now and wide about,<br>And on the mighty-moulded stair that clomb<br>Sheer from the fierce lip of the lapping foam      |
| Saw nothing fiercer than one maiden's eyes,<br>That whatsoever in all time's year may be<br>To-day's sun nor to-morrow's sun shall see?<br>Not while she lives, nor when she comes to die<br>Shall she look sawward with that sinless eye. | The knights of Mark that stood before the<br>wall,<br>So with loud joy and storm of festival<br>They brought the bride in up the towery<br>stair that rose again to the rising front of day,<br>Stair based on stair, between the rocks un-<br>hewn, |
| Yesternoon now than song may show them<br>stand<br>Tristram and Iseult, hand in amorous hand,<br>Soul-satisfied, their eyes made great and<br>bright   | To those strange halls where through the tidal<br>tune<br>Rang loud or lower from soft or strengthen-<br>ing sea,<br>Tower shouldering tower, to windward and<br>to lee,   |
| With all the love of all the livelong night ;<br>With all its hours yet singing in their ears,<br>No mortal music made of thoughts and tear,<br>But such a song, past conscience of man's<br>thought,                                      | With change of floors and stories, thight on<br>flight,<br>That clomb and curled up to the crowning<br>height  |
| As hearing he grows god and knows it not,<br>Nought else they saw nor heard but what the<br>night  | Whence men might see wide east and west in<br>one<br>And on one sea waned moon and mounting<br>sun.  |
| Had left for seal upon their nose and sight,<br>Sound of past pulses beating, fire of amorous<br>light,  | And severed from the sea-rock's base, where<br>stand<br>Some worn walls yet, they saw the broken<br>strand,  |
| Enough, and overmuch, and never yet<br>Enough, though love still hungering feed and<br>fret,   | The beachless cliff that in the sheer sea dips,<br>The sleepless shore inexorable to ships,  |
| To fill the cup of night which dawn must<br>overset,   |  |
| For all their eyes were dimmer than with<br>tears  |  |

And the straight causeway's spare gaunt-spine  
Between  
The seaspanned walls and naked mainland's  
green.

On the mid stairs, between the light and dark,  
Before the main tower's portal stood King  
Mark,

Crowned; and his face was as the face of one  
Long time athirst and hungering for the sun,  
A barren thrall of bitter bonds, who now  
Lies here to feel its blessing on his brow.  
A swart lean man, but kinglike still of guise,  
With black streaked beard and cold unquiet  
eyes,

Gloos-mouthed, gaunt-cheeked, wan as a  
morning moon.

Though hardly time on his worn hair had  
strewn

The thin first ashes from a sparing hand:  
A little fire there burnt upon the brand,  
And way-worn seemed he with life's way-  
faring.

So between shade and sunlight stood the king,  
And his face changed nor yearned not toward  
his bride;

But lived between mild hope and patient pride,  
To see what gift of rare or lesser worth

This day might bring to all his days on earth.  
But at the glory of her when she came  
His heart endured not: very fear and shame  
Spote him, to take her by the hand and kiss,  
Till both were molten in the burning bliss,  
And with a thin flame flushing his cold face  
Held her silent to the bridal place.

There were they wed and hallowed of the  
priest;

And all the loud time of the marriage feast  
One thought within three hearts was as a fire,  
Where craft and faith took counsel with desire.  
For when the feast had made a glorious end  
They gave the new queen for her maids to  
attend.

At dawn of bride-night and thereafter bring  
With marriage music to the bridegroom king,  
By device of craft between them laid  
To him went Brangwain delicately, and  
prayed

That this thing even for love's sake might  
not be,

But without sound or light or eye to see  
Might come in to his bed: and he  
laughed,

Why one that wist not well of wise love's craft,  
Should bade all bridal things be as she would  
But of his gentleness he gat not good;

For clothed and covered with the nuptial dark  
Soft like a bride came Brangwain to King  
Mark,

And to the queen came Tristram; and the  
night

Fled, and ere danger of detective light  
From the king sleeping Brangwain slid away,  
And where had lain her handmaid Iseult lay.  
And the king waking saw beside his head  
That face yet passion-coloured, amorous red  
From lips not his, and all that strange hair  
shed

Across the tissued pillows, fold on fold,  
Innumerable, incomparable, all gold,  
To fire men's eyes with wonder, and with love  
Men's hearts; so shone its flowering crown  
above

The brows enwound with that imperial wreath,  
And framed with fragrant radiance round the  
face beneath.

And the king marvelled, seeing with sudden  
start

Her very glory and said out of his heart;  
'What have I done of good for God to bless  
That all this he should give me, tress on tress,  
All this great wealth and wondrous? Was it  
this

That in mine arms I had all night to kiss,  
And mix with me this beauty? this that seems  
More fair than heaven doth in some tired  
saint's dreams,

Being part of that same heaven? yea, more,  
for he,

Though loved of God so, yet but seems to see,  
But to me sinful such great grace is given  
That in mine hands I hold this part of heaven  
Not to mine eyes lent merely. Doth God  
make

Such things so godlike for man's mortal sake?  
Have I not sinned, that in this fleshly life  
Have made of her a mere man's very wife?'

So the king mused and murmured; and  
she heard

The faint sound trembling of each breathless  
word

And laughed into the covering of her hair.  
And many a day for many a month as fair  
Slid over them like music; and as bright  
Burned with love's offerings many a secret  
night.

And many a dawn to many a fiery noon  
Blew prelude, when the horn's heart-kindling  
tune

Lit the live woods with sovereign sound of  
mirth

Before the mightiest huntsman hailed on earth  
Lord of its boldest pleasure, where he rode  
Hard by her rein whose peerless presence  
glowed

Not as that white queen's of the virgin hunt  
Once, whose crown-crescent braves the night-  
wind's brant.

But with the sun for frontlet of a queenlier  
front.

For where the flashing of her face was turned  
As lightning was the fiery light that burned  
From eyes and brows enkindled more with  
speed

And rapture of the rushing of her steed  
Than once with only beauty; and her mouth  
Was as a rose at first that pants for drouth  
Even while it laughs for pleasure of desire,  
And all her heart was as a leaping fire.

Yet once more they took of woodland  
ways

Than came of all those flushed and fiery days  
When the loud air was mad with life and  
sound,

Through many a dense green mile, of horn  
and hound

Before the king's hunt going along the wind,  
And ere the timely leaves were changed or  
thinned.

Even in mid maze of summer. For the  
knight

Forth was once ridden toward some frontier  
fight

Against the lowd folk of the Christless lands  
That warred with wild and intermittent hands  
Against the king's north border; and there  
came

A knight unbristened yet of unknown name,  
Said Palamede, from a secret quest.

To light the night, and abode as guest  
In likeness of a minstrel with a king.

None was there man could sound so sweet  
singing.

Save Tristram only, of all held best on earth.  
And his loud eye, being full of wine and  
mirth,

For sunset left the walls and waters dark,  
To that strange minstrel strongly swore King

Mark,  
By all that makes a knight's fortune and  
strong,

For he for garden of life and song  
Might crave and have his liking. Strong got  
the name

Unto a swart cheek and flash of sword and  
eye,  
As the deep eyes fulfilled on glittering night

Laughed out in lightnings of triumphant  
light

As the grim harper spake: 'O king, I crave  
No gift of man that king may give to slave,  
But this thy crowned queen only, this thy  
wife,

Whom yet unseen I loved, and set my life  
On this poor chance to compass, even as here,  
Being fairer famed than all save Guenevere.'  
Then as the noise of seaward storm that  
mocks

With roaring laughter from reverberate rocks  
The cry from ships near shipwreck, harsh  
and high

Rose all the wrath and wonder in one cry  
Through all the long roof's hollow depth and  
length

That hearts of strong men kindled in their  
strength

May speak in laughter lion-like, and cease,  
Being wearied: only two men held their  
peace

And each glared hard on other; but King  
Mark

Spake first of these: 'Man, though thy craft  
be dark

And thy mind evil that begat this thing,  
Yet stands the word once plighted of a king  
Fast; and albeit less evil it were for me  
To give my life up than my wife, or be  
A landless man crowned only with a curse,  
Yet this in God's and all men's sight were  
worse,

To live soul-shamed, a man of broken troth.  
Abhorred of men as I abhor mine oath  
Which yet I may forswear not.' And he  
bowed

His head and wept; and all men wept aloud,  
Save one, that heard him weeping; but the  
queen

Wept not, and stacher yet than eyes had  
seen

That ever looked upon her queenly state  
She rose, and in her eyes her heart was great

And full of wrath seen manifest and scorn  
More strong than anguish to go thence for-  
feign

Of all men's comfort and her natural right.  
And they went forth, into the dawn of night,  
Loud by wild ways and clouded light they  
went.

She sat; and fear less keen at heart abode  
With Iseult than with Palamede for aye  
Constrained him, and the might of love's  
high law,

That can make lewd men royal; and his  
heart

Yearned on her, it perchance with amorous  
art

And southfast skill of very love he might  
For courtesy find favor in her sight

And comfort of her mercies: for he wist  
More grace might come of that sweet mouth  
unkissed

Than joy for violence done it, that should  
make

His name abhorred for shame's disloyal sake,  
And in the stormy starlight clouds were  
thinned

And thickened by short gusts of changing  
wind

That panted like a sick man's fitful breath:  
And like a moan of lions hurt to death

Came the sea's hollow noise along the night,  
But ere its gloom from aught but foam had  
been

They fled, being awarey: and the knight  
As reverently forboie her where she lay

As one that watched his sister's sleep till day,  
Nor durst he kiss or touch her hand or hair

For love and shamefast pity, seeing how fair  
she slept, and fenceless from the fitful air.

And shame at heart stung nigh to death de-  
sire,

But grief at heart burned in him like a fire  
For hers and his own sorrowing sake, that  
had

Such grace for guerdon as makes glad men  
sad,

To have their will and want it. And the day  
Strang: and afar along the wild waste way

They heard the pulse and press of hurrying  
horse-hoofs play:

And like the rushing of a ravenous flame  
Whose wings make tempest of the darkness,  
came

Upon them headlong as in thunder bore  
Forth of the darkness of the labouring morn

Titaniam: and up forthright upon his steed  
Leapt, as one blithe of battle, Palamede,

And mightily with shock of horse and man  
they lashed together: and fair that fight  
began

As fair came up that sunrise: to and fro,  
With knees nigh staggered and stout heads  
bent low

From each quick shock of spears on either  
side,

Reeled the strong steeds heavily, haggard-  
eyed

And heartened high with passion of their  
pride

As sheer the stout spears shocked again, and  
flew

Sharp-splintering: then, his sword as each  
knight drew,

They flashed and foined full royally, so long  
That but to see so fair a strife and strong

A man might well have given out of his life  
One year's void space forloen of love or strife

As when a bright north-east, great of herit,  
Scattering the strengths of squadrons, hurled  
apart

Ship from ship labouring violently, in such  
toil

As ears but ruin—with even so strong recoil  
Back were the steeds hurled from the spear-  
shock, fair

And foiled of triumph: then with tightened  
rein

And stroke of spur, inveterate, either knight  
Bore in again upon his foe with might,

Heart-hungry for the hot-mouthed feast of  
fight

And all athirst of mastery: but full soon  
The jarring notes of that tempestuous time

Fell, and its mighty music made of hands  
Contending, clamorous through the lead waste  
lands,

Broke at once off: and clattered from his  
steed

Fell, as a mainmast ruing, Palamede,  
Stunned: and those loyal left him where he  
lay,

And lightly through great leas they rode  
away

There was a bower beyond man's eye nor ear  
far

That never summer dew nor frost nor air  
Red full with rest and rance to the fougles

Had wrought a roof as for a chamber house  
Than aught save love might breathe in:  
fairer far

Than keeps the sweet light back of moon and  
star

From high kings' chambers: there might  
love and sleep

Divide for joy the dawning hours, and keep  
With amorous alternation of sweet strife

The soft and secret ways of death and life  
Made smooth for pharos' feet to rest and  
run

Even from the moon down to the kindling sun,  
Made bright for passion's feet to run and  
rest

Between the midnight's and the morning's  
 breast,  
 Where hardly though her happy head lie  
 down  
 It may forget the hour that wove his crown ;  
 Where hardly though her joyous limbs be laid  
 That may forget the earth that midnight  
 made,  
 And thither, ere sweet night had slain sweet  
 day,  
 I eult and Tristram took their wandering  
 way,  
 And rested, and refreshed their hearts with  
 cheer  
 In hunters' fashion of the woods ; and here  
 fore sweet it seemed, while this might be,  
 to dwell  
 And take of all world's weariness farewell  
 From reign of all world's lordship queen and  
 king,  
 Nor here would tane for three moons' change's  
 bring  
 sorrow nor thought of sorrow ; but sweet  
 earth  
 Foster'd them like her babes of eldest birth,  
 Reared warm in pathless woods and cherished  
 well.  
 And the sun sprang above the sea and fell,  
 And the stars rose and sank upon the sea ;  
 And outlaw-like, in forest wise and free,  
 The rising and the setting of their lights  
 Found those twain dwelling all those days  
 and nights.  
 And under the change of sun and star and  
 moon  
 Flourished and fell the chaplets woven of  
 Jane,  
 And fair through fervours of the deepening  
 sky  
 But I and passed the hours that lit July,  
 And each day blessed them out of heaven  
 above,  
 And each night crowned them with the crown  
 of love,  
 Nor till the night of August overhead  
 Weighed on the world was yet one roseleaf  
 shed  
 Of all their joy's warm coronal, nor aught  
 Fetched them in passing e'er with a thought  
 That ever this might end on any day  
 Or any night not love them where they lay ;  
 But like a babbling tide of barren breath  
 seemed all report and ramour held of death,  
 And a false blint the legend tear-imppearled  
 that such a thing as change is in the world.  
 And each bright song upon his lips that came,  
 Mocking the powers of change and death by  
 name,  
 Eloquemed their bitter go'head, and dented  
 Time, though clothed round with ruin as  
 kings with pride,  
 To blot the glad life out of love ; and she  
 Drank lightly deep of his philosophy  
 In that warm wit of amorous words which is  
 Sweet with all truths of all philosophies,  
 For well he wist all subtle ways of song,  
 And in his soul the secret eye was strong  
 That burns in meditation, till bright words  
 Break flamelike forth as notes from fledgling  
 birds  
 That feel the soul speak through them of the  
 spring  
 So fared they night and day as queen and  
 king  
 Crowned of a kingdom wide as day and night,  
 Nor ever cloudlet swept or swam in sight  
 Across the darkling depths of their delight  
 Whose stars no skill might number, nor  
 man's art  
 Sound the deep stories of its heavenly heart.  
 Till, even for wonder that such life should  
 live,  
 Desires and dreams of what death's self  
 might give  
 Would touch with tears and laughter and  
 with speech  
 The lips and eyes of passion, fain to reach,  
 Beyond all bourne of time or trembling sense,  
 The verge of love's last possible eminence,  
 Out of the heaven that storm nor shadow  
 mas,  
 Deep from the starry depth beyond the stars,  
 A yearning arbour without scope or name  
 Fell on them, and the bright night's breath  
 of flame  
 Shot fire into their kisses ; and like fire  
 The lit dears lightened on the leaves, as  
 higher  
 Night's heart beat on toward midnight. Far  
 and fain  
 Somewhiles the soft rush of rejoicing rain  
 Soaked the darkness, and from steep to steep  
 Of heaven they saw the sweet sheet lightning  
 leap  
 And laugh its heart out in a thousand smiles,  
 When the clear sea far miles on glimmering  
 miles  
 Burned as though downward-trown abroad  
 astray,  
 Or, showering out of heaven all heaven's array

Had paven instead the waters: fair and far  
Snewhiles the burning Love of star for star  
Spake words that Love might wellnigh seem  
to hear

In such deep hours as turn delight to fear  
Sweet as delight: if e'er. So they lay  
Tranced once, nor wotted along the hery  
lay

The shrine of summer darkness palpitate and  
play,

As had ne'er sight nor voice; her swooning  
eyes

Wot not if night or light were in the skies;  
Across her beauty sheer the moon-dawn shed  
Its light as on a thing as white and dead;

Only with stress of soft terce hands she prest  
Betwix the throbbing blossoms of her breast  
His ardent face, and through his hair her  
breath

Went quivering as when life is hard on death;  
And with strong trembling fingers she strained  
fast

His head into her bosom; till at last,  
Sate with sweetness of that burning bed,  
His eyes afire with tears, he raised his head  
And laughed into her lips; and all his heart  
rilled hers; then face from face fell, and  
apart

Each lung on each with panting lips, and felt  
Sense into sense and spirit in spirit melt.

'Hast thou no sword? I would not live  
till day;

O Love, this night and we must pass away,  
It must die soon, and let not us die late.'

'Take then my sword and slay me; nay,  
but wait

'Till day be risen; what, wouldst thou think  
to die

Before the light take hold upon the sky?'

'Yea, love; for how shall we have twice,  
being twain,

This very night of love's most rapurous-  
reign?

Live thou and have thy day, and year by year  
Be great, but what shall I be? Slay me here;  
Let me die not when love lies dead, but now  
Strike through my heart: nay, sweet, what  
heart hast thou?

Is it too much I ask thee, and spend my  
breath

In asking? nay, thou knowest it is but death.  
Hadst thou true heart to love me, thou  
wouldst give

This: but for hate's sake thou wilt let me  
live.'

Here he caught up her lips with his, and  
made

The wild prayer silent in her heart that  
prayed,

And strained her to him till all her faint  
breath sank

And her bright light limbs palpitated and  
shrank

And rose and fluctuated as flowers in rain  
That bend them and they tremble and rise  
again

And heave and straighten and quiver all  
through with bliss

And turn afresh their mouths up for a kiss,  
Amorous, athirst of that sweet milk of love;

So, hungering toward his hove-dim lips above,  
Her red-rose mouth yearned to slay, and her  
eyes

Closed, and flashed after, as though June's  
darkest skies

The divine heartbeats of the deep live light  
Make open and shut the gates of the outer  
night.

Long lay they still, sublated with love, no  
knew

If cloud or light changed colour as it grey,  
If star or moon beheld them; if above

The heaven of night waxed fiery with their  
love,

Or earth beneath were moved at heart and  
root

To burn as they, to burn and bring forth fruit  
Unseasonable for love's sake; if tall trees

Bowed, and close flowers yearned open, and  
the breeze

Failed and fell silent as a flame that fails:

And all that hour unheard the nightingales  
Clamoured, and all the woodland soul was

stirred,

And depth and height were one great soul,  
unheard,

As though the world caught music and took  
fire

From the instant heart alone of their desire.  
So sped their night of nights between  
them; so,

For all fears past and shadows, shine and  
snow,

That one pure hour all-golded where they lay  
Made their life perfect and their darkness day

And warmer waved its harvest yet to reap.  
Till in the lovely night of love and sleep

At length had sleep the mastery; and the dark  
Was lit with soft live gleams they might not

mark,

Fleet butterflies, each like a dead flower's ghost,  
 White, blue, and leaf-coloured; but the  
 White as the sparks of snow-flowers in the  
 sun  
 Flew with his breath they lie at noon undone—  
 Whom all's devours: their tender beauty, and  
 leaves  
 But in the grass on the grass and sere thin  
 leaves  
 That were engraven with traceries of the  
 snow  
 I lower the eye any flower of earth's would  
 bleed;  
 So sweet they sprang and sank, so sweet and  
 light  
 They swam the deep dim breathless air of  
 night  
 Now on her rose-white amorous breast half  
 laid  
 Now on her slumberon-love-dishevelled hair,  
 The white wings lit and vanished, and afresh  
 lit on as snow-lights on her snow-soft flesh,  
 On hand or throat or shoulder; and she  
 smiled  
 Sleeping, and spoke some tremulous bright  
 word  
 And laughed upon some dream too sweet for  
 truth,  
 Yet not so sweet as very love and youth—

That there had charmed her eyes to sleep at  
 last,  
 Nor woke they till the perfect night was  
 past,  
 And the soft sea thrilled with blind hope of  
 light,  
 But ere the dusk had well the sun in sight  
 He turned and kissed her eyes awake and  
 said,  
 Seeing earth and water neither quick nor  
 dead  
 And twilight hungering toward the day to be,  
 'As the dawn loves the sunlight I love thee.'  
 And even as rays with cloudlets in the skies  
 Confused in brief love's bright contentious  
 wise,  
 Sleep strove with sense rekindling in her  
 eyes;  
 And as the flush of birth scarce overcame  
 The pale pure pearl of unborn light with  
 flame  
 Soft as may touch the rose's heart with shame  
 To break not all reluctant out of bud,  
 Stole up her sleeping cheek her waking  
 blood;  
 And with the lovely laugh of love that takes  
 The whole soul prisoner ere the whole sense  
 wakes,  
 Her lips for love's sake bade love's will be  
 done,  
 And all the sea lay subject to the sun.

## III.

## TRISTRAM IN BRITTANY.

"As the dawn loves the sunlight I love  
 thee!"  
 As now it shall be swallowed of the sea  
 Love the one lovely beauty; as the night  
 That wanes before it loves the young sweet  
 light,  
 And dies of loving; as the worn-out noon  
 Loves twilight, and as twilight loves the  
 noon  
 That on its grave a silver seal shall set—  
 We have loved and slain each other, and love  
 yet.

Slain; for we live not surely, being in twain:  
 In her I lived, and in me she is slain,  
 Who loved me that I brought her to her  
 doom,  
 Who loved her that her love might be my  
 tomb,  
 As all the streams on earth and all fresh  
 springs  
 And sweetest waters, every brook that  
 sings,  
 Each fountain where the young year dips its  
 wings

First, and the first-fledged branches of it  
 wave,  
 Even with one heart's love seek one bitter  
 grave.  
 From hills that first see bared the morning's  
 breast,  
 And heights the sun last yearns to from the  
 west,  
 All tend but toward the sea, all born most  
 high  
 strive downward, passing; all things joyous  
 by,  
 Seek to it and cast their lives in it and die.  
 So strive all lives for death which all lives  
 win;  
 So sought her soul to my soul, and therein  
 Was poured and perished: O my love, and  
 mine  
 sought to thee and died of thee and died as  
 thine.  
 As the dawn loves the sunlight that must  
 cease  
 Ere dawn again may rise and pass in peace;  
 Must die that she being dead may live  
 again,  
 To be by his new rising nearly slain.  
 So rolls the great wheel of the great world  
 round,  
 And no change in it and no fault is found,  
 And no true life of perdurable breath,  
 And surely no irrevocable death.  
 Day after day night comes that day may  
 break,  
 And day comes back for night's reiterate  
 sake.  
 Each into each dies, each of each is born:  
 Day past is night, shall night past not be  
 morn?  
 Out of this moonless and faint-hearted night  
 That love yet lives in, shall there not be  
 light?  
 Light strong as love, that love may live in  
 yet?  
 Alas, but how shall foolish hope forget  
 How all these loving things that kill and die  
 Meet not but for a breath's space and pass  
 by?  
 Night is kissed once of dawn and dies, and  
 day  
 but touches twilight and is rapt away  
 So may my love and her love meet once  
 more,  
 And meeting be divided as of yore.  
 Yea, surely as the day-star loves the sun  
 And when he hath risen is utterly undone,

So is my love of her and hers of me—  
 And its most sweetness bitter as the sea,  
 Would God yet dawn might see the sun and  
 die!  
 Three years had looked: a earth and passed  
 it by  
 Since Tristram looked on Iseult, when he  
 stood  
 So communing with dreams of evil and good,  
 And let all sad thoughts through his spirit  
 sweep  
 As leaves through air or tears through eyes  
 that weep  
 Or snowflakes through dark weather: and his  
 soul,  
 That had seen all those sightless seasons roll  
 One after one, wave over weary wave,  
 Was in him as a corpse is in its grave.  
 Yet, for his heart was mighty, and his might  
 Through all the world as a great sound and  
 light.  
 The mood was rare upon him; save that here  
 In the low sundawn of the lightening year  
 With all last year's toil and its triumph done  
 He could not choose but yearn for that set sun  
 Which at this season saw the firstborn kiss  
 That made his lady's mouth one fire with his.  
 Yet his great heart being greater than his  
 grief  
 Kept all the summer of his strength in leaf  
 And all the rose of his sweet spirit in flower:  
 Still his soul fed upon the sovereign hour  
 That had been or that should be; and once  
 more  
 He looked through drifted sea and drifting  
 shore  
 That crumbled in the wave-breach, and again  
 Spake sad and deep within himself: 'What  
 pain  
 Should make a man's soul wholly break and  
 die,  
 Sapped as weak sand by water? How shall I  
 Be less than all less things are that endure  
 And strive and yield when time is? Nay,  
 full sure  
 All these and we are parts of one same end;  
 And if through fire or water we twain tend  
 To that sure life where both must be made one,  
 If one we be, what matter? Thou, O sun,  
 The face of God, if God thou be not—nay,  
 What but God should I think thee, what  
 should say,  
 Seeing thee risen, but very God?—should  
 I,  
 I fool, rebuke thee sovereign in thy sky,



The clouds that round thee and the air alive,  
The winds that lighten and the waves that  
triv

And I have a to rest beneath thy  
breath

For all my thoughts bear all towards  
death

And when we are dead wilt rise as  
a

ing up toward heaven, and name—  
a

And a faint, sable, and faint clouds  
a

and the lowest aerial zone  
a

— that we held ourselves so great!  
W

Wouldst thou curse me?— I indeed  
A

That no foot bruises and I know not—yet  
Would not be mean enough for worms to fret  
Before their time and mine was.

‘Ah, and ye  
Light washing weeds, blind waifs of dull  
blind sea,

Do ye so thirst and hunger and aspire,  
Are ye so moved with such long strong desire

In the ebb and flow of your sad life and strive  
Still toward some end ye shall not see alive—

But at high noon ye know it by light and heat  
Some half-hour, till ye feel the fresh tide beat

Up round you, and at night’s most bitter noon  
The ripple leave you naked to the moon?

And this dim dusty heather that I tread,  
These half-born blossoms, born at once and  
dead,

Sere brown as funeral cloth, and purple as  
pall,

What if some life and grief be in them all?  
‘Ay, what of this?— that, O strong sun! O  
sea!’

I bid not you, divin’ things! comfort me,  
I stand not up to meet you in your sight—

Who hath said ye have mercy toward us, ye  
who have might?

And though ye had mercy, I think I would  
not pray

That ye should change your counsel or your  
way

To make our life less bitter: if such power  
Be given the stars on one deciduous hour,

And such might be in planets to destroy  
Grief and rebell, and break and build up joy,

What man would stretch forth hand on them  
to make

Fate mutable, God foolish, for his sake?

For if in life or death be aught of trust,  
And if some unseen just God or unjust  
Put soul into the body of natural things  
And in time’s pauseless feet and worldwide  
wings

Some spirit of impulse and some sense of  
will

That steers them through the seas of good  
and ill

To some incognizable and actual end,  
Be it just or unjust, foe to man or friend,

How should we make the sable spirit to  
swerve,

How teach the strong soul of the world to  
serve,

The imperious will in time and sense in space  
That gives man life turn back to give man  
place—

The conscious law lose conscience of its  
way,

The rule and reason fail from night and day,  
The streams flow back toward whence the  
springs began,

That less of thirst might clear the lips of man?  
Let that which is, be, and sure strengths stand  
sure,

And evil or good and death or life endure,  
Not alterable and rootless, but indeed

A very stem born of a very seed  
That brings forth fruit in season: how should  
this

Die that was sown, and that not be which is,  
And the old fruit change that came of the  
ancient root,

And he that planted bid it not bear fruit,  
And he that water’d smite his vine with  
drouth

Because its grapes are bitter in our mouth  
And he that kindled quench the sun with  
night

Because its beams are fire against our sight,  
And he that tuned untune the sounding  
spheres

Because their song is thunder in our ears,  
How should the skies change and the stars,  
and time

break the large concord of the years that  
chime,

As waving, as wave to wave beneath the  
moon

That draws them shoreward, mar the whole  
tale’s tune

For the instant foam’s sake on one turning  
wave—

For man’s sake that is to lie on a grave?

How should the law that knows not soon or late,  
 For whom no time nor space is—how should late,  
 That is not good nor evil, wise nor mad,  
 Nor just nor unjust, neither glad nor sad—  
 How should the one thing that hath being,  
 The one  
 That moves not as the stars move or the sun  
 In any shadow or shape that lives or dies  
 In likeness of dead earth or living skies,  
 But its own darkness and its proper light  
 Define it with other names than day or night,  
 And its own soul of strength and spirit of  
 breath  
 Define it with other powers than life or death—  
 How should it turn from its great way to give  
 A man that must die a clearer space to live?  
 Why should the waters of the sea be cleft,  
 The hills be molten to his right and left,  
 That he from deep to deep might pass dry-  
 shod,  
 Or look between the viewless heights on  
 God?  
 Hath he such eyes as, when the shadows flee,  
 The sun looks out with to salute the sea?  
 His hand! courteous as the morning's hand?  
 Or where the night stands hath he feet to  
 tread?  
 Will he cry not when he bids it cease?  
 Is it his voice that saith to the east wind,  
 Peace!  
 Is his breath mightier than the west wind's  
 breath?  
 Hath his heart know the things of life and  
 death?  
 Can he bring forth sunshine and give  
 rain,  
 Or his weak will that dies and lives again  
 Make one thing certain or bind one thing  
 fast,  
 That as he willed it shall be at the last?  
 How should the storms of heaven and kindled  
 lights  
 And all the depths of things and topless  
 heights  
 And air and earth and fire and water change  
 Their likeness, and the natural world grow  
 strange,  
 And all the limits of their life undone  
 Lose count of time and conscience of the sun,  
 And that fall under which was fixed above,  
 That man might have a larger hour for love?  
 So musing with close lips and lifted eyes  
 That smiled with self-contempt to live so wise,

With silent heart so hungry now so long,  
 So late grown clear, so miserably made  
 strong,  
 About the wolds a banished man he went,  
 The brown wolds bare and sad as banish-  
 ment,  
 By wastes of fruitless flowerage, and grey  
 downs  
 That felt the sea-wind shake their wild-flower  
 crowns  
 As though fierce hands would pluck from  
 some grey head  
 The spoils of majesty despised and dead,  
 And till with crying and comfortless strange  
 sound  
 Their hollow sides and heights of herbless  
 ground.  
 Yet as he went fresh courage on him came,  
 Till dawn rose too within him as a flame,  
 The heart of the ancient hills and his were  
 one;  
 The winds took counsel with him, and the  
 sun  
 Spake comfort; in his ears the shout of birds  
 Was as the sound of clear sweet-spirited  
 words,  
 The noise of streams as laughter from above  
 Of the old wild lands, and as a cry of love  
 Spring's trumpet-blast blown over moor and  
 lea:  
 The skies were red as love is, and the sea  
 Was as the floor of heaven for love to tread,  
 So went he as with light about his head,  
 And in the joyous travail of the year  
 Grew April-hearted; since nor grief nor  
 fear  
 Can master so a young man's blood so long  
 That it shall move not to the mounting song  
 Of that sweet hour when earth replumes her  
 wings  
 And with fair face and heart set heavenward  
 sings  
 As an awakened angel unaware  
 That feels his sleep fall from him, and his  
 hair  
 By some new breath of wind and music  
 stirred,  
 Till like the sole song of one heavenly bird  
 Sounds all the singing of the host of heaven,  
 And all the glories of the sovereign Seven  
 Are as one face of one incorporate light,  
 And as that host of singers in God's sight  
 Might draw toward one that slumbered, and  
 arouse  
 The lips requicken'd and rekindling brows,

So seekest thou thy host: all things thou  
In sight of me, and eyes that see  
All births of love, and so I will see  
To draw to you, and then I will set  
You free.

From prison, from the same old place,  
The life that leapt and litened in his eyes,  
So with no sense at hand for smile or weep,  
But with excited eyes and heart, he took  
His part of sun or storm, and then he took  
For all things but of the good man's life  
He took.

And so, as if he loved him, and he  
From birth

One made out of the better, and one  
And a fair, as if she were, and one  
Not, though it were, and one, and one  
And one.

But wholly was out fear of titill heart,  
The face of his, watched by the face of death,  
And living, as his life of rest and strife,  
On live, and on, and fruit and seed of  
Life.

And when his time to live in light was done,  
With radiant head would pass out of the star,  
As if it were, and in a day and night,  
Who thought and work were as one hap,  
And one.

Head through the world as in a strange  
King's hall

Some great guest's voice that sings of festive  
So men of all things to love him, and  
Heart.

In all their joy of life to take such part,  
That with the live earth and the living sea,  
He was as one that communed with all,  
With naked heart to heart of friend to friend,  
And the star deepening at the sunset's end,  
And the moon fallen before the gate of day,  
As one sore weaned with a length of way,  
And the white wandering, and the streams  
And the sea.

And so, of this, he loves in his eye,  
Not lack of there, love, where he was evermore  
Of a man and woman, friend of sea or shore,  
Not in a man's hand, with weight of graven gold,  
Free of the world, gift of the world to hold,  
Given on a day back to man's reconquering  
Sight.

That loses but its lordship for a night,  
And now that after many a season spent  
In barter ways and works of banishment,  
To let her, as she fights and many a man  
And one,  
Venture of quest and vigils under shield,

He, and he, and he, and he, of sundering sea,  
That, and he, and he, and he, from grey Brittany,  
Who, and he, and he, and he, daughter of the  
And one.

And so, as if she loved him, and he  
From birth

One made out of the better, and one  
And a fair, as if she were, and one  
Not, though it were, and one, and one  
And one.

But wholly was out fear of titill heart,  
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From birth

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And a fair, as if she were, and one  
Not, though it were, and one, and one  
And one.

But wholly was out fear of titill heart,  
The face of his, watched by the face of death,  
And living, as his life of rest and strife,  
On live, and on, and fruit and seed of  
Life.

As in her heart hovered the thoughts of things

That, that with lighter or with heavier wings  
But round her memory, till it burned  
With grief that brightened and with hope  
yearned,

Seeing him so great and sad, nor knowing  
what fate

Had bowed and crowned a head so sad and  
great,

Nor might she give's but little, first or last,  
Though all her heart so hung upon his part,  
Of what so bowed him for what sorrow's  
sake:

For scarce of aught at any time he spake  
That from his own land oversea had sent  
His lordly life to barren banishment.

Yet still or soft or keen remembrance clang  
Close round her of the least word from his  
tongue

That fell by chance of courtesy, to greet  
With grace of tender thanks her pity, sweet

As running streams to men's way-worn  
feet,

And when between strange words her name  
would fall

Suddenly straightway to that hue's recall  
Back would his heart bound as the falconer's  
bird

And tremble and bow down before the word,  
'Isult'—and all the cloudlike world grew  
flame,

And all his heart flashed lightning at her  
name;

'Isult'—and all the wan waste weary skies  
Shone as his queen's own love-enkindled eyes,  
And seeing the bright blood in his face leap  
up

As red wine mantling in a royal cup  
To hear the sudden sweetness of the sound

Ring, but ere well his heart had time to  
bound

His cheek would change, and grief bow down  
his head,

'Happily,' the girl's heart, though she spake  
not, said,

'This name of mine was worn of one long  
dead,

Some sister that he loved'—and therewithal  
Would pity bring her heart more dead in  
thrall.

But once, when winds about the world made  
mirth,

And March held revel hard on April's birth  
Till air and sea were jubilant as earth,

Delight and doubt in sense and soul began  
And yearning of the maiden toward the man,

Harping on high before her: for his word  
Was life that kindled in her heart that heard,  
And always through the rhymers' reverberation  
came

The virgin's soft burden of her name,  
And ere the full song tailed upon a sister

Joy strove within her till it cut out pain,  
And all her heart was as his harp, and it

Swift music, made of hope whose birth  
sprang

Bright in the blood that kindled as he sang.

\* Stars know not how we call them, nor may flowers  
Know by what happy name the hovering hours  
Baptize their new-born heads with dew and  
flame:

And Love, adored of all time as of ours,  
Isult, knew nought for ages of his name.

\* With many a name for women called on him, but he  
Went not which word of all might worthiest be  
To sound for ever in his ear the same,  
Till heart of man could hear and soul might see,  
Isult, the radiant ringing from thy name.

\* By many names men call I him, as the night  
By many a name calls many a starry light,  
Her several sovereigns of diadmal fame;  
But day by one name only calls aught,  
Isult, the sun that bids men praise his name.

\* In many a name of man his name soared high  
And song shone round it soaring, till the sky  
Rang rapture, and the world's fast-founded  
frame  
Trembled with sense of triumph, even as I,  
Isult, with sense of worship at thy name.

\* In many a name of woman smile I his power  
Incarnate, as all summer in a flower,  
Till winter bring forgetfulness or shame;  
But thine, the keystone of his top-less tower,  
Isult, is one with Love's own hardest name.

\* Isult my love, Isult my queen twice crowned,  
In thee my death, in thee my life lies bound:  
Names are there yet that all men's hearts acclaim,  
But Love's own heart rings answer to the sound,  
Isult, that bids it bow before thy name.

There ceased his voice yearning upon the  
word,

Struck with strong passion dumb: but she  
that heard

Quailed to the heart, and trembled ere her  
eyes

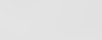
Durst let the loving light within them rise,  
And yearn on his for answer—yet at last,

Albeit not all her fear was overpast,  
Hope, kindling even the frost of fear apace



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With sweet fleet bloom and breath of gradual  
grace,  
Flushed in the changing roses of her face,  
And ere the striae took trace of white with  
red,  
O joy for soft shame's sake dur'd that op'ning,  
Someth'ing she would and would not for have  
said,  
And wist not what the fluttering world would  
But r' soul had robb'd forth to him her hand,  
and he,

Heart-stricken, bow'd his head and dropp'd  
his hand,  
And for her fragrant hand his lips were  
damp,  
And their two hearts were as one trembl'g  
lyre,  
Couch'd by the keen wind's kiss with burn'  
de fire,  
And our fool's blubbering at its own delight,  
Said woe'd the course of their marriage-  
night.

## IV.

## THE MAIDEN MARRIAGE.

SPRING watched her last moon burn and fade  
with May  
While the days deepened toward a bridal day,  
And on her snow-right hand the ring was set  
While in the maiden's ear the song's word yet  
flour'd, that hail'd as love's own queen by  
name  
Iscult: and in her heart the word was flame;  
A pulse of light, a breath of tender fire,  
Too deep for doubt, too driftless for desire,  
Between her father's hand and brother's left,  
From hall to shrine, from shrine to marriage-  
bed.  
She saw not how by hap at home-coming  
Fell from her new lord's hand a royal ring,  
Whereon he looked, and felt the pulses start  
Speak passion in his fall-for-given heart,  
For this was given him of the hand wherein  
That heart's pledge lay for ever; so the sign  
That should be done it truly he should take  
This maid to wife for strange love's faithless  
sake,  
Struck all his mounting spirit abashed, and  
fear  
Fell cold for shame's sake on his changing  
cheer,  
Yea, shame's own fire that leapt upon his  
brow  
To hear the brand there of a broken vow  
Was frozen again for very fear thereof  
That wrung his heart with keener pang than  
love.

And all things rose upon him, all things past  
For they parted, cloven in twain at list,  
Iscult from Iffram, Iffram from the  
queen;  
And how men found them in the wild woods  
green  
Sleeping, but smoldered by the sword between,  
Dividing breast from amorous breast a span,  
But scarce in heart the woman from the man  
As far as hope from joy or sleep from truth,  
And Mark that saw them held for sacred  
sooth  
These were no fleshly lovers, by that sign  
That severed them, still slumbering; so dis-  
sine  
He dem'd it; how at waking they beheld  
The king's folk round the king, and uncom-  
pelled  
Were fain to follow and fare among their  
home  
Back to the tower, wash'd round with rolling  
foam  
And storied halls wherethrough sea-music  
rang;  
And how report there after swelled and sprang,  
A fall-mouthed serpent, hissing in men's ears  
Word of their love; and one of all his peers  
That must he trusted, being his kin-man born,  
A cold mould for the stamp of scorn,  
Whose heart with hate was keen and cold  
and dark,  
Gave note by midnight whisper to King Mark

where he might take them sleeping; by woe  
 day  
 had seen the grim next morning all away  
 But found they brought him down a weary  
 way  
 by a fifty knights about him, and their chief  
 a traitor who for trust had given him grief,  
 in the old hoar chapel, like a sabbath stone  
 tomb  
 set on the sea-rocks, there to take his  
 doom:  
 How, seeing he needs must die, he bade them  
 ye  
 think them if they durst for sake forget  
 what deeds for Cornwall had he done, and  
 wrought  
 for all their sake what rescue, when he  
 fought  
 against the fierce foul Irish foe that came  
 to take of them for tribute in their shame  
 Three hundred heads of children; whom in  
 light  
 his hand redeeming slew Moraunt the knight:  
 but none durst lift his eyes again at, not one  
 had heart but he, who now had help of none,  
 to take the battle; whence great shame it  
 were  
 to knighthood, yea, foul shame on all men  
 there,  
 to see him die so shamefully: nor durst  
 one man look up, nor one make answer first,  
 save even the very traitor, who defied  
 and would have slain him naked in his pride,  
 but he, that saw the sword plucked forth to  
 slay,  
 looked on his hands and wrenched their  
 bonds away,  
 flinging those twain that he went bound be-  
 tween  
 gently to him, and kindling in his mien  
 a lion-fashion forth with eyes alight,  
 and lion-wise leapt on that kin-man knight,  
 and wrung forth of his felon hands with  
 might  
 the sword that should have slain him weapon-  
 less  
 and smote him sheer down: then came all  
 the press  
 raging in upon him; but he wrought  
 so well for his deliverance as they fought  
 that ten strong knight rejoicingly he slew,  
 and took no wound, nor wearied: then the  
 crew  
 waxed greater, and their cry on him; but he  
 had won the chapel now above the sea

That chafed right under then the heart in  
 his  
 spring, to ring the bow-calf clear to leap, and  
 win  
 Right out by the old blithe way the sea-mew  
 takes  
 Across the bounding yellow-belt that breaks  
 For ever, but the lightning chain it makes  
 To loathe the bridal bow in of the land  
 Time shall unlink not ever, till his hand  
 Fall by its own last blow dead: thence again  
 Might he win forth into the green great main  
 Far on beyond, and there yield up his breath  
 At least, with God's will, by no shameful  
 death,  
 Or haply save himself, and come anew  
 Some long day later, ere sweet life were  
 through,  
 And as the sea-gull hovers high, and turns  
 With eyes wherein the keen heart glittering  
 yearns  
 Down toward the sweet green sea whereon  
 the broad noon burns,  
 And suddenly, soul-stricken with delight,  
 Drops, and the glad wave gladdens, and the  
 light  
 sees wing and wave confase their fluttering  
 white,  
 So Tristram ere brief breathing-space apart  
 Hang, and gazed down; then with exulting  
 heart  
 Flung: and the fleet foam round a joyous  
 head  
 Thudded, that shot under, and ere a shaft had  
 sped  
 Rose again radiant, a rejoicing star,  
 And high along the water-ways afar  
 Triumphed: and they deemed he needs must  
 die;  
 But Gouvernaille his squire, that watched  
 hard by,  
 Sought where perchance a man might win  
 ashore,  
 Striving, with strong limbs labouring long  
 and sore,  
 And there abode an hour: till as from fight  
 Crowned with hard conquest won by master-  
 ing might,  
 Hardly, but happier for the imperious toil,  
 Swam the knight in forth of the close waves'  
 coil,  
 Sea-satiated, bruised with buffets of the brine,  
 Laughing, and flushed as one athirst with wine:  
 All this came hard upon him in a breath;  
 And how he marvelled in his heart that death



Shout, as if it were than it seemed to be  
 Flaring, as if it were impaled on the sea  
 Bound to the deathward, and the first  
 His eyes were seen in the west  
 His eyes were seen in the west  
 His eyes were seen in the west

When his foot filtered nigh the bridal tower,  
 And headed toward the passage now to part,  
 His eyes were seen in the west  
 His eyes were seen in the west

More at for every man's heart to fear,  
 Than all that's part of peril. Fairly here  
 Might aught of all things hearted I can save  
 One.

Either with a sea's eye, or a star before the  
 sun  
 So quick of his heart before the star whose  
 light

But out the torches of his bridal light,  
 So quick and shrank with sense of faith's  
 keen star

That burned as fire, he held by night afar  
 On in the dulness of his dreams; for all  
 The bride-house now seemed hung with  
 heavier pall

When clothed the house of mourning. Yet  
 at last,

Spoke with trembling at the heart, he  
 passed

Into the sweet light of the maiden tower  
 Where lay the lonely, lonely flower  
 That, lying within his hand to gather, yet  
 Might not be gathered of it. I never regret  
 And bitter loyalty strove hard at strife  
 With unbrotherly toward the tender wife  
 That wife in lead might never be, to wear  
 The very crown of wedlock; never to  
 Gable, to watch and worship her white hair  
 When time should change, with hand more  
 soft in her hair,

The flash of its glory; never know  
 The joyfulness of laughing love that lives  
 On the lips of children; that gives  
 Glory and grace and reverence and delight  
 To the life of woman by her bridal night,  
 As praise and pride that flowers too fair to  
 fall,

Love, that shall give her a glimpse of  
 them all

and left her here for ever. So his thought  
 consumed him, as a fire within that wrong  
 that evening till its wrath were spent:  
 and he stood, so bowed and passion-rent,  
 before the blithe-faced bride-folk, ere he  
 went

Within the chamber, heavy-eyed, and there  
 Glimmered the white hands and glowed the  
 glistening hair

That night, but move his memory more of  
 the more fair,

More fair than all this beauty: but in sooth  
 So fair she too shone in her flower of youth  
 That scarcely might man's heart hold fast its  
 truth,

Though strong, who gazed upon her: for  
 her eyes

Were emerald-soft as evening-coloured skies,  
 And a smile in them like the light therein  
 Slept, or shone out in joy that knew not sin,  
 Clear as a child's own laughter: and her  
 mouth,

All it no rose full-hearted from the south  
 And passion-colored for the perfect kiss  
 That signs the soul for love and stamps it his,  
 Was soft and bright as any bud new-blown;  
 And through her cheek the gentler life bloom  
 shone

Of mild wild roses nigh the northward sea.  
 So in her bride-bed lay the bride: and he  
 Drew nigh, and all the high sad heart in him  
 Yearned on her, seeing the twilight meek and  
 dim

Through all the soft alcove tremblingly lit  
 With hovering silver, as a heart in it  
 Beating, that burned from one deep lamp  
 above,

Fainter than fire of torches, as the love  
 Within him fainter than a bridegroom's fire,  
 No marriage-torch red with the heart's desire,  
 But silver-soft, a flameless light that glowed  
 Starlike along night's dark and starry road  
 Wherein his soul was traveller. And he  
 sighed,

Saying, and with eyes set sadly toward her  
 bride

Laid him down by her, and spake not; but  
 within

His heart spake, saying how sore should be  
 the sin

To break toward her, that of all womankind  
 Was faithfullest, faith-plighted, or unbind  
 The bond first linked between them when  
 they drank

The love draught: and his quick blood sprang  
 and sank,

Remembering in the pulse of all his veins  
 That red swift rapture, all its fiery pains  
 And all its fiercer pleasures: and he spake  
 Aloud, one burning word for love's keen  
 sake—

'Till at last' and full of love and lover's fear  
 A virgin voice gave answer—'I am here.'  
 And a pang rent his heart at rest: but still,  
 For spirit and flesh were vasal to his will,  
 Strong faith held mastery over love and life's  
 breath  
 Felt on his face did not his will to death,  
 Nor glance nor lute-like voice nor flower-scent  
 touch  
 Might so prevail upon it overmuch  
 That constancy might less prevail than they,  
 For all he looked and loved her as she lay  
 smiling; and soft as bird alight on bough  
 He kissed her maiden mouth and flameless  
 brow,  
 Once, and again his heart within him sighed,  
 But all his young blood's yearning toward  
 his bride,

How hard soe'er it held his life awake  
 For passion, and sweet return's unforbidden  
 sake,  
 And will that strove unwillingly with will  
 might not prevail,  
 Felt silent as a wind abashed, whose breath  
 Dies out of heaven, suddenly done to death,  
 When in between them on the dumb dark  
 air  
 Floated the bright shade of a face more  
 fair  
 Than hers that hard beside him shrank and  
 smiled  
 And list of all no more than might a child,  
 So had she all her heart's will, all she would,  
 For love's sake that sufficed her, glad and  
 good,  
 All night safe sleeping in her maidenhood.

## V.

## ISEULT AT TINTAGEL.

BUT that same night in Cornwall oversea  
 Couched at Queen Iseult's hand, against her  
 knee,  
 With keen kind eyes that read her whole  
 heart's pain  
 Fast at wide watch lay Tristram's hound  
 Hodain,  
 The goodliest and the mightiest born on earth,  
 That many a forest day of merry youth  
 Had tried his craft before them; and the  
 queen  
 Chenshed him, even for those dim years be-  
 tween,  
 More than of old in those bright months far  
 flown  
 When ere a blast of Tristram's horn was  
 blown  
 Each morning as the woods rekindled, ere  
 Day gat full empire of the glimmering air,  
 Delight of dawn would quicken him, and fire  
 spring and pant in his breath with bright  
 desire  
 To be among the dewy ways on quest;  
 But now perforce at restless-hearted rest

He chafed through days more barren than the  
 sand,  
 Soothed hardly but soothed only with her  
 hand,  
 Though fain to fawn thereon and follow, still  
 With all his heart and all his loving will  
 Desiring one divided from his sight,  
 For whose lost sake dawn was as dawn of  
 night  
 And noon as night's noon in his eyes was dark,  
 But in the halls far under sat King Mark,  
 Feasting, and full of cheer, with heart uplift,  
 As on the night that harper gat his gift:  
 And music revelled on the fitful air,  
 And songs came floated up the festal stair,  
 And muffled roar of wassail, where the king  
 Took heart from wine-cups and the quiring  
 string  
 Till all his cold thin veins reflowed and ran  
 Strong as with lifeblood of a kinglier man,  
 But the queen shut from sound her wearied  
 ears,  
 Shut her sad eyes from sense of aught save  
 tears,

And wring her hair with soft fierce hands,  
and prayed:

'O God, God born of woman, of a maid,  
Christ, once in flesh of thine own fashion  
died;

O very love, so glad in heaven and sad  
On earth for earth's sake always: since thou  
art

Pure only, I only impure of spirit and heart,  
Since thou for sin's sake and the bitter doom  
Durst a vile veil put on a virgin's womb,  
I that can none, and cannot hear or see  
Or shadow or likeness or a sound of thee  
Far off, albeit with man's own speech and  
face

Thou shine yet and thou speak yet, showing  
forth grace—

Ah me! grace only saed on souls that are  
Lit and led forth of shadow by thy star—  
Alas! to these men only grace, to these,  
Lord, whom thy love draws Godward, to thy  
knee.—

I, can I draw thee me-ward, can I seek,  
Who love thee not, to love me? seeing how  
weak,

Lord, all this little love I bear thee is,  
And how much is my strong love more than  
this.

My love that I love man with, that I bear  
Him sinning through me sinning? wilt thou  
care,

God, for this love, if love be any, alas,  
In me to give thee, though long since there  
was,

How long, when I too, Lord, was clean, even  
I,

That now am unclean till the day I die—  
Half by burning, harlot-fashion, made  
A honor in all hearts of wife and maid,  
Hateful, not knowing if ever in these mine  
eyes

Shone any light of thine in any wise  
Or this were love at all that I bore thee?

And the night spake, and thundered on the  
sea,

Ravering aloud for ruin of livings: and all  
The bastions of the main cliff's northward  
wall

Rang response out from all their deepening  
length,

As the east wind girded up his godlike  
strength

And haled in hard gainst that high-towered  
hold

The fleeces of the flock that knows no fold.

The rent white shreds of shattering storm:  
but she

Heard not nor heeded wind or storming sea,  
knew not if night were mild or cruel with  
wind,

'Yet, though deep lips and tender lips be  
blinded,

Though cheek wither, brow fade, and lips  
wane,

Shall I change also from this heart's plea  
To maidenhood of heart and holiness?

Shall I more love thee, Lord, or love man  
less—

Ah miserable! though spirit and heart be  
red,

Shall I repent, Lord God? shall I repent?  
Nay, though thou slay me! For herein I am  
blest.

That as I loved him yet I love him best—  
More than mine own soul or thy love or thee,

Though thy love save and my love save not  
me,

blest am I beyond women even here,  
That beyond all born women is my love,

And perfect my transgression: that above  
All offerings of all others is my love,

Who have chosen it only, and put away for  
this

Thee, and my soul's hope, Saviour, of the kiss  
Wherewith thy lips make welcome all thine  
own

When in them life and death are overthrown;  
The sinless lips that seal the death of sin,

The kiss wherewith their dumb lips touched  
begin

Singing in heaven,  
Where we shall meet, love,

Never stand up nor sing! for God above  
Knows us, how too much more than God to  
me

Thy sweet love is, my poor love is to thee!  
Dear, dost thou see how, dost thou hear to-  
night,

Sleeping, my waste wild speech, my face worn  
white,

—Speech once heard soft by thee, face once  
kissed red!—

In such a dream as when men see their dead  
And know not if they know if dead these be?

Ah love, are thy days my days, and to thee  
Are all rights like as my nights? does thou  
Give thee? art thou soul-sick till I be  
done,

And weary till day rises? is thine heart  
Full of dead things as mine is? Nay, thou art

in, with man's strength and praise and  
 name of life;  
 "No ladywoman, no queen, no revelous wife,  
 that would be shamed albeit she had not  
 sinned."

A. I swordlike was the sound of the iron  
 wheel,

I saw a breaking battle was the sea,  
 "Nay, Lord, I pray thee let him love not  
 me."

"I die not any more, nor like me die,  
 of life no more than such a thing as I,  
 on his heart from me, lest my love too lose  
 be as I lose thee, and his fair soul refuse  
 to take thy far heaven, and as I fell  
 should be mixed with my soul and with  
 all.

"I die rather, and only; let me be  
 left of him so he be loved of thee,  
 and for I would not have him win me  
 there.

"Let thy light and love in the night air,  
 out of thy sight in the unseen hell where I  
 gladly, going alone, so thou on high  
 call up his soul and love him—Ah, Lord,  
 Lord,

"Dost thou love as I love him? she that  
 poured

from the alabaster broken at thy feet  
 a ointment very precious, not so sweet

that poured likewise forth before thee then  
 from the rehallowed heart of Magdalen,

from a heart broken, yearning like the dove,  
 a ointment very precious which is love—

God! thou being holy and God, and sinful  
 he

love her indeed as surely she loved thee?  
 "Nay, but if not, then as we sinners can

let us love still in the old sad wise of man,  
 but with less love than my love, having had  
 this, though God love him he shall not be  
 glad.

A. I with such love as my love, I wot well,  
 shall not lie disconsolate in hell:

"I only as souls for utter love's sake be  
 I am, and a little sad, perchance, for me—

"Be happy, me more glad than God above,  
 in the utmost hell whose fires consume not  
 love!

"I am in the waste ways emptied of the sun  
 I would say—"Dear, thy place is cold, and  
 lone.

"Angels among angels for thee, with his face  
 veiled, saying, *O sister, how thy chosen*

*plum!*

*Stands desolate that God made fair for thee!  
 Is heaven not sweeter, and to thy brethren, no  
 fairer than love on earth and life in hell?"*

And I—with me were all things then not  
 well?

Should I not answer—"O love, be well con-  
 tent;

Look on me, and believe if I repent."  
 This were more to me than an angel's wings.

Yea, many men pray God for many things,  
 But I pray that this only thing may be.

And as a full field charging was the sea,  
 And as the cry of slain men was the wind.

"Yea, since I surely loved him, and he  
 sinned

Surely, though not as my sin his be black,  
 God, give him to me—God, God, give him  
 back!

For now how should we live in twain or die?  
 I am he indeed, thou knowest, and he is I.

Not man and woman several as we were,  
 But one thing with one life and death to bear,

How should one love his own soul overmuch?  
 And time is long since last I felt the touch.

The sweet touch of my lover, hand and  
 breath,

In such delight as puts delight to death,  
 Burn my soul through, till spirit and soul and  
 sense.

In the sharp grasp of the hour, with violence  
 Died, and again through pangs of violent  
 birth

Lived, and laughed out with reluctant might of  
 mirth:

Laughed each on other and sludged into  
 one,

As a cloud shuddering dies into the sun,  
 Ah, sense is that or spirit, soul or flesh,

That only love lulls or awakes afresh?  
 Ah, sweet is that or bitter, evil or good,

That very love allays not as he would?  
 Nay, truth is this or vanity, that gives  
 No love assurance when love dies or lives?

This that my spirit is wrung withal, and yet  
 No surelier knows if haply thine forget,

Thou that my spirit is wrung for, nor can say  
 Love is not in thee dead as yesterday?

Dost thou feel, thou, this heartbeat whence  
 my heart

Would I send thee word what life is mine apart,  
 And know by keen response what life is  
 thine?

Dost thou not hear one cry of all of mine?  
 O Tristram's heart, have I no part in thee?"

And all her soul was as the breaking sea.

And all her heart anhungered as the wind.  
 'Dost thou repent thee of the sin we sinned?  
 Dost thou repent thee of the day and nights  
 That kindled and that quenched for us their  
 lights,  
 The months that fed us with all their  
 hours,  
 The ways that leached of us in all their  
 flowers,  
 The dells that sang of us with all their doves?  
 Dost thou repent thee of the wildwood loves?  
 Is thine heart changed, and hallowed? art  
 thou grown  
 God's and not mine? Aye, though my heart  
 make moan,  
 I am would say soul give thanks for thine, if  
 thou  
 Be saved—yea, I am praise God, and knows  
 not how.  
 How should it know thanksgiving? nay, or  
 learn  
 Aught of the love wherewith thine own should  
 burn,  
 God's, that should cut out as an evil thing  
 Mine? yea, what hand of prayer have I to  
 cling,  
 What heart to prophesy, what spirit of sight  
 To strain insensual eyes toward increase light,  
 Who look but back on life wherein I sinned?  
 And all their past came wailing in the wind,  
 And all their future thundered in the sea.  
 'But if my soul might touch the time to be,  
 If hand might handle now or eye behold  
 My life and death ordained me from of old,  
 Life palpable, compact of blood and breath,  
 Visible, present, naked, very death,  
 Should I desire to know before the day  
 These that I know not, nor is man that may?  
 For haply, seeing, my heart would break for  
 fear,  
 And my soul tim'less cast its load off here,  
 Its load of life too bitter, love too sweet,  
 And fall down shamed and naked at thy feet,  
 God, who wouldst take no pity of it, nor give  
 One hour back, one of all its hours to live  
 Clothed with my mortal body, that once  
 more,  
 Once, on this reach of barren beaten shore,  
 This stormy strand of life, ere sail were set,  
 Had haply felt love's arms about it yet—  
 Yea, ere death's bark put off to seaward,  
 might  
 With many a grief have bought me one de-  
 light

That then should know me never. Al, what  
 years  
 Would I endure not, filled up full with tears,  
 Bitter like blood and dark as dread of death,  
 To win one amorous hour of mingling breath,  
 One pre-eyed hour and sunnier than the  
 sun,  
 For all these nights and days like nights but  
 one?  
 One hour of heaven born once, a stormless  
 birth,  
 For all these windy weary hours of earth?  
 One, but one hour from birth of joy to death,  
 For all these hungering hours of feverish  
 breath?  
 And I should lose this, having died and  
 sunned,  
 And as man's anguish clamouring cried the  
 wind,  
 And as God's anger answering rang the sea.  
 'And yet what life—Lord God, what life  
 for me  
 Has thy strong wrath made ready? Dost  
 thou think  
 How lips whose thirst hath only tears to  
 drink  
 Grow grey for grief untimely? Dost thou  
 know,  
 O happy God, how men wax weary of woe—  
 Yea, for their wrong's sake that thine hand  
 hath done  
 Come even to hate thy semblance in the sun?  
 Turn back from dawn and noon and all thy  
 light  
 To make their souls one with the soul of  
 night?  
 Christ, if thou hear yet or have eyes to see,  
 Thou that hadst pity, and hast no pity on me,  
 Know'st thou no more, as in this life's sharp  
 span,  
 What pain thou hadst on earth, what pain  
 hath man?  
 Hast thou no care, that all we suffer yet?  
 What help is ours of thee if thou forget?  
 What profit have we though thy blood were  
 given,  
 If we that sin bleed and be not forgiven?  
 Not love but hate, thou bitter God and  
 strange,  
 Whose heart as man's heart hath grown cold  
 with change,  
 Not love but hate thou showest us that have  
 sinned.'  
 And like a world's cry shuddering was the  
 wind,

And like a God's voice threatening was the sea.

'Nay, Lord, for thou wast gracious; nay, in thee

No change can come with time or varying fate.

No tongue but thine be less compassionate,

No sterner eye rebuke for mercy thine,

No sin put out thy pity—no, not mine.

Thou knowest us, Lord, thou knowest us, all we are.

He, and the soul that hath his soul for star:

Thou knowest as I know, Lord, how much more worth

Than all souls clad and clasped about with earth,

But most of all, God, how much more than I,

Is this man's soul that surely shall not die

What righteousness, what judgment, Lord most high.

Were this, to bend a brow of doom as grim

As threats me, me the adulterous wife, on him?

There lies none other nightly by his side:

He hath not sought, he shall not seek a bride

For as God sundereth earth from heaven above,

So far was my love born beneath his love,

I loved him as the sea-wind loves the sea,

To tend and run it only and waste: but he,

As the sea loves a sea-bird loved he me,

To foster and uphold my tired life's wing,

And bounteously beneath me spread forth spring,

A springtide space whereon to float or fly,

A world of happy water, whence the sky

Glowed goodlier lightening from so glad a glass,

Than with its own light only. Now, alas!

Cloud hath come down and clothed it round with storm,

And gusts and fits of eddying winds deform

The feature of its glory. Yet be thou,

God, merciful: nay, show but justice now,

And let the sin in him that scarce was his

Stand expiated with exile: and be this

The price for him, the atonement this, that I

With all thy wrath on me to-day, not have sinned?

And like man's heart relenting stirred the wind,

And as God's wrath subduing sank the sea.

'But if such grace be possible—if it be

Not sin more strange than all mine past, and worse

Evil, that cries upon thee for a cure,

To pray such prayer from such a heart, do thou

Hear, and make wide thine hearing toward me now;

Let not my soul and his for ever dwell

Sundered: though doom keep always heaven

and hell

Irreconcilable, indefinitely apart.

Keep not in twain for ever heart and heart:

That once, albeit by not thy law, were one;

Let this be not thy will, that this be done.

Let all else, all thou wilt of evil, be,

But no doom, none, dividing him and me!

By this was heaven stirred eastward, and there came

Up the rough ripple a bitouin, light like flame;

And dawn, sore trembling still and gay with fear,

Looked hardly forth, a face of heaven cheer

Than one which grief or dread yet half enshrouds,

Wild-eyed and wan, across the cleaving clouds

And Iseult, worn with wretch long held on pain,

Turned, and her eye lit on the horn of Hodan,

And all her heart went out in haste; and he

Laid his kind head along her bearded neck,

Fill round his neck her arms went hard, and all

The night past from her as a chain might fall

But yet the heart within her, he had made me,

Wailed, and was loth to let her see the sun.

And ere full day brought heaven and earth to flower,

Far thence, a maiden in a marriage tower,

That moment, hard by Tristan, oversaw,

Woke with glad eyes Iseult of Brittany.

## V.

## JOYOUS GARD.

A little f... of... a little light,  
A little loss for... for the right,  
A little... that at... I... I...  
and were in a... for... and thy  
above  
... salable than... for...  
... pray thee for a... to break,  
A little... to help... I... think  
Thy... have... like... to  
think.  
O Love, a little comfort, lest they  
To see ye as these have... of thee was...  
here,  
For these are done, thy... to the...  
and  
Here might the... of the wild north...  
At... of the grey great...  
Dense-... with... and... the...  
No life but of the... fair and true  
Which cleave the mist and smight all day  
long  
With... s' flight and cries... of...  
sing  
Strange ways of life have led him...  
here  
To win... respite from... and...  
With a... from...; strange and  
sweet  
Ways...dden by... and... feet  
Till... or... woke toward... kindly  
will  
In... hearts of lovers, and their...  
Found rest, as... surely might it not,  
By gift and kingly grace of...  
At... bidding... of... severe,  
For in the... twilight of this year  
I... April sprang from hope to...  
Two hearts of... fast linked... full in  
...  
As they rode for... on... by the...  
Which gave his new... brother...  
...  
To know the truth of...  
...  
I... kept of him again... his... view

... a... I...  
When...  
...  
...  
We...  
...  
Search...  
...  
Not...  
Content...  
M... with...  
of the...  
Shall...  
...  
On...  
...  
Content...  
Say...  
...  
Fled with me, who...  
More nobly than...  
Should...  
...  
Of us this...  
...  
R...  
The...  
Which...  
...  
...  
To lie more...  
Aught...  
Or even my...  
We are all...  
Nor...  
...  
Except...  
To be...  
...  
...  
Albeit unknown of...  
Worth a man...  
...  
...  
...

Truth only, truth withhold me; truth forbide  
The baner to grace where such love's peace  
Makes glad.

All lives linked else in we look; not that I  
Loved the sweet heart of her loveliness,  
But that my love and truth was none but  
Thou.

What time I love— keep against me now,  
I will let thee be mine. Aye lady, thou  
So much of love wert of all other men  
I could this my love should a faithless deed  
And ere that day thou looking came to bid  
I long sore of love treated for a sign,  
I was ware to crave his brother Gahardine  
The light of that strange Iscalt, and thereon  
I thought soon for Cornwall are these brethren  
Gone.

Then to that royal pleasance where the hunt  
Lay ever of old with Tristram's horn in front  
I was as the queen's horse bounded at his  
Saddle.

And forth of all her dames forth pranced in  
Purple  
Of a day before them, with a ringing tone  
All glad and glad, the king's false bride Braag-  
wain.

The queen's true handmaid ever; and on her  
Crying, 'Be called for all true truth-teller,  
Of Tristram, of all true men's tongues alive,'  
Quoth Gahardine; 'for may my soul so  
Thrive

As yet mine eye drank never sight like this,'  
'Aye,' Tristram said, 'and he thou look'st  
So goodly of grace of goodness, that thou  
Shalt have a right kit of wrath against me

For my handmaid? Nay, my lord,  
I have no wrath against thee, for I  
Saw thee when thou wert less than of gold  
And more than of silver; and of all above  
All part of my heart and my love of love?  
I have seen thee when thou wert less than wine  
And more than of gold; and of all above  
I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid.

And I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid, and his  
Handmaid.

And I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid, and his  
Handmaid.

And I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid, and his  
Handmaid.

And I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid, and his  
Handmaid.

And I have seen thee when thou wert less than  
Gahardine's handmaid, and his  
Handmaid.

Be it to Braagwain his ring, that she unseen  
Might give in token privy to the queen  
And send swift word where time of noon or  
Sun.

They twain might yet be none but twain but  
One.  
And that same night under the stars that  
Rolled

Over their way down wildwood rights of old  
Whose hours for grace of and steel perils  
Of life.

Such way was made anew for their desire  
By covert wife of sickness feigned, to keep  
The long far off her vigil of her sleep,  
And in the queen's pavilion midway set  
By hammering moon dawn were those lovers  
Met.

And Gahardine of Braagwain gat him grace,  
And in some passionate soft inter-space  
Between two swells of passion, when their  
Lips

Breathed, and made room for such brief speech  
As slips  
From tongue to altar with draughts of amer-  
gas wine.

That her eyes than thirstier than Tristram's  
Bine,  
Was counsel taken how to fly, and where  
Find covert from the wide world's evening  
Air.

That hunts with storm the feet of nights and  
Days  
Through strange thwart lines of life and  
Flowerless ways.

Then said Iscalt: 'Lo, now the chance is  
Here  
Foreshown me late by word of Guenevere,  
To give me comfort of thy rumoured wrong.  
My traitor Tristram, when report was strong  
Of me forsaken and thine heart estranged:  
Nor should her sweet soul toward me yet be  
Changed.

Nor all her love lie barren, if mine hand  
Crave harvest of it from the flowering land.  
See therefore if this counsel please thee not,  
That we take horse in haste for Camelot  
And seek the friendship of her plighted troth  
Which love shall be full fain to lend, nor loth  
Shall my love be to take it.' So next night  
The multitudinous stars laughed round their  
Flight.

Fulltiling far with laughter made of light  
The encircling deeps of heaven: and in brief  
Space  
At Camelot their long love gat them grace

At Camelot their long love gat them grace

At Camelot their long love gat them grace

At Camelot their long love gat them grace

At Camelot their long love gat them grace



Not thow ated of thine hat or blessed, but  
 those  
 Shall be at twilight, Love, nor fade at ease,  
 Grey-grown and careless of desired delight,  
 But lie down tired and sleep before the night,  
 Those shall not live till time or change may  
 chide  
 Or doubt divide or shame subdue their will,  
 Or fear or slow repentance work them wrong,  
 Or love's desire to the death shall live so long,  
 With death shall not take them divided from true  
 life  
 A deadly sick or stagnant from the  
 ground shall not with dry-drawn veins  
 gathering breath  
 Shall these through crumbling life  
 down to death  
 Swift with one strong clean leap, ere life's  
 pulse tire,  
 Most like the leap of lions or of tigers,  
 Sheer death shall bound upon them, none peng  
 past,  
 The first fern sense of him shall be their last,  
 Their last shall be no sense of any fear,  
 More than their life had sense of anguish  
 here,  
 Weeks and light months had fled at swif-  
 low's speed  
 Since here their first hour sowed for them the  
 seed  
 Of many sweet at rest or hope could be;  
 Since on the blown beach of a glad new sea  
 Wherein strange rocks like fighting men stand  
 star  
 They saw the strength and help of Joyous  
 Gard  
 A tan the out deep glorious tower that stands  
 on the wild sea and the broad wild  
 lands  
 and gave them quiet; and they drew  
 like a God's life in each wind that blew,  
 And took their rest, and triumphed. Day by  
 day  
 The mighty moorlands and the sea-walls grey,  
 The brown bright waters of green fells that  
 ring  
 One song to rocks and flowers and birds on  
 wing,  
 B field the joy and glory that they had,  
 Pasing, and how the whole world made them  
 glad,  
 And their great love was mixed with all things  
 great,  
 As life being lovely, and yet being strong like  
 fate.

When the sun sprang on the sudden  
 The rays sprang eastward, and the day to be  
 Was lit in them untimely : such delight  
 They took yet of the clear cold breath and  
 Light  
 That goes before the morning, and such grace  
 Was deathless in them through their whole  
 Life's space  
 As faces in many with their dawn that dies  
 And leaves in pulseless hearts and flameless  
 Eyes  
 No light to lighten and no tear to weep  
 Of youth's high joy that time has cast on  
 Sleep.  
 Yet, this old grace and light of joy they had,  
 To lose no jot all that made them glad  
 And filled their springs of spirit with such tre  
 As all delight fed in them all desire :  
 And no whit less than in their first keen came  
 The spring's breath blew through all their  
 Summer time,  
 And in their skies would unlike Love con  
 fuse  
 Clear April colours with hot August hues,  
 And in their hearts one light of sun and moon  
 Reigned, and the morning died not of the  
 Noon :  
 As though might of life was in them, and so high  
 Their heat of love rose higher than late  
 Could fly.  
 And many a large delight of hawk and hound  
 The great glad land that knows no bourne or  
 Bound,  
 Gave the wind's own and the outer sea-bank's,  
 Gave  
 Their days for comfort ; many a long blithe  
 Wave  
 Loved their blithe bark between the bare  
 Bald rocks,  
 Deep, steep, and still, save for the swift free  
 Flocks  
 Unshepherded, uncompassed, unconfined,  
 That when blown foam keeps all the loud air  
 Blind  
 Mix with the wind's then triumph, and par  
 take  
 The joy of blasts that rave, waves that break,  
 And round and all below their noise ring  
 Wings,  
 A clanging cloud that round the cliff's edge  
 Clings  
 On each bleak bluff breaking the strenuous  
 Tides  
 That rings reverberate mirth when storm be  
 strides

The sun's bright beams on every mountain  
 The sun's bright beams on every mountain  
 Boon  
 With all then Earth's interior  
 Rejoicing, where the sudden darts give  
 With sharp thick flight of hills, leeward, or  
 Where  
 On some strat rock's ledge in the inter  
 mite air  
 Erect against the cliff's sheer scullit white  
 Blue as the clear north heaven, clothed war  
 With light,  
 Stood neck to bended neck and long bowing  
 With heads fast hidden under, close as clung  
 Flowers on one flowering alder branch in  
 Spring,  
 Three herons deep asleep against the sun,  
 Each with one bright foot downward poised,  
 And one  
 Wing-bill, a hard by the bright head, and all  
 Still as fair shapes fixed on some wondrous  
 Wall  
 Of minster-aisle or closter-chamber hall  
 To take even time's eye prisoner with delight,  
 Or, satisfied with joy of sound and sight,  
 They sat and communed of things past, what  
 State  
 King Arthur, yet unwaried up on by fate,  
 Held high in hall at Camelot, like one  
 Whose lordly lite was as the mounting sun  
 That climbs and pauses on the point of noon,  
 Sovereign : how royal rang the tourney's time  
 Through Tristram's three days' triumph, spear  
 to spear,  
 When Isent shone enthroned by Guenevere,  
 Rose against rose, the highest adored on earth,  
 Imperial : yet with subtle notes of mirth  
 Would she bemock her praises, and bemoan  
 Her glory by that splendour overthrow a  
 Which lightened from her sister's eyes came :  
 Saying how by right a little light seems  
 Great,  
 But less than least of all things, very nought,  
 When dawn undoes the web that darknes  
 wrought :  
 How like a tower of ivory well designed  
 By subtlest hand subserving subtlest mind,  
 Ivory with flower of rose incarnadined  
 And kindling with some God therein revealed,  
 A light for grief to look on and be healed,  
 Stood Guenevere : and all beholding her  
 Were heartstruck even as earth at midsum  
 mer  
 With burning wonder, hardly to be borne,  
 So was that amorous glorious lady born,

A fiery memory for all storied years :  
Nor might men call her sisters crowned her  
peers.

Her sister queens, put all by her to scorn ;  
She had such eyes as are not made to mourn ;  
But in her own a gleaming ghost of tears  
Shone, and their glance was slower than  
Guenevere's.

And fitfuller with fancies grown of grief,  
Shamed as a Mayflower shames an autumn  
leaf

Full well she wist it could not choose but be  
If in that other's cyeshot standing she  
Should lift her looks up ever : wherewithal  
Like fires whose light fills heaven with festi-  
val

Flamed her eyes full on Tristram's ; and he  
laughed.

Answering, ' What wile of sweet child-hearted  
craft

That children forge for children, to beguile  
Eyes known of them not witless of the wile  
But fain to seem for sport's sake self-deceived,  
Wilt thou find out now not to be believed ?  
Or how shall I trust more than ouphe or elf  
Thy truth to me-ward, who believst thyself ?'  
' Nor elf nor ouphe or aught of arier kind,'  
Quoth she, ' though made of moonbeams  
moist and blind.

Is light if weighed with man's-winged weight-  
less mind.

Though thou keep somewise troth with me,  
God wot,

When thou didst wed, I doubt, thou thought-  
est not

So charily to keep it.' ' Nay,' said he,  
' Yet am not I rebukable by thee

As Launcelot, erring, held me ere he wist  
No mouth save thine of mine was ever kissed

Save as a sister's only, since we twain  
Drank first the draught assigned our lips to  
drain

That Fate and Love with darkling hands  
commixt

Poured, and no power to part them came  
betwixt,

But either's will, howbeit they seem at strife,  
Was toward us o'er, as death itself and life

Are one sole doom toward all men, nor may  
one

Behold not darkness, who beholds the sun'

' Ah, then,' she said, ' what word is this  
men hear

Of Merlin, how some doom too strange to  
fear

Was cast but late about him over-sea,  
Sweet recreant, in thy bridled Brittany ?  
Is not his life sealed fast on him with sleep,  
By witchcraft of his own and love's, to keep  
'Till earth be fire and ashes ?'

' Surely,' said  
Her lover, ' not as one alive or dead  
The great good wizard, well beloved and well  
Predestinate of heaven that casts out hell  
For guerdon gentler far than all men's fate,  
Exempt alone of all predestinate,  
Takes his strange rest at heart of slumberland,  
More deep asleep in green Broceliande  
Than shipwrecked sleepers in the soft green  
sea

Beneath the weight of wandering waves : but  
he

Hath for those roofing waters overhead  
Above him always all the summer spread  
Or all the winter wailing : or the sweet  
Late leaves marked red with autumn's bur-  
ring feet,

Or withered with his weeping, round the sea  
Rain, and he sees not, nor may heed or hear  
The witness of the winter : but in spring  
He hears above him all the winds on wing  
Through the blue dawn between the brighten-  
ing boughs.

And on shut eyes and slumber-smitten brows  
Feels ambient change in the air and strength-  
ening sun,

And knows the soul that was his soul at one  
With the ardent world's, and in the spirit of  
earth

His spirit of life reborn to mightier birth  
And mixed with things of elder life than ours ;  
With cries of birds, and kindling lamps of  
flowers,

And sweep and song of winds, and fruitful  
light

Of sunbeams, and the far faint breath of night,  
And waves and woods at morning ; and in all,

Soft as at noon the slow sea's rise and fall,  
He hears in spirit a song that none but he

Hears from the mystic mouth of Nimue  
Shed like a consecration ; and his heart,

Hearing, is made for love's sake as a part  
Of that far singing, and the life thereof

Part of that life that feeds the world with  
love :

Yea, heart in heart is molten, he's and his  
Into the world's heart and the soul that is  
Beyond or sense or vision ; and their breath  
stirs the soft springs of deathless life and  
death,

Death that begets life, and change that brings  
 both seed  
 Of life to death and death to life indeed,  
 As blood recircling through the unsounded  
 veins

Of earth and heaven with all their joys and  
 pains.

'A', that when love shall laugh no more nor  
 weep

We too, we too might hear that song and  
 sleep!

'Yea,' said Iseult, 'some joy it were to be  
 lost in the sun's light and the all-girdling sea,  
 Mixed with the winds and woodlands, and to  
 bear

Part in the large life of the quickening air,  
 And the sweet earth's, our mother: yet to pass  
 More fleet than mirrored faces from the glass  
 Out of all pain and all delight, so far

That love should seem but as the furthest star  
 Sink deep in trembling heaven, scarce seen  
 or known,

As a dead moon forgotten, once that shone  
 Where now the sun shines—nay, not all  
 things yet,

Not all things always, dying, would I forget.'  
 And Tristram answered amorously, and  
 said:

'O heart that here art mine, O heavenhest  
 head

That ever took men's worship here, which art  
 Mine, how shall death put out the fire at  
 heart,

Quench in men's eyes the head's remembered  
 light

That time shall set: but higher in more men's  
 sight?

Think thou not much to die one earthly day,  
 Being made not in their mould who pass away  
 Nor who shall pass for ever.'

'Ah,' she said,  
 'What shall it profit me, being praised and  
 dead?

What profit have the flowers of all men's  
 praise

What pleasure of our pleasure have the days  
 but pour on us delight of life and mirth?

What fruit of all our joy on earth has earth?  
 Nor am I—nay, my lover, am I one

To take such part in heaven's enkindling sun  
 And in the inviolate air and sacred sea

As clothes with grace that wondrous Nimue?  
 For all her works are bounties, all her deeds

Lessons; her days are scotils wherein love  
 reads

The record of his mercies: heaven above  
 Hath not more heavenly holiness of love  
 Than earth beneath, wherever pass or pause  
 Her feet that move not save by love's own  
 laws,

In gentleness of godlike wayfaring  
 To heal men's hearts as earth is healed by  
 spring

Of all such woes as winter: what am I,  
 Love, that have strength but to desire and  
 die,

That have but grace to love and do thee  
 wrong,

What am I that my name should live so long,  
 Save as the star that crossed thy star-struck  
 lot,

With hers whose light was life to Launcelot?  
 Life gave she him, and strength, and fame  
 to be

For ever: I, what gift can I give thee?  
 Peril and sleepless watches, fearful breath  
 Of dread more bitter for my sake than death,  
 When death came nigh to call me by my name,  
 Exile, rebuke, remorse, and—O, not shame,  
 Shame only, this I gave thee not, whom none  
 May give that worst thing ever—no, not one,  
 Of all that hate, all hateful hearts that see  
 Darkness for light and hate where love should  
 be,

None for my shame's sake may speak shame  
 of thee.'

And Tristram answering ere he kissed her,  
 smiled:

'O very woman, god at once and child,  
 What ails thee to desire of me once more  
 The assurance that thou hadst in heart before?  
 For all this wild sweet waste of sweet vain  
 breath,

Thou knowest I know thou hast given me  
 life, not death.

The shadow of death, informed with shows  
 of strife,

Was ere I won thee all I had of life,  
 Light war, light love, light living, dreams in  
 sleep,

Joy slight and light, not glad enough to weep,  
 Filled up my foolish days with sound and  
 shine.

Vision and gleam from strange men's cast on  
 mine,

Reverberate light from eyes presaging thine  
 That shed but shadowy moonlight where thy  
 face

Now sheds forth sunshine in the deep same  
 place,

The deep by heart, halt dead and shallower  
 than  
 than summer foods which thwart not wan-  
 dering me.  
 For how should I, signed sorrow's from my  
 birth,  
 Kiss daunt the loud red laughing lips of  
 wrath?  
 Or how, sealed thing to be, love less than  
 heaven on earth?  
 My heart in me was held a restless rest,  
 Ere I could find some prize beyond its quest,  
 Prophetic star with promise, fain to find the  
 best,  
 For one was fond and one was bitter and one  
 Loner than all save two, he was: peers are  
 none;  
 For third on earth is none that heaven hath  
 seen  
 To stand with Guenivere beside my queen,  
 Not Naimé, girt with blessing as a guard;  
 Not the son hies and laughers of Eutarde;  
 Not he, that splendour girdled round with  
 gloom,  
 Crowned as with iron dulness of the tomb,  
 And clothed with clouding conscience of a  
 monstrous doom,  
 Whose blind incestuous love brought forth a  
 fire  
 To burn her ere it burn its darkling sire,  
 Her mother's son, King Arthur: yet but  
 late  
 We saw pass by that fair live shadow of  
 fate,  
 The queen Morgause of Orkney, like a  
 dream  
 That scares the night when moon and starry  
 beam  
 Taken and swam before some sorcerer's eyes  
 whose words, as charms, double the starry  
 skies,

Bright still with fire and pulse of blood and  
 breath,  
 Whom her own sons have doomed for shame  
 to death,  
 'Death—yes,' quoth she, 'there is not said  
 or heard  
 So oft abroad on earth so sure a word,  
 Death, and again death, and for each that  
 sue'  
 Ten tongues chime answer to the sound of  
 death,  
 Good end God send us ever—so men pray,  
 But I—this end God send me, would I say,  
 To die not of division and a heart  
 Rent or with sword of severance cloven apart,  
 But only when thou diest and only where  
 thou art,  
 O thou my soul and spirit and breath to me,  
 O light, life, love! yet, let this only be,  
 That dying I may praise God who gave me  
 thee,  
 Let hap what will thereafter.' So that day  
 They cannoned, even till even was worn  
 away,  
 Nor aught they said seemed strange or sad  
 to say,  
 But sweet as night's dim dawn to weariness,  
 Nor loved they life or love for death's sake  
 less,  
 Nor feared they death for love's or life's sake  
 more,  
 And on the sounding soft funereal shore  
 They, watching till the day should wholly die,  
 Saw the far sea sweep to the far grey sky,  
 Saw the long sands sweep to the long grey  
 sea,  
 And night made one sweet mist of moor and  
 sea,  
 As lonely far of shore the foam gave light,  
 And lit in them sank silent as the night.

## VII.

## THE WIFE'S VIGIL.

Ever all that year by E. and F. in  
 More sick at heart with wrath than fear of  
 scorn

And I—do love with love than grief, and  
 I  
 Wears of the pride of spirit and bitterness,

Till all the sweet life of her blood was  
 changed  
 And all her soul from all her past estranged  
 And all her will with all itself at strife  
 And all her mind at war with all her life,  
 Dwelt the white-handed Isult, maid and wife,  
 A mourner that for mourning robes had on  
 Anger and doubt and hate of things foregone,  
 For that sweet spirit of old which made her  
 sweet  
 Was parched with blasts of thought as flowers  
 with heat  
 And withered as with wind of evil will ;  
 Though slower than frosts or fires consume  
 or kill  
 That bleak black wind vexed all her spirit  
 still,  
 As ripples reddening in the roughening  
 breath  
 Of the eager east when dawn does night to  
 death,  
 So rose and stirred and kindled in her thought  
 fierce barren fluctuant fires that lit not aught,  
 But scorched her soul with yearning keen as  
 hate  
 And dreams that left her wrath disconsolate.  
 When change came first on that first heaven  
 where all  
 Life's hours were flowers that dawn's light  
 hand let fall,  
 The sun that smote her dewy cloud of days  
 Wrought from its showery folds his rainbow's  
 rays,  
 For love the red, for hope the gentle green,  
 But yellow jealousy glared pale between.  
 Yet the sky grew heavier, and her head  
 went flowerwise, chill with change and fancies  
 fled,  
 She saw but love arch all her heaven across  
 with red,  
 A burning bloom that seemed to breathe and  
 beat  
 And waver only as flame with rapturous heat  
 Wavers ; and all the world therewith smelt  
 sweet,  
 As incense kindling from the rose-red flame ;  
 And when that full flash waned, and love  
 became  
 Scarce fainter, though his fading horscope  
 from certitude of sight receded, hope  
 held yet her April-coloured light aloft  
 As though to lure back love, a lamp sublime  
 and soft  
 But soon that light paled as a leaf grows pale  
 And fluttered leaf-like in the gathering gale  
 And melted even as dew-drops, whose brief  
 sheen  
 The sun that gave despoils of glittering  
 green ;  
 Till harder shone 'twixt hope and love grown  
 cold  
 A fallow light like withering autumn's gold,  
 The pale strong flame of jealous thought,  
 that glows  
 More deep than hope's green bloom or love's  
 enkindled rose ;  
 As though the sunflower's faded crescent disk  
 absorbed  
 The spirit and heart of sterner flowers  
 orb'd,  
 That same full hour of twilight's doomsday  
 barred  
 To let bright night behold in Jew as God  
 The glad grave eyes of lovers far away  
 Watch with sweet thoughts of death the death  
 of day  
 Saw lonelier by the narrower opening seat  
 Sit fixed at watch Isult of Brittany,  
 As darkness from deep valleys void and bleak  
 Climb, till it clothe with night the sunniest  
 peak  
 Where only of all a mystic mountain-land  
 Day seems to cling yet with a trembling hand  
 And yielding heart reluctant to recede,  
 So, till her soul was clothed with night re-  
 deed,  
 Rose the slow cloud of evilous will within  
 And hardening her that held herself no sin,  
 Veiled heads of vision, eyes of evil gleam,  
 Dim thought on thought, and deluding dream  
 on dream.  
 Far off she saw a spirit, and seeing abhorred,  
 The likeness wrought on darkness of her  
 lord  
 Shine, and the imperial scabbard on his  
 side  
 Whose shadow from her seat cast down the  
 bride,  
 Whose power and ghostly presence thrust her  
 forth ;  
 Beside that unknown other so far north  
 She saw the n, clearer than in present sight  
 Rose on her eyes the starry shadow of night ;  
 And on her heart that heaved with gathering  
 fate  
 Rose red with stern the curlew's shadow of  
 hate ;  
 And eyes and heart made one with surge and  
 swell  
 The fires of sunset like the fires of hell.

As though God's wrath would burn up sin  
 with shame,  
 The incense-red gold of deepening heaven  
 grew flamer;  
 The sweet green spaces of the soft low sky  
 faded, as fields that withering wind leaves  
 dry;  
 The sea's was like a doomsman's bleeding  
 breath  
 From his salom with ravenous lust of death,  
 A night like desolation, aubine-darken,  
 Above the great wined girth of Jofous God  
 Spread forth its wide sad strength of shadow  
 and gloom  
 Wherein these twain were compassed round  
 with doom;  
 Hell from beneath called on them, and she  
 heard  
 Re-berate judgment in the wind's wail  
 Cry, till the sole sound of their names that  
 rang  
 Clove all the summit with a clarion's clang,  
 And clouds to clouds and flames to clattering  
 flames  
 Beat back the dark noise of the dirful name,  
 Fear and strong exultation caught her breath,  
 And triumph like the bitterness of death,  
 And rapture like the rage of hate allayed  
 With ruin and ruin that its might hath  
 made;  
 And her heart swelled and strained itself to  
 hear  
 What may be heard of no man's hungering  
 ear,  
 And as a soul that cleaves in twain for drouth  
 Thirsted for judgment given of God's own  
 mouth  
 Against them, till the strength of dark desire  
 Was in her as a flame of hell's own fire,  
 Nor seemed the wrath which held her spirit  
 in stress  
 Aught else or worse than passionate holiness  
 Nor the ardent hate which called on ju-  
 ment's rod  
 More hateful than the righteousness of God,  
 How long, till thou do justice, and my wrong  
 Stand expiate? O long-suffering judge, how  
 long?  
 Shalt thou not put him in mine hand one day  
 Whom I so loved, to spare not but to slay?  
 Shalt thou not cast her down for me to tread,  
 Me, on the pile pride of her humbled he?  
 Do I not weep, being angry? doth not hell  
 Requie them? yea, thou knowest that I do  
 well.

Is it thy seal there set of bloodred light  
 For witness on the brows of day and night?  
 Who shall unseal it? what shall melt away  
 Thy signet from the doors of night and day?  
 No woman's strength of any spirit above,  
 No prayer, nor ardours of adulterous love,  
 From any God, the strong lord over body and  
 soul;  
 Hast thou not in the terrors of thy scroll  
 All names of all men written as with fire?  
 I bring only breath bids time and space re-  
 pire;  
 And are not all things evil in thee done  
 More clear in thine eyes than in the sun?  
 Hast thou not sight stretched wide enough to  
 see  
 These things offend it, these offend me?  
 Is thine man shortened or the land struck  
 dead?  
 As punishment have thy brows not strength to  
 frown?  
 Are thine eyes blind with film of withering  
 age?  
 Burns not thine heart with righteousness of  
 rage?  
 Yet, what thou dost rancour toward thy foes  
 Retribution of sin? Time should close,  
 Thou and earth and earth fade as a leaf grows  
 grey,  
 Ere our world said of thine should pass away,  
 Was this then not thy word, thou God most  
 high,  
 That sin shall surely bring forth death and  
 die,  
 Seeing how these twain live and have joy of  
 life,  
 His habit and the man that made her wife  
 For is it I, perchance, I that have sinned?  
 Me, peradventure, should thy wasting wind  
 Smite, and thy sun black, and thy storms de-  
 vour  
 Me with keen fangs of lightning? should thy  
 power  
 Put forth on me the weight of its awakening  
 hour?  
 Shall I that bear this burden bear that  
 Of judgment? Is my sin a rain-steege?  
 If all my heart a pain that thou burn with  
 hate?  
 Thine, and not mine, should I hate be? nay,  
 I am  
 I have spoiled and scoffed at, who can  
 reach not thee  
 Me, nae, the fullness of their joy drains dry,  
 Thy fruitfulness makes barren; thou, not I,

Lord, is it, whom their wrongdoing clothes  
 with shame,  
 That all who speak foot tongues out at thy  
 name  
 As all who hear mock mine? Make me thy  
 sword  
 At least, if even thou too be wrong'd, O Lord,  
 A fall of these that wrong me: make mine  
 hand  
 A lightning, or my tongue a fiery brand,  
 For him or smite them with thy wrath: hold,  
 hold,  
 I have nought on earth save thee for hope or  
 hold,  
 Till me not thou: I have nought but this to  
 crave,  
 Make me thy mean to give them to the  
 grave,  
 Thy sign that all men seeing may speak thee  
 just,  
 Thy word which turns the strengths of sin to  
 dust,  
 Thy blast which burns up towers and thrones  
 with fire.  
 Lord, is this gift, this grace that I require,  
 So great a gift, Lord, for thy grace to give  
 And bid me bear thy part retributive?  
 That I whom scorn makes mouths at, I  
 might be  
 Thy witness if loud sinners mock at thee?  
 For lo, my life is as a barren ear  
 Plucked from the sheaf: dark days drive past  
 me here  
 Down-trodden, while J's's' capers pile their  
 sheaves,  
 A thing more vile than autumn's weariest  
 leaves,  
 For these the sun-filled once with sap of  
 life,  
 O thou my lord that hadst me to thy wife,  
 Dost thou not fear at all, remembering me,  
 The love that bowed my whole soul down to  
 thee?  
 Is this so wholly nought for man to dread,  
 Whose life walks between the quick and  
 dead,  
 Scaed, and warred about with wind and  
 sea,  
 That one should love and hate as I do  
 thee?  
 That one should live in all the world his foe  
 so mortal as the hate that loves him?  
 Nought is it nought, O husband, O my  
 knight,  
 O strong man, and indomitable in fight,  
 That one more weak than foam-bells on the  
 sea  
 Should have in heart such thoughts as I of  
 thee?  
 Thou art bound about with stately strengths  
 for hand:  
 What strength shall keep thee from any  
 strengthless hands?  
 Thou art girt about with goodly guards and  
 great:  
 What loss may fence thee round as deep as  
 hate?  
 Thou art wise: will wisdom teach thee fear  
 of me?  
 Thou art great of heart: shall this deliver  
 thee?  
 What wall so massive, what tower so  
 high,  
 Shall be thy surety that thou shouldst not  
 die,  
 If that which comes against thee be but I?  
 Who shall rise up of power to take thy part,  
 What skill and strength to save, what strength  
 find art,  
 If that which wars against thee be my  
 heart?  
 Not iron, nor the might of force and shield,  
 Nor edge of sword, nor sheltering weight of  
 shield,  
 Nor all thy fame since all thy praise began,  
 Nor all the love and land thou hast of man,  
 Nor, though his noiseless hours with wool be  
 laden,  
 Shall God's I we keep thee from the wrath of  
 God,  
 O son of sorrows, but thou saidst at birth,  
 Happy, God loves thee, God shall love thy  
 pain,  
 Who hath all these years endured thee, since  
 thy birth  
 From sorrow's woeable side sin he born on  
 earth?  
 So long he hath cast his buckler over thee,  
 Shall he not surely guard thee even from me?  
 Yea, but if yet he give thee while I live  
 For mine hands: he shall surely give,  
 Ere death at last bring darkness on thy  
 face,  
 Call then on him, call not on me for grace,  
 Cast not away one prayer, one suppliant  
 breath,  
 On me that commaune all this while with  
 death,  
 For I that was not and that was thy wife  
 Desire not but one hour of all thy life



Woe can't triumph till that hour be past :  
 For when the hour is past, for is thy lust,  
 'S my uncle said, 'Till the morn in sea and sky  
 Serk, and the north-west wind spake harsh on  
 myn,

And like the sea's heart waxed her heart that  
 heard,  
 Strong, dark, and bitter, till the keen wind's  
 Seemed of her own soul spoke, and the breath  
 All round her not of darkness, but of death.

## VII.

## THE LAST PILGRIMAGE.

Enough of rain, O Love, enough of light,  
 Enough of night before the shadow of night,  
 O Love, whose death-mind feebler ;  
 Like Love,

When time discrowns in season, seeing thy  
 dove

Smell of kinnibee the meron ; for thy sake  
 These that saw light see night - dawn only  
 break,

Nights, till I'll up with slumber, whence  
 meethink [to drink]

The night more dread than thine was dre  
 O Love, by day - its drink, hope and tear  
 Call for the smiling stem as hath stands  
 I say,

Thy love these, cold with fear or hope  
 Or when the gate of fate drink's sake,

Or when the loss of love's desire is bred :  
 O Love, grace of thy boys in joyous Cor  
 O Love, like a cloud the westering sun stains  
 and

Thy love's light of day's life heart be held  
 And all night's heart be quibbled ; in their  
 eyes

So when I'll see those far memorial skies,  
 And when I'll see those far memorial seas,

And when I'll see those far memorial things to be  
 And when I'll see those far memorial things to be  
 What would I'll see those far memorial things to be  
 bell-blow,

Dial, all the company days whose wave  
 bell-blow,

Change, all the company days whose wave  
 bell-blow,

Change, all the company days whose wave  
 bell-blow,

Change, all the company days whose wave  
 bell-blow,

Change, all the company days whose wave  
 bell-blow,

And autumn bade the imperial moorlands  
 change

Their purples, and the bracken's bloom  
 strange

As hope's green blossom touched with time's  
 harsh rust,

Was all their joy of life shaken to dust,  
 And all its fires made ashes : by the strand

Where late they strayed and communed hand  
 from hand

For the last time fell separate, eyes of eyes  
 Took for the last time leave, and saw the skies

Dark with their deep division. The last  
 time—

The last that ever love's rekindling rhyme  
 should keep for them life's days and nights in  
 time

With reflux of the morning and the moon  
 Alternative in music, and make one

The secrets of the stardawn and the sun  
 For these twain souls ere darkness held them  
 fast :

The last before the labour marked for last  
 And toil of utmost knighthood, till the wage

Of rest - night crown his crowning pilgrimage  
 Whereon forth faring must he take farewell,

With spear for staff and sword for scallop  
 shell

And scrip wherein close memory hoard'd yet  
 Things holier held than death might well for-  
 get :

The last time ere the travel were begun  
 Whose goal is un beholden of the sun,

The last wherewith love's eyes might yet be lit,  
 Gann, and they could but dream they knew  
 not it,

For Tristram parting from her wist at heart  
 How well she wist they might not choose but  
 part,

And he pass forth a pilgrim, when there came  
 A sound of summons in the high king's name  
 For succour toward his vassal Triamour,  
 King in wild Wales, now spoiled of all his  
 power,  
 As Tristram's father ere his fair son's birth,  
 By one the strongest of the sons of earth,  
 Urgan, an iron-bulk'd giant mould;  
 And Isenlt in Tristram's arms of old  
 That crowned with hate and sorrow; for her  
 lord  
 At Arthur's hand required her back restored,  
 And willingly compelled against her will  
 She yielded, saying within her own soul still  
 Some season yet of soft or warmer breath  
 Should haply give her life again or death;  
 For now nor quick nor dead nor bright nor  
 dark  
 Were all her nights and days wherein King  
 Mark  
 Held haggard watch upon her, and his eyes  
 Were cloudier than the gradual wintering  
 skies  
 That closed about the wan wild land and sea,  
 And bitter toward him waxed her heart; but  
 he  
 Was rent in twain betwixt harsh love and hate  
 With pain and passion half compassionate  
 That yearned and laboured to be quit of  
 shame,  
 And could not; and his life grew smouldering  
 flame,  
 And hers a cloud full-charged with storm and  
 shower,  
 Though touched with trembling gleams of  
 fire's bright flower  
 That flashed and faded on its fitful verge,  
 As hope would strive with darkness and  
 emerge  
 And sink, a swimmer strangled by the swal-  
 lowing surge.  
 But Tristram by dense hills and deepening  
 vales  
 Rode through the wild glad wastes of glorious  
 Wales,  
 High-hearted with desire of happy fight  
 And strong in soul with merrier sense of  
 might  
 Than since the fair first years that hailed him  
 knight;  
 For all his will was toward the war, so long  
 Had love repressed and wrought his glory  
 wrong,  
 So far the triumph and so fair the praise  
 Seemed now that kindled all his April days.

And here in bright-flown autumn, white-lil-  
 lie  
 Was summer's yet for strength toward love or  
 war,  
 Blithely waxed his hope toward battle, and high  
 desire  
 To pluck one more as out of circling fire  
 From the frail flower whose breath makes  
 death more sweet  
 Than roses crushed by love's receding feet,  
 But all the lovely land wherein he went  
 The blast of ruin and ravenous war had rent;  
 And black with fire the fields where home-  
 steads were,  
 And foul with festering dead the high soft air,  
 And loud with wail of women many a stream  
 Whose own live-song was like love's deepening  
 dream,  
 Spoke all against the spoiler; wherefore still  
 Wrath waxed with pity, quickening all his  
 will,  
 In Tristram's heart for every league he rode  
 Through the aching land so broad a curse la-  
 strode  
 With so supreme a shadow: till one dawn,  
 Above the green bloom of a gleaming lawn,  
 High on the strait steep windy bridge that  
 spanned  
 A glen's deep mouth, he saw that shadow  
 stand  
 Visible, sword on thigh and mace in hand  
 Vast as the mid-bulk of a root-tree's beam,  
 So, sheer above the wild wolf-haunted stream,  
 Dire as the face disfeatured of a dream,  
 Rose Urgan; and his eyes were right and  
 flame;  
 But like the very dawn were his that came  
 Against Tristram, lit with more godlike desire  
 Than lifts toward heaven the leaping heart of  
 fire.  
 And strong in vantage of his perilous place  
 The huge high presence, red as earth's first  
 race,  
 Reared like a reed the might up of his mace  
 And smote; but lightly Tristram swerved,  
 and drove  
 Right in on him, whose void stroke only clove  
 Air, and fell wide, thundering athwart; and he  
 Sent forth a stormier cry than wind or sea  
 When midnight takes the tempest for her  
 lord;  
 And all the glen's throat seemed as hell's that  
 roared;  
 But high like heaven's light over hell shone  
 Tristram's sword,

Falling, and bright as storm shows God's bare  
brand  
Flashed as it shore-sleer off the huge right  
hand  
Whose strength was as the shadow of death  
on all that land,  
And like the trunk of some green tree sawn  
through  
Reeled Urgan, as his left hand grasped and  
drew  
A steel by sorcerers tempered and anew  
Raged the red wind of fluctuant light, till  
all  
The cliffs were thrilled as by the clangorous  
call  
Of storm's blown trumpets from the core of  
night,  
Charging; and even as with the storm-wind's  
might  
On Tristram's helm that sword crashed; and  
the knight  
Fell, and his arms clashed, and a will cry  
broke  
From those far off that heard it, for his sake  
Soul-stricken: and that bulk of monstrous  
birth  
Sent forth again a cry more dire for mirth:  
But ere the sundrigh t'arns were soiled of  
earth  
They flashed again, re-risen, and swift and  
loud  
Rang the strokes out as from a circling cloud,  
So dense the dust wrought over them its  
drifted shroud,  
Strong strokes, within the night their battle  
made,  
Each balled on other through the shifting  
shole  
That clang about them hurthing as the swift  
light swayed:  
And each between the jointed coslet saw  
break forth his foe's bright blood at each gain  
blow  
Steel made in hammered iron: till again  
the bend put forth his might more strong for  
pain  
And cleft the great knight's glittering shield  
in twain,  
Laughing for very wrath and thirst to kill,  
A bear's broad laugh of blind and wolfish  
will,  
And smote again ere Tristram's lips drew  
breath  
Panting, and swept as by the sense of  
death,  
That surely should have touched and sealed  
them fast  
Save that the sheer stroke shrilled aside, and  
passed  
Frustrate: but answering Tristram smote  
anew,  
And thrust the brute breast as with lightning  
through  
Clean with one cleaving stroke of perfect  
might,  
And violently the vast bulk leapt upright,  
And plunged over the bridge, and fell: and  
all  
The cliffs reverberate from his monstrous fall  
Rang, and the land by Tristram's grace was  
free,  
So with high laud and honour thence went he,  
And southward set his sail again, and passed  
The lone land's ending, first beheld and last  
Of eyes that look on England from the sea:  
And his heart mourned within him, knowing  
how she  
Whose heart with his was fatefully made for  
Sat now fast bound, as though some charm  
were cast  
About her, such a brief pace eastward  
thence,  
And yet might soul not break the bonds of  
sense  
And bring her to him in very life and breath,  
More than had this been even the serf of death  
That washed between them, and its wide  
sweet light  
The dim strait's darkness of the narrowing  
night  
That shunts about men dying whose souls put  
forth  
To pierce its passage through; but southward  
north  
Like for him were other than they were:  
For all the northward coast done smooth and  
fair,  
And off its iron cliffs the loose, cold air  
Blew summer, kindling from her mute bright  
mouth;  
But winter breathed out of the murmuring  
south,  
Where, pale with wistful watch on passing  
ships,  
The lone wife lay in wait with wadumb lips,  
Yet, sailing where the shoreward ripple  
ended  
Of the most wad-sweet waves in all the world,  
His soul took comfort even for joy to see  
The strong deep joy of living sun and sea,

The large deep love of living sea and land,  
 As past the lonely lion-guarded strand  
 Where that huge warder lifts his couchant  
 sides,  
 Asleep, above the sleepless lapse of tides,  
 The light sail swept, and past — unsounded  
 caves  
 Inseparable, wherein the pulse of waves  
 Flrobs through perpetual darkness to and  
 fro,  
 And the blind night swims heavily below  
 While heavily the strong noon broods above,  
 Even to the very bay whence very Love,  
 Strong daughter of the giant gods who  
 wrought  
 Sun, earth, and sea out of their procreant  
 thought,  
 Most meetly might have risen, and most  
 divine  
 Beheld and heard things round her sound  
 and shine  
 From floors of foam and gold to walls of  
 serpentine,  
 For splendid as the limbs of that supreme  
 incarnate beauty through men's visions gleam,  
 Whereof all fairest things are even but  
 shadow or dream,  
 And lovely like as Love's own heavenliest  
 face,  
 Gleans there and glows the presence and the  
 grace  
 Even of the mother of all, in perfect pride of  
 place.  
 For otherwhere beneath our world-wide sky  
 There may not be beheld of men that die  
 Aught else like this that dies not, nor may  
 stress  
 Of ages that bow down men's works make less  
 The exultant awe that clothes with power its  
 loveliness,  
 For who sets eye thereon soever knows  
 How since these rocks and waves first rolled  
 and rose  
 The marvel of their many-coloured might  
 Hath borne this record sensible to sight,  
 The witness and the symbol of their own  
 delight,  
 The gospel graven of life's most heavenly law,  
 Joy, brooding on its own still soul with awe,  
 A sense of godlike rest in godlike strife,  
 The sovereign conscience of the spirit of life,  
 Nor otherwhere on strand or mountain tower  
 Hath such fair beauty shining forth in flower  
 Put on the imperial robe of such imperious  
 power.

For all the radiant rocks from depth to height  
 Burn with vast bloom of glories blossom  
 bright  
 As though the sun's own hand had thrilled  
 them through with light  
 And stained them through with splendour;  
 yet from thence  
 Such awe strikes rapture through the spirit of  
 sense  
 From all the inaccessible sea-wall's girth,  
 That exultation, bright at heart as mirth,  
 Bows deeper down before the beauty of earth  
 Than fear may bow down ever; nor shall one  
 Who meets at Alpine dawn the mountingsun  
 On heights too high for many a wing to climb  
 Be touched with sense of aught seen more  
 sublime  
 Than here smiles high and sweet in face of  
 heaven and time.  
 For here the flower of fire, the soft hoar bloom  
 Of springtide olive-woods, the warm green  
 gloom  
 Of clouded seas that swell and sound with  
 dawn of doom,  
 The keen thwart lightning and the wan grey  
 light  
 Of stormy sunrise crossed and vexed with  
 night,  
 Flash, loom, and laugh with divers hues in  
 one  
 From all the curved cliff's face, till day be done,  
 Against the sea's face and the gazing sun,  
 And whensoever a strong wave, high in hope,  
 Sweeps up some smooth slant breadth of  
 stone as-lope,  
 That glowed with duskiest fire of hues less  
 bright,  
 Swift as it sweeps back springs to sudden sight  
 The splendour of the moist rock's fervent  
 light,  
 Fresh as from dew of birth when time was  
 born  
 Out of the world-conceiving womb of morn,  
 All its quenched flames and darkling hues  
 divine  
 Leap into lustrous life and laugh and shine  
 And darken into swift and dim decline  
 For one brief breath's space till the next wave  
 run  
 Right up, and ripple down again, undone,  
 And leave it to be kissed and kindled of the  
 sun,  
 And all these things, bright as they shone  
 before  
 Man first set foot on earth or sail from shore,

Rose not less red at the sun's setting  
 When the autumn sea was driven out  
 From the strait's prow,  
 And strong in sorrow and hope, for I would have  
 That hope might move not that I might not have  
 He held his way back to ward the westward  
 shore  
 'Whence he should come to look on me no  
 more,  
 Nor ever, save with a sickly smile of hope,  
 Sail home to sleep in peace on his bed of rest,  
 And all these things not fleet as light or  
 breath  
 Past, and his heart waxed cold and dull as  
 death,  
 Or swelled but as the tides of sorrow swell,  
 To sink with sullen sense of slow farewell,  
 So surely seemed the silence even to sigh  
 Assurance of inveterate prophecy,  
 'Thou shalt not come again home hither ere  
 thou die.'  
 And the wind mourned and triumphed, and  
 the sea  
 Wailed and took heart and trembled, nor  
 might he  
 Hear more of comfort in their speech, or see  
 More certitude in all the wate world's tongue,  
 Than the only certitude of death and change,  
 And as the sense and semblance fluctuated  
 Of all things heard and seen alive or dead  
 That smote far off upon his ears or eyes  
 Or memory mixed with fanciful aims to rise  
 And fancies faint as ghostly prophecies,  
 So seemed his own soul, changefully forlorn,  
 To shrink and triumph and moan up and  
 mourn,  
 Yet all its fitful waters, clothed with night,  
 Lost heart not wholly, lacked not wholly light,  
 Seeing over life and death one firm sight,  
 Where evening's gates as fair as morning's ope,  
 Whose name was memory, but whose flame  
 was hope,  
 For all the tides of thought that rose and sank  
 Felt its fair strength wherewith strong sorrow  
 shrank  
 A mightier trust than time could change or  
 cloy,  
 More strong than sorrow, more secure than  
 joy,  
 So came he, nor content nor all unblest,  
 Back to the grey obit land of Meriin's rest,  
 But ere six paces forth on shore he trod  
 Before him stood a knight with feet unshod,  
 And kneeling called upon him, as on God

And thus he said, 'I for pay, praying aloud  
 With hands held up and head more bare and  
 low I,  
 I pray thee, for God's love and thine own dear  
 love,  
 I pray thee that thou come with thee in name  
 To look on me, and with thy presence cheer me—  
 Me, who would mean of all that they not die  
 I pray thee, and the heaven's scourge of  
 shame,  
 I pray thee thy glory done our world name  
 I pray thee, called of all men gentlest:  
 I pray thee, slow to do me wrong, or wrong  
 I pray thee, for thy sake, look through this  
 land,  
 I pray thee by thine own wife's fair white  
 hand,  
 Bids pity of me whoe love is borne away  
 Pity of that milk of poor man's lives is  
 prey,  
 A bold man, shod with knight-hood: at his side  
 Seven brethren with him, night or day to ride  
 With seven knights more than wait on all his  
 will;  
 And here at hand, every day fulfil  
 Pursuit through light and darkness, shall  
 they fare  
 Death, and my bride among them, whom they  
 bear  
 Though these wild lands his prisoner; and if  
 now  
 I be a her, and my prayer be vain, and thou  
 I be a sin to serve love's servant, than of yore,  
 Then surely shall I see her face no more,  
 But if thou wilt, for love's sake of the bride  
 Whoe lay most love of women at thy side,  
 Stride with me, straight then hence behoves  
 us ride  
 And rest between the moor-side and the sea  
 Where we may smite thine passing; but for  
 me  
 Poor stranger, me not worthy scarce to touch  
 Thy kind strong hand, how shouldst thou do  
 so much?  
 For now lone left this long time waits thy  
 wife  
 And lacks her lead and light of wedded life  
 Whilst thou farest out famous; yet thy fame,  
 If thou take pity on me that bear thy name  
 Unworthily, but by thine name implore  
 Thy grace, how shall not even thy fame grow  
 more?  
 But be thy will as God's among us done,  
 Who art far in fame above us as the sun:

Yet only of him have all mercies and grace;  
 And all the lordly light of Tristram's face  
 Was softened as the sun's in kindly sorrow;  
 'Nay, then may God send me a evil thing,  
 When I give ear not to such prayers,' he said,  
 'And make my place among the nards and  
 dead.'  
 When I put back one hour the time to smite,  
 And do the unrighteous griefs of good men  
 right,  
 I had I, I will not enter in a rest  
 if be in mine own halls till two piteous quest  
 had end ere noon to-morrow: but do thou  
 Whose sister's face I may not look on  
 ere Ganhardine, with tidings of the yow,  
 That bids me turn aside for one day's  
 Or live dishonoured all my days of life,  
 And greet for me in brother's wise  
 and crave her pardon that for knight-  
 sake  
 And womanhood's, whose hands may  
 break  
 And keep the hands of bounden bond-  
 Look not her till two nights yet  
 And this my quest accomplish'd,  
 please  
 To me to give this young man's anguish  
 And on his wrongdoer's head his woe  
 quite.'  
 And Tristram with that woful  
 knight  
 Took by the seaside moor and waste  
 between the quickening night and  
 day  
 Ere half the gathering star had  
 shine,  
 And lightly toward his sister Gan-  
 hardine, where she sat and gazed on  
 the water,  
 And we the grey sea for the sun's  
 And lightly kissed her hand and  
 the tidings of that quest for knight-  
 hood's  
 And the white-headed Iscariot, bowing  
 head,  
 Glanced on him with a glance athwart,  
 and  
 'As God's on earth and far above the sun,  
 toward his handmaid be my lord's will  
 done.'  
 And doubts too dim to question or divine  
 touched as with shade the spirit of Gan-  
 hardine,  
 Hearing; and scarce for half a doubtful  
 breath  
 His bright light heart held half a thought of  
 death  
 And he, from whence this darkling thought  
 had  
 But sur- at his sister's work: for she  
 Was ever sweet and good as summer air,  
 And soft as dew when all the night is far,  
 And grace as the golden maiden moon  
 When dawn doth give her blessing: so full  
 soon  
 His mind yet light as on a leaping wave,  
 Nor dreamed that he was like a field of  
 gaves  
 When no man's foot dare swerve to left or  
 right,  
 Ere dawn had taken, nor dares eye take  
 and murmur there at  
 whose at morn their  
 the brightly name-  
 and sleepless, one  
 out as the sun  
 of flame and light:  
 to warm the wan  
 A wide windy light  
 and his ear  
 had his heart to  
 till dawn  
 the lawn  
 and the pines are  
 her in autumn come  
 but ere day  
 smote the bounding  
 length of the dark East, and  
 the waters as they shook,  
 and east  
 with great glad blast,  
 of morning, and with  
 passion, as a boy  
 to wrestle with the sea  
 For pure heart's gladness and large ecstasy,  
 Upon the thought of Tristram; and his  
 soul  
 Vexed for delight within him, and waxed  
 whole  
 As a young child's with rapture of the hour  
 That brought his spirit and all the world to  
 flower,

And all the bright blood in his veins he'd time  
 To the wind, to rain, and to the water's rhyme.  
 That called for a noble fall, and he'd stand  
 On the sand's verge before the grey-green  
 flood  
 When the white lurching heads of wave that  
 met  
 Pass unadvised of the sand's cry.  
 And from his heart, not outward, shot the  
 sweet  
 Strong joy that'd come from the hand and  
 feet,  
 Filling his limbs with pleasure and glad  
 might,  
 And he'd out-drink the fancies of a child's  
 delight  
 That earth drinks in with morning, and the  
 free  
 Emerald's love that hits the string sea.  
 When on her bare bright loom as a  
 bride  
 She takes the young sun, perfect in his  
 pride,  
 Home to his place with passion; and the  
 heart  
 Trembled for joy within the man whose part  
 Was here, not left in living, and his mind  
 Was rapt abroad beyond man's meaner  
 kind,  
 And pierced with love of all things; and with  
 mirth  
 Moved to make one with heaven and heaven-  
 like  
 earth  
 And with the light like water. So while  
 He watched the dunes set with a deepening  
 smile,  
 And felt the sound and savour and  
 wild flight  
 Of waves that had been all the being  
 night  
 And died before the darkness, like a song  
 With harps between and trumpets blown  
 along  
 Through the loud air of some triumphant  
 day,  
 Sank through his spirit and purge all sense  
 away  
 Save of the glorious gladness of his hour  
 And all the world about to break in  
 flower  
 Before the sovereign laughter of the sun;  
 And he, ere night's wide work lay all  
 undone,  
 As earth from her bright body casts off  
 night,  
 Cast off his raiment for a rapturous  
 light  
 And stood between the sea's edge and the  
 sea  
 Naked, and god-like of his mood as he  
 Whose swift foot's sound shook all the  
 towers  
 of Troy;  
 So clothed with might, so girt upon with  
 joy,  
 As, ere the knife had shown to feel the  
 fire  
 His glorious hair before the unkindled  
 pyre  
 Whereon the half of his great heart was  
 laid,  
 Stood, in the light of his five limbs  
 arrayed,  
 Child of Earth, earth and heavenly  
 sea,  
 The flower of all men's race, his  
 bright  
 than he,  
 If any of all men better-born might  
 stand,  
 'Tis good, 'tis true, silent, on the  
 glimmering,  
 strand,  
 Not loquacious but with a cry of love  
 that rang  
 As from a trumpet, bold-mouthed,  
 he'd  
 As toward a mother's, where his head  
 might  
 rest  
 Her child rejoicing, toward the  
 strong sea's  
 breast  
 That none may gild nor measure; and  
 his  
 heart  
 set forth a shout that bode his  
 lips not part,  
 But truing held in him, clear, no  
 man's voice,  
 No cry, no sound of clamour, that  
 rejoice,  
 Can set that glory forth which fills  
 with fire  
 The body and soul that have their  
 whole  
 desire  
 Silent, and freer than birds or  
 dreams are free  
 Take all their will of all the  
 encountering sea  
 And toward the form he bent and  
 forward  
 snote,  
 Laughing, and launched his body  
 like a boat  
 Full to the sea-breach, and again  
 't the tide  
 Struck strongly forth with  
 amorous arms-made  
 wide  
 To take the bright breast of the  
 wave to his  
 And on his lips the sharp sweet  
 minute's kiss  
 Given of the wave's lip for a  
 breath's space  
 curled  
 And pure as at the daydawn of the  
 world,  
 And found him all the bright  
 rough  
 shuddering  
 sea  
 Kindled though the world were  
 even as  
 he,  
 Heart-stung with exultation of  
 desire;  
 And all the life that moved him  
 seemed to  
 aspire,  
 As all the sea's life toward the  
 sun; and still  
 Delight within him waxed with  
 quickening  
 will  
 More smooth and strong and  
 perfect as a  
 flame  
 That springs and spreads, till  
 each glad limb  
 became  
 A note of rapture in the time of  
 life,  
 Live music mild and keen as  
 sleep and strife;  
 Till the sweet change that bids the  
 sense grow  
 sure  
 Of deeper depth and purity  
 more pure  
 Wrapped him and lapped him  
 round with  
 clearer cold,  
 And all the rippling green grew  
 royal gold

Between him and the firm, and rising rim,  
 And like the sun his heart rejoiced in him,  
 And his hearted with a broadening flame of  
 laugh,  
 And hardly remoted life a part of earth,  
 For the life kindled of a fiery birth  
 And passion of a new-begetten son  
 Between the live sea and the living sun,  
 And mightier grew the joy to meet full faced  
 Each wave, and mount with upward plunge,  
 and taste  
 The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross  
 Its flickering crown of snows that flash and  
 toss  
 Like flames in battle's blithest charge, and  
 thence  
 To watch the next with yet more strenuous  
 eyes  
 As eyes the light beat hard and bade  
 face turn west and shoreward through  
 the glad  
 salt revel of the waters golden-lad,  
 And back with high reluctant heart he bore  
 Across the broad-backed rollers in to shore;  
 Strong-spirited for the chance and cheer of  
 fight,  
 And doimed his arms again, and felt the  
 might  
 In all his limbs rejoice for strength, and  
 praised  
 God for such life as that whereon he gazed,  
 And wist not surely its joy was even as fleet  
 As that which laughed and lapsed against his  
 feet,  
 The bright thin grey foam-blossom, glad and  
 hoar,  
 That flings its flower along the flowerless  
 shore  
 On sand or shingle, and still with sweet  
 strange snows,  
 As where one great white storm-dishevelled  
 rose  
 May rain her wild leaves on a windy land,  
 strews for long leagues the sounding slope of  
 strand,  
 And flower on flower falls flashing, and anew  
 A fresh light leaps up where the last flash  
 flew,  
 And cast its brief glad gleam of life away  
 To fade not flowerwise but as drops the day  
 Storm-smitten, when at once the dark devours  
 Heaven and the sea and earth with all their  
 flowers;  
 As flowers of heaven, on earth no rose to see,  
 As the white blown brief blossoms of the sea,

that make her green bloom starker than the  
 sky,  
 Dance yet before the tanager's time, and die,  
 And all these things be glided upon, and  
 knew  
 How far they shone, from earth's least flake  
 of dew  
 To track the clouds and fumes of the skies,  
 Unwittingly, with unpragmatic eyes,  
 For the last time. The world's hill heavenly  
 face,  
 The music of the silence of the place,  
 The confluence and the reflux of the sea,  
 The wind's note ringing over wold and lea,  
 swoot once more through him keen as his  
 that snote,  
 Rang once more through him one reverberate  
 note,  
 That faded as he turned again and went,  
 Fulfilled by strenuous joy with being content,  
 To take his last delight of labour done  
 That yet should be beholden of the sun  
 Or ever give him comfort of his land,  
 Beside a wood's edge in the broken land  
 An hour at wait the twain together stood,  
 Still swift between the moor-side and the  
 wood  
 Flashed the spears forward of the coming  
 train;  
 And seeing he like the strong chief-poiler's  
 rein  
 His wan love riding prisoner in the crew,  
 Forth with a cry the young man leapt, and  
 flew  
 Right on that felon sudden as a flame;  
 And hard at hand the mightier Tristram  
 came,  
 Bright as the sun and terrible as fire;  
 And there had sword and spear their soul's  
 desire,  
 And blood that quenched the spear's thirst as  
 it poured  
 Slaked royally the hunger of the sword,  
 Fill the fierce heart of steel could scarce  
 fulfil  
 Its greed and ravin of insatiate will.  
 For three the fiery spear of Tristram drove  
 Down ere a peat of theirs his harness clove  
 Or its own sheer mid shaft splintered in twain;  
 And his heart bounded in him, and was fain  
 As fire or wind that takes its fill by night  
 Of tempest and of triumph; so the knight  
 Rejoiced and ranged among them, great of  
 hand,  
 Till seven lay slain upon the heathery sand



Or in the dense breadth of the woodside fern,  
Nor did his heart not for him burn  
Seeing of his hand that strong knight fallen,  
And high  
The red sword reared up that bade him die,  
But on the fayer exulting like the flame  
Whose foot for shine that slayer Tristram  
Gave  
Ringing for piteous wails had made him fire;  
And as a lions look his face was dire,  
That flashed again that came on the sword  
Lightened, and sought the lions will of lord,  
And clove through casque and crown the  
wrongdoer's head,  
And right and left about the dark chief dead  
Hurl'd and hurled those felons to and fro,  
Till a storm-wind scatters leaves and snow  
His right hand raving scattered them; but  
One  
That fled with side-long glance athwart the sun  
Shot, and the shaft flew sure, and smote  
midnight,  
Fell in the wound's print of his great spear-point  
When at his young strength's peril he made  
free  
Cornwall, and slew beside his bed the  
villain  
The fair lady's foe, who yielding up his  
breath  
Yet left him wounded nigh to dark slow death,  
And hardly with long toil the one was won  
From  
By on the grey moor and the glimmering  
foam,  
And halting faced through his own gate, and  
fell,  
Thirsting for as the sleepless fire of hell  
The fire within him of a wound again  
Burned, and his face was dark as death for  
pain,

And blind the blithe light of his eyes, but  
they  
Within that watched and wist not of the fray  
Came forth, and cried aloud on him for woe,  
And gave Tristram his thanks fell faint and slow  
As men reared up the strong man fallen and  
low  
Down the deep hall that looked along the  
shore,  
And laid him soft and low, and sought in vain  
If herb or hand of leech might heal his pain,  
And the white-handed Iscalt hearkening heard  
All, and drew nigh, and spoke no wisely word,  
But gazed upon him doubtfully, with eyes  
Cheer'd; and he in kindly knightly wise  
Spoke with scant breath, and smiling: 'Surely  
this  
I venture for thy courteous lips to kiss  
And feel the brand burn through them, here  
to be  
And lack the strength here to do more than  
sigh  
And hope not hence for pardon.' Then she  
bowed  
Her head, still silent as a stooping cloud,  
And laid her lips again to his face; and he  
Felt sink a shadow across him as the sea  
Might feel a cloud stoop toward it; and his  
heart  
Curled as one that wastes by sorcerous art  
And knows not whence it withers, and he  
turned  
Back from her emerald eyes his own, and  
yearned  
All night for eyes all golden; and the dark  
Hung sleep's round hood till the loud first  
lark  
Rang record forth once more of darkness done,  
And all things born took comfort from the sun.

## IX.

## THE SAILING OF THE SWAN.

FAD, that was by the sea-side, and the ship was  
made,  
The one that fills men's hearts with light and  
cheer,  
The power of the world's god, the High puts on  
All forms of multitudinous anison,  
A garment of emerald change inwrought  
'Wide' of sea and land, more softly spun than  
thought,  
Whereof the world's god, the High puts on  
And one deep chord throbs all the music  
through,

The chord of change unchanging, shadow and light  
 Inseparable as reverberate day from night ;  
 Fate, that of all things save the soul of man  
 Is laid and God since body and soul  
 began ;  
 Fate, that keeps all the tune of things in  
 chime ;  
 Fate, that breathes power upon the lips of  
 time ;  
 Fate smites and soothes with heavy and heal-  
 ing hand  
 All joy and sorrows born in life's dim land,  
 Till joy be found a shadow and sorrow a  
 breath  
 And life no discord in the time with death,  
 For all things fain anke to die and live  
 In pulse and lapse of tides alternative,  
 Through silence and through sound of peace  
 and strife,  
 Till birth and death be one in sight of life ;  
 Fate, heard and seen of no man's eyes or ears,  
 To no man shown through light of smiles or  
 tears,  
 And moved of no man's prayer to fold its  
 wings ;  
 Fate, that is night and light on worldly things ;  
 Fate, that is fire to burn and sea to drown,  
 Strength to build up and thunder to cast  
 down ;  
 Fate, shield and screen for each man's life-  
 long head,  
 And sword at last or dart that strikes it dead ;  
 Fate, higher than heaven and deeper than the  
 grave,  
 That saves and spares not, spares and doth  
 not save ;  
 Fate, that in gods' wise is not bought and  
 sold  
 For prayer or price of penitence or gold ;  
 Whose law shall live when life bids earth fare-  
 well,  
 Whose justice hath for shadows heaven and  
 hell ;  
 Whose judgment into no god's hand is given,  
 Not is its doom not more than hell or heaven ;  
 Fate, that is pure of love and clean of hate,  
 Being equal-eyed as nought may be but Fate ;  
 Through many and weary days of foiled desire  
 Leads life to rest where tears no more take  
 fire ;  
 Through many and weary dreams of quenched  
 delight  
 Leads life through death past sense of day  
 and night.

Nor shall they feel or fear, whose date is  
 done,  
 Aught that made once more dark the living  
 sun  
 And bitterer in their breathing lips the breath  
 Than the dark dawn and bitter dust of death,  
 For all the light, with fragrance as of flowers,  
 That clothes the lithe live limbs of separate  
 hours,  
 More sweet to savour and more clear to sight  
 Downs on the soul death's undivided night.  
 No vigil has that perfect night to keep,  
 No fever-fits of vision shake that sleep,  
 Nor if they wake, and any place there be  
 Wherein the soul may feel her wings beat free  
 Through air too clear and still for sound or  
 strife ;  
 If life were haply death, and death be life ;  
 If love with yet some lovelier laugh revive,  
 And song relume the light it bore alive,  
 And friendship, fount of all earth's gifts most  
 good,  
 Stand perfect in perpetual brotherhood ;  
 If aught indeed at all of all this be,  
 Though none might say nor any man might  
 see,  
 Might he that sees the shade thereof not say  
 This dream were trustier than the truth of  
 day,  
 Nor haply may not hope, with heart more  
 clear,  
 Burn deathward, and the doubtful soul take  
 cheer,  
 Seeing through the channelled darkness yearn  
 a star  
 Whose eyebeams are not as the morning's are,  
 Transient, and subjugate of lordlier light,  
 But all unconquerable by noon or night,  
 Being kindled only of life's own inmost fire,  
 Truth, stablished and made sure by strong  
 desire,  
 Fountain of all things living, source and  
 seed,  
 Force that perforce transfigures dream to  
 deed,  
 God that begets on time, the body of death,  
 Eternity ; nor may man's darkening breath,  
 Albeit it stain, disfigure or destroy  
 The glass wherein the soul sees life and joy  
 Only, with strength renewed and spirit of  
 youth,  
 And brighter than the sun's the body of Truth  
 Eternal, unimaginable of man,  
 Whose very face not thought's own eyes may  
 scan,

But see far off his radiant feet at least,  
 Trampling the hood of Fear, the false high  
 priest,  
 Whose broken chalice foams with blood no  
 more,  
 And prostrate on that high priest's chancel  
 floor,  
 Bruised, overthrown, blind, maimed, with  
 bloodless rod,  
 The miscreation of his merciful God,  
 That sovereign shadow cast of souls that dwell  
 In darkness and the prison-house of hell  
 Whose walls are built of deadly dread, and  
 bound  
 The gates thereof with dreams as iron round,  
 And all the bars therein and stanchions  
 wrought  
 Of shadow forged like steel and tempered  
 thought  
 And words like swords and thunder-clouded  
 creeds  
 And faiths more dire than sin's most direful  
 deeds :  
 That shade accursed and worshipped, which  
 hath made  
 The soul of man that brought it forth a shade  
 Black as the womb of darkness, void and vain,  
 A throne for fear, a pasturage for pain,  
 Impotent, abject, clothed upon with lies,  
 A foul blind fame of words and prayers that  
 rise,  
 Aghast and harsh, abhorrent and abhorred,  
 Fierce as its God, blood-sat mate of its lord ;  
 With loves and mercies on its lips that hiss  
 Comfort, and kill compassion with a kiss  
 And strike the world black with their everlasting  
 breath :  
 That ghost whose core of life is very death  
 And all its light of heaven a shadow on hell,  
 Fades, falls, wanes, withers by none other  
 spell  
 But theirs whose eyes and ears have seen and  
 heard  
 Not the face naked, not the perfect word  
 But the bright sound and feature felt from the  
 Of life which feeds the spirit and the star,  
 Thrills the live light of all the suns that roll,  
 And stirs the still sealed springs of every soul,  
 Three dim days through, three slumberless  
 nights long,  
 Perplexed at dawn, oppressed at evensong,  
 The strong man's soul now sealed indeed with  
 pain,  
 And all its springs half dried with drought,  
 had Iam

Prisoner within the fleshy dungeon-dress  
 Soe chafed and wated with its weariness,  
 And Iam it would have found the star, and  
 Iam  
 Made this lured prison-house of pain  
 A watch-tower whence his eyes might sweep,  
 and see  
 If any place for any hope might be  
 Beyond the hells and heavens of sleep and  
 strife,  
 Or my light at all of any life  
 Beyond the dense false darkness woven above,  
 And could not, lacking grace to look on love,  
 And in the third night's dying hour he spake,  
 Seeing since the seals that bound the day-  
 spring break  
 And since the daystar burn above the sea :  
 'O Ganharline, my brother true to me,  
 I charge thee by those nights and days we  
 knew  
 No great while since in England, by the dew  
 That bathed those nights with blessing, and  
 the fire  
 That thrilled those days as music thrills a lyre,  
 Do now for me perchance the last good deed  
 That ever love may crave or life may need  
 Ere love lay life in ashes : take to thee  
 My ship that shows aloft against the sea  
 Carved on her stem the semblance of a swan,  
 And ere the waves at even again wax wan  
 Pass, if it may be, to my lady's land,  
 And give this ring into her secret hand,  
 And bid her think how hard on death I lie,  
 And Iam would look upon her face and die.  
 But as a merchant's laden be the bark  
 With royal love for freightage, that King  
 Mark  
 May take for toll thereof some costly thing ;  
 And when this gift finds grace before the king,  
 Choose forth a cup, and put therein my ring,  
 Where surliest only of one it may be seen,  
 And bid her handmaid bear it to the queen  
 For earnest of thine homage : thou shall she  
 Fear, and take counsel privily with thee,  
 To know what errand there is thine from me  
 And what my need in secret of her sight.  
 But make thee two sails, one like sea-foam  
 white  
 To spread for signal if thou bring her back,  
 And if she come not see the sail be black,  
 That I may know or ever thou take land  
 If these my lips may die upon her hand  
 Or hers may never more be mixed with mine,  
 And his heart quailed for grief in Ganhar-  
 dine,

Hearing; and all his brother bade he swore  
Surely to do, and straight fare forth from  
shore.

But the white-handed Iscult hearkening heard  
All, and her heart waxed hot, and every word  
thereon seemed graven and printed in her  
thought

As lives with fire and molten iron wrought,  
And hard within her heavy heart she cursed  
his fate, and her life was turned to fiery thirst,  
And all her soul was hunger, and its life, like  
of hope and life a blast of raging death.

For only in hope of evil was her life,  
So bitter burned within the unchilled wife  
A vision lust for vengeance, and such hate  
brought in her now the fervent work of fate.

Then with a south-west wind the Swan set  
forth,

And over wintering waters bore to north,  
And round the wild land's windy westward  
end

Up the blown channel bade her bright way  
lead  
East on toward high Tintagel: where at dark  
Landing, fair welcome found they of King  
Mark.

So Ganhardine with Brangwain as of old  
time, and she took the cup of chiselled gold  
wherein lay secret Tristram's trothplight ring,

And bare it un beholden of the King  
And set it to her lady's hand, which hardly took  
And set whereon a queen's eyes well might look,  
And grace forlorn of weary gentleness.

And seeing, her life leapt in her, keen to  
guess

the secret of the symbol; and her face  
glowed bright with blood whence all its grief-  
worn grace

looked fire, and kindled to the quivering hair,  
And in the dark son hom of starriest air

glided through with sense of midnight, when  
the world

glided the wide wings of sleep about it furled,  
And stole the queen, deep-moulded to her  
wan

the restless lips, and came where yet the  
Swan

was long fast at anchor: whence by starlight she  
glided snow-bright sails and took the glim-  
mering sea.

But all the long night long more keen and sore  
the wound's grief waxed in Tristram ever-  
more.

And heavier always hung his heart asway  
Between dim fear and clouded hope of day.

And still with face and heart at silent strife  
Beside him watched the maiden called his  
wife,

Patient, and spake not save when scarce he  
spake,

Murmuring with sense distraught and spirit  
awake  
Speech bitterer than the words thereof were  
sweet;

And hatred thrilled her to the hands and feet,  
Listening: for always back reiterate came  
The passionate furtive burden of her name.

Nor ever through the labouring lips astray  
Came any word of any thought of her,  
But the soul wandering struggled and clung  
hard

Only to dreams of joy in Joyous Gard  
Or wild cool night beside the Cornish strand,  
Or Merlin's holier sleep here hard at hand

Wrapped round with deep soft spells in dim  
Broochland.

And with such thirst as joy's drained wine-cup  
leaves

When fear to hope as hope to memory cleaves  
His soul desired the dewy sense of leaves,  
The soft green smell of thickets drenched with  
dawn,

The faint slot kindling on the fiery lawn  
As day's first hour made keen the spirit again  
That lured and spurred on quest his bound  
Hound,

The breeze, the bloom, the splendour and the  
sound,

That stung him like the hunter and the hound,  
The pulse of wind, the passion of the sea,  
The rupture of the woodland: then would he  
Sigh, and as one that fain would all be dead

Heavily turn his heavy-laden head  
Back, and close eyes for comfort, finding none,  
And fain he would have died or seen the sun,

Being sick at heart of dullness: yet afresh  
Began the long strong strife of spirit and flesh

And branching pangings of thought whose  
branches bear

The bloodred fruit whose core is black, de-  
spair.

And the wind slackened and again grew great,  
Palpitant as men's pulses palpitate  
Between the flowing and ebbing tides of fate

That wash their lifelong waifs of weal and woe  
Through night and light and twilight to and  
fro.

Now as a pulse of hope its heartbeat throbbeth,  
Now like one stricken shrank and sank and  
sobbed,

Then, yearning as with child of death, put  
 forth  
 A wail that filled the night up south and north  
 With woful sound of waters; and he smote,  
 'So might the wind wail if the world were  
 dead  
 And its wings wandered every nook and corner,  
 I would I knew she would not come to me,  
 For surely she will come not, and on thine head I,  
 Once knowing I shall not look upon thy face,  
 I knew not life could so long breathe such  
 breath  
 As I do.' Nay, what grief were thine, if death,  
 The sole sure friend of whom she who would  
 saith  
 He lies not, nor hath ever this been said,  
 That death would heal not grief for a death  
 were dead!  
 And all ways close I whence grief might pass  
 with life!  
 'Then softly spake the waiting virgin,  
 Out of her heart, deep low a labow, her breath,  
 'Fear not but death shall come — and a  
 death  
 Judgment.' And he that heard not answered  
 her,  
 Saying, 'Ah, but one there was, if truth was  
 ever,  
 For true men's trustful tongue have, and it —  
 one  
 Whom these mine eyes knew living, while the  
 sun  
 Looked yet upon him, and mine own ears  
 heard  
 The deep sweet sound once of his celestial  
 word —  
 Who sleeps and dies not, but with soft live  
 breath  
 Takes always all the deep delight of life  
 Through love's gift of a woman; but for me  
 Love's hand is not the hand of Nemue,  
 Love's word no still soft murmur of the  
 dove,  
 No kiss of peace for me the kiss of Iwa,  
 Nor, what so'er thy life's love ever give,  
 Dear, shall it ever bid me sleep or live;  
 Nor from thy brow and lips and living eyes  
 As his from Nemue's shall I ever see  
 Not rest but unrest hath our long love given,  
 Unrest on earth that whither'er I have  
 What rest may we take ever, what have we  
 Had ever more of peace than has the world,  
 Has not our love been more than that of  
 Through lovelier lips than that of the old  
 white rose

That each year sees requickened, but for us,  
 I live once and twice hath here or there done  
 thus  
 And left the next year following empty and  
 bare?  
 What rose hath our last year's rose left for life,  
 What wine our last year's vintage? and to me  
 More were one fleet forbidden sense of thee,  
 One perfume of thy present grace, one thought  
 Made to live one hour, ere all mine hours be  
 no more,  
 One very word, breath, look, sign, touch of  
 love!  
 Then of the green leaves in Procellamide  
 Full of sweet sound, full of sweet wind and  
 sun;  
 O God, thou knowest I would no more but  
 love,  
 I would no more but once more ere I die  
 And that in memory.' Nay, but then were I  
 Heed not those by whom there thy grace hath  
 been,  
 For death is not life, thus that wraps him  
 in  
 death,  
 This is not, albeit a head's force gave him  
 birth,  
 Thing that has given him heritage on earth  
 Of slumber's rest eternity to keep  
 Fast in soft hold of everliving sleep,  
 Happier were I, more sinful man than he,  
 Whom one love-worshiper then than Nemue  
 Should with a breath make blest among the  
 dead.  
 And the wan wedded maiden answering  
 said,  
 Soft as hate speaks within it self apart:  
 'Steady ye shall not, ye that rent mine heart,  
 For ye are in sin, for punishment be twain.'  
 And the great knight that heard not spoke  
 again  
 And sighed, but sweet thought of sweet things  
 came  
 Kindled with fire of life, the very sigh  
 And he chid it forth with raucure. 'Ay,  
 it's were  
 If I were him rather than he, and unbrighten,  
 He could be more than the springtide, how  
 soon were  
 That a weaker storm or wind quickening wave  
 had  
 While I am a slave of continuous breath,  
 If she should be sooth with the kiss of death,  
 And I should be sooth of life by death's touch  
 dead!  
 And the white wedded virgin answered him,

Inwardly, wan with hurt no herb makes  
whole :

'Yea, surely, ye whose sin hath slain my soul,  
Surely y'er own souls shall have peace in  
death

And pass with benediction in their breath  
And blessing given of mine their sin hath  
slain.'

And Tristram with sore yearning spake  
again,

Saying : ' Yea, might this thing once be, how  
should I,

With all my soul made one thanksgiving, die,  
And pass before what judgment-seat may be,

And cry, " Lord, now do all thou wilt with  
me,

That all thy fill of justice, work thy will ;  
Though all thy heart of wrath have all its fill,

That part of suffering shall endure, and say,  
*That thou gavest me living yesterday*

*And say'st thou ' nough thou curse me.' " Ay, and  
well*

'Tis but one cast down into the gulf of hell,  
Remembering this, take heart and thank his  
fate—

That God, whose doom now scourges him  
with hate,

Once, in the whirl and whirling world above,  
With mercy kiss his dying lips with love,

That if this come not, then he doth me wrong,  
For what hath love done, all this long life  
long,

That death should trample down his poor  
last prayer

Who prays not for forgiveness? Though  
love were

As dark as hate, have we not here that  
sinners

Offered? Has that been less than wintry  
wind

Wherewith our love lies blasted? O my  
love,

On me and no man's yet give mine above,  
I shall what ail thee that I lack so long

And give, all things done for which I long?  
I have more than wet springs to shuddering  
lands,

More to me were the comfort of her hands  
Brushed once, and more than rays that set  
the world rise

As glittering arrows of her glorious eyes,  
More to my sense than fire to dead cold air

Or wind and light and odour of her hair,  
More to my soul than summer's to the south  
The mute clear music of her amorous mouth,

And to my heart's heart more than heaven's  
great rest

The fullness of the fragrance of her breast,  
Isult, Isult, what grace hath life to give

More than we twain have had of life, and  
live?

Isult, Isult, what grace may death not keep  
As sweet for us to win of death, and sleep?

Come therefore, let us twain pass hence and  
try

If it be better not to live but die,  
With love for lamp to light us out of life.'

And on that word his wedded maiden wife,  
Pale as the moon in star-forsaken skies

Ere the sun fill them, rose with set strange  
eyes

And gazed on him that saw not and her  
heart

Heaved as a man's death-smitten with a dart  
That smites him sleeping, warm and full of  
life :

So toward her lord that was not looked his  
wife,

His wife that was not : and her heart within  
Burnt bitter like an aftertaste of sin

To one whose memory drinks and loathes the  
ice

Of shame or sorrow deeper than the sea ;  
And no fear touched him of her eyes above

And ears that hoarded each poor word whence  
love

Made sweet the broken music of his breath,  
' Isult, my life that wast and art my death,

My life in life that hast been, and that art  
Death in my death, sole wound that cleaves  
mine heart,

Mine heart that else, how spent soe'er, were  
whole,

Breath of my spirit and inglish of my soul,  
How can this be that hence thou canst not  
hear,

Being but by space divided? One is here,  
But one of twain I looked at once to see ;

Shall death be a p' time and thou not keep with  
me?'

And the white married maiden laughed at  
heart,

Hearing, and scarce with lips at all apart  
Spoke, and as fire between them was her  
breath ;

' Yea, now thou liest not : yea, for I am  
death.'

By this might eyes that watched without  
behold

Deep in the gulfs of aching air a cold

The roses of the dawning heaven that from  
The low soft sun's way ere his power came  
through

And burn them up with fire; but far to west  
Hath sunk the dead moon on the five sea  
Tristram,

Strife is with bitter fear to see the sun  
And his ward was a strong fog at wind began  
Between the clouds and waters; and he  
Seeing hardly through dark down to  
ful head.

'Isoul!' and like a cold fell from and clear  
The voice of a man, 'I am!' and  
And his heart sprang, 'I look again, come  
she

Spoke, saying, 'What would I say, I say  
for I with me?'

And Frisram, 'Hath my lady caught I all  
night

Beside me, and I knew not?—God is pitiful  
Her love for ever art shown a man, I thought,

'Yea, God shall surely guard me, it,' she  
said,

'Who hath kept me all night as though I were  
this hour.'

And Frisram, 'God, how hath he given  
power

To pay such grace toward one unworthy  
shown

Thou ever dost, save only of God's good  
Gave pardon yet and comfort, and I would  
Gave now for charity if my heart were good,

But as a coward's it is to me, even for shame,  
Then seemed her face a pale tinned  
flame

That burns down slow by midnight, as she  
said:

'Speak, and all of thy bidding, speak and  
deed,

God's love renounce me if it were not I own.'

And Frisram, 'When the sun came  
the sun

That now should be not far off sight from  
far,

Look at there come not with the morning  
star

My ship bound hither from the northward  
back,

And if the sail be white then of or black,  
And knowing the southward since I  
desire

So sore the heart within her raised like fire  
She could not wring forth of her lips a word,  
But bowing made sign how humbly had she  
heard.

And the sign given made light his heart; and  
saw

See her face hard against the yearning sea  
Nowed almost with trembling trust of hope

To see the sudden gates of sunrise ope;  
But thus he yearned the heart whose heart

Thought that vengeance might come in to  
him,

And Frisram lay at thankful rest, and  
saw

Now, lovely life nor death could grieve him  
and he,

So sore he was new Bo's anguish as a breath,  
And only part the bitterness of death.

For now he had found at those for hands  
his grace,

It could not be but yet some breathing-space  
Might leave him life to look again on love's  
own face.

'Since, if for death's sake,' in his heart he  
said,

'I would take pity upon me quick or dead,  
How shall not even from God's hand be com-  
pensation do I?

For right heans down, how weak so'er and  
own,

And sweet of death, men fable, sings the  
own,

so seems the Swan my signal from the sea  
I found a song that sweetens death to me

Chased round about with radiance from above  
On down, and closer close I on earth by love,

And all things brighten, and this my sign be  
dark?

And high from heaven suddenly rang the  
fork,

Triumphant; and the far first reflux ray  
filled all the hollow darkness full with day.

And on the deep-sky's verge a fluctuant light  
gleamed, grew, shone, strengthened into per-  
fect sight,

A loved and dipped and rose again the sail's  
clear white.

And swift and steadfast as a sea mew's wing  
It neared before the wind, as fain to bring

Onward, and shorten yet its narrowing track,  
And one that saw looked hardly toward him

back.

So he, 'Ay, the ship comes so rarely; but her  
sail is black.'

And then he would have sprung upright, and  
seen,

And spoken; but strong death struck sheer  
between,

And darkness closed as iron round his head;  
And smitten through the heart lay Tristram  
dead.

And scarce the word had down abroad, and  
wail  
Risen, ere to shoreward came the snowbright  
sail,

And lightly forth leapt Ganhardine on land,  
And led from ship with swift and reverent  
hand

Iscult; and round them up from all the  
crowd

Broke the great wail for Tristram out aloud,  
And ere her ear might hear her heart had  
heard,

Nor sought she sign for witness of the word;  
But came and stood above him newly dead,  
And felt his death upon her, and her heart  
Bowed, as to reach the spring that shakes all  
frouth;

And their four lips became one silent mouth,  
So came their hour on them that were in life:  
Tristram and Iscult; so from love and strife  
The stroke of love's own hand—It list and  
best

Gave them deliverance to perpetual rest  
So crownless of the wreaths that life had  
wound,

They slept, with flower of tenderer comfort  
crowned:

From bondage and the fear of time set free,  
And all the yoke of space on earth and sea  
Cast as a curb for ever: nor might now

Fear and desire did soar their souls or low,  
But up their hearts or break them; doubt nor  
grief

More now might move them, dread nor dis-  
belief

Touch them with shadowy cold or fiery sting,  
Nor sleepless languor with its weary wing,  
Nor harsh estrangement, born of time's vain  
breath,

Nor change, a darkness deeper far than death,  
And round the sleep that fell around them  
then

Each lies not wrapped, nor records wrought  
of men

Rise up for timeless token; but their sleep  
Hath round it like a riment all the deep;

Nor change, nor gleam or gloom of sun and firm,  
But all time long the night of all the man-  
kind round them a round earth's soft heaven  
is spread,

And peace more strong than death round all  
the dead,

For death is of an hour, and after death  
Peace; nor for aught that fear or fancy saith,  
Nor ever for very love's own sake shall strife  
Ere give us in that perfect peace with life.

And if, as men that mourn may deem or  
dream,

Rest haply here than there might sweeter  
seem,

And sleep, that lays one hand on all, more  
good

By some sweet grave's grace given of wold or  
wood

Or clear high glen or sunbright wind-worn  
down

Than where live thunders through the tram-  
pling town

With day-long feet and night-long overhead,  
What grave may cast such grace round any  
dead.

What so sublime sweet sepulchre may be  
For all that life leaves mortal, as the sea

And to sea, napt forth perforce from earthly  
ground,

These twin the deep sea guards, and girdles  
round

Their sleep more deep than any sea's gulf lies,  
Though changeless with the change in shifting  
skies,

Nor nuzzle with seasons; for the grave  
That held them once, being weaker than a  
wave,

The waves long since have buried; though  
their tomb

Was royal that by myth's relenting doom  
Men gave them in Tintagel; for the word

Look wing which thrilled all piteous hearts  
that heard

The word wherethrough their lifelong lot stood  
shown,

And when the long sealed springs of fate were  
known,

The blind bright innocence of lips that quitted  
Love, and the marvel of the mastering draught,  
And all the traughtage of the fateful harp,

Lead like a child upon them wept King Mark,  
Secure round the sword's hilt which long since  
had fought

For Cornwall's love a scroll of writing  
wrought,

A scripture writ of Tristram's hand, wherein  
Lay bare the sinless source of all their sin,

No choice of will, but chance and secretous  
will,

With prayer of him for pardon; and his  
heart



Was molten in him, wailing as he kissed  
 Each with that kiss of kinship—' Had I wist,  
 Ye had never sinned nor died thus, nor had I  
 Borne in this doom that bade you sin and die  
 So sore a part of sorrow.' And the king  
 Built for their tomb a chapel bright like spring  
 With flower-soft wealth of branching tracery  
 made  
 Fair as the frondage each fleet year sees fade,  
 That should not fall till many a year were  
 done.  
 There slept they wedded under moon and sun  
 And change of stars: and through the case-  
 ments came  
 Midnight and noon girt round with shadow  
 and flame  
 To illumine their grave or veil it: till at last  
 On these things too was doom as darkness  
 cast:

For the strong sea hath swallowed wall and  
 tower,  
 And where their limbs were laid in woful hour  
 For many a fathom gleams and moves and  
 moans  
 The tide that sweeps above their coted bones  
 In the wicket channel by the shivered shrine,  
 Nor where they sleep shall moon or sunlight  
 shine  
 Nor man look down for ever: none shall  
 say,  
 Here once, or here, Tristram and Isolt lay:  
 But peace they have that none may gain who  
 live,  
 And rest about them that no love can give  
 And over them, while death and life shall  
 be,  
 The light and sound and darkness of the  
 sea.

# ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

A TRAGEDY.

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Τοὺς ζᾶντας εὐδραὺν καθαράν δ' ἄπὸς ἐνὶ γῆ  
Ἢ καὶ σκῆψ' ἑλπίδων εἰς οὐδὲν ἔπειτα.

L. L. R. M. Cl. 20. (537.)

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*TO THE MEMORY*

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I NOW DEDICATE, WITH EQUAL AFFECTION, REVERENCE, AND REGRET,  
A POEM INSCRIBED TO HIM WHILE YET ALIVE IN WORDS WHICH  
ARE NOW RETAINED BECAUSE THEY WERE LADDED FOR HIM;  
AND TO WHICH, RATHER THAN CANCEL THEM, I HAVE  
ADDED SUCH OTHERS AS WERE TAKEN BY THE  
NEWS OF HIS DEATH; THAT THOUGH LOSING  
THE PLEASURE I MAY NOT LOSE THE HONOR  
OF INSCRIBING IN FRONT OF MY WORK  
THE HIGHEST OF CONTEMPORARY  
NAMES.

ἤχουσι Βρυηθὲν ἀποτρομος ἀλλά σε Νυμφαί  
ἦμαρ ἄπασαν ἡνέπρασεν καθ' ἡμέραν.  
πληροῦσαι μέλιτος ἔσθω στήθεσσι, μή τι Παισίδων  
Βρυηθὲν ἐπιπύρρον ἐσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν.  
τοῖος ἀνδρῶν ἐστίν· ἡμεῖς δ' ἐπι κλυθήμεν οἴσου  
καὶ καθ' ἄλλ' ἄστων, καὶ σε πλοῦθιμον ἀέθω.  
εἴπειτα Περσέων τις ἀναστρεφθεῖσα πρὸς ἄλλω  
ἦλθε, ἡνέπειπ' ὅτι φησὶν ἡλθε βροτῶν,  
στέμματα ἐρεφόμενος βοθήσει χερσὶ γυναικῶν,  
καὶ πολλὰν καθύπευθε ἀμυκκαλέψω καρπῶν.  
ἦν τε Σικελικῆς ἐπιπρηκίσαν ἡνέπειπ' ἡλθε, ἡνέπειπ'  
ὄπιμας ἔσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν,  
πολλὰκι σὲ ἐρβροσάσθω καθύπευθε ἄπασαν Ἀπολλῶν  
ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν.  
Πᾶσα τ' ἀναστρεφθεῖσα Περσέων Κορυθῶν τε ἑσπεδῶν,  
ἦν τε ἀσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν.  
πολλὰκι σὲ ἐρβροσάσθω καθύπευθε ἄπασαν Ἀπολλῶν  
ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν.  
πρὸς δ' ἡμεῖς Διὸς θεῶν ἡλθε, ἡνέπειπ' ὄρεστην  
πειρομένην ἀνερπῶν ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον.

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ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν ἄσθω στήθεσσι μελερῶν ἄπασαν.  
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πειρομένην ἀνερπῶν ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον ἐπιπύρρον.

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εἴθ' ὄφελον, μάλα γάρ τάδ' ἄν ἀπαύσειν μερίμνης·  
 νῦν ἔτι πρόσωθον ἄνυ οὐρήματος οἶκτι νῦν ἴσω  
 οὐδ' ἐπιτυμυζίδιον θρηνηῶ μελος, ἀλλ' ἀπαμυνθείς,  
 ἀλλ' ἀπάνειπεν ἔχων ἀμείλικρυτά παύθη,  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ χαῖρε θανών, καὶ ἔχων γήρας ἴσθι πρὸς ἀνέρον  
 πρὸς τε θεῶν, γέρας εἰ τις ἔπεισι θεός  
 χαῖρε γήρων, φίλε χαῖρε πατέρ, πολυ φέρτατ' ἀοιδῶν  
 ὧν ἴδομεν, πολυ δὲ φέρτατ' ἀπιστομένων·  
 χαῖρε, καὶ ἄλγρον ἔχους, οἶον γε θανόντες ἔχουσι,  
 ἥσυχίαν ἔχθρας καὶ φιλοτητος ἄτερ,  
 σήματος οἴχομενον σοι μνηματ' ἐς ὕστερον ἔσται,  
 σοί τε φίλη μνήμη μνηματος οἴχομενον·  
 ὦν Χαριτες κλαίουσι θεοί, κλαίει δ' Ἀφροδίτη  
 καλλιχόροις Μουκῶν τερψαμένη στεφανοίς·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἄπαξ ἱερούς ποτε γήρας ἔτριψεν ἀοιδούς·  
 τήρδε τὸ σὸν φαίνει μνήμη τόδ' ἀγλαίαν,  
 ἢ φίλος ἦς μακάρεσσι βροτὸς σοὶ δ' εἴ τιμὴ Νύμφαι  
 ἔδρα ποθεινὰ νέμειν, ὕστατα δῶρ', ἴδουσαν,  
 τὰς νῦν χάλκεος ὑπὸς ἔζη καὶ ἀνημερος αἶων,  
 καὶ συνθλαπτομένη μοῖραν ἔχουσι μίαν,  
 εὐδεις καὶ σὺ, καλὸν καὶ ἀγάκλυτον ἐν χθονὶ κοίλῃ  
 ὑπνον ἐφικόμενος, σῆς ἀπονοσφι πάτρας,  
 τήλε παρὰ ξανθοῦ Ἑρσηρικὸν οἶμα καθεύδεις  
 νηματος, ἢ δ' ἔτι σὴ μαῖα σε γαῖα ποθεῖ,  
 ἀλλ' ἀπέχεις, καὶ προσθε φίλοπτολις ὦν περ ἀπέϊπας·  
 εὐδεις μακάρι δ' ἡμῖν οὐδ' ἀνογαρτ' ἔσει,  
 βαιὸς ἐπιχθονίων γε χρόνος καὶ μοῖρα κρατησει,  
 τοῖς δε ποτ' εὐφροσύνη τοῖς δέ ποτ' ἄλγος ἔχει·  
 πολλακι δ' ἢ βλάπτει φῶς ἢ σκότος ἀμφικαλύπτει  
 μυρομένους, ὁακρεῖ δ' ὑπὸς ἐρηγορότ' ἔσει,  
 οὐδ' εἴθ' ὅτ' ἐν τυμβοῖσι κατεδραμεν ὄμμα θανόντων  
 ἢ σκότος ἢ τι φεῖς διξεται ἡελίου·  
 οὐδ' ὄναρ ἐνύχων καὶ ἐνύπριον οὐδ' ὕπαρ ἔσται  
 ἢ ποτε τερπομένοις ἢ ποτ' ὄδ' ἔμφοις·  
 ἀλλ' εἶνα πάντες ἀεὶ θάκον συν γουσι καὶ ἔδραν  
 ἀντὶ βροτῆς ἀβροτον, καλλίμον ἀντι κακῆς.

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## ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

CHIEF HUNTSMAN.

**M**ADONNA, and mistress of the north  
 and stars,  
 Now filled in the flowerless bed of  
 heaven,  
 Goddess whom all gods love with thee  
 born,  
 Being trelde in thy dearest duty,  
 A light for dead men and dark hours, a  
 foot  
 -wit of the hills as morning, and a hand  
 To all things fierce and fleet that root and  
 mine  
 Mortal, with gentler shades than snow or  
 sleep;  
 Hext now and help and lit me yet  
 hand,  
 Let it yowde and fair as thine eye's light  
 Hidden and shown in heaven; for  
 night  
 And the king's bounds and the hunting  
 men,  
 Have wrought and worshipp'd thee  
 thee; nor shall man  
 See goodlier bounds or deadlier  
 spears;  
 But for the end, that lie unreach'd at  
 Between the hands and on the knees of  
 gods,  
 O thou feed sun killing the stars and  
 And dreams and darkness on the right;  
 Rise up, mine, stretch thine  
 left  
 with  
 bow  
 To light, most diamond her light  
 heaven,  
 And burn and break the dark about thy  
 ways,  
 Not through and through with arrow; let  
 thine hair  
 Lighten as flame above that flameless  
 shell

Who lie with  
 moon, and  
 eyes till  
 the west  
 And thy  
 gentle with  
 with arms; let  
 thy  
 light  
 and the  
 a boy from thy  
 hand  
 To a hill, he  
 a  
 ripple of stream  
 a  
 spring,  
 And  
 in  
 a  
 child's and flying  
 wings  
 So  
 from  
 hands  
 and  
 I  
 with  
 from  
 lips of  
 my  
 When  
 the  
 a  
 bar  
 divides the wander-  
 ing  
 way  
 With  
 soft  
 close  
 traces  
 of  
 wing  
 back  
 to  
 foot  
 A  
 gold,  
 on  
 hand  
 me  
 I  
 hand  
 and  
 well  
 now;  
 And  
 all  
 the  
 words  
 above  
 thee  
 with  
 their  
 wine;  
 And  
 fountain-heads  
 of  
 all  
 the  
 water'd  
 world;  
 Each  
 horn  
 of  
 A  
 horn's,  
 and  
 the  
 green  
 Ficus,  
 with  
 the  
 shattering  
 sea,  
 For  
 in  
 for  
 time  
 thou  
 comest  
 to  
 me  
 for  
 thou,  
 Thy  
 horn  
 with  
 long,  
 on  
 I  
 my  
 And  
 now  
 I  
 have  
 our  
 spears  
 that  
 in  
 spears,  
 the  
 wild  
 of  
 the  
 king's  
 hole,  
 I  
 have  
 a  
 shine  
 above  
 against  
 the  
 for  
 in  
 my  
 And  
 I  
 double  
 -sided,  
 without  
 wire  
 or  
 any,  
 If  
 in  
 eye  
 or  
 mine  
 thou  
 art  
 for  
 thy  
 sacrifice,  
 With  
 sun  
 on  
 -slaying  
 steam  
 drives  
 the  
 dawn,  
 And  
 as  
 the  
 men  
 in  
 a  
 row  
 of  
 all  
 thy  
 maids,  
 And  
 in  
 A  
 O  
 the  
 sows  
 of  
 I,  
 Fair  
 as  
 the  
 snow  
 on  
 I  
 feel  
 as  
 the  
 wind  
 From  
 I  
 from  
 and  
 well  
 washed  
 My  
 hair,  
 Over  
 the  
 firm  
 hills  
 and  
 the  
 fleeing  
 sea,  
 Hast  
 thou  
 oh,  
 why  
 hither,  
 and  
 many  
 in  
 and  
 king,

Hereon the crown of men, like gods in  
right;

Make ye out of all the Trojan land,  
From the great flow-reck'd Ilium a pasturage  
To wait of fruit and the favour of Zeus,  
Worn from the north, the south, the shivering  
sea.

When the wild geese come to the coast, and  
fled

And fanned are by the wind through his  
writhed foras,

Leaving clean lands that seem'd with  
stubble corn,

These virgins with the lightning of the  
day

Bring thee rich wealth, and their own  
westerly air,

Luxure as birds' nests, and tower-like mixed  
with their nest,

Clear of rage, and clear of Lyon; but me  
the race

Divides from these things; whom do thou  
not less

Help and give honour, and to mine hands  
set speech,

As I go to praise, and I look to each man's  
hand,

And I will be a witness  
to the gods.

When the horns of autumn and on winter's  
fries,

The autumn rain and the autumn row of  
plow

Fills the lowland of wady places,  
Which poor have, and a people of rain

As a lowland, and the autumn rain  
I had, and the autumn rain,

For the autumn rain, and the autumn rain  
I had,

The autumn rain, and the autumn rain  
I had,

Come with honey, and with cup-tying of  
quiver,

Messengers of perfect, fully of light,  
With a cause of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of water, and with  
night;

And on the sandals, O the most of foot,  
Over the plain for and speed of thy feet;

For the autumn rain quicken, the water we  
shivers,

Run and the feet of the day and the feet  
of the night.

Where shall we meet, how shall we sing  
to her,

To her hands round her knees, and  
drag?

O the autumn's heart were as fire and could  
sing to her,

For the strength of the streams  
that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As a rent, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to  
her,

And the south-west-wind and the west-  
wind slay.

For we of rains and ruin are over,  
And the autumn's son of sways and sing;

The days diving lower and lower,  
The light that bees, the night that  
wind;

And the autumn's son is quiet forgotten,  
And the autumn's son is quiet forgotten,

And the autumn's son is quiet forgotten,  
And the autumn's son is quiet forgotten,

Lossom by the sun the spring begins

The tall streams feel a flower of rushes,  
Ripe grass, staminal a travelling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young year  
flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the autumn's heart above the lyre,  
And the autumn's heart above the lyre,

The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-  
root

And Pan by noon, and Bacchus by night,  
The autumn's heart above the lyre,

Follows with dancing, and fills with de-  
light

The Mæon and the Bessarid;  
And sat as lips that laugh and hible

The autumn's heart above the lyre,  
And the autumn's heart above the lyre,

And screen from song and leave in sight  
The god purring, the maiden in l.

The ivy falls with the Bacchus's hair  
Over her eyebrows, long her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into  
sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of its  
leaves,

But the bearded ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that  
soave

The wolf that follows, the fawn that  
flies.

ALTHEA.

What do ye singing? what is this ye sing?

CHORUS.

Flowers bring we, and pure lips that please  
the gods,  
And raiment meet for service; lest the day  
Turn sharp with all its honey in our lips.

ALTHEA.

Night, a black hound, follows the white  
tawn day,  
Swifter than dreams the white flown feet  
of sleep;  
Will ye pray back the night with any  
prayers?  
And though the spring put back a little  
while  
Winter, and snows that plague all men for  
sin,  
And the iron time of cursing, yet I know  
Spring shall be ruined with the rain, and  
storm  
Eat up like fire the ashen autumn days.  
I marvel what men do with prayers awake  
Who dream and die with dreaming; any  
god,  
Yea the least god of all things called di-  
vine,  
Is more than sleep and waking; yet we  
say,  
Perchance, by praying a man shall match  
his god.  
For if sleep have no mercy, and man's  
dreams  
Bite to the blood and burn into the bone,  
What shall this man do waking? By the  
gods,  
He shall not pray to dream sweet things  
to-night,  
Having dreamt once more bitter things  
than death.

CHORUS.

Queen, but what is it that hath burnt thine  
heart?  
For thy speech flickers like a blown-out  
flame.

ALTHEA.

Look, ye say well, and know not what ye  
say;

For all my sleep is turned into a fire,  
And all my dreams to stints that kindles it.

CHORUS.

Yet one doth well being patient of the  
gods.

ALTHEA.

Yea, lest they smite us with some four-foot  
plague.

CHORUS.

But when time spreads find out some herb  
for it.

ALTHEA.

And with their healing herbs infect our  
blood.

CHORUS.

What ails thee to bealout of their ways?

ALTHEA.

What if they give us poisonous drinks for  
wine?

CHORUS.

They have their will; much t'long trends  
if not.

ALTHEA.

And gall for milk, in censuring for a prayer?

CHORUS.

Have they not given life, and the end of  
life?

ALTHEA.

Lo, where they heal, they help not; thus  
they do.

They mock us with a little piteousness,  
And we say prayers and weep; but at the  
last,

Spating awhile, they smite and spare no  
whit.

CHORUS.

Small praise man gets dispraising the high  
gods;

What have they done that thou dishonorest  
them?

ALTHEA.

First Arter's for all this harmed land  
I praise not, and for wasting of the bear  
That mars with tooth and tusk and heavy  
feet

Green pasturage and the grace of standing  
corn;

And meadow and marsh with springs and  
unblown leaves,

Flocks and swift herds and all that bite  
sweet grass,



I pray thee, tell me what thing is this, that  
 I see?

CHORUS.

But when the king did see thee, and I saw  
 Each of our faces of wounds and blood and  
 white.

He met with the fish and the hump on his  
 Reverend face, nor with the old eyes of  
 Wherefore I pray with the plague of the  
 land; but now

Takes comfort in us, fute, and her heavy  
 face.

Which ever of the swain was not  
 to pray?

For a just one, I do always see her way  
 With Humble's eyes, and I pray as a  
 fault.

ALTHEA.

Yea, but a cure, I see, is set above all  
 these.

To hear us when she needed, and I hath  
 let.

Here where the old me went in, and where  
 the wind

Slacken'd, hath I down on us with delecter  
 air.

CHORUS.

What form is this that I see, all over  
 all?

ALTHEA.

Love, and thy old seaward fall of rain and  
 foam.

CHORUS.

Whence blown, and I born under what  
 stormier star?

ALTHEA.

Southward, from the flames from the sea.

CHORUS.

Thy speech turn toward Arctia, like  
 blown wind.

ALTHEA.

Sharp as the north-east when the snows  
 are out.

CHORUS.

Nay, for this maiden hath no touch of  
 love.

ALTHEA.

I would she had caught in some cold light  
 of sea.

Love, or in dens where strange beasts  
 lurk, or fire.

Or snows on the extreme hills, or men  
 land.

When I am praying for I would I had  
 the man.

And I had, or ever love had found her  
 face.

CHORUS.

She is dearer than all holy days or things,  
 Than crinkled water or fume of perfect  
 prayer.

Our eyes dedicated to pure prayers, and  
 still.

With I pray thoughts, then heaven; a  
 man's soul.

Here we should stand for a sword; and  
 not.

She is dearer; what should one such do  
 with love?

ALTHEA.

Look you, I speak not as one light of  
 wit.

But as a queen speak, being heavily vexed;  
 for oft

The very father wrangling in my hall,  
 And am not moved; and my own chiding  
 them.

And these things nowise move me, but I  
 know

Foolish and wise men meet to the end,  
 And to I may be with patience; but this  
 most.

This moves me, that our wise men as for  
 fools.

Love is nothing, an evil thing, and thus  
 Chaire will be and wiser to the end, and  
 still.

And to the end shall no joy come, but  
 grief.

Sharp wars and soil's division and fresh  
 tears.

Flower wise upon the old root of tears  
 brought forth.

Light-wise upon the old flower of tears  
 sprung up.

But I see, and much is grafted pain.  
 These things are in my presage, and  
 my ell.

And I of them and know not; but in  
 the eyes.

I see, and heavy on me, and all the  
 fates.

She is dear across my eyelids mixed with  
 night.

And I am me I find, and disilluminate  
 My sense of seeing, and my perspicuous  
 light.

Darken with vision; seeing I see not, hear

And hearing am not helpen, but mine eyes  
 St in my tend, and bridles in the bed  
 Drawn up about my face that I may weep  
 And the king wake not; and my frowns and  
 Lips  
 Tremble and sob in sleeping, like swift  
 flames  
 That tremble, or water when it sobs with  
 heat  
 Kindle I from under; and my tears fill my  
 breast  
 And I seek the fifty-eyed pillows round the  
 king  
 With barren showers and salter than the  
 sea,  
 Such visions divide me dreaming; for  
 I long see  
 I dream'd that out of this my womb had  
 sprung  
 An and a frebrend; this was ere my son,  
 With a flower, a costly flower in robes of gold,  
 To be the light touch him coming forth, and  
 wail'd  
 Childlike; but yet he was not; and in time  
 I reate him, and my heart was great; for  
 yet  
 So nobly was never strong man born,  
 Nor queen so nobly bore as noble a thing  
 As this my son was; such a birth God sent  
 And such a grace to bear it. Then came  
 in  
 Three weaving women, and spun each a  
 thread,  
 saying This for strength and That for lack,  
 and one  
 saying Till the brand upon the hearth burn  
 down,  
 so long shall this man see good day, and  
 live.  
 And I with gathered raiment from the bed  
 sprung, and drew forth the brand, and cast  
 on it  
 Water, and trod the flame barefoot, and  
 crushed  
 With naked hand spark beaten out of  
 park  
 And blow against and quench'd it; for I  
 said,  
 These are the most high Fates that dwell  
 with us,  
 And we find favor a little in their will;  
 And if the, and more we miss of, and much  
 time  
 Fools us; howbeit they have pitied me, O  
 son,

And thee most piteous, thee a tenderer thing  
 Than any flower of fleshly seed alive.  
 Wherefore I kissed and hid him with my  
 hands,  
 And cover'd under arms and hair, and  
 wept,  
 And feared to touch him with my tears,  
 and leagled;  
 So light a thing was this man, grown so  
 great  
 Men cast their heads back, seeing against  
 the sun  
 Blaze the amoral man carven on his shield,  
 and heard  
 The laughter of little bells along the brace  
 Ring, as buds singing or flutes blown, and  
 wench,  
 High up the cloven shaft low of either plume  
 Divide the bright light of the brass, and  
 make  
 His helmet as a windy and wintering  
 moon  
 Seen far with blown cloud and plume-like  
 drift, with ships  
 Driven, and men strive with all the sea, and  
 out  
 Break, and the beaks dip under, drinking  
 death;  
 Yet was he then but a span long, and  
 moaned  
 With a midlate mouth inseparate words,  
 And with blind lips and fingers wrung my  
 breast  
 Hard at a thraz out with foolish hands  
 and feet,  
 Mummur'd; but those gray women with  
 long hair  
 Who might the gods frighted not him; he  
 laugh'd  
 Seeing them, and I pushed out hands to feel  
 and haul  
 Disa and thral intangible; but they  
 Pass'd, and I hid the brand, and in my  
 heart  
 Laugh'd likewise, having all my will of  
 heaven,  
 But now I know not if to left or right  
 The gods have drawn us hither; for  
 again  
 I the met, and I saw the black brand burst  
 on fire  
 As a french bursts in flower, and saw the  
 flame  
 Fade flower-wise, and Death came and  
 with dry lips

Blew the charred ash into my breast; and  
 Love  
 Trampled the ember and crushed it with  
 swift feet.  
 This I have also at heart; that not for me,  
 Not for me only or son of mine, O girls,  
 The gods have wrought life, and desire of  
 life,  
 Heart's love and heart's covision; but for  
 all  
 There shines one sun and one wife; How  
 till night,  
 And when night comes the wind sinks, and  
 the sun,  
 And there is no light after a day of rain,  
 But sleep and a much forgetfulness of  
 things.  
 In such wise I see knowledge of the gods,  
 Years hence, and high wings of our  
 most wise,  
 Eurhythis my mother, who scheld  
 With eyes alive and spare with lips of  
 these  
 As one on earth distished and divided  
 From breath or blood, comparing such  
 gifts  
 Time gave her, an Eur equal soul to the  
 And equal fate to all things; thus she said,  
 But whatsoever it be, I do or glad  
 The swift hours weave and I weave, I go  
 hence  
 Full of mine own soul, perit of my self,  
 Toward mine and Eur's sun and night; what  
 chance  
 The gods cast lots for and I shake out for us,  
 That shall we take, and that much bear  
 withal  
 And now, before these gather to the hunt,  
 I will go arm my son and bring him forth,  
 Lest love or some man's anger work him  
 harm.

## CHORUS.

Before the beginning of years,  
 There came to the making of men  
 Time, with a gift of tears;  
 Grief, with a glass that ran;  
 Pleasure, with pain for heaven;  
 Summer, with flow'ers that fell;  
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
 And madness risen from hell;  
 Strength without hands to smite;  
 Love that endures for a breath;  
 Night, the shadow of light,  
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
 Fate, and the falling of tears,  
 And the measure of shining and  
 From under the feet of the years;  
 And noth and drift of the sea;  
 And dust of the laboring earth;  
 And fates of things to be  
 In the houses of death and of birth;  
 And wreath with weeping and laughter,  
 And fashion'd with boasting and love,  
 What life be one, and life  
 And death beneath and above,  
 For a year and a day, tomorrow,  
 That his strength in the creature for a span  
 With travel and labor to show,  
 The holy spirit of us.

From the winds of the north and the south  
 They gather, and our stars;  
 They teach the light of the world,  
 They fill the heart with life;  
 For spirit and speech they wrought  
 For the voids of the soul therein,  
 A time for labor and thought,  
 A time to serve and to sin;  
 They gave him light in his ways,  
 And love, and a space for delight,  
 And beauty and length of days,  
 And night, and sleep in the night.  
 His speech is a burning fire;  
 With his lips he travail'd;  
 In his heart is a blind desire,  
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
 He weaves, and is clothed with divison;  
 Sows, and he shall not reap;  
 His life is a work, or a vision  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

## MELAGER.

O sweet now heaven and air without a star,  
 Fair day, be fair and welcome, as to men,  
 With leads to lead and praise to pluck from  
 thee,  
 Come forth a child, born with clear sound  
 and light,  
 With laughter, and swift limbs and pros-  
 perous looks;  
 That this great hunt with hounds for the  
 hounds  
 May leave thee memorable and us well  
 speak.

## ALTHEA.

Son, first I praise thy prayer, then bid thee  
 speed;

But the gods hear men's hands before their  
lips,  
And heed beyond all crying and sacrifice  
Light of things done and noise of laboring  
men.

But thou being tame I am no effect for the  
deed,  
As I see for the rain-thike in a wind they  
grow,  
Thou art thy fellows, and the chief of the  
world,  
I stand to see out the risked plagues, and  
leave  
Thank and safety by my presence to thydon.

MELIACUS.

For the whole city and all the Lowly  
land  
Flames, and the son air sounds with them  
tho come;  
The gods give all these fruit of all their  
works.

ATHENA.

Set thine eye thither, and fix thy spirit and  
saw  
Whom there thou knowest; for sharp  
in xed shadow and wind  
Edwin up between the morning and the  
mist,  
With steam of steel, and flash of battle or  
wheel,  
And fire, and jewels of the Erol on dawn,  
And dust divided by Eud light, and spurs  
That shine and hit as the edge of will  
Leasts' eyes,  
Smite upon mine; so fiery their bit I ege  
Burn, and bright points break up, and  
battle day.

MELIACUS.

The fire, for many I know not, being far  
off,  
Pelcus the Lari-sean, couched with whom  
Sleeps the white sea-bred wife and silver-  
shod,  
I am as fled foam, a goddess; and their son  
Most swift and splendid of men's children  
born,  
Most like a god, full of the future fame.

ATHENA.

Who are these shining like one sundered  
star?

MELIACUS.

The sister's one, the noble flower of men.

ATHENA.

O sweetest kin to me in all the world,  
O twin-born blood of Leda, gracious  
heads  
Like kindled light shining in a mass be you,  
I am flower-like stars on the son of man of  
the  
With what glad heart and kindness of  
oil,  
Even to the tending of both eye with tear,  
And kindling of woe on eyelids with flame,  
A great way off I see you, and I hope  
Seeing you so far, and muddled like a  
gods,  
I am to you come, and to be yours of the  
But for these, I am worth I see of I am upon.

MELIACUS.

Even such that sailing hither I saw far  
honor,  
And when Eurotas hollow his moist neck,  
Noble Spring with a fountain-leanted  
stream  
Even such I saw with ir sisters; one swan-  
white,  
The little Helen, and less than she  
Fair Clytemnestra, great as a stirring  
fawns  
Who feed and grow some arrow; but at  
whites,  
As on a nation with love or wing with bow,  
She laughs and lights with her eyes, and  
then  
Weeps; where it Helen, having laughed,  
weeps too,  
And the other eld her, and she being  
child speaks to it,  
But cheeks and lips of Eud light kisses her,  
Laughing; so fare they, as in their bloom-  
less bud  
And full of unblown life, the blood of gods.

ATHENA.

Sweet days befall them and good loves and  
loids,  
And tender and temperate honors of the  
heath,  
Peace, and a perfect life and blameless bed,  
But who shows next an eagle wrought in  
gold,

That flames had been, and law was slain;  
 the son,  
 And with a full mouth spoke after crying  
 joy?

MELLAGER.

Know by that sign the reign of Idmon;  
 Between the three great cities  
 of Idmon,  
 On the shores of two wide waters.

ALTHEA.

For like me, not for law, I have been slain,  
 Vn-der pleach, was I, and law was slain,  
 Glorious law was slain, and law was slain,  
 But who gat to see them, and law was slain,  
 him?

MELLAGER.

And us, great of law, and law was slain,  
 Two of god, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 arm,  
 Who drives against the law, and law was slain,  
 speaks,  
 Full sailor, I am, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 born,  
 Chief name next to, and law was slain, and law was slain,

ALTHEA.

Praise be with me, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 with law,  
 Home being of law, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 comes.

MELLAGER.

Next by the law, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 thou,  
 The sail and law of the law, and law was slain,  
 Thy law, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 so be,  
 Plexippus, over-swift with law, and law was slain,  
 For hands, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 mouth,  
 Blows, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 breath.

ALTHEA.

Speech too bears fruit, being worthy; much  
 in flows down,  
 Things, prisoners, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 comes,  
 And with charmed words, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 men, and law was slain,  
 With law, and law was slain, and law was slain,

MELLAGER.

You, all things, love they, save the gods  
 and love,

ALTHEA.

Love, then the law and cleave to things  
 and law.

MELLAGER.

Law was slain, their lips, whom these  
 and law.

ALTHEA.

How, yet, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 and law was slain?

MELLAGER.

Who, who hath been, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 under foot,

ALTHEA.

But law was slain, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 away,

MELLAGER.

Yet, not less himself than his own law,

ALTHEA.

Not, but, and law was slain, and law was slain,  
 down,

MELLAGER.

For, who, he will remould, and law was slain, and law was slain,

ALTHEA.

Me, but, but not this, that each thing live its  
 life,

MELLAGER.

Not, only, live, but lighten and lift up  
 higher,

ALTHEA.

Earth, tracks itself, and too much gained  
 and law?

MELLAGER.

Things, gained, are gone, but great things  
 done, and law,

ALTHEA.

Child, if a man, serve law through all his  
 life,

As with his whole heart worship him all  
 gods;  
 To use; but who loves it only with his lip,  
 And not in heart and deed desiring it,  
 Hides a perverse will with obsequious  
 words,  
 His heaven infatuate, and his twin-loom  
 fate  
 Tracks, and gain on him, scattering stars  
 to out,  
 And the swift bounds of violent death  
 beyond,  
 To carry one with equi-mind to get,  
 so that he prosper; not through his own  
 wit.  
 A, I, I rule and a new free of things;  
 A war ammel makes war upon I rule,  
 I womanhood, and treads down a man's  
 word.  
 And the sweet common honor that he  
 hath,  
 Love, and the cry of children, and the  
 fond  
 Troth light and mutual mouth of man-  
 nages,  
 His moth she, being unloved; whom if  
 one love,  
 Not fire nor iron and the wide-mouthed  
 wars  
 Are deadlier than her lips or braider hair,  
 For of the one comes poison, and a curse,  
 kills from the other and burns the lives of  
 men.  
 But thou, son, be not filled with evil  
 dreams,  
 Nor with desire of these things; for with  
 time  
 Blind love burns out; but if one feed it  
 full  
 Till some discoloring stain dyes all his life,  
 He shall keep nothing praiseworthy, nor  
 die  
 The sweet wise death of old men honor-  
 able,  
 Who have lived out all the length of all  
 their years  
 Humble, and seen well-pleased the face  
 of gods,  
 And without shame and without fear have  
 wrought  
 Things memorable, and while their days  
 held out  
 In sight of all men and the sun's great  
 light

Have soothed them, they and given of their  
 own praise  
 To the earth that bare them, and the day  
 that bred,  
 Home friends, and far-off hospitalities,  
 And filled with grace and memorial  
 time  
 Lands loved of summer or waded by  
 violent seas,  
 To was populous and new in footed ways,  
 And all in lip and heart with their own,  
 But when white age and venerable death  
 Mow down the strength and life with  
 their own,  
 Draw out the blood and darken their clear  
 eyes,  
 To mortal honors on them, being past  
 The glory of mortal life and death desirable  
 To the best seat and throne of throne of  
 souls,  
 Lands in discoverable in the unheeded  
 way,  
 To mol which the strong stream of a sacred  
 era  
 Rolls without wind forever, and the snow  
 There shows not her white wings and windy  
 feet,  
 Nor thunder nor swifter in saith anything,  
 Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and  
 thrive;  
 And these, filled full of days, divine and  
 dead,  
 Sores and singers tery from the god,  
 And such as love their land and all things  
 good  
 And, best beloved of best men, liberty,  
 Free lives, and lips, free hands of men free-  
 born,  
 And whatsoever on earth was honorable  
 And whatsoever of all the ephemeral seed,  
 Live there a life no liker to the gods,  
 But nearer than their life of tene days,  
 Love thou such life and look for such a  
 death.  
 But from the light and fiery dreams of love  
 Spring heavy sorrows and a woeless life,  
 Visions not dreams, whose joys no charm  
 shall close  
 Nor song assuage them walking; and swift  
 death  
 Crushes with sterile feet the unripening  
 ear,  
 Treads out the timeless vintage; whom do  
 thou

I like weal and need the lack of this thy  
 life,  
 Not without honor; and it shall fear to  
 thee  
 Such fruit as men reap from spinn'd beams,  
 and weal,  
 Few men, but he gives it when he will, O  
 me,  
 Happen it, if thou canst, the subject of  
 A tale of thine eye, and I will be  
 thy hearer,  
 And I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 So shalt thou be glad to hear me say  
 thy days  
 As light and night come round the  
 sun,  
 From heaven, and by the stars, above the  
 stars,  
 And back to earth, from the rock, for the  
 down,  
 I will to whom other call for a name,  
 Hence the gods have given his life to  
 thine?  
 And gloriously hast thou lived, and  
 thy life  
 To me that love thee and to all those I love,  
 Thinkworthy, as praise or reverence, and I  
 will  
 When, while we talk, he shall rise, and thy  
 path shall show,  
 And I the mad people of wily men shall  
 ways,  
 And I shall be glad to see thee walk,  
 I hope thou shalt not walk there, and I shall  
 Yet thou shalt be wiser than the birds of  
 the  
 Straight I shall the red, and apple, didst thou  
 lead,  
 And hoarse, and ca' lances, till I shall  
 And man, and man they tell for ye, twain,  
 said,  
 God against god, Ares and Artemis,  
 And thou the mightier, where thou shalt  
 sea bed,  
 A sharp-toothed curse thou too shalt  
 come;  
 For in the greener Hesperion of thy life,  
 Ere the full blade e'er flourish'd, and when  
 time gave  
 Respite, thou didst not slacken soul nor  
 sheep,  
 But with great hand and heart, and praise  
 of men  
 Out of sharp straits and many a grievous  
 thing,

So shall he arrange them of undivided seas,  
 Of which he never said no, and by thine  
 When the old winds cease, not blowing,  
 and all the night  
 For to us, and to any is no delight to men,  
 and all the night

## CHORUS.

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

## MELICUS.

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

Methinks I shall be glad to hear thee say,  
 For I shall be glad to hear thee hear  
 thy days

That watched us; and when flying the dove  
was snared

A with men's hands; but we shot after and  
goad

Cleopatra and the inmates of the temple; they  
A with her eyes when I am track, and herb

less chit  
of out ahead from Colchis, and I see  
fend

On a horse with wind, and I saw thine  
man wing reefs

The lightning of the in-olerable wave  
Elong, and the white wet flame of his feet  
burn

For under a kindling, and ward, and  
bump

Part of I bend, all in I flow, and I  
way

With heights untravell'd of the wind, and  
vales

Clayen, and a fly their violet, and  
and white

With latter flowers and bright soft  
of brim

He of sweep their sharp swift, and  
wing his wise

shack with birds' voices, and with fano  
feet

Food loose the long skirts of a storm, and  
saw

The whole white Euxine dash together  
and till

Full-mouthed, and the colossal, from a  
thousan I throust:

Yet we drew thither and won the fleece and  
won

Medea, do other than the sea; but thine  
Seem many a wonder, and fearful things  
to men

I saw not one thing like this one seen  
here,

Most fair and fearful, feminine, a god,  
Faultless; whom I that love not, being  
unlike,

Fear, and give honor, and choose from all  
the gods.

CHORUS.

Lady, the daughter of Thestius, and thou,  
son,

Not ignorant of your strife nor light of  
wit,

Scared with vain dreams and fluttering like  
spent fire,

I come to judge between you, but a king

Full of past days and wise from years en-  
dured

Nor thee, I pray, who art fair to unlo  
thine of her

Nor thee, who art swift to extrem, than  
own mind

For what he thou have given is given,  
and this

Changeless; howbeit these change, and in  
good times

Dear, now thing, and I good, not one thing  
shall

U-lose, they sent now, and our need for  
and

Am, to men, armed a woman, to men  
to men

Am, to men, armed a woman, to men  
to men

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

Phoebus, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,  
and I, and I, and I, and I, and I, and I,

ALPHA.

O King, thou art wise, but wisdom halts;  
and just

But the gods love not justice more than  
true,

And smite the righteous and the violent  
in wrath,

And mix with insolent blood the reverent  
men's,

And loose the holier, and the lying lips.

Enough for wise words fail me, and my  
heart

Takes me and trembles, flame-wise, O my  
son,

O child, for thine head's sake; mine eyes  
wax thick,

Turning toward thee, so goodly a weaponed  
man,

So glorious; and for love of thine own  
eye

They are darkened, and tears burn them,  
here as fire,









For thou O well-belov'd, if I may say  
 I love thee best, I love thee best for all,  
 To long I will have thee and find round all  
 my hair

With perfect cheques woven for thee  
 of thee,

For not without the sound of thy chaste  
 mouth,

For not without the woven of delicate  
 in me,

Across the white track of the sun  
 from his even to the A-belom-bean

I will at wrists can I her and part  
 of,

For oft my father's house, and left me  
 cheer'd

Teas, and in heart of the A-belom-bean  
 At all then green heart waters, and all  
 wood,

De on of late to hear a chime of mine  
 blown, and behold in all of wit white  
 feet,

MELLAGER.

For thy name's sake at I awe toward thy  
 chaste head,

O holdest Atalanta, for I love thee

Praise thee, though better than whom all  
 men praise,

And godlike for thy grace of hallow'd  
 him

And holy habit of thine eyes and feet  
 That make the blown from neither swift  
 nor white

Though the wind winnow and whirl it; yet  
 we praise

Gods, found I excuse of thee adorable

And for thy sake praiseworthy from all  
 men

Thee therefore we praise also, thee as  
 these,

Pure, and light fit at the hands of gods.

TOXUS.

How long will ye what spears with co-  
 quence,

Light and kill beasts dry-hand'd with  
 sweet words?

Cease, or talk still and slay thy hoars at  
 home.

PHENIXUS.

Why, if she come among us for a man,

Sit thou for her and spend a man grown  
 girl

I shall a woman weep for, and  
 her.

MELLAGER.

Truce, but he woo; no body love alle  
 speech

PHENIXUS.

Nor any man a man's mouth woman-  
 to guard,

MELLAGER.

For my lips I will not chaper than mine  
 hands,

PHENIXUS.

Nor I with life soft, but me whit softly  
 mine,

MELLAGER.

Keep thine hands clean; if they have  
 one of to stain,

PHENIXUS.

For thine shall not wax not red to-  
 day,

MELLAGER.

Have all thy will of words; talk out thine  
 heart,

MELLAGER.

Refrain your lips, O brethren, and my  
 side,

Lest words turn snakes and bite you utter-  
 ing them.

TOXUS.

I shall the give her I love before the gods,  
 What profit shall I find among men?

PHENIXUS.

Let her come crowned and stretch her  
 throat for a knife,

Else let her spirit and die, and so shall  
 men

Through her too prosper and through  
 prosperous gods;

but nowise through her living; shall she  
 live

A flower-bud of the flower bed, or sweet  
 fruit

or kisses and the honey-making mouth,  
 I play the shield of strength men and the  
 spear?

Then shall the offer and her mate lock  
 her,

And the bride overhear the groom, and  
men  
Gods; for no less division sunders the  
Since all things made are reasonable in  
time,  
But if one alter unseasonable are all.  
But thou, O Zeus, hear me that I may  
slay  
This beast before thee and no man have  
with me  
Nor woman, lest these mock thee, though  
a god,  
Who hast made men strong, and thou be-  
ing wise be held  
Foolish; for wise is that thing which en-  
dures.

## ATALANTA.

Men, and the chosen of all this people, and  
thou,  
King, I beseech you a little bear with  
me.  
For if my life be shameful that I live,  
Let the gods witness and their wrath; but  
these  
Cast no such word against me. Thou, O  
mine,  
O holy, O happy goddess, if I sin  
Changing the words of women and the  
works  
For spears and strange men's faces, hast  
not thou  
One shaft of all thy sudden seven that  
pierced  
Seven through the bosom or shining throat  
or side,  
All couched about one mother's loosening  
knees,  
All holy born, engrailed of Tantalus?  
But if toward any of you I am overbold  
That take thus much upon me, let him  
think  
How I, for all my forest holmess,  
Fame, and this armed and iron maiden-  
hood,  
Pay thus much also; I shall have no man's  
love  
Forever, and no face of children born  
Or feeling lips upon me or fastening eyes.  
Forever, nor being dead shall kings my  
sons  
Mourn me and bury, and I tear on daughter's  
cheeks  
Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but  
strange,

But far from dances and the back-blowing  
torch,  
Far out from flowers or any bed of man  
Shall my life be forever; me the snows  
That face the first of the morning, and cold  
hills  
Full of the land-wind and sea-travelling  
storms  
And many a wandering wing of noisy  
nights  
That know the thunder and hear the thick-  
ening wolves  
Me the utmost pine and footless frost of  
woods  
That talk with many winds and gods, the  
hoars  
Re-risen, and white divisions of the dawn,  
Springs thousand-tongued with the inter-  
mitting reel  
And streams that murmur of the mother  
snow  
Me these allure, and know me; but no  
man  
Knows, and my goddess only. Lo now,  
see,  
If one of all you these things vex at all.  
Would God that any of you had all the  
praise  
And I no manner of memory when I die,  
So might I show before her perfect eyes  
Pere, whom I follow, a maiden to my  
death.  
But for the rest let all have all they will;  
For is it a grief to you that I have part,  
Being woman merely, in your male might  
and deeds  
Done by main strength? yet in my body is  
throned  
As great a heart, and in my spirit, O  
men,  
I have not less of godlike. Evil it were  
That one a coward should mix with you,  
one hand  
Fertile, one eye abase itself; and these  
Well might ye hate and well revile, not  
me.  
For not the difference of the several flesh  
Being vile or noble or beautiful or base  
Makes unsewerly, but purer spirit and  
heart  
Higher than these meaner mouths and  
limbs, that feel,  
Else, rest, and on and are not; and for me,  
What should I say? but by the gods of the  
world

And this my maiden body, by all oaths  
That bind the tongue of men and the evil  
will,

I am not mighty-minded, nor desire  
Crowns, nor the spoil of slain things nor  
the fame:

Feed ye on these, eat and wax fat; cry  
out,

Laugh, having eaten, and leap without a  
lyre

Sing, mix the wind with clamor, smite and  
shake

Sonorous timbrels and tumultuous hair,  
And fill the dance up with tempestuous  
feet,

For I will none; but having prayed my  
prayers

And made thank-offering for prosperities,  
I shall go hence and no man see me more.

What thing is this for you to shout me  
down,

What, for a man to grudge me this my  
life

As it were envious of all yours, and I  
A thief of reputations? nay, for now,

If there be any highest in heaven, a god  
Above all thrones and thunders of the  
gods

Throned, and the wheel of the world roll  
under him,

Judge he between me and all of you, and  
see

If I transgress at all: but ye, refrain  
Transgressing hands and reinless mouths,  
and keep

Silence, less by much foam of violent words,  
And deeper poison of your lips ye die.

GENEUS.

O flower of Tega, maiden, fleetest foot  
And holiest head of women, have good  
cheer

Of thy good words: but ye, depart with  
her

In peace and reverence, each with blame-  
less eye

Following his fate; exalt your hands and  
hearts,

Strike, cease not, arrow on arrow and  
wound on wound,

And go with gods and with the gods  
return.

CHORUS.

Who hath given man speech? or who hath  
set them

A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?

For in the word his life is and his breath,  
And in the word his death,

That madness and the infatuate heart may  
breed

From the word's womb the deed  
And life bring one thing forth ere all pass  
by,

Even one thing which is ours yet cannot  
die--

Death. Hast thou seen him ever any-  
where,

Time's twin-born brother, imperishable as  
he

Is perishable and plaintive, clothed with  
care

And mutable as sand,  
But death is strong and full of blood and  
fair

And perdurable and like a lord of land?  
Nay, time thou seest not, death thou wilt  
not see

Till life's right hand be loosened from  
thine hand

And thy life-days from thee,  
For the gods very subtly fashion

Madness with sadness upon earth:  
Not knowing in anywise compassion,

Nor holding pity of any worth;  
And many things they have given and  
taken,

And wrought and rained many things;  
The firm land have they loosed and  
shaken,

And sealed the sea with all her springs;  
They have wearied time with heavy burdens  
And vexed the lips of life with breath:

Set men to labor and given them guerdons,  
Death and great darkness after death:

Put moans into the bridal measure  
And on the bridal wools a stain:

And circled pain about with pleasure,  
And girdled pleasure about with pain:

And strewed one marriage-bed with tears  
and fire

For extreme loathing and supreme desire.

What shall be done with all these tears of  
ours?

Shall they make waterspings in the  
fair heaven

To bathe the brows of morning? or like  
flowers

Be shed and shine before the starriest  
hours,

Or make the raiment of the weeping  
 Seven?  
 Or rather, O our masters, shall they be  
 Food for the famine of the grievous sea,  
 A great well-head of lamentation  
 satiating the sad gods? or fall and flow  
 Among the years and seasons to and fro,  
 And wash their feet with tribulation  
 And fill them full with grieving ere they  
 go?  
 Alas, our lords, and yet alas again,  
 Seeing all your non heaven is gilt as gold  
 But all we smite therat in vain;  
 Smite the gates barred with groanings  
 manifold,  
 But all the floors are paved with our  
 pain.  
 Yea, and with the weariness of lips and  
 eyes,  
 With breaking of the bosom, and with  
 sighs,  
 We labor, and are clad and fed with  
 grief  
 And filled with days we would not fain  
 behold  
 And nights we would not hear of; we wax  
 odd,  
 All we wax old and wither like a leaf.  
 We are outcast, stayed between bright sun  
 and moon;  
 Our light and darkness are as leaves of  
 flowers,  
 Black flowers and white, that perish; and  
 the noon  
 As midnight, and the night as daylight  
 hours.  
 A little fruit a little while is ours  
 And the worm finds it soon.  
 But up in heaven the high gods one by one  
 Lay hands upon the draught that quick-  
 eneth,  
 Fulfilled with all tears shed and all things  
 done,  
 And stir with soft imperishable breath  
 The babbling bitterness of life and  
 death,  
 And hold it to our lips and laugh; but  
 they  
 Preserve their lips from tasting night or  
 day,  
 Lest they too change and sleep, the fates  
 that spun,  
 The lips that made us and the hands that  
 slay;

Lest all these change, and heaven bow  
 down to none,  
 Change and be subject to the secular sway  
 And terrene revolution of the sun.  
 Therefore they turnst it from them, putting  
 time away.  
 I would the wine of time, made sharp and  
 sweet  
 With multitudinous days and nights and  
 tears  
 And many mixing savors of strange  
 years,  
 Were no more trodden of them under feet,  
 Cast out and spilt about their holy  
 places;  
 That life were given them as a fruit to  
 eat  
 And death to drink as water; that the  
 light  
 Might ebb, drawn backward from their  
 eyes, and night  
 Hide for one hour the imperishable  
 faces,  
 That they might rise up sad in heaven,  
 an snow  
 Sorrow and sleep, one paler than young  
 snow,  
 One cold as blight of dew and ruinous  
 rain;  
 Rise up and rest and suffer a little, and  
 be  
 Awhile as all things born with us, and  
 we,  
 And grieve as men, and like slain men  
 be slain.  
 For now we know not of them; but one  
 saith  
 The gods are gracious, praising God;  
 and one,  
 When hast thou seen? or hast thou felt  
 his breath  
 Touch nor consume thy eyelids as the  
 sun,  
 Nor fill thee to the lips with fiery death?  
 None hath beheld him, none  
 Seen above other gods and shapes of  
 things,  
 Swift without feet and flying without  
 wings,  
 Intolerable, not clad with death or life,  
 Insatiable, not known of night or day,  
 The lord of love and longing and of  
 strife  
 Who gives a star and takes a sun away;

Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife

To the earthy body and grievous growth of clay ;

Who turns the large limbs to a little flame And binds the great sea with a little sand ;

Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame ;

Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand ;

Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,

Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,

Smites without sword, and scourges without rod ;

The supreme evil, God.

Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,

One saith, and hidden our eyes away from sight,

And made us transitory and hazardous, Light things and slight ;

Yet have men praised thee, saying, He hath made man thus,

And he doeth right.

Thou hast kissed us, and hath smitten ; thou hast laid

Upon us with thy left hand life, and said, Live: and again thou hast said, Yield up your breath,

And with thy right hand laid upon us death.

Thou hast sent us sleep, and stricken sleep with dreams,

Saying, Joy is not, but love of joy shall be ;

Thou hast made sweet springs for all the pleasant streams,

In the end thou hast made them bitter with the sea.

Thou hast fed one rose with dust of many men ;

Thou hast marred one face with fire of many tears ;

Thou hast taken love, and given us sorrow again ;

With pain thou hast filled us full to the eyes and ears.

Therefore because thou art strong, our father, and we

Feeble ; and thou art against us, and thine hand

Constrains us in the shallows of the sea

And breaks us at the limits of the land ; Because thou hast bent thy lightnings as a bow,

And loosed the hours like arrows ; and let fall

Sins and wild words and many a winged woe

And wars among us, and one end of all ; Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet

Are as rushing water when the skies

Break, but thy face as an exceeding heat

And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes ;

Because thou art over all who are over us ; Because thy name is life and our name

death ;

Because thou art cruel and men are pitious, And our hands labor and thine hand

scattereth ;

Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,

Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,

At least we witness of thee ere we die That these things are not otherwise, but thus ;

That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,

That all men even as I,

All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

But ye, keep ye on earth

Your lips from over-speech,

Loud words and longing are so little worth ;

And the end is hard to reach.

For silence after grievous things is good,

And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,

And shame, and righteous governance of blood,

And lordship of the soul.

But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit,

And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root ;

For words divide and rend ;

But silence is most noble to the end.

AT FIFTEEN.

I heard within the house a cry of news

And came forth eastward hither, where the dawn



Cheers first these warlike gods that face the  
sun  
And next our eyes unrisen; for unaware  
Came dashes of swift hoofs and trampling  
feet  
And through the windy pillared corridor  
Light sharper than the frequent flames of  
day  
That daily fill it from the fiery dawn;  
Gleams, and a thumber of people that cried  
out,  
And dust and hurrying horse-men; to their  
chief,  
That rode with Ceneus rein by rein, re-  
turned.  
What cheer, O herald of my lord the king?

HERALD.

Lady, good cheer and great; the boar is  
slain.

CHORUS.

Praised be all gods that look toward  
Calydon.

ATHENA.

Good news and brief; but by whose hap-  
pier hand?

HERALD.

A maiden's and a prophet's and thy son's.

ATHENA.

Well fare the spear that severed him and  
life.

HERALD.

Thine own, and not an alien, hast thou  
blest.

ATHENA.

Twice be thou too for my sake blest and  
his.

HERALD.

At the king's word I rode afoam for thine.

ATHENA.

Thou savest he curieth till they bring the  
spoil?

HERALD.

Hand by the quarry, where they breathe,  
O queen.

ATHENA.

Speak thou their chance; but some I  
flowers and crown

These gods and all the lintel, and shed  
wine,  
Fetch sacrifice and slay; for heaven is  
good.

HERALD.

Some furlongs northward where the brakes  
begin

West of that narrowing range of warrior  
hills

Where brooks have bled with battle when  
thy son

Strove Aearmania, there all they made  
halt,

And with keen eye took note of spear and  
hound,

Royally ranked; Laertes island-born,  
The young Gerenian Nestor, Panopeus,  
And Cepheus and Anceus, mightiest  
thewel,

Arcadians; next, and evil-eyed of these,  
Arcasian Atalanta, with twain hounds

Lengthening the leash, and under nose and  
brow

Glistening with lipless tooth and fire-swift  
eye;

But from her white-braced shoulder the  
plumed shafts

Rang, and the bow shone from her side:  
next her

Melaeus; like a sun in spring that strikes  
Prairie into leaf and bloom into the world,

A glory among men meaner; Iphicles,  
And following him that slew the laiform  
bull

Pirithous, and divine Eurytion,  
And bride-bound to the gods, Aeaclides.

Then Telamon his brother, and Argive-  
born

The seer and sayer of visions and of truth,  
Amphiaraus; and a fourfold strength,

Thine, even thy mother's and thy sister's  
sons,

And recent from the roar of foreign foam  
Iason; and Dryas twin-begot with war,

A blossom of bright battle, sword and  
man

Shining; and Idas, and the keene eye  
Of Lynceus, and Admetus twice-espoused,

And Hippasus and Hyleus, great in heart.  
These having halted bade blow horns, and  
made

Through woods and waste lands cleft by  
stormy streams,

Past yew-trees and the heavy hair of pines,

And where the dew is thickest under oaks,  
 This way and that; but questing up and  
 down  
 They saw no trail nor scented; and one  
 said,  
 Flexippus, Help, or help not, Artemis,  
 And we will flay thy boarskin with male  
 hands;  
 But saying, he ceased and said not that he  
 would,  
 Seeing where the green ooze of a sun-struck  
 marsh  
 Shook with a thousand reeds untunable,  
 And in their moist and multitudinous  
 flower  
 Slept no soft sleep, with violent visions  
 fed,  
 The blind bulk of the immeasurable beast.  
 And seeing, he shuddered with sharp lust  
 of praise  
 Through all his limbs, and launched a  
 double dart,  
 And missed; for much desire divided him,  
 Too hot of spirit and feebler than his will,  
 That his hand failed, though fervent; and  
 the shaft,  
 Sundering the rushes, in a tamarisk stem  
 Shook, and stuck fast; then all abode save  
 one,  
 The Arcadian Atalanta; from her side  
 Sprang her hounds, laboring at the leash,  
 and slipped,  
 And plashed ear-deep with plunging feet;  
 but she  
 Saying, Speed it as I send it for thy sake,  
 Goddess, drew bow and loosed; the sudden  
 string  
 Rang, and sprang inward, and the waterish  
 air  
 Hissed, and the moist plumes of the song-  
 less reeds  
 Moved as a wave which the wind moves  
 no more.  
 But the boar heaved half out of ooze and  
 slime  
 His tense flank trembling round the barbed  
 wound,  
 Hateful; and fiery with invasive eyes  
 And bristling with intolerable hair  
 Plunged, and the hounds clung, and green  
 flowers and white  
 Reddened and broke all round them where  
 they came,  
 And chugging with sheer tusk he drove,  
 and smote

Hyleus; and sharp death caught his sudden  
 soul,  
 And violent sleep shed night upon his  
 eyes.  
 Then Peleus, with strong strain of hand  
 and heart,  
 Shot; but the side-long arrow slid, and  
 slew  
 His comrade born and loving country-  
 man,  
 Under the left arm smitten, as he no less  
 Poised a like arrow; and bright blood  
 break o'ram,  
 And falling, and weighed back by clamor-  
 ous arms,  
 Sharp rang the dead limbs of Eurytion.  
 Then one shot happier, the Cadmean seer,  
 Amphiaraut; for his sacred shaft  
 Pierced the red circlet of one ravening  
 eye  
 Beneath the brute brows of the sanguine  
 boar,  
 No bloodier from one skin; but he so  
 galled  
 Sprang straight, and rearing cried no lesser  
 cry  
 Than thunder and the roar of wintering  
 streams  
 That mix their own foam with the yellower  
 sea;  
 And as a tower that falls by fire in fight  
 With ruin of walls and all its archery,  
 And breaks the iron flower of war be-  
 neath,  
 Crushing charred limbs and molten arms  
 of men;  
 So through crushed branches and the  
 reddening brake  
 Clamored and crashed the fervor of his  
 feet,  
 And trampled, springing sideways from  
 the tusk,  
 Too tardy a moving mould of heavy  
 strength,  
 Aeneas; and as flakes of weak-winged  
 snow  
 Break, all the hard thews of his heaving  
 limbs  
 Broke, and rent flesh fell every way, and  
 blood  
 Flew, and fierce fragments of no more a  
 man.  
 Then all the heroes drew sharp breath, and  
 gaped,  
 And smote not; but Meleager, but thy son,

Right in the wild way of the coming curse  
 Rock-rooted, fur with fierce and fasten'd  
 lips,  
 Clear eyes, and springing muscle and  
 shortening limb  
 With chin a-slant indrawn to a tightening  
 throat,  
 Grave, and with gathered sinews, like a  
 god,  
 Aim'd on the left side his well-handled  
 spear  
 Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn,  
 and smote,  
 And with remorseful wound, the monstrous  
 bear  
 Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide  
 Under the last rib, sheer through bulk and  
 bone  
 Deep in; and deeply smitten, and to death,  
 The heavy horror with his hanging shafts  
 Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging  
 lips  
 Foamed out the latest wrath of all his life,  
 And all they praised the gods with mightier  
 heart,  
 Zeus and all gods, but chieftiest Artemis,  
 Seeing; but Meleager bade whet knives and  
 thy,  
 Strip and stretch out the splendor of the  
 spoil;  
 And hot and horrid from the work all  
 these  
 Sat, and drew breath and drank and made  
 great cheer  
 And washed the hard sweat off their calmer  
 brows.  
 For much sweet grass grew higher than  
 grew the reed,  
 And good for slumber, and every holier  
 herb,  
 Narcissus, and the low-lying meliote,  
 And all of goodliest blade and bloom that  
 springs  
 Where, hid by heavier hyacinth, violet  
 buds  
 Blossom and burn; and fire of yellower  
 flowers  
 And light of crescent lilies, and such leaves  
 As fear the Faun's and know the Dryad's  
 foot;  
 Olive and ivy and poplar dedicate,  
 And many a wellspring overwatched of  
 the sea.  
 There now they rest; but me the king bade  
 bear

Good tidings to rejoice this town and thee.  
 Wherefore be glad, and all ye give much  
 thanks  
 For fallen is all the trouble of Calydon.

## ATHENA.

Laud ye the gods; for this they have given  
 is good  
 And what shall be they hide until their  
 time,  
 Much good and somewhat grievous hast  
 thou said,  
 And either well; but let all sad things I e,  
 Till all have made before the prosperous  
 gods  
 Burnt-offering, and poured out the floral  
 wine.  
 Look fair, O gods, and favorable; for we  
 Praise you with no false heart or flattering  
 mouth  
 Being merciful, but with pure souls and  
 prayer.

## HERALD.

Thou hast prayed well; for whose fears  
 not these,  
 But once being prosperous waxes huge of  
 heart,  
 Him shall some new thing unaware de-  
 stroy.

## CHORUS.

O that I now, I too were  
 By deep wells and water-floods,  
 Streams of ancient hills, and where  
 All the wan green places bear  
 Blossoms cleaving to the sod,  
 Fruitless fruit, and grasses fair  
 Or such darkest ivy-buds  
 As divide thy yellow hair,  
 Bacchus, and their leaves that nod  
 Round thy fawn-skin brush the bare  
 Snows-off shoulders of a god;  
 There the year is sweet, and there  
 Earth is full of secret springs,  
 And the fervent rose-checked hours,  
 Those that marry dawn and noon,  
 There are sunless, there look pale  
 In dim leaves and hidden air,  
 Pale as grass or latter flowers  
 Or the will vine's wan wet rings  
 Full of dew beneath the moon,  
 And all day the nightingale  
 Sleeps, and all night sings;  
 There in cold remote recesses

That nor alien eye assail,  
Feet, nor imminence of wings,  
Nor a word nor any time,  
Thou, O queen and holiest,  
Flower the whitest of all things,  
With reluctant lengthening tresses  
And with sudden splendour cast  
Save of maidens unholden,  
There are wont to enter, there  
Thy divine sweet limbs and golden  
Maiden growth of unbound hair,  
Bathed in waters white,  
Shine, and many a maid's by thee  
In moist woodland or the hilly  
Flowerless brakes where wells abound  
Out of all men's sight;  
Or in lower pools that see  
All their margins clothed all round  
With the innumerable lily,  
Whence the golden-girdled bee  
Flies through flowering rush to fret  
White or dusky violet,  
Fair as those that in far years  
With their buds left luminous  
And their little leaves made wet  
From the warmer dew of tears,  
Mother's tears, in extreme need,  
Hid the limbs of Arius,  
Of thy brother's son,  
For his heart was piteous  
Toward him, even as thine heart now  
Pitiful toward us;  
Thine, O goddess, turning hither  
A benignant blameless brow;  
Seeing enough of evil done  
And lives withered as leaves wither  
In the blasting of the sun;  
Seeing enough of hunters dead,  
Ruin enough of all our year,  
Herds and harvests slain and shed  
Herdsmen stricken many an one,  
Fruits and flocks consumed together,  
And great length of deadly days,  
Yet with reverent lips and fear  
Turn we toward thee, turn and praise  
For this lightning of clear weather  
And prosperities begun.  
For not seldom, when all air  
As bright water without break  
Shines, and when men fear not, fate  
Without thunder unaware  
Breaks, and brings down death,  
Joy with grief ye great gods give,  
Good with bad, and overhear  
All the pride of us that live,

All the high estate,  
As ye bring since over here,  
As in old time long before,  
Many a strong man and a great,  
All that were,  
But do thou, sweet, otherwise,  
Having heed of all our prayer,  
Taking care of all our sighs;  
We beseech thee by thy light,  
By thy bow, and thy sweet eyes,  
And the kingdom of the night,  
By thou favourable and fair;  
By thine arrows and thy might  
And Orion overthrow;  
By the maiden thy delight,  
By the maiden's delicate zone  
And the sacred hair,

MESSENGER.

Maidens, if ye will sing now, shift your  
song,  
Bow down, cry, wail for pity; is this a  
time  
For singing? nay, for strewing of dust and  
ash,  
Rent raiment, and for bruising of the  
breast.

CHORUS.

What new thing wolf-like lurks behind thy  
wrists?  
What snake's tongue in thy lips? what fire  
in the eyes?

MESSENGER.

Bring me before the queen and I will  
speak.

CHORUS.

Lo, she comes forthes from thank-offering  
made.

MESSENGER.

A barren offering for a bitter gift

ATHLIA.

What are these borne on branches, and the  
face  
Covered? no mean men living, but now  
slain  
Such honor have they, if any dwell with  
death.

MESSENGER.

Queen, thy twain brethren and thy mother's  
sons.

- ALTHEA.  
Lay down your arms, all I beheld their  
blood.  
If it be mine, I feel, and I will weep.
- MESSENGER.  
Weep if thou wilt, for these need fall no  
more.
- ALTHEA.  
O brethren, O my father's son, yet  
Well loved, and I will weep, and I will  
weep.  
Tears dearer than the dew, shall I draw  
From you.  
But that I know you not, and know not  
Sleeping no shameful, I could have  
For my son, and loth, even I, to be  
MISSENTER.
- Nay, should I think you were I, by hand, if  
O queen?
- ALTHEA.  
Thy double word brings forth a double  
death.
- MESSENGER.  
Know this then singly, by one hand they  
fell.
- ALTHEA.  
What mutterest thou with thine ambiguous  
mouth?
- MESSENGER.  
Shain by thy son's hand; is that saying so  
hard?
- ALTHEA.  
Our time is come upon us; it is here.
- CHORUS.  
O miserable, and spoiled at thine own  
hand.
- ALTHEA.  
Wert thou not called Messenger from this  
womb?
- CHORUS.  
A grievous huntsman hath he led to thee.
- ALTHEA.  
Wert thou born free, and I if thou not  
devour?
- CHORUS.  
If thou hadst, will it consume even  
thee?
- ALTHEA.  
My dreams are fallen upon me; burn thou  
too.
- CHORUS.  
Not without God are visions born and die.
- ALTHEA.  
The gods are many about me; I am one.
- CHORUS.  
She groans as men wrestling with heavier  
gods.
- ALTHEA.  
They rend me, they divide me, they de-  
stroy.
- CHORUS.  
O can I look in travail of strange births.
- ALTHEA.  
They are strong, they are strong; I am  
broken, and these prevail.
- CHORUS.  
The gods fight against her; she will die.
- ALTHEA.  
Yes, but not now for my heart too is  
grieved.  
I would I were not here in sight of the sun,  
but thou, speak, if thou sawest, and I will  
die.
- MESSENGER.  
O queen, for queenlike hast thou borne  
thyself.  
A little word may hold so great mischance.  
For in division of the sanguine spoil  
These men thy brethren wrangling bade  
yield up  
The beam's head and the horror of the hide,  
That this night stand a wonder in Caly-  
don,  
Hollowed; and some drew toward them;  
but thy son,  
With great hands grasping all that weight  
of hair,  
Cast down the dead heap clanging and  
cruel  
At female feet, saying, This thy spoil, not  
mine,  
Maid on thine own hand for thyself hath  
taken.

And all this praise God gives thee; she  
 thereat  
 Laughed, as when dawn touches the sacred  
 night  
 The sky sees laugh and rodden and divide  
 Lum lips and eyelids virgin of the sun,  
 Hers, and the warm slow breasts of morn-  
 ing heave,  
 Fruitful, and flushed with flame from lamp-  
 lit lairs,  
 And made a modulation of clear hair  
 Color the clouds; so laughed she from pure  
 heart  
 Lit with a low blush to the braided hair,  
 And rose-colored and cold like very dawn,  
 Golden and godlike, chastely with chaste  
 lips  
 A faint, grave laugh; and all they held  
 their peace,  
 And she passed by them. Then one cried,  
 Lo now,  
 Shall not the Arcadian shoot out lips  
 at us,  
 Saying all we were despoiled by this one  
 girl?  
 And all they rode against her violently  
 And cast the fresh crown from her hair,  
 and now  
 They had rent her spoil away, dishonoring  
 her,  
 Save that Meleager, as a tame lion chafed,  
 Bore on them, broke them, as fire cleaves  
 wood  
 So clove and drove them, smitten in twain;  
 but she  
 Smote not nor heaved up hand and this  
 man first,  
 Plexippus, crying out, this for Love's sake,  
 sweet,  
 Drove at Meleager, who with spear  
 straightening  
 Pierced his cheek through; then Toxus  
 made for him,  
 Dumb, but his spear spake; vain and vio-  
 lent words,  
 Fruitless; for him too, stricken through  
 both sides  
 The earth felt falling, and his horse's  
 foam  
 Blanched thy son's face, his slayer; and  
 these being slain,  
 None moved nor spake; but Ulixus had  
 bear hence  
 These made of heaven infatuate in their  
 deaths,

Foolish; for these would baffle fate, and  
 fell,  
 And they passed on, and all men honored  
 her,  
 Being honorable, as one revered of heaven.

ATHENA.

What say ye, Women? is all this not well  
 done?

CHORUS.

No man doth well but God hath part in  
 him.

ATHENA.

But no part here; for these my brethren  
 born  
 Ye have no part in, these ye know not of  
 As I that was their sister, a sacrifice  
 Slain in their slaying. I would I had died  
 for these;  
 For this man dead walked with me, child  
 by child,  
 And made a weak staff for my feebler feet  
 With his own tender wrist and hand, and  
 held  
 And led me softly, and showed me gold  
 and steel  
 And shining shapes of mirror and bright  
 crown  
 And all things fair; and threw light spears,  
 and brought  
 Young hounds to huddle at my feet and  
 thrust  
 Tame heads against my little maiden  
 breasts,  
 And please me with great eyes; and those  
 days went,  
 And these are bitter, and I a bare  
 queen  
 And sister miserable, a grievous thing  
 And mother of many curses; and she  
 too,  
 My sister Leda, sitting overseas  
 With fair fruits round her, and her faultless  
 lord,  
 Shall curse me, saying, A sorrow and not  
 a son,  
 Sister, thou barest, even a lanning fire  
 A brand consuming thine own soul and  
 me,  
 But ye now, sons of Theseus, make good  
 cheer,  
 For ye shall have such wood to funeral  
 fire

As no king hath; and if he should  
 down  
 O! shall not quicken or begeth  
 wine  
 Refresh again; much rather than  
 gold,  
 And more than many lives of wan  
 men.

## CROOKS.

O queen, thou hast yet with thee I  
 worthy than  
 Three hundred, and the great  
 thy own.

## A L I E N .

Who shall get brothers for me while I  
 live?  
 Who bear them? who bring forth in lieu  
 of these?  
 Are not our fathers and our brethren one,  
 And no man like them? are not mine here  
 slain?  
 Have we not hung together, he and I,  
 Flowerwise feeding as the feeding tree,  
 With neither need for honey? and  
 man too,  
 Dead, with my son's spear thrust between  
 his side,  
 Hath he not seen us, later Iorn than he,  
 Laugh with lips filled, and laughed a while  
 for love?  
 There were no sons that in the world, nor  
 spears,  
 Nor deadly darts of women; but the  
 gods  
 Allowed us, and our days were clear of  
 these,  
 I would I had died now he did, and  
 he  
 No spears to vex the world; for then that  
 stroke  
 Swept words long since and loved men  
 not speak  
 No love for a look upon me; and all my  
 life  
 I had not been to see them live to  
 me,  
 But I have lived, how shall I now live?  
 What life shall I have with my own  
 know  
 What hath been and desire what will not  
 be,  
 Look for dead eyes, and listen for  
 lips,  
 And bid mine own heart with remembering  
 them.

As with those eyes that see the slayer  
 live  
 Weep, and wring hands that clasp him by  
 the hand?  
 How shall I bear my dreams of them, to  
 hear  
 Take a loss, feel the kisses of false  
 men?  
 At a godless sword of perished feet, and  
 men  
 Will I not hear only it may be their own  
 hands  
 When they sleep in miserable sleep,  
 And see their own spears and their  
 hands  
 And see the gear and housings of their  
 lives  
 And not the men? shall homs and horses  
 remain,  
 Fine with strange eyes, and prick up hun-  
 gly  
 Lament and fill at heart for their dear  
 lord,  
 And I not heed at all? and those blind  
 things  
 I fall on from life for love's sake, and I  
 live?  
 Surely some death is better than some  
 life,  
 Better some death for him and these and  
 now  
 For if the gods had slain them it may be  
 I had not  
 Or by the darts and knives of privy death  
 And by blood hands while sleeping, this  
 did,  
 The heart my soul to suffer; or this hunt,  
 He has despatched them, under tusk or  
 tooth,  
 True, sanguine, trodden, broken; for all  
 deaths  
 Or honorable, or with the feet avenged  
 And hands of swiftness following, all save  
 this,  
 Are available; but not for their sweet land  
 and  
 Dead for I have not then shed all mine  
 heart  
 Or mine eyes; then either with good  
 look  
 Blame me, I had slain their slayer  
 fully,  
 Or shown with flowers their fire  
 on  
 their tombs

Hung crowns, and ovens  
 seen  
 Their praise on thine  
 men,  
 All maidens, had  
 pure lips  
 Shew songs upon their  
 Tears; and their death  
 less life;  
 But now, by no man hid I nor  
 sword,  
 By their own kindred are they fallen, in  
 peace,  
 After much peril, friends among friends,  
 By hateful hands they loved; and how shall  
 mine  
 Touch these returning red and not from  
 war,  
 These fatal from the vintage of men's  
 veins,  
 Dead men my brethren? how shall their  
 wash out  
 No festal stains of maddening wine  
 How mix the blood, my blood on them,  
 with me,  
 Holding mine hand? or how shall I say,  
 son,  
 That am no sister? but by night and day  
 Shall we not sit and hate each other, and  
 think  
 Things hate-worthy? not live with stam-  
 fast eyes,  
 Bow-beaten, treading soft with fearful  
 feet,  
 Each unupbraided, each without reprove  
 Convicted, and without a word reviled  
 Each of another? and I shall let thee live  
 And see thee strong and clear men for thy  
 sake  
 Praise me, but these thou wouldest not let  
 live  
 No man shall praise for ever? these shall lie  
 Dead, unloved, unholpen, all through  
 thee?  
 Sweet were they toward me living, and  
 mine heart  
 Desired them, but was thou well wishful,  
 That now is as men hungred; and these  
 dead  
 I shall want always to the day I live  
 For all things else and all men may re-  
 new;  
 Yea, men for whom the gods may live and  
 take,  
 But never a brother or sister any more.

CHORUS.

Nay, not the sun lies close to  
 lips  
 Fed of the mill, warm from  
 and grain  
 The cold food of life and all thy  
 lips, thee, and drakes thee as who  
 and out,  
 He is wine and drinks, thyself a set of  
 the;  
 And if he feel not, shall not thy flesh  
 faint?  
 Or drink not, are not thy lips dead for  
 that?  
 Nothing moves more than all things,  
 even thy  
 If thou cleave to him, and he shall  
 honor thee,  
 The words that bare him and the breasts  
 he drew,  
 Everencing me for thy sake all his gods.

APPALINIA.

For thee, the god, too good to me, and these  
 own,  
 Not reverencing his gods nor mine own  
 heart  
 Not the old, sweet years nor all venerable  
 thing,  
 Put each, as I in his ravin like a beast,  
 Hath taken away to slay them: yea, and  
 she,  
 She the strange woman, she the flower,  
 the sword,  
 If I from spill blood, a mortal flower to  
 men,  
 A horrible, detestable— even she  
 Saw with strange eyes and with strange  
 lips rejoiced,  
 seeing these mine own slain of mine own,  
 and me  
 More miserable above all miseries made,  
 As if among all women in the world,  
 A name to be washed out with all men's  
 tears.

CHORUS.

Strengthen thy spirit: is this not also a  
 god,  
 Chance, and the wheel of all necessities?  
 Hard things have fallen upon us from harsh  
 gods.  
 Whom lest worse hap rebuke we not for  
 these.







For the lowly, the lowly maid:  
 Her name is not in the world's name,  
 And her name is not in the world's name,  
 She will not be thy willow name,  
 Her day is not in the world's name,  
 A child she is, and her name she came  
 From snatched eyes, and by her:  
 Clarks and great, sure, thunders and  
 How.

The life of the lowly of the air,  
 The life that breathes, the life that  
 flows.

All will, all free, the life of the lowly,  
 I will, all the world know I will, for she is great;  
 The daughter of deum, the mother of  
 the world.

The daughter of sorrow, the long weight,  
 The daughter of the high, the high,  
 No more, no more, the high,  
 All a child, seen, across the way,  
 Where the world is as the other world;  
 An evil, the world, and stay.

Enough, for a staff, weight for a rod,  
 The daughter of the world,  
 For death is deep as the sea.

At the sea, the waves thereof,  
 Shall the waves, the waves thereof,  
 Or the world, the world thereof?

Whither, the world, the world thereof,  
 Or the world, the world thereof,  
 Or the world, the world thereof?

Behold, the world, the world thereof,  
 Behold, the world, the world thereof,  
 Behold, the world, the world thereof.

The sweetness of the world, the world thereof,  
 The sweetness of the world, the world thereof.

The light of the world, the world thereof,  
 The light of the world, the world thereof.

Ye shall, the world, the world thereof,  
 Ye shall, the world, the world thereof.

Will the world, the world thereof,  
 Will the world, the world thereof?

Hast thou, the world, the world thereof,  
 Hast thou, the world, the world thereof?

Behold, the world, the world thereof,  
 Behold, the world, the world thereof.

Thy world, the world, the world thereof,  
 Thy world, the world, the world thereof.

For the world, the world, the world thereof,  
 For the world, the world, the world thereof.

And the world, the world, the world thereof,  
 And the world, the world, the world thereof.

ATHENA.

O ye that will, and ye that bring, make  
 way.

Till I be come among you. Hide your  
 tears.

Ye little weepers, and your laughing lips,  
 Ye lookers for a little; to mine eyes

That outweep heaven at rainiest, and my  
 mouth.

That laughs as gods laugh at us. Fate's  
 eye we.

Yet fate is ours a breathing-space; yea,  
 mine.

Fate is made mine forever; he is my son,  
 My bellfellow, my brother. Your strong  
 gods.

Give place unto me; I am as any of you,  
 To give life and to take life. Thon old  
 earth.

That hast made man and unmade; thou  
 whose mouth

Looks red from the eaten fruits of thine  
 own womb;

Behold me with what lips upon what food  
 I feed and fill my body, even with flesh

Made of my body. Lo, the fire I lit  
 I burn with fire to quench it; yea, with  
 flame

I burn up even the dust and ash thereof.

CHORUS.

Woman, what fire is this thou burnest  
 with?

ATHENA.

Ye — the bone, yea to the blood and all.

CHORUS.

For this thy face and hair are as one fire.

ATHENA.

A tongue that licks and beats upon the  
 dust.

CHORUS.

And in thine eyes are hollow light and  
 heat.

ATHENA.

Of flame not fed with hand or frankin-  
 cense.

CHORUS.

I fear thee for the trembling of thine eyes.

ATHENA.

Neither with love they tremble nor for  
 fear.

CHORUS.

And thy mouth shuddering like a shot  
bird.

ALTHÆA.

Not as the bride's mouth when the man  
kisses it.

CHORUS.

Nay, but what thing is this thing thou hast  
done?

ALTHÆA.

Look, I am silent, speak your eyes for me.

CHORUS.

I see a faint fire lightening from the hall.

ALTHÆA.

Gaze, stretch your eyes, strain till the lids  
drop off.

CHORUS.

Flushed pillars down the flickering vesti-  
bule.

ALTHÆA.

Stretch with your necks like birds: cry,  
chirp as they.

CHORUS.

And a long brand that blackens: and  
white dust.

ALTHÆA.

O children, what is this ye see? your eyes  
Are blinder than night's face at fall of  
moot,

That is my son, my flesh, my fruit of life,  
My travail, and the year's weight of my  
womb.

Meleager, a fire enkindled of mine hands,  
And of mine hands extinguished: this is he.

CHORUS.

O gods, what word has flown out at thy  
mouth?

ALTHÆA.

I did this and I say this and I die.

CHORUS.

Death stands upon the doorway of thy lips,  
And in thy mouth has death set up his  
house.

ALTHÆA.

O death, a little, a little while, sweet  
death,

Until I see the brand burnt down and die.

CHORUS.

She reels as any reed under the wind,  
And cleaves unto the ground with stagger-  
ing feet.

ALTHÆA.

Girls, one thing will I say and hold my  
peace.

I that did this will weep not nor cry out,  
Cry ye and weep: I will not call on gods,  
Call ye on them: I will not pity man,  
Shew ye your pity. I know not if I  
live;

Save that I feel the fire upon my face  
And on my cheek the burning of a brand.  
Yea the smoke bites me, yea I drink the  
steam

With nostril and with eyelid and with lip  
Insatiate and intolerant; and mine hands  
Burn, and fire feeds upon mine eyes; I  
reel

As one made drunk with living, whence  
he draws  
Drunken delight; yet I though mad for  
joy,

Loathe my long living and am waxen red  
As with the shadow of shed blood; be-  
hold,

I am kindled with the flames that fade in  
him,

I am swollen with subsiding of his veins,  
I am flooded with his ebbing; my lit eyes  
Flame with the falling fire that leaves his  
lids

Bloodless; my cheek is luminous with  
blood

Because his face is ashen. Yet, O child,  
Son, first-born, fairest—O sweet mouth,  
sweet eyes,

That drew my life out through my suckling  
breast,

That shone and clove my heart through,—  
O soft knees

Clinging, O tender treadings of soft feet,  
Cheeks warm with little kissings, —O child,  
child,

What have we made each other? Lo, I  
felt

Thy weight cleave to me, a burden of  
beauty, O son,

Thy cradled brows and loveliest loving  
lips,  
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,  
And all thy goodly glory: with mine  
hands  
Dearest I find thee, with my tongue  
Tenderly spake, saying, Verily in God's  
time,  
For all the little likeness of thy limbs,  
Son, I shall make thee a kingly man to  
night,  
A lordly leader; and here before I die,  
"She bore the goodliest sword of all the  
world,"  
Oh! oh! For all my life turns round on  
me;  
I am severed from myself, my name is  
gone,  
My name that was a healing, it is changed,  
My name is a consuming. From this  
time,  
Though mine eyes reach to the end of all  
these things,  
My lips shall not unfasten till I lie.

SEMICHORUS.

She has filled with sighing the city,  
And the ways thereof with tears;  
She arose, she girdle'd her sides,  
She set her face as a bride's;  
She wept, and she had no pity;  
Trembled and felt no fears.

SEMICHORUS.

Her eyes were clear as the sun.  
Her brows were fresh as the day;  
She girdle'd herself with gold,  
Her robes were manifold;  
But the days of her worship are done,  
Her praise is taken away.

SEMICHORUS.

For she set her hand to the fire;  
With her mouth she kindled the same;  
As the mouth of a flute-player,  
So was the mouth of her;  
With the night of her strong desire  
She blew the breath of the flame.

SEMICHORUS.

She set her hand to the wood,  
She took the fire in her hand;  
She who is nigh to death,  
Smote with strange death;  
She opened her lips unto blood,  
She lacerated and kindled the brand

SEMICHORUS.

As wood-d-ve newly shot,  
She sobb'd and lifted her breast;  
She sigh'd and covered her eyes,  
Filling her lips with sighs;  
She sigh'd, she withdrew herself not,  
She refrained not, taking not rest;

SEMICHORUS.

But as the wind which is drouth,  
And as the air which is death,  
As so ran that severeth ships,  
Her death severing her lips,  
Her breath came forth of her mouth  
And the fire came forth of her breath.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Queen, and you maidens, there is come  
on us  
A thing more deadly than the tie of  
death;  
McLough the good lord is as one sl

SEMICHORUS.

Without sword, without sword is he  
stricken;  
Slain, and slain without hand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

For as keen ice divided of the sun  
His limbs divide, and as thawed snow the  
flesh  
Thaws from off all his body to the hair.

SEMICHORUS.

He wastes as the embers quicken;  
With the brand he fades as a brand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Even while they sang and all drew hither  
and he  
Lifted both hands to crown the Arcadian's  
hair  
And fix the looser leaves, both hands fell  
down.

SEMICHORUS.

With rearing of cheek and of hair  
Lament ye, mourn for him, weep.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Straightway the crown slid off and smote  
on earth.  
First fallen; and he, grasping his own hair,  
groaned

And cast his raiment round his face and fell.

SEMICHORUS.

Alas for visions that were,  
And soothsayings spoken in sleep.

SECOND MESSENGER.

But the king twitched his reins in and leapt down  
And caught him, crying out twice, "O child," and thrice  
So that men's eyelids thickened with their tears.

SEMICHORUS.

Lament with a long lamentation,  
Cry, for an end is at hand.

SECOND MESSENGER.

O son, he said, son, lift thine eyes, draw breath,  
Pity me; but Meleager with sharp lips  
Gasped, and his face waxed like as sun-  
burnt grass.

SEMICHORUS.

Cry aloud, O thou kingdom, O nation,  
O stricken, a ruinous land.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Whereat king Géus, straightening feeble knees,  
With feeble hands heaved up a lessening weight,  
And laid him sadly in strange hands, and wept.

SEMICHORUS.

Thou art smitten, her lord, her desire,  
Thy dear blood wastel as rain.

SECOND MESSENGER.

And they with tears and rendings of the beard  
Bear hither a breathing body, wept upon,  
And lightening at each footfall, sick to death.

SEMICHORUS.

Thou madest thy sword as a fire,  
With me for a sword thou art slain.

SECOND MESSENGER.

And to the feast turned funeral and the crown

Fallen; and the huntress and the hunter  
trapped;

And weeping and changed face and laced hair.

MELLAGER.

Let your hands meet  
Round the weight of my head  
Lift ye my feet  
As the feet of the dead;

For the flesh of my body is molten, the  
limbs of it molten as lead.

CHORUS.

O ray luminous face,  
Thine imperious eyes!  
O the grief, O the grace,  
As of the day when it dies!

Who is this bending over thee, lord, with  
tears and suppression of sighs!

MELLAGER.

Is a bride so fair?  
Is a child so meek?  
With unchapered hair  
With unfiled cheek,

Atalanta, the pure among women, whose  
name is as blessing to speak.

ATALANTA.

I would that with feet,  
Unsaddled, unshod,  
Overhold, overfleet,  
I had swam not nor trod

From Aecadia to Calydon, northward, a  
blast of the envy of God.

MELLAGER.

Unto each man his fate;  
Unto each as he saith  
In whose fingers the weight  
Of the world is as I breathe;

Yet I would that in clamor of battle mine  
hands had laid hold upon death.

CHORUS.

Not with clanging of shields  
And their clash in thine ear,  
When the loud of fought fields  
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,

Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken,  
with travail and labor and fear.

MELLAGER.

Would God he had found me  
Beneath fresh boughs!

Wouldest thou have had me  
Unawares in mine house,  
With light in mine eyes, and songs in my  
lips, and a crown on my brows!

CHORUS,

Whence art thou sent from us?  
Whither thy god?  
How art thou rent from us,  
Thou that wert whole,  
As with severing of eyelids and eyes, as  
with sundering of body and soul!

MELEAGER,

My heart is within me  
As an ash in the fire;  
Whosoever hath seen me,  
Without hate, without lyre,  
Shall sing of me grievous things, even  
things that were ill to desire.

CHORUS,

Who shall raise thee  
From the house of the dead?  
Or what man praise thee  
That thy praise may be said?  
Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas  
thine head!

MELEAGER,

But thou, O mother,  
That dreamer of dreams,  
Wilt thou bring with another  
To feel the sun's beams  
When I move among shadows and shadow,  
and wall by impassible streams?

CENEUS,

What thing wilt thou leave me  
Now this thing is done?  
A man wilt thou give me,  
A son for my son,  
For the light of mine eyes, the desire of  
my life, the desirable one?

CHORUS,

Thou wert glad above others,  
Vexed fair beyond world;  
Thou wert glad among mothers;  
For each man that heard  
Of thee, praise there was a bird unto thee,  
as wings to the feet of a bird.

CENEUS,

Who shall give back  
Thy face of old years,

With travail made black,  
Crown'd gray among tears,  
Mother of sorrow, mother of cursing,  
mother of tears?

MELEAGER,

Though thou art as fire  
Fed with fuel in a sun,  
My delight, desire,  
Is more chaste than the rain,  
More pure than the dewfall, more holy  
than stars are that live without stain.

ATLANTA,

I would that as water  
My life's blood had thaw'd,  
Or as winter's wan daughter  
Leaves lowland and lawn  
Spring-stricken, or ever mine eyes had be-  
held face made dark in thy dawn.

CHORUS,

When thou dravest the men  
Of the chosen of Thrace,  
None turned him again  
Nor endured he thy face  
Clothed round with the blush of the battle,  
with light from a terrible place,

CENEUS,

Thou shouldst die as he dies  
For whom none sheddeth tears;  
Filling thine eyes  
And fulfilling thine ears,  
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom  
and the beauty, the splendor of spears.

CHORUS,

In the ears of the world  
It is sung, it is told,  
And the light thereof hurled  
And the noise thereof rolled  
From the Acroceraunian snow to the ford  
of the fleece of gold.

MELEAGER,

Would God ye could carry me  
Forth of all these;  
Heap sand and bury me  
By the Chersonese  
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers  
the thunder of Pontic seas.

CENEUS,

Wilt thou mock at our praise  
And the singing begun

And the men of strange days  
Praising my son  
In the folds of the hills of home, high  
places of Calydon?

MELEAGER.

For the dead man no home is;  
Ah, better to be  
What the flower of the foam is  
In fields of the sea,  
That the sea-waves might be as my rai-  
ment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.

CHORUS.

Who shall seek thee and bring  
And restore thee thy day,  
When the dove dapt her wing  
And the oars won their way,  
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened  
the straits of Propontis with spray?

MELEAGER.

Will ye crown me my tomb  
Or exalt me my name,  
Now my spirits consume  
Now my flesh is a flame?  
Let the sea slake it once, and men speak  
of me sleeping to praise me or shame.

CHORUS.

Turn back now, turn thee,  
As who turns him to wake;  
Though the life in thee burn thee,  
Couldst thou bathe it and slake  
Where the sea-ridge of Helle hangs heavier,  
and east upon west waters break?

MELEAGER.

Would the winds blow me back  
Or the waves hurl me home?  
Ah, to touch in the track  
Where the pine learnt to roam  
Cold girdles and crowns of the sea gods,  
cool blossoms of water and foam!

CHORUS.

The gods may release  
That they made fast;  
Thy soul shall have ease  
In thy limbs at the last;  
But what shall they give thee for life, sweet  
life that is overpast?

MELEAGER.

Not the life of men's veins,  
Not of flesh that conceives;  
But the grace that remains,  
The fair beauty that cleaves  
To the life of the rams in the grasses, the  
life of the dews on the leaves.

CHORUS.

Thou wert helmisman and oar;  
Wilt thou turn in an hour  
Thy limbs to the leaf,  
Thy face to the flower,  
Thy blood to the water, thy soul to the  
gods who divide and devour?

MELEAGER.

The years are hungry,  
They wail all their days;  
The gods wax angry  
And weary of praise;  
And who shall bridle their lips? and who  
shall straiten their ways?

CHORUS.

The gods guard over us  
With sword and with rod;  
Weaving shadow to cover us,  
Heaping the sod,  
That law may fulfil herself wholly, to  
darken man's face before God.

MELEAGER.

O holy head of Athena, lo thy son  
Guiltless, yet red from alien guilt, yet foul  
With kinship of contaminated lives,  
Lo for their blood I die; and mine own  
blood  
For bloodshedding of mine is mixed there-  
with,  
That death may not discern me from my  
kin,  
Yet with clean heart I die and faultless  
hand,  
Not shamefully; thou therefore of thy  
love  
Salute me, and bid fare among the dead  
Well, as the dead fare; for the best man  
dead  
Fares sadly; nathless I now fare well  
Pass without fear where nothing is to fear,  
Having thy love about me and thy good-  
will,  
O father, among dark places and men  
dead.



## GUESTS.

Child, I salute thee with sad heart and  
tears,  
And bid thee comit, being a perfect  
man  
Bright, and honorable in the house of  
peace,  
The gods give thee fair wife and days of  
death,  
And me brief days and ways to come at  
thee.

## MESSENGER.

Pray thou thy days be long before thy  
death,  
And full of ease and kingdom; seeing in  
death  
There is no comfort and none aftergrowth,  
Nor shall one thence look up and see day's  
dawn  
Nor light upon the land whither I go.  
Live thou and take thy fill of days and  
die  
When thy day comes; and make not much  
of death  
Lest ere thy day thou reap an evil thing.  
Thou, too, the bitter mother and mother-  
plague  
Of this my weary body, thou took queen,  
The sower and end, the sower and the  
scythe,  
The rain that ripens and the drought that  
slays,  
The sand that willows and the spring  
that feeds,  
Ere make me and unmake me, thou, I  
say,  
Alpha, since my father's plough-share,  
drawn  
Through brae seedland of a female tidle,  
Farrowed thy body, whence a wheaten  
ear  
Strong from the sun and fragrant from the  
rains  
I sprang and felt the closure of thy  
womb,  
Mother, I dying with unforgetful tongue  
Hail thee as holy and worship thee as  
just  
Who art unjust and unholy; and with my  
knees  
Would worship, but thy fire and subtlety.  
Dissundering them, devour me; for these  
limbs

Are as light dust and crumbings from  
mine ear  
Before the fire has touched them; and my  
face  
As a dead leaf or dead foot's mark on  
snow,  
And all this body a broken barren tree  
That was so strong, and all this flower of  
life  
Disbranched and desecrated, I say,  
And mine had all that god's curse and  
might  
And lesser than a man's; for all thy veins  
Fill me, and all mine when the furies  
drawn  
I would thou hadst let me live; but gods  
averse,  
Be fortune, and the fiery feet of changes,  
And time, these would not, these tread out  
my life,  
These, and not thou; me, too, thou hast  
loved, and I  
Thee; but this death was mixed with all  
my life,  
Mine end with my beginning; and this  
law,  
This only, slays me, and not my mother at  
all  
And let no brother or sister grieve too  
sore,  
Nor melt their hearts out on me with their  
tears,  
Since extreme love and sorrowing over-  
much  
Vex the great gods, and overloving men  
Slay and are slain for love's sake; and this  
house  
Shall bear much better children; why  
should these  
Weep? but in patience let them live their  
lives  
And mine pass by forgotten; thou alone,  
Mother, thou sole and only, thou not  
these,  
Keep me in mind a little when I die  
Because I was thy first-born; let thy soul  
Pity me, pity even me gone hence and  
dead,  
Though thou wert wroth, and though thou  
bear again  
Much happier sons, and all men later  
born  
Exceedingly excel me; yet do thou  
Forget not, nor think shame; I was thy  
son.

Time was I did not shame thee; and time  
 was  
 I thought to live and make thee honorable  
 With deeds as great as these men's; but  
 they live,  
 These, and I die; and what thing should  
 have been  
 Surely I know not; yet I charge thee, see-  
 ing  
 I am dead already, love me not the less,  
 Me, O my mother; I charge thee by these  
 gods,  
 My father's, and that holier breast of  
 thine,  
 By these that see me dying, and that which  
 nursed,  
 Love me not less, thy first-born: though  
 grief come,  
 Grief only, of me, and of all these great  
 joy,  
 And shall come always to thee; for thou  
 knowest  
 O mother, O breasts that bare me, for ye  
 know  
 O sweet head of my mother, sacred eyes,  
 Ye know my soul albeit I sinned, ye  
 know  
 Albeit I kneel not neither touch thy  
 knees,  
 But with my lips I kneel, and with my  
 heart  
 I fall about thy feet and worship thee.  
 And ye, farewell now, all my friends; and  
 ye,  
 O men, much younger and glorious  
 more than I  
 Sons of my mother's sister; and all fare-  
 well  
 That were in Colchis with me, and bare  
 down  
 The waves and wars that met us and though  
 times  
 Change, and though now I be not any-  
 thing,  
 Forget not me among you, what I did  
 In my good time; for even by all those  
 days,  
 Those days and this, and your own living  
 souls,  
 And by the light and luck of you that live,  
 And by this miserable spoil, and me  
 Dying, I beseech you, let my name not  
 die.

But thou, dear, touch me with thy rose-like  
 hands,  
 And fasten up mine eyelids with thy  
 mouth,  
 A bitter kiss; and grasp me with thine  
 arms  
 Printing with heavy lips my light waste  
 flesh,  
 Made light and thin by heavy-handed  
 fate,  
 And with thine holy maiden eyes drop  
 dew,  
 Drop tears for dew upon me who am  
 dead,  
 Me who have loved thee; seeing without  
 sin done  
 I am gone down to the empty weary  
 house  
 Where no flesh is nor beauty nor swift  
 eyes  
 Nor sound of mouth nor might of hands  
 and feet,  
 But thou, dear, hide my body with thy  
 veil,  
 And with thy raiment cover foot and head,  
 And stretch thyself upon me and touch  
 hands  
 With hands and lips with lips: be pitiful  
 As thou art maiden perfect; let no man  
 Defile me to despise me, saying, This  
 man  
 Die woman-wise, a woman's offering, slain  
 Through female fingers in his woof of life,  
 Dishonorable for thou hast honored me,  
 And now for God's sake kiss me once and  
 twice  
 And let me go; for the night gathers me  
 And in the night shall no man gather  
 fruit.

ATALANTA.

Hail thou; but I with heavy face and  
 feet  
 Turn homeward and am gone out of thine  
 eyes.

CHORUS.

Who shall contend with his lords  
 Or cross them or do them wrong?  
 Who shall bind them as with cords?  
 Who shall tame them as with song?  
 Who shall smite them as with swords?  
 For the hands of their kingdom are  
 strong.

# ERECHTHEUS:

A TRAGEDY.

Ὀταί λιπαρά καὶ ἰοτέφεροι καὶ ἀοίδιμοι,  
Ἑλλάδος ἔργιστ᾽ ἀεικαὶ Ἀθῆναι, δαιμόνιον προλιέθρον.

PIND. *Fr.* 47.

AT. τίς δὲ ποιάνων ἔπεστι κἀπιδιόσφιζι στρατοῦ;

XO. οὔτινος δοῖλοι κέκλη, ται φωτός οἰδ' ὑπημόσι.

ÆSCH. *Pers.* 241-2.

## PERSONS.

ERECHTHEUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN ELDERS.

FRANITHEA.

CITHONIA.

HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

MESSENGER.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

ATHENA.

## ERECHTHEUS.

MOTHER of life and death and all men's days,  
Earth, whom I chief of all men born would  
bless,  
And call thee with more loving lips than theirs  
Mother, for of this very body of thine  
And living blood I have my breath and live,  
Behold me, even thy son, me crowned of men,  
Me made thy child by that strong cunning  
God  
Who fashions fire and iron, who begat

Me for a sword and beacon-fire on thee,  
Me fostering of Pallas, in her shade  
Reared, that I first might pay the nursing  
debt,  
Hallowing her fame with flower of third-year  
feasts, [steeds  
And first bow down the bridled strength of  
To lose the wild wont of their birth, and bear  
Clasp of man's knees and steerage of his hand,  
Or fourfold service of his fire-swift wheels

That whirl the four-yoked chariot; me the king

Who stand before thee naked now, and cry,  
O holy and general mother of all men born,  
But mother most and motherliest of mine,  
Earth, for I ask thee rather of all the Gods,  
What have we done? what word mistimed or  
work

Hath winged the wild feet of this timeless  
curse

To fall as fire upon us? Lo, I stand  
Here on this brow's crown of the city's head  
That crowns its lovely body, till death's hour  
Waste it; but now the dew of dawn and birth  
I hush upon it from thy womb, and we  
Behold it born how beautiful; one day more  
I see the world's wheel of the circling sun  
Roll up rejoicing to regard on earth

This one thing goodliest, fair as heaven or lie,  
Worth a God's gaze or strife of Gods; but  
now

Would this day's ebb of their spent wave of  
strife

Sweep it to sea, wash it on wreck, and leave  
A costless thing contemned; and in our stead,  
Where these walls were and sounding streets  
of men,

Make wide a waste for tongueless water-herd's  
And spoil of ravening fishes; that no more  
Should men say, Here was Athens. This shalt  
thou

Sustain not, nor thy son endure to see,  
Nor thou to live and look on; for the womb  
Bare me not base that bare me miserable,  
To hear this loud brood of the Taracian foam  
Break its broad strength of billowy-beating  
war

Here, and upon it as a blast of death  
Blowing, the keen wrath of a fire-souled king,  
A strange growth grafted on our natural soil,  
A root of Thrace in Eleusinian earth  
Set for no comfort to the kindly land,  
Son of the sea's lord and our first-born foe,

Eumolpus; nothing sweet in ears of thine  
The music of his making, nor a song  
Toward hopes of ours auspicious; for the note  
Rings as for death oracular to thy sons  
That goes before him on the sea-wind blown  
Full of this charge laid on me, to put out  
The brief light kindled of mine own child's  
life,

Or with this helmsman hand that steers the  
state

Run right on the under shoal and ridge of  
death

The populous ship with all its freightage gone  
And sails that were to race the wind of time  
Rent, and the tackling that should hold out fast  
In confluent surge of loud calamities  
Broken, with spurs of rollers and lost oars  
That were to row toward harbor and find rest  
In some most glorious haven of all the world  
And else may never arrive; such a sowing  
The Gods have set his ripeness withal  
Who threatens now me, I then names to bring  
Kun; but none of them, thou knowest, have I  
Ond with my tongue on our dead heart for  
grief,

Knowing how the soul runs reckless on sheer  
death

Whose grief or joy take up against the Gods,  
And what they will is more than our desire,  
And their desire is more than what we will.

For no man's will, and no desire of man's  
Shall stand as doth a God's will. Yet, O fair  
Mother, that see'st me how I cast no word  
Against them, plead no reason, crave no cause,  
Boast me not blameless, nor bewep me  
wronged,

By this fair wreath of towers we have decked  
thee with,

This chaplet that we give thee woven of walls,  
This girdle of gate and temple and citadel  
Drawn round beneath thy bosom, and fast  
linked

As to thine heart's root—this dear crown of  
thine,

This present light, this city—be not thou  
Slow to take heed nor slack to strengthen her,  
Fie we so short-lived howsoever, and pay  
What price we may to ransom the thy town,  
Not me my life; but thou that dost out, thou,  
Though all our house die for this people's sake  
Keep thou for ours thy town our city, guard  
And give it life the locher that we died.

CHORUS.

Sun, that hast lightened and loosed by thy  
might

Ocean and Earth from the lordship of night,  
Quickening with vision his eye that was veiled,  
Freshening the force in her heart that had  
faded,

That sister fettered and blinded brother  
Should have sight by thy grace and delight of  
each other,

Behold now and see  
What profit is given them of thee;  
What wraith has enkindled with madness of mind

Her limbs that were bounde his face that  
was blind,  
To be lacke'd as in wreath together, and light  
en  
With me that shall larken by me in the sky,  
Bodye maye and eye on my eye  
In a way against I had,  
Till the blossom of her necke and her high hill  
whiten  
With the foam of his wave, and the h  
For the sea maye set to have, and the  
To singhoms to Ocean and Earth, and the  
The heart of the sea, and the heart of his self,  
His wine slaight was the vineyards' seed,  
And for us we had  
To find the spirit of God, or find  
Till the heat of the heart's waye cold,  
But the peace that was dishish between  
them to stand  
For it now in twenty the siren, the of his hand  
Who stir up the storm of his sons, or bold  
To pluck from light what he lost of right,  
By council and judgment of Gods that make  
And gave grace to his the first of her,  
The lordship and love of the lovely God  
The grace of the town, and faith on it for crown  
But a head end to wear  
Of violets one-hued with her hair;  
For the vales and the green high place of  
earth  
Holds me, so fair,  
And the depth of the sea be a much faith  
Of the many births they bear,  
Too well, too well was the ground of the worth  
A strife divine to the Gods, and judge,  
A crowned Gods triumph, a foiled Gods  
grudge,  
Though the loser be strong and the victor  
we  
Who played so long since for so far a prize,  
The fruitful immortal anointed a prize,  
Dear city of men without man, a prize,  
Fair fortress and hostess of the world,  
Who stand in her light and in the sun,  
Slaves of no man, subject to no man,  
A wonder enthroned on the hills and set,  
A maiden crowned with a crown of glory  
That none from the pride of her head may  
rend,  
Violet and olive-leaf purple and gray  
Song-wreath and story the fair of the  
Flowers that the winter can blast not or bend;  
A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,  
A name as his name,  
Athens, a praise without end!

A voice is from against us of waters,  
A voice is from the sea, and the  
To be lacke'd as in wreath together, and light  
en  
With me that shall larken by me in the sky,  
Bodye maye and eye on my eye  
In a way against I had,  
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Song-wreath and story the fair of the  
Flowers that the winter can blast not or bend;  
A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,  
A name as his name,  
Athens, a praise without end!

Death on his hunter's way,  
 Tall on his forceless prey his beagles bounding;  
 Break thou his bow, make short his hand,  
 Make on his fleet foot whose passage kills the living land,  
 Let a third wave smite not us, father,  
 Long since sore smitten of twain,  
 Lest the house of thy son's son perish  
 And his name be barren on earth,  
 Whose rice wilt thou comfort rather  
 If none to thy son remain?  
 Whose seed wilt thou choose to cherish  
 If his be cut off in the birth?  
 For the first fair graft of his grafting  
 Was rent from P's maiden root  
 By the strong swift hand of a lover  
 Who fills the night with his breath;  
 On the lip of the stream low-laughing  
 Her green soft virginal shoot  
 Was plucked from the stream-side corner  
 By the grasp of a love like death,  
 For a God's was the mouth that kiss'd her  
 Who speaks, and the leaves lie dead,  
 When winter awakes as at warning  
 To the sound of his foot from Thrace,  
 Not happier the bed of her sister  
 Though Love's self laid her at eel  
 By a bridegroom beloved of the morning  
 And fair as the dawn's own face,  
 For Proris, ensnared and ensnaring  
 By the fraud of a twofold wife,  
 With the point of her own spear stricken  
 By the gift of her own hand fell,  
 Over-subtle in doubts, overdaring  
 In deeds and devices of guile,  
 And strong to quench as to quicken,  
 O Love, have we named thee well?  
 By thee was the spear's edge whetted  
 That laid her dead in the dell,  
 In the moist green glens of the midland  
 By her dear lord slain and thee,  
 And him at the cliff's end fretted  
 By the grey keen waves, him too,  
 Thine hand from the white-browed  
 headland  
 Flung down for a spoil to the sea,  
 But enough now of griefs grey-growing  
 Have darkened the house dying,  
 Have flowered on its boughs and faded,  
 And green is the leave stock yet,  
 O father all-seeing and all-knowing  
 Let the last fruit fall not of thine  
 From the tree with whose boughs we are  
 shaded,  
 From the stock that thy son's hand set,

ERECHTHEUS.

O daughter of Cephus, from all time  
 Wise have I found thee, wife and queen, of  
 heart  
 Perfect; nor in the days that knew not wind  
 Nor days when storm blew death upon our  
 peace  
 Was thine heart swollen with seed of pride, or  
 bowed  
 With blasts of bitter fear that break men's  
 souls  
 Who lift too high their minds toward heaven  
 in thought  
 Too godlike grown for worship; but of mood  
 Equal, in good time reverent of time bad,  
 And glad in all days of the good that were,  
 Nor now too would I fear thee, now misdoubt  
 Lest fate should find thee less than thy doom,  
 Chosen if thou be to bear and to be great  
 Hopeful beyond all women; and the word  
 Speaks thee divine, dear queen, that speaks  
 thee dead,  
 Dead being alive, or quick and dead in one  
 Shall not men call thee living? yet I fear  
 To stay thee timeless with my proper tongue,  
 With lips, thou knowest, that love thee; and  
 such work  
 Was never laid of Gods on men, such word  
 No mouth of man learnt ever, as from mine  
 Most loth to speak thine ear most loth shall  
 take  
 And hold it hateful as the grave to hear

PRANTHEA.

That word there is not in all speech of man,  
 King, that being spoken of the Gods and thee  
 I have not heart to honour, or dare hold  
 More than I hold thee or the Gods in heart  
 Hearing; but if my heart abhor it heard  
 Being insubmissive, hold me not thy wife  
 But use me like a stranger, whom thine hand  
 Hath fed by chance and finding thence no  
 thanks  
 Flung off for shame's sake to forgetfulness.

ERECHTHEUS.

O, of what breath shall such a word be made,  
 Or from what heart find utterance? Would my  
 tongue  
 Were rent forth rather from the quivering root  
 Than made as fire or poison thus for thee.

PRAXITHEA.

But if thou speak of blood, and I that hear  
Be chosen out of four, I will love to die,  
And save to thee thy cry; know this well,  
Happiest I hold me of four that I live.

ERECITHEUS.

O sin that seest, weeping, what I do weep,  
O God, that thy power giveth me that I weep  
In tears?—  
For from no sin but shame, drinking it come.

PRAXITHEA.

What part from him and ours for place  
Hath smitten thee, like a cur, that thine  
Wingles, to waste men with it, plagues? yet  
peak.

ERECITHEUS.

By blood the Gods require not; take this  
trust.

PRAXITHEA.

To me than thee more grievous this should  
sound.

ERECITHEUS.

That word rang true, and I am like to weep.

PRAXITHEA.

This is not then thy grief, to

ERECITHEUS.

Die shalt thou not, yet give thy blood to death.

PRAXITHEA.

If this ring worse I hold, not; sin give me.

ERECITHEUS.

Mas, thou knowest not; woe is me that know.

PRAXITHEA.

And woe shall mine be, knowing; yet I hold not  
here.

ERECITHEUS.

Could my blood, if I state may stand no  
more.

PRAXITHEA.

For I, let it stand, whether bleed or let.

ERECITHEUS.

O God, that I should say it shall and weep.

PRAXITHEA.

Weep, and say this? no tears should baffle  
such words.

ERECITHEUS.

Woe's me that I must weep upon them, woe.

PRAXITHEA.

What stain is on them for thy tears to cleanse?

ERECITHEUS.

A stain of blood, unpayable with tears.

PRAXITHEA.

Whence? for thou sayest it is and is not mine.

ERECITHEUS.

Hear then and know who only of all men I  
That bring such news am mine; I alone  
Must with good words and weeping; I and  
thou.

Woman, must we, as when we sing, must groan  
To see their joyful fellows; all our friends  
Save only we, and we have we that love  
This helms of Athens, in our sight  
Shall bring our hearts up, in our hearing praise  
God, whom we may not; for to these they  
give.

Life of their children, flower of all their seed,  
For all their travail fruit, for all their hopes  
Have we; but we for all our good things, we  
Have at their hands which fill all these folk fall  
Death, hardness, child-slaughter, curses, cares,  
Sea-league, and land-shin-wreck; which of  
these.

What will thou first give that for? I will  
none.

PRAXITHEA.

What first they give will give this city good,  
 That first is given to our I give thanks  
 For it, and thanks heartier from all my countrymen,  
 Than for any my people's groans.  
 Save me and not my country; next for this,  
 Save none of all these but for all these I  
 That bear my burden, and no cycle left mine.  
 Weep of all women's in this breast I feel for  
 Who see their land's deliriance; but much  
 more,  
 For most for this I thank them most of all,  
 For this their edge of doom is closed on me,  
 My heart and not my country's; for to wear  
 A crown to mate their cruel shapes, and  
 To make a wound more deep than any time on  
 me.

CHORUS.

Will fares the land that bears such fruit, and  
 well  
 The spirit that breeds such thought and speech  
 in man.

ERECHTHEUS

O woman, thou hast sham'd my heart with  
 thine,  
 To show so strong a patience; take them all;  
 For all shall break, not nor bring down thy  
 soul.  
 The word that journeying to the bright God's  
 shrine  
 Who speaks askance and darkling, but his  
 name  
 Hath in it slaying and in a load writ out.  
 I heard, hear thou; thus saith he: There shall  
 die  
 One soul for all this people; from the womb  
 Come forth the seed that here on dry bare  
 ground  
 Death's hand must sow untimely, to bring  
 forth  
 Nor blade nor shoot in season, long to name  
 To the under Gods made holy, who require  
 For this land's life her death and maidenhood  
 To give a maiden city. Thus I hear,  
 And thus with all said leave thee; for save  
 this  
 No word is left us, and no hope alive.

CHORUS.

He hath uttered too surely his wrath not ob-  
 scurely, nor wrapt as in mists of his breath,  
 The moon that lighteneth his face, he enlight-  
 ens, but gives them foreknowledge of death.  
 As a bolt from the cloud hath he sent it aloud  
 and proclaimed it afar,  
 From the darkness and the lit of the horror  
 of night hath he shown us a star,  
 So at my I name it and can not, or name  
 shall I say,  
 Born in the world that was born for the  
 tomb of the day?  
 O Night, whom other that thee for mother, and  
 Death for the father, Night,  
 Shall we dream to discover, save thee and thy  
 eye, to bring such a sorrow to light?  
 From the slumberless bed for the hollow  
 spread and his ride under earth  
 Hast thou brought forth a wild and insatiable  
 child, an unbearable birth,  
 Fierce are the fangs of his wrath, and the  
 pangs that they give;  
 None is there, none that may bear them,  
 not one that would live.

CITHONIA.

Forth of the fineness-spun veils that hide  
 My virgin chamber toward the full-face'd sun  
 I set my foot not moved of mine own will,  
 Unmaidenlike, nor with unpractised speed  
 Turn eyes too broad or doglike unabashed  
 On reverend heads of men and thence on thine,  
 Mother, now covered from the light and bow-  
 ed  
 As hers who mourns her brethren; but what  
 grief  
 Bends thy blind head thus earthward, holds  
 thus mute,  
 I know not till thy will be to lift up  
 Toward mine thy sorrow-muffled eyes and  
 speak;  
 And till thy will so would I know this not.

PRAXITHEA.

Old men and childless, or if sons ye have seen  
 As I have seen, all unborn were these than  
 mine,  
 Look on this child, how young of years, how  
 sweet,  
 How sweet of face and green of age her life  
 Puts forth its flower of girlhood; and her gait  
 How virginal, how soft her speech, her eyes  
 How seemly smiling; wise should all ye be,



All honorable and kindly men of age ;  
Now give me counsel and one word to say  
That I may bear to speak, and hold my peace  
Henceforth for all time even as all ye now,  
Dumb are ye all, bow'd eyes and tongueless  
mouths.

Unprofitable ; if this were wind that speaks,  
As much its breath might move you. Thou  
then, child,

Set thy sweet eyes on mine ; look through  
them well ;

Take note of all the writing of my face  
As of a tablet or a tomb inscribed  
That bears me record ; lifeless now, my life  
Thereon that was think written ; brief to read,  
Yet shall the scripture sear thine eyes as fire  
And leave them dark as dead men's. Nay,  
dear child,

Thou hast no skill, my maiden, and no sense  
To take such knowledge ; sweet is all thy love,  
And all this bitter ; yet I charge thee learn  
And love and lay this up within thine heart,  
Even this my word ; less ill it were to die  
Than live and look upon thy mother dead,  
Thy mother-land that hure thee ; no man slain  
But him who hath seen it shall men count un-  
blest,

None blest as him who hath died and seen it  
net.

CITHONIA.

That sight some God keep from me though I  
die.

PRAXITHEA.

A God from thee shall keep it ; fear not this.

CITHONIA.

Thanks all my life long shall he gain of mine.

PRAXITHEA.

Short gain of all ye ; shall he get of thee.

CITHONIA.

Brief be my life, yet so long live my thanks.

PRAXITHEA.

So long ? so little ; how long shall they live ?

CITHONIA.

Even while I see the sunlight and thine eyes.

PRAXITHEA.

Would mine might shut ere thine upon the sun.

CITHONIA.

For me thou prayest unkindly ; change that  
prayer.

PRAXITHEA.

Not well for me thou sayest, and ill for thee.

CITHONIA.

Nay, for me well, if thou shalt live, not I.

PRAXITHEA.

How live, and lose these loving looks of thine ?

CITHONIA.

It seems I too, thus praying, then, love thee  
not.

PRAXITHEA.

Lov'st thou not life ? what wouldst thou do to  
die ?

CITHONIA.

Well, but not more than all things, love I life.

PRAXITHEA.

And fain wouldst keep it as thine age allows ?

CITHONIA.

Fain would I live, and fain not fear to die.

PRAXITHEA.

That I might bid thee die not ! Peace ; no  
more.

CHORUS.

A Godlike race of grief the Gods have set  
For these to run matched equal, heart with  
heart.

## PRAXITHEA.

Child of the chief of Gods, and maiden  
crowned,

Queen of these towers and fortress of their  
king,

Perish, and thou my father's holiest head,  
A living well of life nor stanch'd nor stained,  
O God Cephus, thee too charge I next,  
Tell me judge and witness; nor thine ear  
Shall now my tongue invoke not, thou to me  
Most hateful of things holy, mournfullest  
Of all old sacred customs that wash the world,  
Erisus, on whose marge at flowery play  
A whirlwind-footed bridegroom found my  
child.

And up her northward where mine elder-born  
Keeps now the Thracian bride-bed of a God  
Fruitful to seamen, but this land

Lies hid in hope for her sake favorable,  
A gracious son by wedlock; hear me then  
Thou likewise, if with no faint heart or false  
The word I say be said, the gift be given,  
Which might I choose I had rather die than  
give

Or speak and die not. Ere thy limbs were  
made

Or thine eyes lightened to strife, thou knowest,  
my child,

Twice God and God had risen, which heaven-  
her name

Should here stand hallowed, whose more  
liberal grace

Should win this city's worship, and our land  
To which of these do reverence; first the Lord

Whose wheels make lightnings of the foam-  
flowered sea

Here on this rock, whose height brow-bound  
with lawn

Thou land heart of Athens, one sheer blow  
wound, and beneath the triple wound that  
brook

Thy stony sinews and stark roots of the earth  
Spring toward the sun a hup salt fount, and  
sank

Thou lying it lights the heart up of the hull,  
A well of bright strange brine, that she that  
reared

Thy father with her same chaste fostering hand  
Set a sign against it in our guard

Thou holy bloom of the olive, whose hoar leaf  
Sheds in the shadowy shrine of Pandrosus  
High honor of us all; and of this strife

The twelve most high Gods judging with one  
mouth

Acclaimed her victress; wroth whereat, as  
wronged

That she should hold from him such prize and  
place,

The strong king of the tempest-rifted sea  
Loosed reckless on the low Thracian plain

The thunders of his chariots, swallowing  
stunned

Earth, beasts, and men, the whole blind found-  
ering world

That was the sun's at morning, and ere noon  
Death's; nor this only prey fulfilled his mind;

For with strange crook-toothed prows of Carian  
folk

Who snatch a sanguine life out of the sea,  
Thieves keen to pluck their bloody fruit of  
spoil

From the grey fruitless waters, has their God  
Furrow'd our shores to waste them, as the  
fields

Were landward harried from the north with  
swords

Aoman, sickles of man-slaughtering edge  
Growth for no hopeful harvest of live grain

Against us in Beotia; these being pent,  
Now this third time his wind of wrath has  
blown

Right on this people a mightier wave of war,  
Three times more huge a rain; such its ridge  
Foam-timmed and hollow like the womb of  
heaven,

But black for shining, and with death for life  
Big now to birth and ripe with child, full-blown

With fear and fruit of havoc, takes the sun  
Out of our eyes, darkening the day, and blinds  
The fair sky's face unseasonably with change,

A cloud in one and billow of battle, a surge  
High reared as heaven with monstrous surf of  
years

That shake on us their shadow, till men's heads  
Bend, and their hearts even with us forward  
wind

Wither, so blasts all seed in them of hope  
Its breath and blight of presage; yea, even  
now

The water of this wind out of the deeps  
Makes cold our trust in comfort of the Gods

And blind our eye toward outlook; yet not  
here,

Thou never shall the Thracian plant on high  
For ours his father's symbol, nor with wreaths  
A strange folk wreath it upright set and  
crowned

Here where our natural people born behold  
The golden Gorgon of the shield's defence

That screens their flowering olive, nor strange  
 Gods  
 Be graced, and Pallas here have praise no  
 more.

And if this be not I must give my child,  
 Thine, mine own very blood and spirit of mine,  
 Thee to be slain. Turn from me, turn thine  
 eyes

A little from me; I can bear not yet  
 To see if still they smile on mine or no,  
 If fear make faint the light in them, or faith  
 Fix them as stars of safety. Need have we,  
 Soe need of stars that set not in mid storm,  
 Lights that outlast the lightnings; yet my heart  
 Endures not to make proof of thine or these,  
 Not yet to know thee whom I love, and bare  
 What manner of woman; had I borne thee  
 man,

I had made no question of thine eyes or heart,  
 Nor spared to read the scripture in them writ,  
 Wert thou my son; yet couldst thou then but  
 die

Fallen in sheer fight by chance and charge of  
 spears

And have no more of memory, fill no tomb  
 More famous than thy fellows in fair field,  
 Where many shone the grave, many the I raise;  
 But one crown shall one only girl my child  
 Wear, dead for this dear city, and give back life  
 To him that gave her and to me that bare,  
 And save two sisters living; and all this,  
 Is this not all good? I shall give thee, child,  
 Thee but by fleshly nature name, to bleed

For dear land's love; for if the city fall  
 What part is left me many children then?  
 But if it stand and thou for it be dead,  
 Then hast thou in it a better part than we,  
 A holier portion than we all; for e  
 Hath he the length of his swain to live,  
 And this most glorious mother-land on earth  
 To worship till that life be dead; but thou  
 Hath end no more than theirs; thou dead,  
 -half live

Till Athens live not; for the day and night  
 Given of thy love but death and sad life,  
 Shall she give thee life, if her soul be own  
 And all the glory; for thou givest for those;  
 But with an equal she takes not lives again  
 More than I see in the requital of thee.  
 Come therefore, I will give thee life for death,  
 I shall give thee, dear, a son or birth  
 -and half live that I love and bleed,  
 ever I

Will I give thee a life more gift than mine  
 And lead thee by this hand, my hand

That death shall make so strong, to that great  
 end

Whence it shall lighten like a God's, and strike  
 Dead the strong heart of battle that would  
 break

Athens; but ye, pray for this land, old men,  
 That it may bring forth never child on earth  
 To love it less, for none may more, than we.

#### CHORUS.

Out of the north wind shall come forth,  
 And the shining of the word out of the sea,  
 Yea, of old the first-blown blast blew the  
 prelude of this list,

The blast of his trumpet upon Rhodope,  
 Out of the north skies full of his cloud,  
 With the clamour of his storms as of a  
 crowd

At the wheels of a great king crying aloud,  
 At the axle of a strong king's car  
 That has girded on the girdle of war—  
 With hands that lightened the skies in sunder  
 And feet whose fall was followed of thunder,

A God, a great God strange of name,  
 With horse-yoke fleeter-footed than flame,  
 To the mountain bed of a maiden came,  
 Oreithya, the bride mis-mated,  
 Wofully wed in a snow-strewn bed  
 With a bridegroom that kisses the bride's  
 mouth dead;

Without a gaud, without glory, without  
 song,

As a tawn by night on the hills belated,  
 Given over for a spoil into the strong.

From lips how pale so be a wail  
 At the grasp of a God's hand on her she  
 gave,

When the breath that darkens air made a  
 havoc of her hair,

Bringing from the mountain even to the  
 wave;

Rang with a cry, *Woe's me, woe's me!*  
 From the darkness upon Hecuba to the sea,  
 And with hands that clung to her new lord's  
 knee,

As a virgin, verborne with shame,  
 She besought him by her spouseless fame,  
 By the blameless breasts of a maid unmarri-  
 ed

And locks unmaidenly rent and harried,  
 And all her flower of body, born  
 To match the maidenhood of morn,  
 With the might of the wind's wrath wrenched  
 and torn.

Vain, all vain as a dead man's vision  
 Falling by night in his old friends' sight,  
 To be scattered with slumber and slain ere  
 light ;  
 Such a breath of such a bridegroom in that  
 hour  
 Of her prayers made mock, of her fears  
 derision,  
 And a ravage of her youth as of a flower.  
 With a leap of his limbs as a lion's, a cry from  
 his lips as of thunder,  
 In a stern of amorous godhead filled with  
 fire,  
 From the height of the heaven that was rent  
 with the roar of his coming in sunder,  
 Sprang the strong God on the spoil of his  
 desire.  
 And the pines of the hills were as green  
 reeds shattered,  
 And their branches as buds of the soft spring  
 scattered,  
 And the west wind and east, and the sound  
 of the south,  
 Fell dumb at the blast of the north wind's  
 mouth,  
 At the cry of his coming out of heaven.  
 And the wild beasts quailed in the rifts and  
 hollows  
 Where hound nor clarion of huntsman fol-  
 lows,  
 And the depths of the sea were aghast, and  
 whitened,  
 And the crowns of their waves were as flame  
 that lightened.  
 And the heart of the floods thereof was  
 riven.  
 She knew not him coming for terror, she  
 did not ner wrong that he wrought her,  
 When her locks as leaves were shed before  
 his breath,  
 She heard not for terror his prayer,  
 Though the cry was a God's that besought  
 her,  
 When from lips that strew the world-wide  
 seas with death.  
 Her heart was molten within her to hear,  
 And her knees beneath her were loosened  
 of fear,  
 And her blood fast bound as a frost-bound  
 water,  
 And the soft new blossoms of the green earth's  
 daughter  
 Wind wasted as blossom of a tree ;  
 As the wild God rapt her from earth's breast  
 lifted,

On the strength of the stream of his dark  
 breath drifted,  
 From the bosom of earth as a bride from the  
 mother,  
 With storm for bridesman and wreck for  
 brother,  
 As a cloud that he sheds upon the sea.  
 Of this heavy-headed woe  
 Song made memory long ago ;  
 Now a younger grief to mourn  
 Needs a new song younger horn.  
 Who shall teach our tongues to reach  
 What strange height of saddest speech,  
 For the new bride's sake that is given to be  
 A stay to fetter the foot of the sea,  
 Lest it quite spurn down and trample the town,  
 Ere the violets be dead that were plucked for  
 its crown,  
 Or its olive-leaf whiten and wither ?  
 Who shall say of the wind's way  
 That he journeyed yesterday,  
 Or the track of the storm that shall sound to-  
 morrow,  
 If the new be more than the grey-grown  
 sorrow ?  
 For the wind of the green first season  
 was keen,  
 And the blast shall be sharper that blew  
 between,  
 That the breath of the sea blows hither.

HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Old men, grey borderers on the march of death,  
 Tongue-fighters, tough of talk and sinewy  
 speech,  
 Else nerveless, from no crew of such faint folk  
 Whose tongues are stouter than their hands  
 come I  
 To bid not you to battle ; let them strike  
 Whose swords are sharper than your keen-  
 tongued wail,  
 And ye, sit fast and sorrow ; but what man  
 Of all this land-folk and earth laboring herd  
 For heart or hand seems foremost, him I call  
 If he will be his to hearken, him I bid forth  
 To try if one be in the sun's sight born  
 Of all that grope and grovel on dry ground  
 That may join hands in battle-grip for death  
 With them whose seed and strength is of the  
 sea.

CHORUS.

Know ye this much for all thy loud blast  
 when,

We lack not hands to speak with, swords to  
plead,  
For proof of peril, not of boisterous breath,  
Sea-wind and storm of barren mouths that  
foam  
And rough rock's edge of menace; and short  
space  
May lessen thy large ignorance and inform  
This insolence with knowledge if there live  
Mareith-begotten of no tenderer thews  
Then knit the great joints of the grim sea's  
brood  
With hasps of steel together; heaven to help,  
One man shall break, even on their own flood's  
verge,  
That iron bulk of battle; but thine eye  
That sees it now swell higher than sand or  
shore  
Haply shall see not when thine host shall  
shrink.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Not haply, nay, but surely, shall not thine.

## CHORUS.

That lot shall no God give who fights for thee.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Shall Gods bear bit and bridle, fool, of men?

## CHORUS.

Ner then foild we nor shalt thou constrain.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Yet say'st thou none shall make the good lot  
mine?

## CHORUS.

Of thy side none, nor moved for fear of thee.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Gods hast thou then to battle Gods of ours?

## CHORUS.

Not thine nor mine, but equal-souled are they.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Toward good and ill, then, equal-eyed of soul?

## CHORUS.

Nay, but swift-eyed to note where ill thoughts  
breed.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Thy shaft word-feathered flies yet far of me.

## CHORUS.

Pride knows not, wounded, till the heart be  
cleft.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

No shaft wounds deep whose wing is blum'd  
with words.

## CHORUS.

Lay that to heart, and bid thy tongue learn grace.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

Grace shall thine own crave soon too late of  
mine.

## CHORUS

Boast thou till then, but I wage words no more.

## ERECITHEUS.

Man, what shall wind of speech and wrangling  
air

Blows in our ears a summons from thy lips  
Winged with what message, or what gift or  
grace

Requiring? none but what his hand may take  
Here may the foe think hence to reap, nor this  
Except some doom from Godward yield it him.

## HERALD OF EUMOLPUS.

King of this land-folk, by my mouth to thee  
Thus saith the son of him that shakes thine earth  
Eumolpus; now the stakes of war are set,  
For land or sea to win by throw and wear;  
Choose therefore or to quit thy side and give  
The palm unfought for to his bloodless hand,

Or by that father's sceptre, and the foot  
Whose tramp far off makes tremble for pure  
    fear  
Thy soul-struck mother, piercing like a sword  
The immortal womb that bare thee ; by the  
    waves  
That no man bridles and that bound thy world,  
And by the winds and storms of all the sea,  
He swears to raze from eyeshot of the sun  
This city named not of his father's name,  
    To wash to deathward down one flood of doom  
This whole fresh brook of earth yearned natural-  
    ly,  
    Can n yet and faint in its first blade, unblown  
With yellow hope of harvest ; so do thou,  
Seeing whom thy time is come to meet, for fear  
Yield, or gird up thy force to fight and die.

ERECITHEUS.

To fight then be it ; for if to die or live,  
No man but only a God knows this much yet  
Seeing us fare forth, who bear but in our hands  
The weapons not the fortunes of our fight ;  
For these now rest as lots that yet undrawn  
Lie in the lap of the unknown hour ; but this  
I know, not thou, whose hollow mouth of  
    storm  
Is but a warlike wind, a sharp salt breath  
That bites and wounds not ; death nor life of  
    mine  
    Will give to death or lordship of strange kings  
The soul of this live city, nor their heel  
    raise her dear brow dis-crowned, nor snaffle  
    or goad  
Wound her free mouth or stain her sanguine  
    side  
Yet masterless of man ; so bid thy lad  
Learn ere he weep to learn it, and too late  
    fish teeth that could not fasten on her flesh,  
    and foam his life out in dark froth of blood  
van as a wind's waif of the loud-mouthed sea  
    loom from the wave's edge whitening Tell  
    him this ;  
Though thrice his might were mustered for  
    our scathe  
And thicker set with fence of thorn-edged  
    spears  
Than sands are whirled about the wintering  
    beach  
When storms have swoln the rivers, and their  
    blasts  
Have breached the broad sea-banks with stress  
    of sea,  
That waves of inland and the main make war

As men that mix and grapple ; though his  
    ranks  
Were more to number than all wildwood  
    leaves  
The wind waves on the hills of all the world,  
Yet should the heart not faint, the head not  
    fall,  
The breath not fail of Athens. Say, the Gods  
From lips that have no more on earth to say  
Have told thee this the last good news or ill  
That I shall speak in sight of earth and sun  
Or he shall hear and see them : for the next  
That ear of his from tongue of mine may take  
Must be the first word spoken underground  
From dead to dead in darkness. Hence ; make  
    haste,  
Lest war's fleet foot be swifter than thy tongue  
And I that part not to return again  
On him that comes not to depart away  
Be fallen before thee ; for the time is full,  
And with such mortal hope as knows not fear  
I go this high last way to the end of all.

CHORUS.

Who shall put a bridle in the mourner's lips to  
    chasten them,  
Or seal up the fountains of his tears for  
    shame ?  
Song nor prayer nor prophecy shall slacken  
    tears nor hasten them,  
Till grief be within him as a burnt-out flame ;  
    Till the passion be broken in his breast  
And the might thereof molten into rest,  
And the rain of eyes that weep be dry,  
And the breath be stilled of lips that sigh.  
Death at last for all men is a harbor ; yet they  
    flee from it,  
Set sails to the storm-wind and again to sea ;  
Yet for all their labor no whit further shall they  
    be from it,  
Nor longer but wearier shall their life's work  
    be.  
And with anguish of travail until night  
    Shall they steer into shipwreck out of  
    sight,  
And with oars that break and shrouds that  
    strain  
Shall they drive whence no ship steers  
    again,  
Bitter and strange is the word of the God most  
    high,  
And steep the strait of his way,  
Through a pass rock rimmed and narrow the  
    light that gleams

On the faces of men falls faint as the dawn of  
dreams,

The day-spring of death as a star in an under sky  
Where night is the dead men's day.

As darkness and storm is his will that on earth  
is done,

As a cloud is the face of his strength,  
King of kings, holiest of holies, and mightiest  
of might.

Lord of the lords of thine heaven that are  
humble in thy sight,

Hast thou set not an end for the path of the  
lines of the sun,

To appoint him a rest at length?

Hast thou told not by measure the waves of  
the waste wide sea,

And the ways of the wind their master and  
thou all to thee?

Hast thou filled not the furrows with fruit  
for the world's increase?

Has thine ear not heard from of old or thine  
eye not read

The thought and the deed of us living, the  
doom of us dead?

Hast thou made not war upon earth,  
and again made peace?

Therefore, O father, that seest us whose lives  
are a breath,

Take off us thy burden, and give us not wholly  
to death.

For lovely is life, and the law wherein  
all things live,

And gracious the season of each, and the hour  
of its kind,

And precious the seed of his life in a wise  
man's mind;

But all save life for his life will a base  
man give,

But a life that is given for the life of the whole  
live land,

From a heart unspotted a gift of a spotless  
hand,

Of pure will perfect and free, for the land's  
life's sake,

What man shall fear not to put forth his hand  
and take?

For the fruit of a sweet life plucked in its pure  
green prime

On his hand who plucks is as blood, on his  
soul as crime,

With cursing ye buy not blessing, nor peace  
with strife,

And the hand is hateful that chaffers with  
death for life.

Hast thou heard, O my heart, and endurest

The word that is said,

What a garland by sentence found surest  
Is wrought for what heal?

With what blossomless flowerage of sea-foam  
and blood-colored foliage newwound

It shall crown as a heifer's for slaughter the fore-  
head for marriage incrowned?

How the veils and the wreaths that should  
cover

The brows of the bride

Shall be shed by the breath of what lover  
And scattered aside?

With a blast of the mouth of what bridegroom  
the crowns shall be cast from her hair,

And her head by what altar made humble be  
left of them naked and bare?

At a shrine unbeloved of a God un beholden a  
gift shall be given for the land,

That its ramparts though shaken with clamor  
and horror of manifold waters may stand.

That the crests of its citadels crowned and its  
turrets that thrust up their heads to the sun

May behold him unblinded with darkness of  
waves overmastering their bulwarks begun.

As a bride shall they bring her, a prey for the  
bridegroom, a flower for the couch of her

lord;

They shall muffle her mouth that she cry not or  
curse them, and cover her eyes from the

sword.

They shall fasten her lips a with bit and with  
bridle, and darken the light of her face,

That the soul of the slayer may not falter, his  
heart be not molten, his hand give not

grace.

If she weep then, yet may none that hear  
take pity;

If she cry not, none should hearken though  
she cried.

Shall a virgin shield thine head for love, O  
city,

With a virgin's blood anointed as for pride?

Yet we held thee dear and hallowed of her  
favor,

Dear of all men held thy people to her  
heart;

Nought she loves the breath of blood, the  
sanguine savour,

Who hath built with us her throne and  
chosen her part.

Bloodless are her works, and sweet  
All the ways that feel her feet;

From the empire of her eyes  
Light takes life and darkness flies;

From the harvest of her hands

Wealth strikes root in prosperous lands ;  
Wisdom of her word is made ;  
At her strength is strength afraid ;  
From the beam of her bright spear  
War's fleet foot goes back for fear ;  
In her shrine she reared the birth  
Fire-begotten on live earth ;  
Glory from her helm was shed  
On his olive-shadowed head ;  
By no hand but his shall she  
Scourge the storms back of the sea,  
To no fame but his shall give  
Grace, being dead, with hers to live,  
And in double name divine  
Half the godhead of their shrine.

But now with what word, with what woe may  
we meet

The timeless passage of piteous feet,  
Hither that hied to the last way's end  
They shall walk upon earth ?

What song be rolled for a bride black-stoled  
And the mother whose hand of her hand hath  
hold ?

For anguish of heart is my soul's strength  
broken

And the tongue sealed fast that would fain have  
spoken,

To behold thee, O child of so bitter a birth  
That we counted so sweet,

What way thy steps to what bride feast tend,  
What gift he must give that shall wed thee for  
token

If the bridegroom be goodly to greet.

CHITHONIA.

People, old men of my city, lordly wise and  
hoar of head,

I a spouseless bride and crownless but with  
garlands of the dead

From the fruitful light turn silent to my dark  
unchilded bed.

CHORUS.

Wise of word was he too surely, but with  
deadlier wisdom wise,

First who gave thee name from under earth,  
no breath from upper skies,

When freedoomed to this day's darkness, their  
first daylight filled thine eyes.

PRAXITHEA.

Child, my child that wast and art but death's  
and now no more of mine,

Half my heart is cleft with anguish by the  
sword made sharp for thine,  
Half exalts its wing for triumph, that I bare  
thee thus divine.

CHITHONIA.

Though for me the sword's edge thirst that sets  
no point against thy breast,

Mother, O my mother, where I drank of life  
and fell on rest,

Thine, not mine, is all the grief that marks  
this hour accurst and blest.

CHORUS.

Sweet thy sleep and sweet the bosom was that  
gave thee sleep and birth ;

Harder now the breast, and girded with no  
marriage-band for girl,

Where thine head shall sleep, the namechild  
of the lords of under earth.

PRAXITHEA.

Dark the name and dark the gifts they gave  
thee, child, in child's birth were,

Sprung from him that rent the womb of earth,  
a bitter seed to bear,

Born with groanings of the ground that gave  
him way toward heaven's dear air.

CHITHONIA.

Day to day makes answer, first to last, and life  
to death ; but I,

Born for death's sake, die for life's sake, if in-  
deed this be to die,

This my doom that seals me deathless till the  
springs of time run dry.

CHORUS.

Children shalt thou bear to memory, that to  
man shalt bring forth none ;

Yea, the lordliest that lift eyes and hearts and  
songs to meet the sun,

Names to fire men's ears like music till the  
round world's race be run.

PRAXITHEA.

I thy mother, named of Gods that wreak re-  
venge and brand with blame,



Now for thy love shall be loved as thou, and  
famous with thy name,  
While this city's name on earth shall be for  
earth her mightiest name.

## CITHONIA.

That I may give this poor girl's blood of mine  
Scarce yet sun-warmed with summer, this thin  
life  
Still green with flowerless growth of seedling  
days,  
To build again my city; that no drop  
Fallen of these innocent veins on the cold  
ground  
But shall help to knit the joints of her firm walls  
To knead the stones together, and make sure  
The bond about her maiden girdlestead  
Once fast against of all men's violent hands  
Invulnerable for ever; these to me  
Were no such gifts as crave no thanksgiving,  
If with one blow dividing the sheer life  
I might make end, and one pang wind up all  
And seal mine eyes from sorrow; for such end  
The Gods give none they love not; but my heart,  
That leaps up lightened of all sloth or fear  
To take the sword's point, yet with one  
thought's load  
Flings, and falls back, broken of wing, that  
halts  
Manned in mid flight for thy sake and borne  
down,  
Mother, that in the places where I played  
An arm's length from thy bosom and no more  
Shalt and me never, nor thine eye wax glad  
To mix with mine its eyesight and for love  
Laugh without word, filled with sweet light,  
and speak  
Divine divine things of the inward spirit and  
heart,  
Moved silently; nor hand or lip again  
Touch level or lid of either, but for mine  
Shall thine meet only shadows of swift night,  
Dreams and dead thoughts of dead things; and  
the bed  
Thou strowest, a sterile place for all time,  
strewn  
For my sleep only, with its void sad sheets  
Shall vex thee, and the unfruitful coverlid  
For empty days reproach me dead, that leave  
No profit of my body, but am gone  
As one not worth being born to bear no seed,  
A sapless stock and branchless; yet thy wound  
Shall want not honor of me, that brought forth  
For all this people freedom, and for earth

From the unborn city born out of my blood  
To light the face of all men evermore  
Glory; but lay thou this to thy great heart  
Whereunder in the dark of birth conceived  
Mine unlit life lay girdled with the zone  
That bound thy bridal bosom; set this thought  
Against all edge of evil as a sword  
To beat back sorrow, that for all the world  
Thou brought'st me forth a saviour, who shall  
save

Athens; for none but I from none but thee  
Shall take this death for gerland; and the men  
Mine unknown children of unsounded years,  
My sons unborn shall rise up at thine hand,  
Sown of thy seed to bring forth seed to thee,  
And call thee most of all most fruitful fount  
Blessed; but me too for my barren womb  
More than my sisters for their children born  
Shall these give honor, yea in scorn's own  
place  
Shall men set love and bring for mockery  
praise  
And thanks for curses; for the dry wild vine  
Scoffed at and cursed of all men that was I  
Shall shed them wine to make the world's heart  
warm,  
That all eyes seeing may lighten, and all ears  
Hear and be kindled; such a ought to drink  
Shall be the blood that bids this dust bring  
forth,  
The chalice life here spilt on this mine earth.  
Mine, my great father's mother; whom I pray  
Take me now gently, tenderly take home,  
And softly lay in his my cold chaste hand  
Who is called of men by my name, being of  
Gods  
Charged only and chosen to bring men under  
earth,  
And now must lead and stay me with his staff  
A silent soul led of a silent God,  
Toward sightless things led sightless; and on  
earth  
I see now but the shadow of mine end,  
And this last light of all for me in heaven.

## PRAXITHEA.

Farewell I bid thee; so bid thou not me,  
Lest the Gods hear and mock us; yet on these  
I lay the weight not of this grief, nor cast  
Ill words for ill deeds back; for if one say  
They have done men wrong, what hurt have  
they to hear,  
Or he what help to have said it? surely, child,  
If one among men born might say it and live

Blameless, none more than I may, who being  
 vexed  
 Hold yet my peace; for now through tears  
 enough  
 Mine eyes have seen the sun that from this day  
 Thine shall see never more; and in the night  
 Enough has blown of evil, and mine ears  
 With wail enough the winds have filled, and  
 brought  
 Too much of cloud from over the sharp sea  
 To mar for me the morning; such a blast  
 Rent from these wide void arms and helpless  
 breast  
 Long since one graft of me disbranched, and  
 bore  
 Beyond the wild ways of the unwandered  
 world  
 And loud wastes of the thunder throated sea,  
 Springs of the night and openings of the  
 heaven,  
 The old garden of the Sun; whence never  
 more  
 From west or east shall winds bring back that  
 blow  
 From folds of opening heaven or founts of  
 night  
 The flower of mine once ravished, born my  
 child  
 To bear soar children; nor on wings of  
 thine  
 Shall come to me back to me, nor their sire  
 breathe help upon my peril, nor his strength  
 Raise up my weakness; but of Gods and men  
 I shift unsteered on ruin, and the wave  
 Darkens my head with imminent height, and  
 hangs  
 Dumb, filled too full with thunder that shall  
 leave  
 These ears leath-deafened when the tide finds  
 tongue  
 And all its wrath bears on them; thee, O child,  
 I help not, nor am holpen; fain, ah fain,  
 More than was ever mother born of man,  
 were I to help thee: fain beyond all prayer,  
 beyond all thought fain to redeem thee, torn  
 More timeless from me sorrowing than the  
 dream  
 That was thy sister; so shalt thou be too,  
 Thou but a vision, shadow-shaped of sleep,  
 by grief made out of nothing; now but once  
 I to thee, but once more hold thee, one more  
 kiss  
 This last time and none other ever more  
 Leave on thy lips and leave them. Go; thou  
 wast

My heart, my heart's blood, life-blood of my  
 life,  
 My child, my nursling; now this breast once  
 thine  
 Shall rear again no children; never now  
 Shall any mortal blossom born like thee  
 Lie there, nor ever with small silent mouth  
 Draw the sweet springs dry for an hour that  
 feed  
 The blind blithe life that knows not; never  
 head  
 Rest here to make these cold veins warm, nor eye  
 Laugh itself away with the lips that reach  
 Lovingly toward a fount more loving; these  
 Death makes as all good lesser things now  
 dead,  
 And all the latter hopes that flowered from  
 these  
 And fall as these fell fruit; no joy more  
 Shall man take of thy maidenhood, no tongue  
 Praise it; no good shall eyes get more of thee  
 That lightened for thy love's sake. Now, take  
 note,  
 Give ear, O all ye people, that my word  
 May pierce your hearts through, and the stroke  
 that cleaves  
 Be fruitful to them; so shall all that hear  
 Grow great at heart with child of thought most  
 high  
 And bring forth seed in season; this my child,  
 This flower of this my body, this sweet life,  
 This fair live youth I give you, to be slain,  
 Spent, shed, poured out, and perish; take my  
 gift  
 And give it death and the under Gods who  
 crave  
 So much for that they give; for this is more,  
 Much more is this than all we; for they give  
 Freedom, and for a blast, an air of breath,  
 A little soul that is not, they give back  
 Light for all eyes, cheer for all hearts, and life  
 That fills the world's width full of fame and  
 praise  
 And mightier love than children's. This they  
 give,  
 The grace to make thy country great, and  
 wrest  
 From time and death power to take hold on  
 her  
 And strength to scathe for ever; and this gift,  
 Is this no more than man's love is or mine,  
 Mine and all mothers? nay, where that seems  
 more,  
 Where one loves life of child, wife, father,  
 friend,

Son, his land, mother, more than this, even  
there

Are all these lives worth nothing, all loves else  
With this boy slain and buried, and their tomb  
A thing for shame to spit on; for what love  
Hath a slave left to live with? or the heart  
Base-born and bound in bondage fast to leaer,  
What should a slave love thee? what hath he,  
He in man's life, no country? Gods nor men  
Have such to reach, yoked-beast-like to base  
life.

Vile, traitless, grovelling at the foot of death,  
Landless and kindless thralls of no man's blood,  
Unchilded and unmothered, abject limbs  
That freed things abject; but who loves on  
earth

Not in aid, wife, husband, father, mother, child,  
Nor loves his own life for his own land's sake,  
But only this thing most, more than this than all,  
He loves all well and well of all is loved,  
And this love lives for ever. See now, friends,  
My countrymen, my brothers, with what heart  
I give you this that of your hands again  
The Gods require for Athens; as I give  
So give ye to them what their hearts would have  
Who shall give back things better, yea, and these  
I take for me to witness, all these Gods,  
Were their great will more grievous than it is,  
Not one but three, for this one thin-spun thread  
A threefold band of children would I give  
For this land's love's sake; for whose love to-  
lay

I bid thee, child, fare deathward and farewell.

CHORUS.

O wofullest of women, yet of all  
Happiest, thy word be hallowed; in all time  
Thy name shall blossom, and from strange new  
tongues

High things be spoken of thee; for such grace  
The Gods have dealt to no man, that on none  
Have laid so heavy sorrow. From this day  
Live thou assured of god-head in thy blood,  
And in thy fate no lowlier than a God  
In all good things and evil; such a name  
Shall be thy child this city's and thine own.  
Next hers that called it Athens. Go now  
forth

Blest, and grace with thee to the doors of  
death.

CHITHONIA.

O city, O glory of Athens, O crown of my  
father's land, farewell

CHORUS.

For welfare is given her of thee.

CHITHONIA.

O Goddess, be good to thy people, that in  
them dominion and freedom may dwell.

CHORUS.

Turn from us the strengths of the sea.

CHITHONIA.

Let glory's and theirs be one name in the  
mouths of all nations made glad with the  
sun.

CHORUS.

For the cloud is blown back with thy breath.

CHITHONIA.

With the long last love of mine eyes I sal-  
ute thee, O land where my days now  
are done.

CHORUS.

But her life shall be born of thy death.

CHITHONIA.

I put on me the darkness thy shadow, my  
mother, and symbol, O Earth, of my  
name.

CHORUS.

For thine was her witness from birth.

CHITHONIA.

In thy likeness I come to thee darkling, a  
daughter whose dawn and her even are  
the same.

CHORUS.

Be thine heart to her gracious, O Earth.

CHITHONIA.

To thine own kind be kindly, for thy son's  
name's sake

CHORUS.

That sons unborn may praise thee and thy  
first-born son.

CITHONIA.

Give me thy sleep, who give thee all my  
life awake.

CHORUS.

Too swift a sleep, ere half the web of day  
be spun.

CITHONIA.

Death brings the shears or ever life wind up  
the weft.

CHORUS.

Their edge is ground and sharpened; who  
shall stay his hand?

CITHONIA.

The woof is thin, a small short life, with no  
thread left.

CHORUS.

Yet hath it strength, stretched out, to shel-  
ter all the laud.

CITHONIA.

Too frail a tent for covering, and a screen  
too strait.

CHORUS.

Yet broad enough for buckler shall thy sweet  
life be.

CITHONIA.

A little bolt to bar off battle from the gate.

CHORUS.

A wide sea-wall, that shatters the besieging  
sea.

CITHONIA.

I lift up mine eyes from the skirts of the  
shadow,

From the border of death to the limits of  
light;

O streams and rivers of mountain and meadow

That hallow the last of my sight,

O father that wast of my mother

Cephus, O thou too his brother

From the bloom of whose banks as a prey

Winds harried my sister away,

O crown on the world's head lying

Too high for its waters to drown,

Take yet this one word of me dying,

O city, O crown.

Though land-wind and sea-wind with mouths  
that blow slaughter

Should gird them to battle against thee again,

New-born of the blood of a maiden thy daugh-  
ter,

The rage of their breath shall be vain.

For their strength shall be quenched and

made idle,

And the foam of their mouths find a

bridle,

And the height of their heads bow down

At the foot of the towers of the town.

Be best and beloved as I love thee

Or all that shall draw from thee breath;

Be thy life as the sun's is above thee;

I go to my death.

CHORUS.

Many loves of many a mood and many a  
kind

Fill the life of man, and mould the secret  
mind;

Many days bring many dooms, to loose and  
bind;

Sweet in each in season, good the gift it  
brings,

Sweet as change of night and day with alter-  
ing wings,

Night that lull world-weary day, day that com-  
forts night,

Night that fills our eyes with sleep, day that  
fills with light.

None of all is lovelier, loftier love is none,

Less is bride's for bridegroom, mother's less  
for son,

Child, than this that crowns and binds up  
all in one;



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Love of thy sweet light, thy fostering breast  
 and hand,  
 Mother Earth, and city chosen, and natural land ;  
 Hills that bring the strong streams forth,  
 heights of heavenlier air,  
 Fields aftower with winds and suns, woods  
 with shadowing hur,  
 But none of the nations of men shall they liken  
 to thee,  
 Whose children true-born and the fruit of thy  
 body are we.  
 The rests are thy sons but in figure, in word  
 are thy seed ;  
 We only the flower of thy travail, thy children  
 indeed,  
 Of thy soil hast thou fashioned our limbs, of  
 thy waters their blood,  
 And the life of thy springs everlasting is  
 fount of our flood,  
 No wind oversea blew us hither adrift on thy  
 shore,  
 None sowed us by land in thy womb that con-  
 ceived us and bore,  
 But the stroke of the shaft of the sunlight that  
 brought us to birth  
 Pieced only and quickened thy furrows to bear  
 us, O Earth,  
 With the beams of his love wast thou cloven  
 as with iron or fire,  
 And the life in thee yearned for his life, and  
 grew great with desire,  
 And the hunger and thirst to be wounded and  
 healed with his dart  
 Made fruitful the love in thy veins, and the  
 depth of thine heart,  
 And the showers out of heaven overflowing  
 and liquid with love  
 Fulfilled thee with child of his godhead as rain  
 from above,  
 Such desire had ye twain of each other, till  
 molten in one  
 Ye might bear and beget of your bodies the  
 fruits of the sun,  
 And the trees in their season brought forth and  
 were kindled anew  
 By the warmth of the moisture of marriage,  
 the child-bearing dew,  
 And the firstlings were fair of the wedlock of  
 heaven and of earth ;  
 All countries were bounteous with blossom and  
 burgeon of birth,  
 Green pastures of grass for all cattle, and life-  
 giving corn ;  
 But here of thy bosom, here only, the man-  
 child was born,  
 All races but one are us aliens engrated or  
 sown,  
 Strange children and changelings ; but we, O  
 our mother, thine own,  
 Thy firstlings are others, and seedlings they  
 know not of whom ;  
 For these hast thou fostered, but us thou hast  
 borne in thy womb,  
 Who is he of us all, O beloved, that owe thee  
 for birth,  
 Who would give not his blood for his birth's  
 sake, O mother, O Earth ?  
 What kinsman is he that was fostered and  
 reared of thine hand  
 Who may vaunt him as we may in death  
 though he die for the land ?  
 Well dost she therefore who gives thee a  
 guardian  
 The bloom of the life of thy giving ;  
 And thy body was bewell yea O artless burden,  
 That bore such fruit of thee living,  
 For her face was not charmed for fear,  
 For her eyelids conceived not a tear,  
 Nor a cry from her lips craved pity ;  
 But her mouth was a fountain of song,  
 And her heart as a enamel strong  
 That guards the heart of the city.

## MESSENGER.

High things of strong-souled men that loved  
 their land  
 On brass and stone are written, and their deeds  
 On high days chanted ; but none graven or  
 sung  
 That ever set men's eyes or spirits on fire,  
 Athenians, has the sun's height seen, or earth  
 Heard in her depth reverberate as from heaven,  
 More worth men's praise and good report of  
 Gods  
 Than here I bring for record in your ears,  
 For now being come to the altar, where as  
 priest  
 Death ministering should meet her, and his  
 hand  
 Seal her sweet eyes asleep, the maiden good,  
 With light in all her face as of a child  
 Smiling, or shine of testal flame by night  
 Far flung from towers of triumph ; and her  
 lips  
 To smile with pride in pleasure, that no au-  
 blanched them nor death before his time drank  
 dry  
 The blood whose bloom fulfilled them ; for her  
 cheeks

Lightened, and brighter than a bridal veil  
Her hair enrobed her bosom and enroled  
From face to feet the body's whole soft length  
As with a cloud sun-saturate; then she spake  
With maiden tongue words manlike, but her  
eyes

Lit unblush like a maiden's: *Countrymen,  
With more goodwill and height of happier  
heart*

*I give me to you than my mother bare,  
And go more gladly this great way to death  
Than young men bound to battle* Then with  
face

Earned to the the shadowiest part of all the  
shrine

As if eyes fast set upon the further shade,  
*Take me, dear Gods; and as some form had  
shone*

From the deep hollow shadow, some God's  
tongue

Answered, *I bless you that your guardian grace  
Gives me to guard this country, takes my blood,  
Your child's by name, to heal it.* Then the  
priest

Set to the flower-sweet snow of her soft throat  
The sheer knife's edge that severed it, and  
loosed

From the fair bondage of so spotless flesh  
So strong a spirit; and all that girt them  
round

Creeping, with souls that hung on that sad  
stroke,

Groaned, and kept silence after while a man  
Might count how far the fresh blood crept, and  
bathed

How deep the dark robe and the bright shrine's  
base

Red-rounded with a running ring that grew  
More large and duskier as the wells that fed  
Were drained of that pure effluence: but the  
queen

Groaned not nor spake nor wept, but as a dream  
Floats out of eyes awakening so past forth

Ghost-like, a shadow of sorrow, from all sight  
To the inner court and chamber where she sits  
Dumb, till word reach her of this whole day's  
end.

CHORUS.

More helpless born by far  
Beneath some wintrier star,  
One sits in stone among high Lydian snows,  
The tomb of her own woes:  
Yet happiest was once of the daughters of

Gods, and divin'd by her sire and her lord,  
Ere her tongue was a shaft for the hearts of her  
sons, for the heart of her husband a sword.

For she, too great of mind,  
Grown through her good things blind,  
With goodless lips and fire of her own breath  
Spake all her house to death;

But thou, no mother unmothered, nor kindled  
in spirit with pride of thy seed,

Thou hast hallowed thy child for a blameless  
blood-offering, and ransomed thy race by  
thy deed.

MESSENGER.

As flower is grafted on flower, so grief on grief  
Engrafted brings forth new blossoms of strange  
tears,

Fresh buds and green fruits of an alien pain;  
For now flies rumor on a dark wide wing,  
Murmuring of woes more than ye knew, most  
like

Hers whom ye hailed most wretched; for the  
twain

Last left of all this house that wore last night  
A threefold crown of maidens, and to-day  
Should let but one fall dead out of the wreath,

If mad with grief we know not and sore love  
For this their sister, or with shame soul-stung  
To outlive her dead or doubt lest their lives too

The Gods require to seal their country safe  
And bring the oracular doom to perfect end,  
Have slain themselves, and fallen at the altar-  
foot

Lie by their own hands done to death; and  
fear

Shakes all the city as winds a wintering tree,  
And as dead leaves are men's hearts blown  
about

And shrunken with ill thoughts, and flowerless  
hopes

Parched up with presage, lest the piteous blood  
Shed of these maidens guiltless fall and fix  
On this land's forehead like a curse that cleaves  
To the unclean soul's inextinguishable head  
Whom his own crime tracks hotter than a  
hound

To life's veiled end unsleeping; and this hour  
Now blackens toward the battle that must close  
All gates of hope and fear on all their hearts  
Who tremble toward the issue, knowing not yet  
If blood may buy them surety, cleanse or soil  
The helpless hands men raise and reach no stay.



## CHOKUS.

Ill thou dost breed fear, and fear ill words; but  
 these  
 The Gods turn from us that have kept their  
 law.  
 Let it lift up the strength of our hearts in  
 song,  
 And thou send to the height of the darkling  
 day,  
 If the wind in our eyes flow blood for  
 spray,  
 Be the spirit that breathes in us life more  
 strong,  
 Though the present is dim, and the helms  
 point white,  
 And I start to follow the shoreward way,  
 For the sea is a deep, its hidden aster,  
 With wind and fog being the messenger of doom,  
 And the white smoke in its air is like name  
 A fire that shears off and the cor-blades  
 churn  
 The foam of our lives that to death return,  
 Flown back as they break to the gulfing  
 gloom.  
 What cloud in heaven is arisen, what  
 shadow, what sound,  
 From the world beyond earth, from the  
 night underground,  
 That scatters from wings unbelov'd the weight  
 of its darkness around?  
 For the sense of my spirit is broken, and  
 blinded its eye,  
 As the soul of a sick man ready to die,  
 With fear of the hour that is on me, with dread  
 if an end be not nigh,  
 O Heath, O Gods of the land, have ye  
 heart now to see and to hear  
 What slays with terror mine eyesight and  
 seals mine ear?  
 O fountains of streams everlasting, are all ye  
 not shrunk up and withered for fear?  
 Lo, night is arisen on the moon, and her  
 beams are in quest by day,  
 And the world is called of the noise of  
 them crying for their prey,  
 And the sun's self stricken in heaven, and cast  
 out of his course as a blind man astray,  
 From east to west of the south sea-line  
 Glitters the lightning of spears that sling;  
 As a storm-cloud swola that comes up from the  
 skirts of the sea  
 By the wind for helmsman to shoreward  
 ferried,

So black behind them the live storm scum  
 Shakes earth with the tramp of its foot, at  
 the terror to be,  
 Shall the sea give death whom the land gave  
 birth?  
 O Earth, fair mother, O sweet live Earth,  
 Hide us again in thy womb from the waves of  
 it, help us or hile,  
 As a sword is the heart of the God thy brother,  
 But thine as the heart of a new-made mother  
 To deliver thy sons from his ravin, and rage of  
 his tide,  
 O strong north wind, the pilot of cloud and  
 rain,  
 For the gift we gave thee what gift hast thou  
 given us again?  
 O God oak-winged, deep throated, a terror to  
 forth-tame, flits by night,  
 What profession is it that is blown on the  
 blast of thy breath?  
 A gift but of grief to thy kinsmen, a song but  
 of death,  
 For the bride's folk weeping, and woe for her  
 father, who finds thee against him in fight  
 Turn back from us, turn thy battle, take heed  
 of our cry;  
 Let thy dread breath sound, and the waters  
 of war be dry;  
 Let thy strong wrath shatter the strength of foe-  
 men, the sword of their strength and the  
 shield;  
 As vapors in heaven, or as waves or the  
 wrecks of ships,  
 So break thou the ranks of their spears  
 with the breath of thy lips,  
 Till their corpses have covered and clothed as  
 with raiment the face of the sword-plough-  
 ed field,  
 O son of the rose-red morning, O God twin-  
 born with the day,  
 O wind with the young sun waking, and  
 winged for the same wide way,  
 Give up not the house of thy kin to the host  
 thou hast marshalled from northward for prey,  
 From the cold of thy cradle in Thrace, from  
 the mists of the fountains of night,  
 From the bride-bed of dawn whence day  
 leaps laughing, on fire for his flight,  
 Come down with their doom in thine hand on  
 the ships thou hast brought up against us  
 to fight,  
 For now not in word but in deed is the harvest  
 of spears begun,  
 And its clamour outbellows the thunder, its  
 lightning outlightens the sun

From the springs of the morning it thunders  
 and lightens across and afar  
 To the wave where the moonset ends and the  
 fall of the last low star.  
 With a trampling of drenched red boots and  
 an earthquake of men that meet,  
 strong war sets hand to the scythe, and the  
 furrows take fire from his feet.  
 Earth groans from her great rent heart, and  
 the hollows of rocks are afraid,  
 And the mountains are moved, and the valleys  
 as waves in a storm-wind swayed.  
 From the roots of the hills to the plain's dan-  
 verge and the dark loud shore,  
 Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and  
 hurtling of wheels that roar.  
 As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion  
 that foam as they gnash  
 Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock  
 of the poles that crash.  
 The dense mazes darken and glitter, the  
 mouths of the mad steel's champ,  
 Their heads flash blind through the battle,  
 and death's foot rings in their tramp.  
 For a fourfold host upon earth and in heaven  
 is arrayed for the fight,  
 Clouds ruining in thunder and armies encount-  
 ering as clouds in the night.  
 Nine ears are amazed with the terror of trum-  
 pets, with darkness nine eyes,  
 At the sound of the sea's host charging that  
 deafens the roar of the sky's.  
 White frontlet is dashed upon frontlet, and  
 horse against horse reels hurled,  
 And the gorge of the gulfs of the battle is wide  
 for the spoil of the world.  
 And the meadows are cumbered with shipwreck  
 of chariots that fouler on land,  
 And the horsemen are broken with breach as  
 of breakers, and scattered as sand.  
 Through the roar and recoil of the charges  
 that mingle their cries and confound,  
 Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that  
 flash through the darkness of sound.  
 As the swing of the sea churned yellow that  
 sways with the wind as it swells  
 Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the char-  
 gers that clash with their bells;  
 And the clang of the sharp shrill brass thr-  
 ough the burst of the wave as it shocks  
 Kings clean as the clear wind's cry through  
 the roar of the surge on the rocks;  
 And the heads of the steeds in their headgear  
 of war, and their corseleted breasts,

Gleam broad as the brows of the fellows that  
 brighten the storm with their crests,  
 Gleam broad as their bosoms that heave to the  
 shipwrecking winds as they rise,  
 Filled full of the terror and thunder of water  
 that slays as it dies.  
 So dire is the glare of their foreheads, so fear-  
 ful the fire of their breath,  
 And the light of their eyeballs enkindled so  
 bright with the lightning of death;  
 And the foam of their mouths as the sea's when  
 the jaws of its gulf are as graves,  
 And the rage of their cheeks as the wind-shaken  
 mane on the ridges of waves;  
 And their fetlocks afire as they rear drip thick  
 with a dewfall of blood  
 As the lips of the roaring breaker with froth of  
 the non-laying flood.  
 And the whole plain reels and resounds as the  
 hulls of the sea by night  
 When the stroke of the wind falls darkling,  
 and death is the seafarer's light.  
 But thou, fair beauty of heaven, dear fare of  
 the day nigh dead,  
 What horror hath hiddenly gloyn, what hand  
 hath muffled thine head?  
 O sun, with what song shall we call thee, or  
 ward off thy wrath by what name,  
 With what prayer shall we seek to thee,  
 soothe with what incense, assuage with  
 what gift,  
 If thy light be such only as lightens to death-  
 ward the seamen adrift  
 With the fire of his horse for a beacon, that  
 foemen have wasted with flame?  
 Arise now, lift up thy light; give ear to us,  
 put forth thine hand,  
 Reach toward us thy torch of deliverance, a  
 lamp for the night of the land.  
 Thine eye is the light of the living, no lamp  
 for the dead;  
 O, lift up the light of thine eye on the dark  
 of our dread.  
 Who hath blinded thee? who hath prevailed  
 on thee? who hath ensnared?  
 Who hath broken thy bow, and the shafts  
 for thy battle prepared?  
 Have they found out a fetter to bind thee, a  
 chain for thine arm that was bare?  
 Be the name of thy conqueror set forth, and  
 the might of thy master declared.  
 O God, fair God of the morning, O glory of  
 day,  
 What ails thee to cast from thy forehead its  
 garland away?

To pluck from thy temples their chaplet en-  
wreathed of the light,  
And bind on the brows of thy godhead a  
frontlet of night?  
Thou hast loosened the necks of thine horses,  
and goided their flanks with atright,  
To the race of a course that we know not on  
ways that are hid from our sight,  
As a wind through the darkness the wheels  
of their chariot whirled,  
And the light of its passage is night on the  
face of the world,  
And there falls from the wings of thy glory  
no help from on high,  
But a shadow that smites us with fear and  
desire of thine eye,  
For our hearts are as reeds that a wind on the  
water bows down and goes by,  
To behold in thy comfort in heaven that hath  
lent us a timely die,  
But what light is it now leaps forth on the  
land  
Enkindling the waters and ways of the air  
From thy forehead made fare,  
From the gleam of thy bow-bearing hand?  
Hast thou set not thy right hand again to the  
strains,  
With the back-bowed horns bent sharp for  
a spring  
And the barbed shaft drawn,  
Till the shrill steel sing and the tense nerve  
ring  
That pierces the heart of the dark with  
dawn,  
O huntsman, O king,  
When the flame of thy face hath twilight in  
chase  
As a hound hath a blood-mottled fawn?  
He has glanced into golden the grey sea-  
strands,  
And the clouds are shot through with the  
fires of his hands,  
And the height of the hollow of heaven that  
he fills  
As the heart of a strong man is quickened and  
thrills;  
High over the fobls of the low-lying lands,  
On the shadowless hills  
As a guard on his watchtower he stands.  
All earth and all ocean, all depth and all  
height,  
At the flash of an eyebeam are filled with his  
might;  
The sea roars backward, the storm drops  
dumb,

And silence as dew on the fire of the fight  
Fall: and in our ears as his face in our sight  
With presage of peace to come,  
Ere thy hope in my heart from the ashes of  
read  
Leaps clear as a flame from the pyres of the  
dead,  
That joy out of woe  
May arise as the sprung out of the tempest  
and snow,  
With the flower-feasted month in her hands  
rose-red  
Borne soft as a babe from the bearing-bed,  
Yet it knows not indeed if a God be friend,  
If rescue may be from the rage of the sea,  
Or the wrath of its lord have end,  
For the season is full now of death or of  
birth,  
To bring forth life, or an end of all;  
And we know not if anything stand or fall  
That is girdled about with the round sea's  
girth  
As a town with its wall;  
But thou that art highest of the Gods most  
high,  
That art lord if we live, that art lord though  
we die,  
Have heed of the tongues of our terror that  
cry  
For a grace to the children of Earth.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

Sons of Athens, heavy-laden with the holy  
weight of years,  
Be your hearts as young men's lightened of  
their loathlier load of fears;  
For the wave is sunk whose thunder shoreward  
shook the shuddering lands  
And unbreached of warring waters Athens like  
a sea-rock stands.

## CHORUS.

Well thy word has cheered us, well thy face  
and glittering eyes, that spake  
In thy tongue spake words of comfort; yet  
no pause believes it make  
Till the whole good hap find utterance that the  
Gods have given at length.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

All is this, that yet the city stand unforced by  
stranger strength.

CHORUS.

Sweeter sound might no mouth utter in man's ear than this thy word.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Feed thy soul then full of sweetness till some bitter note be heard.

CHORUS.

None, if this ring sure, can mar the music fallen from heaven as rain.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

If no fire of sun or star untimely sear the tender grain.

CHORUS.

Fresh the dewfall of thy tidings on our hopes reflowering lies.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Till a joyless shower and fruitless blight them, raming from thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Bitter springs have barren issues ; these bedew grief's arid sands.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Such thank-offerings ask such altars as expect thy suppliant hands.

CHORUS.

Fears for triumph, wail for welfare, what strange godhead's shrine requires ?

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Death or victory's be it, a funeral torch feeds all its festal fires.

CHORUS.

Like a star should burn the beacon flaming from our city's head.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Like a balefire should the flame go up that says the king is dead.

CHORUS.

Out of heaven, a wild-haired meteor, shoots this new sign, scattering fear.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Yea, the word has wings of fire that hovered, loth to burn thine ear.

CHORUS.

From thy lips it leapt forth loosened on a shrill and shadowy wing.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

Long they faltered, vain to hide it deep as death that hides the king.

CHORUS.

Dead with him blind hope lies blasted by the lightning of one sword.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

On thy tongue truth wars with error ; no man's edge hath touched thy lord.

CHORUS.

False was thine then, jangling menace like a warsteed's brow-bound bell ?

ATHENIAN HERALD.

False it rang not joy nor sorrow ; but by no man's hand he fell.

CHORUS.

Vainly then good news and evil through so faint a trumpet spake.

ATHENIAN HERALD.

All too long thy soul yet labors, as who sleeping fain would wake,

Waken, I will, would I fall on sleep again ; the  
 word thou knowest not yet,  
 When thou knowest, shall make thy memory  
 thirst and hunger to forget.

## CHORUS.

Long my heart has hearkened, hanging on thy  
 clamorous ominous cry,  
 I am yet fearful of the knowledge whence it  
 looks to live or die ;  
 Now to face the perfect presage of thy dark  
 and side-long flight  
 Comes a surer sooth-aye on wing, sable-  
 stoled as birds of ill.

## PRAXIPEDES.

Man, what thy mother bare thee born to stay  
 Speak ; for no word yet wavering on thy lip  
 Can wound me worse than thought forestalls or  
 fear.

## ATHENIAN HERALD.

I have no will to weave too fine or far,  
 O queen, the weft of sweet with bitter speech,  
 Bright words with darkling ; but the brief  
 truth shown  
 Shall plead my pardon for a lingering tongue,  
 Loth yet to strike hope through the heart and  
 slay,  
 The sun's light still was lordly housed in heaven  
 When the twain fronts of war encountering  
 snote  
 First fire out of the battle ; but not long  
 Had the fresh wave of windy fight begun  
 Heaving, and all the surge of swords to sway,  
 When timeless night laid hold of heaven, and  
 took  
 With its great gorge the noon as in a gulf,  
 Strangle ; and thicker than the shrill-winged  
 shafts  
 Flew the fleet lightnings, held in chase through  
 heaven  
 By hell-long heat of thunders on their trail  
 Loosed as on quest of quarry ; that our host  
 Smit with sick presage of some wrathful God  
 Quailed, but the foe as from one iron throat  
 With one great sheer sole thousand-throated  
 cry  
 Shook earth, heart-staggered from their shout,  
 and clove  
 The eyeless hollow of heaven ; and breached  
 therewith

As with an onset of strength-shattering sound  
 The vault of the roaring noon of night  
 From her throne'd seat of omnipotence rang  
 Reverent answer ; such response there  
 pealed  
 As though the tide's charge of a storming sea  
 Had burst the sky's wail, and made broad a  
 breach  
 In the ambient girth and bastion flanked with  
 stars  
 Crushing the fortress of the Gods, and all  
 Crashed now together on him ; and through  
 that cry  
 And higher above it echoing one man's note  
 Tore its way like a trumpet ; *Chorus, make way,  
 Chorus, halt not, strike, read up their strength  
 in the roots,  
 Strike, break them, make your lightning's  
 promise sure,  
 Show your hearts harder than the fowled land  
 breeds  
 And souls breathed in you from an spirit of  
 earth,  
 us of the sea's waves ; and all ears that heard  
 ring that the time an  
 Threat was fired, and kindling filled the plain  
 Full of that fierce and trumpet-quenching death  
 That spake the clarions silent ; no glad song  
 For folk to hear that wist how dire a God  
 Begat this peril to them, what strong race  
 Fathered the sea-born tongue that sang them  
 death,  
 Threatening ; so raged through the red foam of  
 fight  
 Poseidon's son Eumolpus ; and the war  
 Quailed round him coming, as our side bore  
 back,  
 As a stream thwarted by the  
 That meet it midway mouth at beat  
 The flood back of its issue ; but  
 Shouted against them, crying *O woe to God,  
 Source of the God my father, from mine hand  
 Send me what end seems good now in thy sight,  
 But death from mine to this man ; and the  
 word  
 Quick on his lips yet like a blast of fire  
 Blew them together ; and round its lord that met  
 Paused all the reeling battle ; two main waves  
 Meeting, one hurled sheer from the sea-wall  
 back  
 That shocks it sideways, one right in from sea  
 Charging, that full in face takes at one blow  
 That whole recoil and ruin, with less fear  
 Startle men's eyes late shipwrecked ; for a  
 breath**

fronting crest hung, wave to wave rose  
 dashed, breaker to breaker; cloud with  
 cloud  
 heaven, chariot with chariot closed on earth,  
 fourfold flash and thunder; yet a breath,  
 with the king's spear through his red  
 heart's root  
 given, like a rock split from its hill-side, fell  
 under his own horsehoofs dead on earth  
 sea-beast that made war on earth from sea,  
 dumb, with no shrill note left of storming song,  
 nodding; and his whole host with one stroke  
 gear-stricken through its dense deep iron  
 heart  
 hurthing from us, and in fierce recoil  
 seawind as with one wide wail of waves,  
 sobbed with reluctance; such a groan  
 from the fluctuant reflux of its ranks,  
 sicken sullen back and strengthless; but  
 scarce yet  
 the steeds had sprung and wheels had bruised  
 their lord  
 fallen, when from highest height of the sun-  
 dering heaven  
 the Father for his brother's son's sake slain  
 sent a sheer shaft of lightning withen and  
 smote  
 right on his son's son's forehead, that unheaved  
 stone like the star that shines down storm,  
 and gave  
 light to men's eyes that saw thy lord their king  
 stand and take breath from battle; then too  
 soon  
 sink down as a sunset in sea-mist  
 the high bright head that here in van of the  
 earth  
 rose like a headland, and through storm and  
 night  
 took all the sea's wrath on it; and now dead  
 they bring thee back by war-forsaken ways  
 the strength called once thy husband, the great  
 guard  
 that was of all men, stay of all men's lives,  
 they bear him slain of no man but a God,  
 godlike; and toward him dead the city's gates  
 flung their arms open mother-like, through  
 him  
 saved; and the whole clear land is purged of  
 war,  
 what wilt thou say now of this weal and woe?

PRAXITHEA.

I praise the Gods for Athens. O sweet Earth,

Mother, what joy thy soul has of thy son,  
 Thy life of my dead lord, mine own soul knows  
 That knows thee godlike; and what grief  
 should mine,  
 What sorrow should my heart have, who behold  
 Thee made so heavy mine happy? This alone  
 I only of all these blessed, all thy kind.  
 Give this for I blessing to me, that in thine  
 Have but a part thus bitter; give me too  
 Death, and the sight of eyes that meet not  
 mine.  
 And thee too from no godless heart or tongue  
 Reproachful, thee too by thy living name,  
 Father divine, merciful God, I call,  
 Spring of my life-springs, fountain of my stream,  
 Pure and poured forth to one great end with  
 thine,  
 Sweet head, siddine of triumphant these tears,  
 Cephissus, if thou seest as gladly shed  
 Thy blood in mine as thine own waves are  
 given  
 To do this great land good, to give for love  
 The same lips drink and comfort the same  
 heats,  
 Do thou then, O my father, white-souled God,  
 To thy most pure earth-hallowing heart eterne  
 Take what thou gavest to be given for these,  
 Take thy child to thee; for her time is full,  
 For all she hath borne she hath given, seen all  
 she had  
 Flow from her, from her eyes and breasts and  
 hands  
 Flow forth to feed this people; but be thou,  
 Dear God and gracious to all souls alive,  
 Good to thine own seed also; let me sleep,  
 Father; my sleepless darkling day is done,  
 My day of life like night, but slumberless:  
 For all my fresh fair springs, and his that ran  
 In one stream's bed with mine, are all run out  
 Into the deep of death. The Gods have saved  
 Athens; my blood has bought her at their  
 hand,  
 And ye sit safe; be glorious and be glad  
 As now for all time always, countrymen,  
 And love my deal for ever; but me, me,  
 What shall man give for these so good as death?

CHORUS.

From the cup of my heart I pour through my  
 lips along  
 The mingled wine of a joyful and sorrowful  
 song;  
 Wine sweeter than honey and bitterer than  
 blood that is poured

From the chalice of gold, from the point of the  
 two-edged sword,  
 For the city redeemed, should joy flow forth as  
 a flood,  
 And a large mead mourn for the city polluted  
 with blood,  
 Great praise should the Gods have surely, my  
 country, of thee,  
 Were thy brow but as white, as of old for thy  
 sons to see,  
 Were thy hands as bloodless, as blameless thy  
 cheek divine;  
 But a stain on it stands of the life-blood offered  
 for thine,  
 What thy eyes shall we give that are mixed out  
 and marred with death,  
 For the price that has ransom'd thine own  
 with thine own child's head?  
 For a taunt there of eyes to the people red-  
 dened with blood,  
 And a plague to the blood-red hand,  
 The rain shall not cleanse it, the dew nor the  
 sacred flood,  
 That blesses the dead live land,  
 In the darkness of earth beneath, in the world  
 without sun,  
 The shadows of past things reign;  
 And a cry goes up from the ghost of an ill deed  
 done,  
 And a curse for a virgin slain.

## ATHENA.

Hear, men that mourn, and woman without  
 mate,  
 Harken; ye sick of soul with fear, and thou  
 Dæmon-stricken for thy children; hear ye too,  
 Triton, and the glory of heaven, and winds of  
 the air,  
 And the most holy heart of the deep sea,  
 Late worth, now full of quiet; hear thou, sun,  
 Rolled round with the upper fire of rolling  
 heaven,  
 And all the stars returning; hill and streams,  
 Springs and fresh fountains, day that seest these  
 deeds,  
 Night that shalt hide not; and thou child of  
 mine,  
 Child of a maiden, by a maid redeemed,  
 Blood-guiltless, though bought back with inno-  
 cent blood,  
 City mine own; I Pallas I ring thee word,  
 I virgin daughter of the most high God,  
 Give all you charge and thy command on all  
 The world I ring be wasted not; for this

The Gods have established and his soul hath  
 sworn,  
 That time nor earth nor changing sons of man  
 Nor wives of generations, nor the winds  
 Or ages risen and fallen that steer their tides  
 Through light and dark of birth and love and  
 death,  
 From storm toward haven inviolate, shall see  
 So great a light alive beneath the sun  
 As the awless eye of Athens; all time else  
 Shall be to her time as a shadow in sleep,  
 To this wide noon of waking; men most praised  
 In times most happy for their children found,  
 Shall hold'st highest of honors given of God,  
 To be but hushed to the East of time,  
 The least of all, my city; thine shall be  
 The crown of all songs sung, of all deeds done  
 Thine the full power for all time; in thine hand  
 Shall time be like a sceptre, and thine head  
 Wear worship for a girl and; nor the leaf  
 Shall change for winter cut out of thy crown  
 Till all flowers wither in the world; thine eyes  
 Shall first in man's flash lightning liberty,  
 Thy tongue shall first say freedom; thy first hand  
 Shall loose the thunder terror as a bound  
 To hunt from sunset to the springs of the sun  
 Kings that rose up out of the populous east  
 To make their quarry of thee, and shall strew  
 With multitudinous limbs of myriad herds  
 The foodless pastures of the sea, and make  
 With wrecks immeasurable and unsummed  
 defeat  
 One ruin of all their many-folded flocks  
 Ill shepherd'd from Asia, by thy side  
 Shall fight thy son the north wind, and the sea  
 That was thine enemy shall be sworn thy friend  
 And hand be struck in hand of his and mine  
 To hold faith fast for aye; with thee, though  
 each  
 Make war on other wind and sea shall keep  
 Peace, and take truce as brethren for thy sake  
 Leagu'd with one spirit and single-hearted  
 strength  
 To break thy foes in pieces, who shall meet  
 The wind's whole soul and might of the main  
 sea  
 Full in their face of battle, and become  
 A laughter to thee; like a shower of leaves  
 Shall their long galleys rank by staggering rank  
 Be dashed adrift on ruin, and in thy sight  
 The sea deride them, and that lord of the air  
 Who took by violent hand thy child to wife  
 With his foul lips demock them, by his  
 breath  
 Swept out of sight of being; so great a grace

So of this day give thee, that makes one in heart  
 With him the deep sea's godhead, and his son  
 With him that was thine helmsman, king with  
 king,

Dead man with dead; such only names as these  
 Shall thou call royal, take none else; or less  
 The hold of men in honour; but with me  
 Shall these be worship'd. O me God, and mix  
 With mine the might of their mysterious names  
 In one same shrine served singly, thence to keep  
 Perpetual guard on Athens; time and change,  
 Masters and lords of all men, shall be made  
 To thee that knowest no master and no lord  
 Servants; the days that lighten heaven and  
 nights

That darken shall be ministers of thine  
 To attend upon thy glory, the great years  
 As light-engraven letters of thy name  
 Writ by the sun's hand on the front of the  
 earth

For world-beholden witness; such a gift  
 For one fair chaplet of three lives enwreathed  
 To hang for ever from thy storied shrine,  
 And this thy steersman fallen with tiller in hand  
 To stand for ever at thy ship's helm seen,  
 Shall he that bade their threefold flower be  
 shorn

And hid him low that planted, give thee back  
 In sign of sweet land ree merled with sea  
 And heavenlike earth with heaven; such  
 promise-pledge

I daughter without mother born of God  
 To the most woful mother born of man  
 Flight for continual comfort. Hail, and live  
 Beyond all human hap of mortal doom  
 Happy; for so my sire hath sworn and I.

PRANITHEA.

O queen Athena, from a heart made whole

Take as thou givest us blessing; never tear  
 Shall's sin for shame nor grieve our tune the  
 song

That as a bird shall spread and fold its wings  
 Here in thy praise for ever, and fulfil  
 The whole world's crowning city crowned with  
 thee

As the sun's eye fills and crowns with sight  
 The circling crown of heaven. There is no  
 grief

Great as the joy to be made one in will  
 With him that is the heart and rule of life  
 And thee, God born of God, thy name is ours,  
 And thy large grace more great than our de-  
 sire.

CHORUS.

From the depth of the springs of my spirit a  
 fountain is poured of thanksgiving,

My country, my mother, for thee,  
 That thy dead for their death shall have life in  
 thy sight and a name everliving

At heart of thy people to be,  
 In the darkness of change on the waters of  
 time they shall turn from afar

To the beam of this dawn for a beacon, the  
 light of these pyres for a star.

They shall see thee who love and take comfort,  
 who hate thee shall see and take warn-  
 ing,

Our mother that makest us free;  
 And the sons of thine earth shall have help of  
 the waves that made war on their morn-  
 ing,

And friendship and fame of the



# STUDIES IN SONG.

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SONG FOR THE CENTENARY

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BORN JANUARY 30TH, 1775.

DIED SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1864.

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There is delight in singing, though none hear  
Beside the singer : and there is delight  
In praising, though the praiser sit alone  
And see the praised far off him, far above.

LANDOR.

## DEDICATION.

TO MRS. JANN LINDON.

*Daughter in spirit elect and consecrate  
 By love and reverence of the Olympian sire  
 Whom I too loved and worshipped, seeing so great,  
 And found so gracious toward my long desire  
 To bid that love in song before his gate  
 Sound, and my lute be loyal to his lyre,  
 To now save me it now may dedicate  
 Song's new burnt-offering on a altar,  
 And though the gift be light  
 As ashes in men's sight,  
 Left by the flame of no other fire,  
 Yet, for his worthier sake  
 Than words are worthless, take  
 This wreath of words ere yet their hour expire:  
 So, haply, from some heaven above,  
 He, seeing, may set next yours my sacrifice of love.*

May 24, 1880.

1.

FIVE years beyond an hundred years have seen  
 Their winters, white as faith's and age's hue,  
 Melt, smiling through brief tears, broke  
 Between,  
 And hope's young conquering colour reared  
 anew,  
 Since, on the day whose page for kings made  
 keen  
 Smote s' t' r once the fier storm-wind  
 to  
 A head predestined for the girdling green  
 That laughs at lightning all the seasons  
 through,  
 Nor frost or change can sunder  
 Its crown untouched of thunder  
 Leaf from least leaf of all its leaves that grew  
 Alone for brows too bold  
 For storm to sear of old,  
 Elect to shine in time's eternal view,  
 Rose on the verge of radiant life  
 Between the wind and sunbeams mingling  
 love with strife.

2.

The darkling day that gave its bloodred  
 birth  
 To Milton's white republic undefiled  
 That might endure so few fleet years on  
 earth  
 Bore in him likewise as divine a child ;  
 But born not less for crowns of love and mirth,  
 Of palm and myrtle passionate and mild,  
 The leaf that girds about with gentler girth  
 The brow steel-bound in battle, and the  
 wild  
 Soft spray that flowers above  
 The flower-soft hair of love ;  
 And the white lips of wayworn winter smil-  
 ed  
 And grew serene as spring's  
 When with stretched clouds like wings  
 Or wings like drift of snow-clouds massed  
 and piled  
 The godlike giant, softening, spread  
 A shadow of stormy shelter round the new-  
 born head.

## 3.

And o'er it brightening bowed the wild-haired  
 hour,  
 And touched his tongue with honey and with  
 fire,  
 And breathed between his lips the note of  
 power  
 That makes of all the winds of heaven a  
 lyre  
 Whose strings are stretched from topmost  
 peaks that tower  
 To softest springs of waters that suspire,  
 With sounds too dim to shake the lowliest  
 flower  
 Breathless with hope and dauntless with de-  
 sate ;  
 And bright before his face  
 That Hour became a Grace,  
 As in the light of their Athenian quire  
 When the Hours before the sun  
 And Graces were made one,  
 Called by sweet Love down from the aerial  
 gyre  
 By one dear name of natural joy,  
 To bear on her bright breast from heaven a  
 heaven-born boy.

## 4.

Ere light could kiss the little lilies in sunder  
 Or love could lift them for the sun to  
 smite,  
 His fiery birth-star as a sign of wonder  
 Had risen, perplexing the presageful night  
 With shadow and glory around her sphere and  
 under  
 And portents prophesying by sound and  
 sight ;  
 And half the sound was song and half was  
 thunder,  
 And half his life of lightning, half of  
 light :  
 And in the soft clenched hand  
 Shone like a burning brand  
 A shadowy sword for swordless fields of  
 fight,  
 Wrought only for such lord  
 As so may wield the sword  
 That all things ill be put to fear and  
 flight  
 Even at the flash and sweep and gleam  
 Of one swift stroke beheld but in a shuddering  
 dream.

## 5.

Like the sun's rays that blind the night's wild  
 beasts  
 The sword of song shines as the swordsman  
 sings ;  
 From the west wind's verge even to the ardu-  
 ous east's  
 The splendor of the shadow that it flings  
 Makes fire and storm in heaven above the  
 feasts  
 Of men fulfilled with food of evil things ;  
 Strikes dumb the lying and lingering lips of  
 priests,  
 Smites dead the slaying and ravening hands  
 of kings ;  
 Turns dark the lamp's hot light,  
 And turns the darkness bright  
 As with the shadow of dawn's reverberate  
 wings ;  
 And far before its way  
 Heaven, yearning toward the day,  
 Shines with its thunder and round its light-  
 ning rings ;  
 And never hand yet earlier played  
 With that keen sword whose hilt is cloud, and  
 fire its blade.

## 6

As dropping flakes of honey-heavy dew  
 More soft than shuiber's, fell the first note's  
 sound  
 From strings the swift young hand strayed  
 lightlier through  
 Than leaves through calm air wheeling  
 toward the ground  
 Stray down the drifting wind when skies are  
 blue  
 Nor yet the wings of latter winds un-  
 bound,  
 Ere winter loosen all the Æolian crew  
 With storm unleashed behind them like a  
 hound,  
 lightly rose and sank  
 Beside a green-flowered bank  
 The clear first notes his burning boyhood  
 found  
 To sing her sacred praise  
 Who rode her city's ways  
 Clothed with bright hair and with high pur-  
 pose crowned ;  
 A song of soft presageful breath,  
 Prefiguring all his love and faith in life and  
 death ;

## 7.

Who should love two things only and only  
praise

More than all else for ever : even the glory  
Of goodly beauty in women, whence all days

Take light whereby death's self seems  
transitory :

And loftier love than loveliest eyes can raise,  
Love that wipes off the miry stains and gory

From Time's worn feet, besmirched on blood-  
red ways,

And lightens with his light the night of story :  
Love that lits up from dust

Life, and makes darkness just,

And purges as with fire of purgatory

The dense disastrous air,

To burn old falsehood bare

And give the wind its ashes heaped and  
hoary ;

Love, that with eyes of ageless youth  
Sees on the breast of Freedom borne her nurs-  
ling Truth.

## 8.

For at his birth the sisting stars were one  
That flamed upon it as one fiery star ;

Freedom, whose light makes pale the mount-  
ing sun,

And Song, whose fires are quenched when  
Freedom's are,

Of all that love not liberty let none

Love her that fills our lips with fire from far  
To mix with winds and seas in unison

And sound athwart life's tideless harbor-bar  
Out where our songs fly free

Across time's bounded sea,

A boundless flight beyond the dim's sun ear,

Till all the spheres of night

Chime concord round their flight

Too loud for blasts of warring change to  
mar,

From stars that sang for Homer's birth

To these that give our Landor welcome back  
from earth.

## 9.

one, as above his cradle, on his grave,  
stars of our worship, lights of our desire !

Never man that heard the world's wind  
rave

To you was truer in trust of heart and lyre :

Nor Greece nor England on a brow more  
brave

Behold your flame against the wind burn  
higher :

Nor all the gusts that blanch life's worldly  
wave

With surf an l surge could quench its flaw-  
less fire :

No blast of all that blow

Might bid the torch burn low

That lightens on us yet as o'er his pyre,

Indomitable of storm,

That now no flaws deform

Nor thwart winds baffle ere it all aspire,

One light of godlike breath and flame,

To write on heaven with man's most glorious  
names his name.

## 10.

The very dawn was dashed with stormy dew

And freaked with fire as when God's hand  
would mar

Palaces reared of tyrants, and the blue

Deep heaven was kindled round her thunder-  
ous ear,

That saw how swift a gathering glory grew

About him risen, ere clouds could blind or  
bar

A splendor strong to burn and burst them  
through

And mix in one sheer light things near and  
far.

First flew before his path

Light shafts of love and wrath,

But winged and edged as elder warriors  
are ;

Then rose a light that showed

Across the midsea road

From radiant Calpe to revealed Masar

The way of war and love and fate

Between the goals of fear and fortune, hope  
and hate.

## 11.

Mine own twice banished fathers' harbor-land,  
Their nursing-mother France, the well-be-  
loved,

By the arduous blast of sanguine sunrise fanned,  
Flamed on him, and his burning lips were  
moved

As that live statue's throned on Lybian sand

When morning moves it, ere her light faith  
roved

From promise, and her tyrant's poisonous  
hand  
Fed hope with Corsic honey till she proved  
More deadly than despair  
And falsèr even than fair,  
Though fairer than all elder hopes removed  
As landmarks by the crime  
Of inundating time ;  
Light faith by grief too loud too long re-  
proved ;  
I or even as in some darkling dance  
Wronged love changed hands with hate, and  
turned his heart from France.

## 12.

But past the snows and summits Pyrean  
Love stronger-winged held more prevailing  
light,  
That o'er Tyrrhene, Iberian, and Ægean  
Shores lightened with one storm of sound  
and light,  
From earliest even to hoariest years one paean  
Rang rapture through the fluctuant roar of  
light,  
From Nestor's tongue in accents Achillean  
On death's blind verge dominant over night,  
For voice as hand and hand  
As voice for one fair land  
Rose radiant, smote sonorous, past the height  
Where darkling pines entice  
The steel-cold Lake of Gaube,  
Deep as dark death and keen as death to  
smite,  
To where on peak or moor or plain  
His heart and song and sword were one to  
strike for Spain.

## 13.

Resurgent at his lifted voice and hand  
Pale in the light of war or treacherous fate  
Song bade before him all their shadows stand  
For whom his will unbarred their funeral  
grate.  
The father by whose wrong revenged his land  
Was given for sword and fire to desolate  
Rose fire-encircled as a burning brand,  
Great as the woes he wrought and bore were  
great.  
Fair as she smiled and died,  
Death's crowned and breathless bride  
Smiled as one living even on craft and hate ;  
And pity, & star unrisen,  
Scarce lit Fenante's prison

Ere night unnatural closed the natural gate  
That gave their life and love and light  
To those fair eyes despoiled by fratricide of  
sight.

## 14.

Tears bright and sweet as fire and incense fell  
In perfect notes of music-measured pain  
On veiled sweet heads that heard not love's  
farewell  
Sob through the song that bade them rise  
again ;  
Rise in the light of living song, to dwell  
With memories crowned of memory : so the  
strain  
Made soft as heaven the stream that girdles  
hell  
And sweet the darkness of the breathless  
plain,  
And with Elysian flowers  
Recrowned the wreathless hours  
That mused and mourned upon their works  
in vain ;  
For all their works of death  
Song filled with light and breath,  
And listening grief relaxed her lightning  
chain ;  
For sweet as all the wide sw south  
She found the song like honey in the lion's  
mouth.

## 15.

High from his throne in heavens Simonides,  
Crowned with mild aureole of memorial  
tears  
That the everlasting sun of all time sees  
All golden, molten from the forge of years,  
Smiled, as the gift was laid upon his knees  
Of song that hang like pearls in mourners'  
ears,  
Mild as the murmuring of Hymettian bees  
And honied as their harvest, that endears  
The toil of flowery days ;  
And smiling perfect praise  
Hailed his one brother mateless else o  
peers :  
Whom we that hear not him  
For length of date grown dim  
Hear, and the heart grows glad of grief that  
hears ;  
And harshèst heights of sorrowing hours,  
Like snows of Alpine Apoll, melt from tears to  
flowers.

## 16.

Therefore to him the shadow of death was  
 none,  
 The darkness was not, nor the temporal  
 tomb ;  
 And multitudinous time for him was one,  
 Who bade before his equal seat of doom  
 Rise and stand up for judgment in the sun  
 The weavers of the world's large-historied  
 loom,  
 By their own works of light or darkness done  
 Clothed round with light or girt about with  
 gloom.  
 In speech of purer gold  
 Than even they spake of old  
 He bade the breath of Sidney's lips relume  
 The fire of thought and love  
 That made his bright life move  
 Through fair brief seasons of benignant  
 bloom  
 To blameless music ever, strong  
 As death and sweet as death-annihilating song.

## 17.

Thought gave his wings the width of time to  
 roam,  
 Love gave his thought strength equal to re-  
 lease  
 From bonds of old forgetful years like foam  
 Vanished, the fame of memories that de-  
 crease :  
 So strongly faith had fledged for flight from  
 home  
 The soul' large pinions till her strife should  
 cease :  
 And through the trumpet of a child of Rome  
 Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.  
 As though some northern hand  
 Refit from the Latin land  
 A spoil more costly than the Colchian fleece  
 To clothe with golden sound  
 Of old joy newly found.  
 And rapture as of penetrating peace  
 The naked north-wind's cloudiest clime,  
 And give its darkness light of the old Sicilian  
 time.

## 18.

He saw the brand that fired the towers of Troy  
 Fade, and the darkness at CEnone's prayer  
 Close upon her that closed upon her boy,  
 For all the curse of godhead that she bare :

And the Apollonian serpent gleam and toy  
 With scathless maiden limbs and shudder-  
 ing hair ;  
 And his love smitten in their dawn of joy  
 Leave Pan the pine-leaf of her charge to  
 wear ;  
 And one in flowery coils  
 Caught as in fiery toils  
 Smite Calydon with moaning unaware ;  
 And where her low turf shrine  
 Showed Modesty divine  
 The fairest mother's daughter far more fair  
 Hide on her breast the heavenly shame  
 That kindled once with love should kindle  
 Troy with flame.

## 19.

Nor less the light of story than of song  
 With graver glories girt his gollike head,  
 Reverted away from the temporal throng  
 Of lives that live not toward the living dead.  
 The shadows and the splendors of their throng  
 Made bright and dark about his board and  
 bed  
 The lines of life and vision, sweet or strong  
 With sound of lutes or trumpets blown,  
 that led  
 Forth of the ghostly gate  
 Opening in spite of fate  
 Shapes of majestic or tumultuous tread,  
 Divine and direful things,  
 These foul as priests or kings,  
 Those fair as heaven or love of freedom, red  
 With blood and green with palms and  
 white  
 With raiment woven of deeds divine and words  
 of light.

## 20.

The thunder-fire of Cromwell, and the ray  
 That keeps the place of Phocion's name  
 serene  
 And clears the cloud from Kosciusko's day,  
 Alternate as dark hours with bright between,  
 Met in the heaven of his high thought, which  
 lay  
 For all stars open that all eyes had seen  
 Rise on the night or twilight of the way  
 Where feet of human hopes and fears had  
 been.  
 Again the sovereign word  
 On Milton's lips was heard  
 Living : again the tender three days' queen

Drew bright and gentle breath  
On the sharp edge of death :  
And, staged again to show of mortal scene,  
Tiberius, ere his name grew dire,  
Wept, stainless yet of empire, tears of blood  
and fire.

## 21.

Most ardent and most awful and most fond,  
The fervor of his Apollonian eye  
Yeared upon Hellas, yet enthralled in bond  
Of time whose years beheld her and passed  
by  
Silent and shameful, till she rose and donned  
The casque again of Pallas ; for her cry  
Forth of the past and future, depths beyond  
This where the present and its tyrants lie,  
As one great voice of twain  
For him had pealed again,  
Heard but of hearts high as her own was  
high,  
High as her own and his  
And pure as love's heart is,  
That lives through hope at once and mem-  
ory die :  
And with her breath his clarion's blast  
Was filled as cloud with fire or future souls  
with past.

## 22.

As a wave only obsequious to the wind  
Leapt to the hitting breeze that bids it leap,  
Lunge leaped, and its thrilling music be-  
thinned  
By the strong god's breath moving on the  
deep  
From utmost Atlas even the extremest Ind  
That shakes the plain where no men saw nor  
tear,  
So, moved with wrath toward men that ruled  
and sinned  
And pity toward all tears he saw men  
weep  
Arose to take man's part  
His loving hon heart,  
Kind as the sun's that has in charge to  
keep  
Earth and the seed thereof  
Safe in his lordly love,  
Strung as she is truth and soft as very sleep ;  
The lightest heart since Milton's leapt,  
The gentlest since the gentlest heart of Shake-  
speare slept.

## 23.

Like the wind's own on her divided sea  
His song arose on Corin'th, and aloud  
Recalled her Isthmian song and strife when  
she  
Was thronged with glories as with gods in  
crowd  
And as the wind's own spirit her breath was  
free  
And as the heaven's own heart her soul was  
proud,  
But freer and prouder stood no son than he  
Of all she bore before her heart was bowed ;  
None higher than he who heard  
Medea's keen first word  
Transpierce her traitor, and like a rushing  
cloud  
That sunlering shows a star  
Saw pass her thunderous car  
And a face whiter and deadlier than a shroud  
That lightened from it, and the braud  
Of tender blood that falling scared his suppli-  
ant hand.

## 24.

More far than all things born and slain of fate,  
More glorious than all births of days and  
night,  
He bade the spirit of man regenerate,  
Rekindling, rise and reassume the rights  
That in high seasons of his old estate  
Clothed him and armed with majesties and  
might  
Heroic, when the times and hearts were great  
And in the depths of ages rose the heights  
Radiant of high deeds done  
And souls that matched the sun  
For splendor with the lightnings of their  
lights  
Whence even their uttered names  
Burn like the strong twin flames  
Of song that shakes a throne and steel that  
smites ;  
As on Thermopylae when shone  
Leonidas, on Syracuse Timoleon.

## 25.

Or, sweeter than the breathless buds when  
spring  
With smiles and tears and kisses bids them  
breathe,  
Fell with its music from his quiring string

Fragrance of pine-leaves and odorous heath  
 Twined round the lute whereto he sighed to  
 sing  
 Of the oak that screened and showed its  
 maid beneath,  
 Who seeing her bee crawl back with broken  
 wing  
 Faded, a fairer flower than all her wreath,  
 And paler, though her oak  
 stood scathless of the stroke  
 More sharp than edge of axe or wolfish teeth,  
 That mixed with mortals dead  
 Her own half heavenly head  
 And life incorporate with a sylvan sheath,  
 And left the wild rose and the dove  
 A secret place and sacred from all guests but  
 Love.

26.

But in the sweet clear fields beyond the river,  
 Dividing pain from peace and man from  
 shade  
 He saw the wings that there no longer quiver  
 Sink of the hours whose parting footfalls  
 fade  
 On ears which hear the rustling amaranth  
 shiver  
 With sweeter sound of wind than ever made  
 Music on earth: departing, they deliver  
 The soul that shame or wrath or sorrow  
 swayed;  
 And round the king of men  
 Clash the clear arms again,  
 Clear of all soil and bright as laurel braid,  
 That rang less high for joy  
 Through the gates fallen of Troy  
 Than here to hail the sacrificial mail,  
 Iphigeneia, when the ford  
 Fast-flowing of sorrows brought her father and  
 their lord.

27.

And in the clear gulf of the hollow sea  
 He saw light glimmering through the grave  
 green gloom  
 That hardly gave the sun's eye leave to see  
 Cymolamea; but nor tower nor tomb,  
 No tower on earth, no tomb of waves may be,  
 That may not sometime by diviner doom  
 Be plun and previous to the poet; he  
 Bids time stand back from him and fate  
 make room  
 For passage of his feet,

Strong as their own are fleet,  
 And yield the prey no years may reassume  
 Through all their clamorous track,  
 Nor night nor day win back  
 Nor give to darkness what his eyes illumine  
 And his lips bless for ever: he  
 Knows what earth knows not, sings truth sung  
 not of the sea.

28.

Before the sentence of a curule chair  
 More sacred than the Roman, rose and stood  
 To take their several doom the imperial pair  
 Diversely beauteous of Venus, and in mood  
 Diverse as their one mother, and as fair,  
 Though like two stars contrasted, and as good.  
 Though different as dark eyes from golden hair;  
 One as the planet red like blood  
 That bears among the stars  
 Fierce witness of her Mars  
 In bitter fire by her sweet light subdued;  
 One in the gentler skies  
 Sweet as her amorous eyes:  
 One proud of worlds and seas and darkness  
 rule  
 Composed and conquered; one content  
 With lightnings from loved eyes of lovers  
 lightly sent.

29.

And where Alpheus and where Ladon ran  
 Radiant, by many a rushy and rippling cove  
 More known to glance of god than wandering  
 man,  
 He sang the strife of strengths divine that  
 strove,  
 Unequal, one with other, for a span,  
 Who should be friends forever in heaven  
 above  
 And here on pastoral earth: Arcadian Pan,  
 And the awless lord of kings and shepherds,  
 Love:  
 All the sweet strife and strange  
 With fervid counterchange  
 Till one fierce wait through many a glade  
 and grove  
 Rang, and in the reeds made shiver  
 The reeds of the river,  
 And the warm airs waxed wintry that it  
 clove,  
 Keen-edged as ice-tempered brand;  
 Nor might god's hurt and healing save of god-  
 like hand.



## 30.

As when the jarring gates of thunder ope  
 Like earthquake felt in heaven, so die a cry,  
 So fearful and so fierce—"Give the sword  
 scope!—  
 Rang from a daughter's lips, darkening the  
 sky  
 To the extreme azure of all its cloudless cope  
 With starless horizon; nor the god's own eye  
 Whose doom-bible smites, whose oracles  
 bade hope,  
 Might well endure to see the adulteress die,  
 The husband-slayer for-  
 gone  
 By sword-stroke of her son,  
 Unutterable, unimaginable on high,  
 On earth abhorrent, fell  
 Beyond all scoundge of hell.  
 Yet righteous as redemption: Love stood  
 nigh,  
 Mute, sister-like, and closer clung  
 Than all fierce forms of threatening coil and  
 maddening tongue.

## 31.

All these things heard and seen and sung of old,  
 He heard and saw and sang them. Once  
 again  
 Might foot of man tread, eye of man behold  
 Things unbeholden save of ancient men,  
 Ways save by gods untrodden. In his hold  
 The staff that stayed through some Ætean  
 glen  
 The steps of the most highest, most awful-  
 souled  
 And mightiest-mouthed of singers, even as  
 then  
 Became a prophet's rod,  
 A lyre on fire of God,  
 Being still the staff of exile: yea, as when  
 The voice poured forth on us  
 Was even of Æschylus,  
 And his one word great as the crying of ten,  
 Crying in men's ears of wrath toward  
 wrong,  
 Of love toward right immortal, sanctified with  
 song

## 32.

Him too whom none save one before him ever  
 Beheld, nor since hath man again beheld,  
 Whom Dante seeing him saw not, nor the  
 giver

Of all gifts back to man by time withholden,  
 Shakespeare—him too, whom sea-like ages  
 sever,  
 As waves divide men's eyes from lights un-  
 holden  
 To landward, from our songs that find him  
 never,  
 Seeking, though memory fire and hope em-  
 bolden—  
 Him too (his one song found,  
 And raised at its sole sound  
 Up) in the dust of darkling dreams and  
 olden  
 Legends unborn of breath,  
 Up from the deeps of death  
 Ulysses: him whose name turns all songs  
 golden,  
 The wise divine strong soul, whom fate  
 Could make no less than change and chance  
 beheld him great.

## 33.

Nor stands the seer who raised him less august  
 Before us, nor in judgment frail and rather,  
 Less constant or less loving or less just,  
 But fruitful-ripe and full of tender faith,  
 Holding all high and gentle names in trust  
 Of time for honor; so his quickening breath  
 Called from the darkness of their martyred  
 dust  
 Our sweet Saints Alice and Elizabeth,  
 Revived and re-inspired  
 With speech from heavenward fired  
 By love to say what Love the Archangel  
 saith  
 Only, nor may such word  
 Save by such ears be heard  
 As hear the tongues of angels after death  
 Descending on them like a dove  
 Has taken all earthly sense of thought away  
 but love.

## 34.

All sweet, all sacred, all heroic things,  
 All generous names and loyal, and all wise,  
 With all his heart in all its wayfarings  
 He sought, and worshipped, and seeing them  
 with his eyes  
 In very present glory, clothed with wings  
 Of words and deeds and dreams immortal  
 rise  
 Visible more than living slaves and kings,  
 Audible more than actual vows and lies:

These, with scorn's fiercest rod,  
 These and the Lord their God,  
 The Lord their likeness, tyrant of the skies  
 As they Lord Gods of earth,  
 These with a rage of mirth  
 He mocked and scourged and spat on, in  
 such wise  
 That none might stand before his rod,  
 And these being slain the Spirit alone be lord  
 or God.

## 35.

For of all souls for all time glorious none  
 Loved Freedom better, of all who have lov-  
 ed her best,  
 Than he who wrote that scripture of the sun  
 Writ as with fire and light on heaven's own  
 crest,  
 Of all words heard on earth the noblest one  
 That ever spake for souls and left them blest :  
 GLADLY WE SHOULD REST EVER, HAD WE  
 WON

FREEDOM : WE HAVE LOST, AND VERY  
 GLADLY REST.

O poet hero, lord  
 And father, we record  
 Deep in the burning tablets of the breast  
 Thankfully those divine  
 And living words of thine  
 For faith and comfort in our hearts imprest  
 With strokes engraven past hurt of years  
 And lines inured with fire of immemorial tears.

## 36.

But who being less than thou shall sing of thee  
 Words worthy of more than pity or less than  
 scorn ?  
 Who sing the golden garland woven of thee,  
 Thy daughters, Graces mightier than the  
 corn,  
 More godlike than the graven gods men see  
 Made all but immortal, human born  
 And heavenly natured ? With he first came  
 He,  
 Led by the living hand, who left forlorn  
 Life by his death, and time  
 More by his life sublime  
 Than by the lives of all whom all men  
 mourn,  
 And even for mourning praise  
 Heaven, as for all those days  
 These dead men's lives clothed round with  
 glories worn

By memory till all time he dead,  
 And higher than all behold the bay round  
 Shakespeare's head.

## 37.

Then, fairer than the fairest Grace of arts,  
 Came girl with Grecian gold the second  
 Grace,  
 And verier daughter of his most perfect hours  
 Than any of latter time or alien place  
 Named, or with hair inwoven of English  
 flowers  
 Only, nor wearing on her stately face  
 The lordlier light of Athens. — At the Powers  
 That graced and guarded round that holiest  
 race,

That heavenhest and most high  
 Time hath seen live and die,  
 Poured all their power upon him to retrace  
 The crest of mortal roll  
 Of Love's most sovereign scroll  
 And Wisdom's warn from Freedom's wide  
 embrace,  
 The scroll that on Asposia's knees  
 Laid once made manifest the Olympian Peri-  
 cles.

## 38.

Clothed on with tenderest weft of Tuscan  
 air,  
 Came laughing like Etrurian spring the  
 third,  
 With green Velleia's hill-flowers in her hair  
 Deep-drenched with May-dews, in her voice  
 the bird  
 Whose voice hath night and morning in it ;  
 fair  
 As the ambient gold of wall-flowers that  
 engird  
 The walls engirdling with a circling stair  
 My sweet San Gimignano : not a word  
 Fell from her flowerlike mouth  
 Not sweet with all the south ;  
 As though the dust shrined in Certaldo  
 stirred  
 And spake, as o'er it shone  
 That bright Pentimeton,  
 And his own vines again and chestnuts  
 heard  
 Boccaccio : nor swift Elsa's chime  
 Mixed not her golden babble with Petrarca's  
 rhyme.

## 39.

No lover laughed the garden which receives  
 Yet, and yet hies not from out following  
 eyes  
 With soft rose-bunches and strawberry-leaves,  
 Temessa, sweet is April-colored skies,  
 Bowed like a flowering reed when May's wind  
 leaves  
 The reed-bed that the stream kisses and  
 sighs,  
 In love that shrinks and murmurs and believes  
 What yet the wisest of the starriest wise  
 Whom Greece might ever hear  
 Speaks in the gentlest ear  
 That ever heard love's lips philosophize  
 With such deep reasoning words  
 As blossoms use and birds,  
 Nor heeds Leontion lingering till they rise  
 Far off, in no wise over far,  
 Beneath a heaven all amorous of its first-born  
 star.

## 40.

What sound, what storm and splendour of  
 what fire,  
 Darkening the light of heaven, lightening  
 the night,  
 Rings, rages, flashes round what ravening  
 pyre  
 That makes time's face pale with its reflex  
 light  
 And leaves on earth, who seeing might scarce  
 respire,  
 A shadow of red remembrance? Right nor  
 night  
 Alternating wore ever shapes more dire  
 Nor manifest in all men's awful sight  
 In form and face that wore  
 Heaven's light and likeness more  
 Than these, or held suspense men's hearts  
 at height  
 More fearful, since man first  
 Staked with man's blood his thirst,  
 Than when Rome dashed with Hannibal in  
 night,  
 Till tower on ruining tower was hurled  
 Where Scipio stood, and Carthage was not in  
 the world.

## 41.

Nor lacked there power of purpose in his hand

Who carved their several praise in words of  
 gold  
 To bare the brows of conquerors and to brand,  
 Made shelterless of Lunels bought and sold  
 For price of blood or incense, dust or sand,  
 Triumph or terror. He that sought of old  
 His father Amnon in a stranger's land,  
 And shrank before the scripunning told,  
 Stood in our see's wide eye  
 No higher than man most high,  
 And lowest in heart when highest in hope to  
 hold  
 Fast as a scripture furled  
 The scroll of all the world  
 Sealed with his signet; nor the blind and  
 bold  
 First thief of empire, round whose head  
 Swarmed carrion flies for bees, on flesh for  
 violets fed.

## 42.

As fire that kisses, killing with a kiss,  
 He saw the light of death, riotous and red,  
 Flame round the bent brows of Semianis  
 Re-risen, and mightier, from the Assyrian  
 dead,  
 Kindling, as dawn a frost-bound precipice,  
 The steady snows of Russia, for the tread  
 Of feet that felt before them crawl and hiss  
 The snaky lines of blood violently shed  
 Like living creeping things  
 That writhe but have no stings  
 To scare adulterers from the imperial bed  
 Bowed with its load of lust,  
 Or chill the ravenous gust  
 That made her body a fire from heel to head;  
 Or change her high bright spirit and clear,  
 For all its mortal stum, from taint of fraud or  
 fear.

## 43.

As light that blesses, hallowing with a look,  
 He saw the godhead in Vittoria's face  
 Shine soft on Buonarroti's, till he took,  
 Albeit himself God, a more godlike grace,  
 A strength more heavenly to confront and  
 brook  
 All ill things coiled about his worldly race,  
 From the bright scripture of that present look

Thy lifelong works, Napoleon, who shall write?  
 Time, in his children's blood who takes delight.

*From the Greek of Lander.*

Wherein his tired grand eyes got power to trace  
 Comfort more sweet than youth,  
 And hope whose child was truth,  
 A love that brought forth sorrow for a space,  
 Only that she might hear  
 Joy: these flowers, written there,  
 Made even his soul's high heaven a heaven-  
 lier place,  
 Pierced with eyes whose glory and glow  
 Had in their hues the spirit of Michael Angelo.

44

With balms and dews of blessing he consoled  
 The fair lane wounded by the black priest's  
 fang,  
 Giovanna's, and washed off her blithe and  
 bold  
 Boy bridegroom's blood, that seemed so  
 long to hang  
 On her fair hand, even till the stain of old  
 Was cleansed with healing song, that after  
 sang  
 sharp truth by sweetest singers' lips untold  
 Of pale Beatrice, though her death-note rang  
 From other strings divine  
 Ere his rekindling line  
 With yet more piteous and intolerant pang  
 Pierced all men's hearts anew  
 That heid her passion through  
 Till fierce from throes of fiery pity sprang  
 With, armed for chase of monstrous  
 beasts,  
 Strong to lay waste the kingdom of the seed of  
 priests.

45

He knew the high-souled humbleness, the  
 mirth  
 And majesty of meanest men born free,  
 That made with Luther's or with Heber's birth  
 The whole world worthier of the sun to see:  
 The wealth of spirit among the snows, the  
 dearth  
 Wherein souls fostered by the servile sea  
 That saw the low staff even crown'd lead on  
 earth  
 Through'd round with worship in P. rthenope,  
 His bold bold Justice guide  
 Her child Tyrannicide,  
 Light winged by me that brings the dawn to  
 be;

And pierced with Tyrrel's dart  
 Again the riotous heart  
 That mocked at mercy's tongue and man-  
 hood's knee:  
 And ope'd the cell where kinglike death  
 Hung o'er her brows dis-crown'd who bare  
 Elizabeth.

46

Toward Spenser or toward Bacon proud or  
 kind  
 He bared the heart of Essex, twain and one,  
 For the base heart that soiled the starry mind  
 Stern, for the father in his child unone  
 Soft as his own toward children, stamped and  
 signed  
 With their sweet image visibly set on  
 As by God's hand, clear as his own designed  
 The likeness radiant out of ages gone  
 That none may now destroy  
 Of that high Roman boy  
 Whom Julius and Cleopatra saw their son  
 True-born of sovereign seed,  
 Foredoomed even thence to bleed,  
 The stately grace of bright Cæsarion,  
 The head uncut, the heart unlowed,  
 That not the shadow of death could make less  
 clear and proud.

47

With gracious gods he communed, honoring  
 thus  
 At once by service and similitude,  
 Service devout and worship emulous  
 Of the same golden Muses once they wooed.  
 The names and shades adored of all of us,  
 The nurslings of the brave world's earlier  
 brood,  
 Grown gods for us themselves: Theocritus  
 First, and more dear Catullus, names be-  
 dewed  
 With blessings bright like tears  
 From the old memorial years,  
 And loves and lovely laughters, every mood  
 Sweet as the drops that fell  
 Of their own gemel  
 From living lips to cheer the multitude  
 That feeds on words divine, and grows  
 More worthy, seeing their world re-blossom like  
 a rose.

48.

Peace, the soft seal of long life's closing story,  
 The silent music that no strange note jars,  
 Crowned not with gentler hand the years that  
 glory  
 Crowned, but could hide not all the spiri-  
 tual ears  
 Time writes on the inward strengths of war-  
 riors' glory  
 With much long warfare, and with gradual  
 bars  
 Blindly pent in: but these, being transitory,  
 Broke, and the power came back that pass-  
 ion wars:  
 And at the lovely last  
 Above all anguish past  
 Before his own the sightless eyes like stars  
 Arose that watched arise  
 Like stars in other skies  
 Above the strife of ships and hurtling cars  
 The Dioscurian songs divine  
 That lighten all the world with lightning of  
 their line.

49.

He sang the last of Homer, having sung  
 The last of his Ulysses, bright and wide  
 For him time's dark strait ways, like clouds  
 that cling  
 About the day-star, doubtful to divide,  
 Waxed in his spiritual eyeshot, and his tongue  
 Spoke as his soul bore witness, that desined,  
 Like those twin towering lights in darkness  
 hung,

Homer, and grey Laertes at his side  
 Kingly as kings are none  
 Beneath a later sun,  
 And the sweet maiden musing in pride  
 To sovereign and to age  
 In their more sweet old age:  
 These things he sang, himself as old, and  
 aged,  
 And if death be not, if life be,  
 As Homer and as Milton are in heaven is he,

50.

Poet whose large-eyed loyalty of love  
 Was pure toward all high poets, all their  
 kind  
 And all bright words and all sweet works  
 thereof;  
 Strong like the sun, and like the sunlight  
 kind;  
 Heart that no fear but every grief might move  
 Wherewith men's hearts were bound of  
 powers that bind;  
 The purest soul that ever proof could prove  
 From taint of tortuous or of envious mind;  
 Whose eyes elate and clear  
 Nor shame nor ever fear  
 But only pity or glorious wrath could  
 blind;  
 Name set for love apart,  
 Held lifelong in my heart,  
 Face like a father's toward my face inclined:  
 No gift like thine are mine to give,  
 Who by thine own words only bid thee hail,  
 and live.

## OFF SHORE.

WHEN the might of the summer  
 Is most on the sea;  
 When the days overcome her  
 With joy but to be,  
 With rapture of royal enchantment, and sor-  
 cery that sets her not free,  
 But for hours upon hours  
 As a child she remains  
 Spell-bound as with flowers

And content in their chains,  
 And her loud steeds fret not, and lift not  
 lock of their deep white manes;

Then only, far on her  
 In the depths of her hold,  
 Some gleam of its wonder  
 Man's eye may behold,  
 Its wild weed forests of crimson and russet  
 and olive and gold,

Still deeper and dimmer  
 And goodlier they glow  
 For the eyes of the swimmer  
 Who scans them below  
 As he crosses the zone of their flowerage that  
 knows not of sunshine and snow.

Soft blossomless frondage  
 And foliage that gleams  
 As to prisoners in bondage  
 The light of their dreams,  
 The desire of a dawn unholden, with hope  
 of dawn on them risen.

Not as prisoners entombed  
 Waxed laggard and wizen,  
 But consoled and illumed  
 In the depths of their prison  
 With delight of the light everlasting and vision  
 of dawn on them risen,

From the banks and the beds  
 Of the waters divine  
 They lift up their heads  
 And the towers of them shine  
 Through the splendor of darkness that clothes  
 them of water that glimmers like wine.

Bright bank over bank  
 Making glorious the gloom,  
 Soft rank upon rank,  
 Strange bloom after bloom,  
 They kindle the liquid low twilight, and dusk  
 of the dim sea's womb.

Through the subtle and tangible  
 Gloom without form,  
 Their branches, infrangible  
 Ever of storm  
 spread softer their sprays than the shoots of the  
 woodland when April is warm.

As the flight of the thunder, full  
 Charged with its word,  
 Dividing the wonderful  
 Depths like a bird,  
 speaks wrath and delight to the heart of the  
 night that exults to have heard,

So swiftly, though soundless  
 In silence's ear,  
 Light, winged from the boundless  
 Blue depths full of cheer,  
 speaks joy to the heart of the waters that part  
 not before him, but hear.

Light, perfect and visible  
 Godhead of God,  
 God indivisible,  
 Lifts but his rod,  
 And the shadows are scattered in sunder, and  
 darkness is light at his nod.

At the touch of his wand,  
 At the nod of his head  
 From the spaces beyond  
 Where the dawn hath her bed,  
 Earth, water, and air are transfigured, and  
 rise as one risen from the dead.

He puts forth his hand,  
 And the mountains are thrilled  
 To the heart as they stand  
 In his presence, fulfilled  
 With his glory that utters his grace upon  
 earth, and her sorrows are stilled.

The moan of her travail  
 That groans for the light  
 Till day spring unravel  
 The web of the night,  
 At the sound of the strings of the music of  
 morning, falls dumb with delight.

He gives forth his word,  
 And the word that he saith,  
 Ere well it be heard,  
 Strikes darkness to death ;  
 For the thought of his heart is the sunrise, and  
 dawn as the sound of his breath.

And the strength of its pulses  
 That passion makes proud  
 Confounds and convulses  
 The depths of the cloud  
 Of the darkness that heaven was engirt with,  
 divided and rent as a shroud,

As the veil of the shrine  
 Of the temple of old  
 When darkness divine  
 Over noonday was rolled ;  
 So the heart of the night by the pulse of the  
 light is convulsed and controlled.

And the sea's heart, groaning  
 For glories withdrawn,  
 And the waves' mouths, moaning  
 All night for the dawn,  
 Are uplift as the hearts and the mouths of the  
 singers on leaside and lawn.

And the sound of the spiring  
 On all the waves,  
 Dearest and dearest,  
 Till all things will be done,  
 Fills full with delight of them heaven till it  
 Burns as the heart of the sun.

Till the waves too inherit  
 And waters take part  
 In the sense of the part  
 That breathes from his heart,  
 And are kindled with music as the wind  
 Lips of the morning part,

With music unheard  
 In the light of her lips,  
 In the life-giving word  
 Of the dew-drip that drips  
 On the grasses of earth, and the wind that en-  
 kindles the wings of the ships.

White glories of wings  
 As of scattering birds  
 That flock from the springs  
 Of the sunrise in birds  
 With the wind for a herald, and hasten or  
 halt at the change of his words.

As the witchword's change  
 When the wind's note shifts,  
 And the waves grow strange,  
 And the white squall drifts  
 Up sharp from the sea-line, vexing the sea  
 till the low cloud lifts.

At the charge of his word  
 Bidding pause, bidding haste,  
 When the ranks are stirred  
 And the lines displaced,  
 They scatter as wild swans parting adrift on  
 the win green waste.

At the hush of his word  
 In a pause of his breath  
 When the waters have heard  
 His will that he saith,  
 They stand as a flock penned close in its fold  
 for division of death.

As a flock by division  
 Of death to be thinned,  
 As the shales in a vision  
 Of spirits that shined;  
 So glimmer their shrouds and their sheetings  
 as clouds on the stream of the wind.

But the sun stands fast,  
 And the sea burns bright,  
 And the light of the night  
 Is no more than the light  
 Of the snow-soft swarm of serene wing-poised  
 and aloft in the light.

Like flowers upon flowers  
 In a festival way  
 When hours alter hours  
 Shed grace on the day,  
 White blossom—lutter the hover and gleam  
 through the sails of the spray.

Like snow-colored petals  
 Of blossoms that flee  
 From storm that unctives  
 The flower as the tree  
 They flatter, a legion of flowers on the wing,  
 through the field of the sea.

Through the furrowless field  
 Where the foam-blossoms blow  
 And the secrets are sealed  
 Of their harvest below  
 They float in the path of the sunbeams, as  
 flakes or as blossoms of snow.

Till the sea's ways darken,  
 And the God, withdrawn,  
 Give ear not or hearken  
 If prayer on him fawn,  
 And the sun's self seem but a shadow, the  
 noon as a ghost of the dawn.

No shadow, but rather  
 God, father of song,  
 Shew grace to me, Father  
 God, lover of me long,  
 That I lose not the light of thy face, that my  
 trust in thee work me not wrong.

While yet I make forward  
 With face toward thee  
 or turned yet in shoreward,  
 Be thou upon me;  
 Be thy light on my forehead or ever I turn  
 from thee from the sea.

As a kiss on my brow  
 Be the light of thy grace,  
 Be thy glance on me now  
 From the pride of thy place:  
 As the sign of a sire to a son be the light on  
 my face of thy face.

Thou wast father of heaven  
 Times hailed and adored,  
 And the scene of thy godder  
 Great harp's monochord  
 Was the joy in the soul of the singers that  
 hailed thee for master and lord.

Fair father of all  
 In thy ways that have heal,  
 That have risen at thy call,  
 That have thrilled at thy nod,  
 Arise, shine, lighten upon me, O sun that we  
 see to be God.

As my soul has been dutiful  
 Only to thee,  
 O God most beautiful,  
 Lighten thou me,  
 As I swim through the dim long rollers, with  
 cyclids uplit from the sea.

Be praised and adored of us  
 All in heaven,  
 Father and Lord of us  
 Always adored,  
 Thy lyre and the string and the harper, the  
 light of us all and our lord,

At the sound of thy lyre,  
 At the touch of thy rod,  
 An' quivers to him:  
 By the foot of the tread,  
 The swifter and the singer, the living  
 and visible God.

The years are before thee  
 As shadows of thee,  
 As men that adore thee,  
 As cloudlets that flee:  
 But thou art the God, and thy king-  
 dom heaven, and thy shrine is the sea.

AFTER NINE YEARS.

TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

*Prima dice mihi, Summa dicende Cameræ.*

1.

FIVE shadows fallen of years are nine  
 Since heaven grew seven times more divine  
 With thy soul entering, and the death  
 Of soul on earth  
 grew sevenfold sadder, wanting One  
 Whose light of life, quenched here and done,  
 Burns there eternal as the sun.

2.

Beyond all word, beyond all deed,  
 Beyond all thought beloved, what need  
 Hast death or love that speech should be,  
 Hast thou of me?  
 False word, no prayer, no cry,  
 To praise or hat or mourn thee by,  
 As when thou too wast man as I.

3.

Nay, never, not as any born  
 Save one whose name priests turn to scorn.  
 Was I haply, though we know not now,  
 Was I man as thou,  
 A wanderer branded with men's blame,  
 Loved past man's utterance; yea, the same,  
 Perchance, and as his name thy name.

4.

Thou was as very Christ—not he  
 Degraded into Deity,  
 And priest-polluted by such prayer  
 As peasants an,  
 Tongue worship of the tongue that says,  
 False faith and parricidal praise  
 But the man crowned with su<sup>o</sup> . . . . . ay



478 FOR A PORTRAIT OF FELICE ORSINI.

5.

God only, being of all mankind  
Most manlike, of most equal mind  
And heart most perfect, more than can  
Be heart of man  
Once in ten ages, born to be  
As holy Christ was, and as we  
Knew surely, seeing, and worshipped thee.

6.

To know thee — this at least was ours,  
God, clothed upon with human hours,  
O face beloved, O spirit adored,

Saviour and lord!  
That was not only for thine own  
Redeemer — not of these alone  
But all to whom thy word was known.

7.

Ten years — we wrought their will with me  
Since last my words took wing for thee  
Who then was even as now above  
Me, and my love.  
As then thou knewest not scorn, so now  
With that beloved benignant brow  
Take these of him whose light was thou.

FOR A PORTRAIT OF FELICE ORSINI.

STEADEFAST as sorrow, fiery sad, and sweet  
With underthoughts of love and faith, more  
strong  
Than doubt and hate and all ill thoughts which  
throng,  
Happily, round hope's or fear's world-wandering  
lect  
That find no rest from wandering till they meet  
Death, bearing palms in hand and crowns of  
song;

His face, who thought to vanquish wrong  
with wrong,  
Erring, and make rage and redemption  
meet,  
Havoc and freedom: weaving in one web  
Good with his right hand, evil with his left;  
But all a hero lived and erred and died;  
Looked thus upon the living world he left  
So bravely that with pity less than pride  
Men hail him Patriot and Tyrannicide.

EVENING ON THE BROADS.

OVER two shadowless water, adrift as a pin-  
nace in peril,  
Hangs as in heavy sa pens, changed with ir-  
resolute light,  
Softly the soul of the sunset uphelden awhile  
on the sterile  
Waves and wastes of the land, half repossessed  
by the night,  
Inland gimmer the shallows asleep and afar in  
the breathless

Twilight: yonder the depths darken afar and  
asleep.  
Slowly the semblance of death out of heaven  
descends on the deathless  
Waters: hardly the light lives on the face of  
the deep —  
Hardly, but here for awhile. All over the grey  
soft shallow  
Hover the robes and clouds of twilight,  
void of a star.

As a bird unfledged is the broad-winged night,  
whose winglets are callow

Yet, but soon with their plumes will she  
cover her brood from afar,  
Cover the brood of her worlds that ember  
the skies with their blossom

Thick as the darkness of leaf-shadowed  
spring is encumbered with flowers.

World upon world is enwound in the bountiful  
girth of her bosom,

Warm and lustrous with life lovely to look on  
as ours.

Still is the sunset adrift as a spirit in doubt  
that dissembles

Still with itself, being sick of division and  
dimmed by dismay —

Nay, not so; but with love and delight beyond  
passion it trembles.

Fearful and fain of the night, lovely with  
love of the day:

Fain and fearful of rest that is like unto death,  
and begotten

Out of the womb of the tomb, born of the  
seed of the grave:

Lovely with shadows of loves that are only  
not wholly forgotten,

Only not wholly suppressed by the dark as a  
wreck by the wave.

Still there linger the loves of the morning and  
noon, in a vision

Blindly beheld, but in vain: ghosts that are  
tired, and would rest.

But the glories beloved of the night rise all too  
dense for division,

Deep in the depth of her breast sheltered as  
doves in a nest.

Fainter the beams of the loves of the daylight  
season enkindled

Wane, and the memories of hours that were  
fair with the love of them fade:

Loftier, aloft of the lights of the sunset stricken  
and dwindled,

Gather the signs of the love at the heart of the  
night new-made.

New-made night, new-born of the sunset, im-  
measurable, endless,

Opens the secret of love hid from of old in  
her heart,

In the deep sweet heart full-charged with fault-  
less love of the friendless

Spirits of men that are eused when the wheels  
of the sun depart.

Still is the sunset afloat as a ship on the waters  
upholden

Full-sailed, wide-winged, poised softly forever  
aswag—

Nay, not so, but at least for a little, awhile at  
the golden

Limit of arching air fain for an hour to delay.

Here on the bar of the sand-bank, steep yet  
aslope to the gleaming

Waste of the water without, waste of the  
water within,

Lights overhead and light underneath seem  
doubtfully dreaming

Whether the day be done, whether the night  
may begin.

Far and afar and farther again they falter and  
hover,

Warm on the water and deep in the sky, and  
pale on the cloud:

Colder again and slowly remoter, afraid to re-  
cover

Breath, yet fain to revive, as it seems, from  
the skirt of the shroud.

Faintly the heartbeats shorten and pause of the  
light in the westward

Heaven, as eastward quicken the paces of  
star upon star

Hurried and eager of life as a child that strains  
to the breast-ward

Eagerly, yearning forth of the deeps where  
the ways of them are,

Glad of the glory of the gift of their life and  
the wealth of its wonder,

Fain of the night and the sea and the sweet  
wan face of the earth.

Over them air grows deeper, intense with de-  
light in them: under

Things are thrilled in their sleep as with  
sense of a sure new birth.

But here by the sand-bank watching, with eyes  
on the sea-line, stranger

Grows to me also the weight of the sea-  
ridge gazed on of me,

Heavily heaped up, changefully changeless,  
void though of danger

Void not of menace, but full of the might of  
the dense dull sea.

Like as the wave is before me, behind is the  
bank deep-drifted:

Yellow and thick as the bank is behind me  
in front is the wave.

As the wall of a prison imprisoning the mere  
is the girth of it fitted:

But the rampart of water in front is erect as  
the will of a grave.

And the crests of it crumble and topple and  
change, but the wall is not broken:

Standing still dry-shod, I see it as higher  
than my head,

Moving inland always in, reared up as in  
 token  
 Still of ripening which still in the foam of  
 it shod.  
 And even in the pauses between them, divid-  
 ing the rills and rills,  
 High over the sea-line fixed  
 as a mule,  
 And the shore where I stand as a valley behol-  
 den of hills which tremble  
 Cloud and torrent and storm, darkening the  
 depths of the back.  
 Up to the sea, not up in it or over it, upward  
 from under  
 Seems he to rise whose eyes yearn after it  
 here from the shore :  
 A wall of inland water, sloping to the wide  
 sky's wonder  
 Of color and clarity, it divides, or spreads as  
 a scattered flock,  
 And the large lights change on the face of the  
 mere like things that were living,  
 Winged and wonderful, beams like as birds  
 are that pass and are free :  
 But the light is as darkness, a gift with-  
 held in the giving,  
 That lies as death on the fierce dull face of the  
 landward sea,  
 Stained and stilled and soiled, made earthier  
 than earth is, and colder,  
 Grindly she puts back light as rejected, a  
 thing put away :  
 No transparent capture, a molten music of  
 color :  
 No translucent love taken and given of the  
 lay,  
 Fettered and married and begrimed by the light's  
 fire - if on her falling,  
 As the light of a man's life lighted the fume  
 of a long on miss :  
 Only he is the wind, when her wrath  
 gives a little of living ;  
 The deliverer of heat she knows not, nor  
 answers to him on the fire,  
 Love she holds to be to return for the luminous  
 love of the giving :  
 None to reflect, none that matter and shallow  
 response of her light,  
 Yearly she kills on her wings, rather die seems  
 dead and not living,  
 Or contented as a dead crystal ten with  
 truth and a will not depart,  
 In the sound of her sea into the darkness the  
 moon and stars and stars,  
 Happily, for none that is gnawed by the dog-  
 toothed and black's fang

And trampled to death by the rage of the feet  
 of her foam-tipped horses  
 Whose manes are yellow as plague, and as  
 ensigns of pestilence hang,  
 That wave in the foul faint air of the breath of  
 a death-stricken city :  
 So menacing heaves she the manes of her  
 rollers knotted with sand,  
 Discolored, opaque, suspended in sign as of  
 strength without pity,  
 That shake with flameless thunder the low  
 long length of the strand,  
 Here, far off in the farther extreme of the shore  
 as it lengthens  
 Northward, lonely for miles, ere ever a  
 village begin,  
 On the lapsing land that recedes as the growth  
 of the strong sea strengthens  
 Shoreward, thrusting further and further its  
 outworks in,  
 Here in Shakespeare's vision, a flower of her  
 kin forsaken,  
 Lay in her golden raiment alone on the wild  
 wave's edge,  
 Surely by no shore else, but here on the bank  
 storm-shaken,  
 Perilous, bright as a dew-drop engulf of the sun  
 on the sedge,  
 Here on a shore unbeheld of his eyes in a  
 dream he beheld her  
 Outcast, fair as a fairy, the child of a far-off  
 king :  
 And over the babe-flower gently the head of a  
 pastoral elder  
 Bowed, compassionate, hoar as the hawthorn-  
 blossom in spring,  
 And kind as harvest in autumn : a shelter of  
 shade on the lonely  
 Shelterless unknown shore scourged of im-  
 placable waves :  
 Here, where the wind walks royal, alone in his  
 kingdom, and only  
 Sounds to the sedges a wail as of triumph  
 that conquers and craves.  
 All these waters and wastes are his empire of  
 old, and awaken  
 From barren and stagnant slumber at only  
 the sound of his breath :  
 Yet the hunger is eased not that aches in his  
 heart, nor the goal overtaken  
 That his wide wings yearn for and labor as  
 heants that wear after death,  
 All the solitude sighs and expects with a blind  
 expectation  
 Somewhat unknown of its own sad heart,  
 grown hent-sick of strife :

Till sometime its wild heart maddens, and  
moans, and the vast ululation

Takes wing with the clouds on the waters,  
and wails to be quit of its life.

For the spirit and soul of the waste as the wind,  
and his wings with their waving

Darken and lighten the darkness and light  
of it thick and or thinned,

But the heart that pumps the air is even as a  
companion's insatiably craving

That victory can fill not, a power cannot  
suffice the want of the wail.

All these moorlands and marshes are full of  
his might, and oppose not

Aught of defence nor of barrier, of forest or  
precipice piled:

For the will of the wind works ever as his that  
desires what he knows not,

And the wail of his want unfulfilled is as one  
making moan for her child.

And the cry of his triumph is even as the cry-  
ing of hunger that maddens

The heart of a strong man aching in vain as  
the wind's heart aches:

And the sadness itself of the land for its in-  
finite solitude saddens

More for the sound than the silence athirst  
for the sound that slakes.

And the sunset at last and the twilight are  
dead: and the darkness is breathless

With tear of the wind's breath rising that  
seems and seems not to sleep:

But a sense of the sound of it always, a spirit  
un-leaping and deathless,

Ghost or God, evermore moves on the face  
of the deep.

## THE EMPEROR'S PROGRESS.

## A STUDY IN THREE STAGES.

(On the Busts of Nero in the Uffizj.)

## I.

A CHILD of brighter than the morning's birth  
And lovelier than all smiles that may be  
smiled

Save only of little children unled,  
Sweet, perfect, witless of their own worth,

Love-rose of love, mute melody of love,  
Glad as a bird is when the woods are mild,

A-chorable as is nothing save a child,  
Hills with wideness and lips his life on earth,

He joyfully live with all as heaven to be,  
And who remember him in his life for hears

Feels his own heart a frozen well of tears,  
Child, for deep heart and is a fatal pity of thee

Woman thou wouldst not let her die than see  
The incubent horror of impending years.

## II.

Man, that wast godlike being a child, and  
now,

No less than kindly, art no more in youth  
For all thy grace and charms of youth.

The crown that bids men's branded foreheads  
bow

Much more has branded and bowed down thy  
brow

And gnawn upon it as with fire or tooth  
Of steel or snake so sorely, that the truth

Seems here to bear false witness. Is it thou,  
Child? and is all the summer of all thy spring

This? are the smiles that drew men's kisses  
down

All thy life and thy figured to the crown  
That grieves thy face? Art thou this weary

thing?

Then is no slave's load heavier than a crown  
And such a thrall no bondman as a king.

## III.

Misery, beyond all men's most miserable,  
Absence, whole, defiant of defence,

Inexorable, in-splendable, intense,  
More vast than heaven is high, more deep than

hell.

Fast and ever charm of solace or of spirit,

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Possesses and pervades the spirit and<br>sense             | "Misery of miseries, all is misery,"<br>saith<br>The heavy fair faced hateful head, at strife<br>With its own lusts that burn with feverous<br>breath<br>Eyes which the loathsome bitterness of<br>life<br>Leaves tearful of the bitterness of death |
| Whereto the expanse of the earth pays tribu-<br>te; whence |  |
| Breeds evil only, and broods on fumes that<br>swell        |  |
| Rank from the blood of brother and mother<br>and wife.     |  |

## THE RESURRECTION OF ALCILIA.

(Gratefully inscribed to Dr. A. B. Grosart.)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| SWEET song-flower of the Mayspring of our<br>song,           | Above thy Maybloom, hiding from our gaze   |
| Be welcome to us, with loving thanks and<br>praise           | The life that in thy leaves lay sweet and strong.  |
| To his good hand who travelling on strange<br>ways           | For thine have lite, while many above thine<br>head  |
| Found thee forlorn and fragrant, lain long                   | Piled by a wind lie blossomless and dead.  |
| Beneath dead leaves that many a winter's wrong               | So now disburdened of such load above  |
| Had rained and heaped through night three<br>centuries' maze | That lay as death's own dust upon thee shed<br>By days too deaf to hear thee like a dove<br>Murmuring, we hear thee, bird and flower of<br>love. |

## THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

(On the refusal by the French Senate of the plenary amnesty demanded by Victor Hugo, in his speech of July 3rd, for the surviving exiles of the Commune.)

|   |   |
|---|---|
| THOU shouldst have risen as never dawn yet<br>rose,   | Flower of the heart of morning's mystic rose,             |
| Day of the sunrise of the soul of France,             | Dawn of the very dawn of very day,                        |
| Dawn of the whole world's morning, when<br>the trance | When the sun brighter breaks night's ruin-<br>ous prison, |
| Of all the world had end, and all its woes            | Thou shouldst have risen as yet no dawn<br>has risen,     |
| Respite, prophetic of their perfect close.            | Evoked of him whose word puts night away.                 |
| Light of all tribes of men, all names and<br>clans,   | Our father, at the music of whose word                    |
| Dawn of the whole world's morning and of<br>man's,    | Exile had ended, and the world had heard.                 |

July 5, 1889.

## THE LAUNCH OF THE LIVADIA.

I.

Gold, and fair mables, and again more;  
 And space of halls about that glim and gleam  
 Like the green heights of sunset heaven, or seem  
 The golden steeps of sunrise red and cold  
 O' desert where dark exile keeps the fold  
 Last of the flocks of torment, where no form  
 Falls of kind light or comfort save in dream,  
 These we far off behold not, who behold  
 The cordage woven of curses, and the decks  
 With mortal hate and mortal peril paved;  
 From stem to stern the lines of doom engraven  
 That mark for sure inevitable wrecks  
 Those sails predestinate, though no storm vex,  
 To miss on earth and find in hell then heaven.

II.

All curses be about her, and all ill  
 Go with her; heaven be dark above her way,  
 The gulf beneath her glad and sure of prey,  
 And, wheresoe'er her prow be pointed, still  
 The winds of heaven have all one evil will  
 Conspirant even as hearts of knigs to slay  
 With mouths of kings to lie and smile and pray,  
 And chieftiest his whose wintrier breath makes chill

With more than winter, and more poisonous cold  
 The horror of his kingdom toward the north,  
 The deserts of his kingdom toward the east,  
 And though death hule not in her direct hold  
 Be all stars averse toward her that come south  
 Nightly, by day, all hours till all have ceased:

III.

Till all have ceased for ever, and the sun  
 Be summed of all the starless curses told  
 Out on his head by all dark seasons rolled  
 Over its cursed and crowned existence, dumb  
 And blind and starless as though the snows made numb  
 All sense within it, and all conscience cold,  
 That hangs round hearts of less imperial mold  
 Like a snake feeding till their doomday come,  
 O heart fast bound of frozen perdition,  
 All nature's as all true men's hearts to thee,  
 A two-edged sword of judgment; hope be far  
 And fear at hand for pilot oversea  
 With death for compass and despair for star,  
 And the white foam a shroud for the White  
 Czar.

September 30, 1880.

## SIX YEARS OLD.

To H. W. M.

BETWEEN the springs of six and seven,  
 Two fresh years' fountains, clear  
 O' all but golden sand for leaven,  
 O' child, midway passing here,  
 As with her love's sake darts, bless heaven,  
 So dare I bless you, dear.

Between two bright well-heads, that brighten  
 With every breath that blows  
 Too loud to lull, too low to frighten,  
 But fain to rock, the rose,  
 Yet a feet stand fast, your face smiles brighten,  
 That might rear flowers from snows.



Till fourfold morning rise  
Of starshine on his eyes,  
Dawn of the spheres that brand steep heaven  
across  
At height of night with semblance of a cross  
Whose grace and ghostly glory  
Poured heaven on purgatory  
Swing with their flambelets risen all heaven  
grow glad  
For love thereof it had  
A lively joy of loving; so may the e  
'Till bright with welcome now their southern  
seas.

O happy stars, whose mirth  
The subtlest soul on earth— {dless,  
That ever soared and sang found strong to  
lightening his life's harsh load of heaviness  
With comfort sown like seed  
In dream though not in deed {vine,  
On sprinkled wastes of darkling thought di-  
Till all your lights now shine  
With all as glorious gladness on his eyes  
For whom in deed and not in dream they rise.

As those great twins of air  
Hailed once with oldworld prayer  
Of all folk alway faring forth by sea,  
So now may these for grace and guidance be  
To guard his sail and bring  
Again to lighten spring

The face we look for and the hand we lack  
Still, till they light him back,  
As welcome as to first discovering eyes  
Their light rose ever, soon on his to rise.

As parting now he goes  
From snow-time back to snows,  
So back to spring from summer may next year  
Restore him, and our hearts receive him here,  
The best good gift that spring  
Held ever grace to bring  
At fortune's happiest hour of star-dlest birth,  
Pack to love's homebright earth,  
To eyes with eyes that commune, hand with  
hand,  
And the old warm bosom of all our mother-  
land.

Earth and sea-wind and sea  
And stars and sunlight be  
Alike all prosperous for him, and all hours  
Have all one heart, and all that heart as ours.  
All things as good as strange  
Crown all the season's change  
With changing flower and compensating fruit  
From one year's ripening root;  
Till next year brings us, roused at spring's  
recall,  
A heartier flower and goodlier fruit than all.

March 20, 1880.

## BY THE NORTH SEA.

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us."—LANDOR.

SEA, wind and sun, with light and sound and breath  
The spirit of man fulfilling—thou art  
That joy wherewith man's life grown passionate  
Gains heart to hear and sense to read and faith  
To know the secret word our Mother saith  
In silence, and to see, though doubt wax great  
Death as the shadow cast by life on fate,  
Passing, whose shade we call the shadow of death.

Brother, to whom our Mother as to me  
Is dearer than all dreams of days undone,  
This song I give you of the so-called three  
That are as life and death and death are, one:  
A song the sea-wind gave me from the sea  
Where naught of man's entures before the sun,



## BY THE NORTH SEA.

## I

## 1.

A LAND that is lonelier than ruin ;  
 A sea that is stranger than death ;  
 Far field that a rose never blew in,  
 Wide waste where the winds took breath ;  
 Waste endless and boundless and flowerless  
 But of unfruitful blossoms fruitless as these ;  
 Where earth lies exhausted, as powerless  
 To strive with the sea.

## 2.

Far flickers the flight of the swallows,  
 Far flutters the waltz of the grass  
 Spun dense over desolate hollows—  
 More pale than the clouds as they pass ;  
 Thick woven as the web of a witch is  
 Round the heart of a thrall that hath sinned,  
 Whose youth and the wrecks of its riches  
 Are waits on the wind.

The pastures are herdless and sheepless  
 No pasture or shelter for herds ;  
 The wind is relentless and sleepless  
 And restless and songless the birds ;  
 Their cries from afar fall breathless,  
 Their wings are as lightnings that flee ;  
 For the land has two lords that are deathless :  
 Death's self, and the sea.

## 4.

These twain, as a king with his boy,  
 Hold converse of desolate speech ;  
 And her waters are haggard and yellow  
 And crass with the scum of the beach ;  
 And his garments are grey as the hoary  
 Wan sky where the day lies dim ;  
 And his power is to her, and his glory,  
 As lies unto him

## 5.

In the pride of his power she rejoices,  
 In her glory he glows and is glad ;  
 In her darkness the sound of his voice is,  
 With his breath she dilates and is mad ;  
 If thou slay me, O death, and outlive me,  
 Yet thy love hath fulfilled me of thee.  
 ' Shall I give thee not back if thou give me,  
 O sister, O sea ?'

## 6.

And year upon year dawns living,  
 And age upon age drops dead ;  
 And his hand is not weary of giving,  
 And the thirst of her heart is not fed ;  
 And the hunger that moans in her passion,  
 And the rage in her hunger that roars,  
 A wolf's that the winter lays lash on,  
 Still calls and implores.

## 7.

Her walls have no granite for girder,  
 No fortalice fronting her stands ;  
 But reefs the bloodguiltiest of murder  
 Are less than the banks of her sands ;  
 These number their slain in y the thousand ;  
 For the ship hath no surety to be,  
 When the bank is abreast of her bows and  
 Aflush with the sea.

## 8.

No surety to stand, and no shelter  
 To dawn out of darkness but one,  
 Out of waters that hurtle and welter  
 No succor to dawn with the sun  
 But a reef from the wind as it passes,  
 Where, hardly redeemed from the waves,  
 Lie thick as the blades of the grasses  
 The dead in their graves.

9.

A multitude noteless of numbers,  
As wild weeds cast on an heap ;  
A sounder than sleep are their slumbers,  
And softer than song is their sleep ;  
And sweeter than all things and stranger  
The sense, if perchance it may be,  
That the wind is divested of danger  
And scathless the sea.

10.

That the roar of the banks they breasted  
Is hurtless as bellowing of fields,  
And the strength of his wings that invested  
The wind, as the strength of a bird's ;  
As the sea-mew's might or the swallow's  
That cry to him back if he cries,  
As over the graves and their hollows  
Days darken and rise.

11.

As the souls of the dead men disburdened  
And clean of the sins that they sinned,  
With a lovelier than man's life guerdoned  
And delight as a wave's in the wind,  
And delight as the wind's in the billow,  
Birds pass, and deride with their glee  
The flesh that has dust for its pillow  
As wrecks have the sea.

12.

When the days of the sun wax dimmer,  
Wings flash through the dusk like beams ;  
As the clouds in the lit sky glimmer,  
The bird in the graveyard gleams ;

1.

For the heart of the waters is cruel,  
And the kisses are dire of their lips,  
And their waves are as fire is to fuel  
To the strength of the sea-faring ships,  
Though the sea's eye gleam as a jewel  
To the sun's eye back as he dips.

As the cloud at its wing's edge whitens  
When the clonions of sunrise are heard,  
The graves that the bird's note brightens  
Grow bright for the bird.

13.

As the waves of the numberless waters  
That the wind cannot number who guides  
Are the sons of the shore and the daughters  
Here lulled by the chime of the tides ;  
And here in the press of them standing  
We know not if these or if we  
Live truest, or anchored to landing  
Or drifted to sea.

14.

In the valley he named of decision  
No denser were multitudes met  
When the soul of the seer in her vision  
Saw nations for doom of them set ;  
Saw darkness in dawn, and the splendor  
Of judgment, the sword and the rod ;  
But the doom here of death is more tender  
And gentler the god.

15.

And gentler the wind from the dreary  
Sea-banks by the waves overlapped,  
Being weary, speaks peace to the weary  
From slopes that the tide-stream hath  
Sapped ;  
And sweeter than all that we call so  
The seal of their slumber shall be  
Till the graves that embosom them also  
Be sapped of the sea.

## II

2.

Though the sun's eye flash to the sea's  
Live light of delight and of laughter,  
And her lips breathe back to the breeze  
The kiss that the wind's lips waft her  
From the sun that subsides, and sees  
No gleam of the storm's dawn after.

3.

And the waste of the wild sea-marches  
Where the borderers are matched in their  
night;  
Black fogs that the sun's weight pushes,  
Dune waves that reject his light,  
Changeless for the change of color in the  
Of changeless morning and night.

4.

The waves are as ranks enrolled  
Too close for the storm to sever:  
The fens he yoked and robt,  
But the heart fails utterly never:  
The lists are set from of old,  
And the warfare endeth for ever.

## III.

1.

Miles, and miles, and miles of dead sea!  
Leagues, on leagues, on leagues, without a  
change!  
Sign or token of some eld nation  
Here would make the strange land not so  
strange,  
Time-forgotten, yet since time's creation,  
Seem these borders where the sea birds  
range.

2.

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder  
Grows his heart who journeys here alone,  
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under  
Deep as deep in water sinks a stone,  
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,  
Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

3.

Tall the plumes of the ruff-flower tosses,  
Sharp and soft in many a curve and line,  
Glow and glow the sea-colored wash-mosses,  
Salt and splendid from the wind's bright  
Streak on streak of glimmering sea-line  
crosses  
All the land-sea attire as with wine.

4.

Far, and far between, in divers orders,  
Clear grey steeples of ave the low grey sky:  
Firm and firm as time-unhaken warders,  
Hearts made sure by luth, by hope made  
high  
These alone in all the wild sea-borders  
Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

5.

All the land is like as one man's face is,  
Firm and troubled still with change of cares,  
Death and death pervade her cloud of spaces:  
Strength and length of life and peace are  
the rare;  
Then alone amid these weary places,  
Seem not how the wild world frets and lures.

6.

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes,  
Cloud-dogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight  
thinned,  
Stem and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges,  
Watch the toys and tools of men that  
mud  
Clear, slow calm as earth whose only change is  
Wind, and light, and wind and cloud, and  
wind.

7.

Out and in and out the sharp straits wander,  
In and out and in the wild way strives,  
Starr'd and paved and lined with flower that  
squander  
Gold is golden as the gold of lives,  
Salt and moist and multiform: but yonder,  
See, what sign of life or death survives?

8.

Seen that only when the songs of olden  
Halls were young whose echoes yet endure,  
By lands of Homer when his ears were golden,  
Known of only when the world was pure,  
There is Hades, manifest, beholien,  
Surely, surely here, it ought be sure!

9.

Where the border-line was crossed, and  
 To a man he, keeps wearied from rest,  
 None on tell, who's there now or then,  
 None may count his here nor his there,  
 At a life's high time, joys and weal and things  
 Like round him cease like steam  
 Pressed.

For the wise wave-wanderer, to dash  
 Guest of many a lord of men, a find  
 By the shape or shade of year and day,  
 Saw the soul find men and find a find,  
 Saw the mother long from low and high part  
 Antlers, like a statue stand.

11.

What true? nay, nor tissue living way  
 Fair on fargings in his father's hall;  
 Nay, too fast her faith of love was given,  
 Fair too firm her love's love of all;  
 Love when through the lowing air was done,  
 Love that hears not when the loud Face call.

12.

Love that lives and stands upon sea,  
 Then when life has cold and a gush of  
 Love more strong than death or all things  
 Fated,

On the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea;  
 The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea;  
 The sea, when life came down among the  
 sea.

13.

Here, where never came alive another,  
 Came I, cold across the smoldering tide  
 To find a man by many a warrior brother  
 Once that was I on then at his side;  
 Here, I found from your hands to clasp the  
 sea.  
 Dying, that sorrowing for his love's sake  
 sea.

14.

Here, though by narrowest of divisions,  
 Clasp of soul and sea, only might explore,  
 Smoldering by the light of decisions,  
 Saw the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,  
 Here? but all the people here of vision  
 Lies, for him of shadows even, the shore.

15.

What sweet such men's Hellenic speech is  
 All to find they lived of light to see,  
 One to see the darkness of these beaches,  
 One to find the sea, the sea, the sea,  
 One to find all its gulls and creeks and sea,  
 Sky, and shore, and cloud and waste, and  
 sea.

IV.

1.

Far aloft and afloat of me faring  
 For forward folk in a dream  
 And strive, between den and daring,  
 Right on till the goal of the gleam,  
 Mouth till the goal of the gleam,  
 The harbor where lam they would fly,  
 What was the sea's then, then and bright  
 What a change in the sea?

2.

What a change in the sea, that nestle  
 Save inland to lee of the hill

At its top from the heathlands that wrestle  
 And succumb to the strong sea's will?  
 There is not, nor re-plate, nor pity,  
 For the battle is waged not of hands  
 Where over the grave of a city  
 The ghost of it stands.

3.

Where the wings of the sea-wind slacken,  
 Green lawns to the landward thrive,  
 Fields, bright and pine-woods blacken,  
 And the heat in their heart is alive;  
 They blossom and warble and murmur,  
 For the sense of their spirit is free;  
 But in for the homeward and inner  
 The gasp of the sea.



With the blast of his breath to set free ;  
 With the mouths of his thunders to bless them  
 For sons of the sea.

14.

These have the toil and the guerdon  
 That the wind has eternally ; these  
 Bear part in the boon and the burden  
 Of the sleepless unsatisfied breeze,  
 They find not, but seeking rejoice ;  
 For possession can work him no wrong ;

And the voice at the heart of their voice is  
 The sense of his song.

15.

For the wind's is their doom and their blessing ;  
 To desire, and have : always above  
 A possession beyond their possessing,  
 A love beyond reach of their love,  
 Green earth has her sons and her children,  
 And these have their guerdons ; but we  
 Are the wind's and the sun's and the water's,  
 Elect of the sea.

V.

1.

For the sea too seeks and rejoices,  
 Gains and loses and gains,  
 Of the joy of her heart's own choice is  
 As ours, and as ours are her pains ;  
 And the thoughts of our hearts are her voices,  
 And as hers is the pulse of our veins.

2.

Her fields that know not of death  
 Nor lie for their fruit's sake fallow  
 Lie so large in the depth of their might ;  
 But inshore here in the shallow,  
 Encumbered with encumbrance of earth,  
 Their skirts are turbid and yellow.

3.

The grime of her greed is upon her  
 The sign of her deed is her soil ;  
 As the earth's is her own dishonor,  
 And corruption the crown of her toil ;  
 She hath spoiled and devoured, and her honor  
 Is this, to be shamed by her spoil.

4.

But afar where pollution is none,  
 Nor ensign of strife nor endeavor,  
 Where her heart and the sun's are one,  
 And the soil of her sin comes never,  
 She is pure as the wind and the sun,  
 And her sweetness endureth for ever.

VI.

1.

Of change, and change, and darkness everlasting,  
 Of that which hears not what the day-star saith,  
 Of that past all remembrance and forecasting,  
 Of that, past memory that it once drew breath ;  
 Of that which have the washing tides and wasting,  
 Of that which reign, and rule this land of utter death.

2.

Of change of change, darkness of darkness, hidden,  
 Of very death of very death, begun  
 Of that which none knows,—the knowledge is for-  
 bid len—

Self-begotten, self-proceeding, one,  
 Born, not made—abhorred, unchained, unchid-  
 den,  
 Night stands here defiant of the sun.

3.

Change of change, and death of death begotten,  
 Darkness born of darkness, one and three,  
 Ghostly godhead of a world forgotten,  
 Crowned with heaven, enthroned on land and  
 sea,  
 Here, where earth with dead men's bones is  
 rotten,  
 God of Time, thy likeness worships thee.

## 4.

Lo, thy likeness of thy desolation,  
Shape and figure of thy might, O Lord,  
Formless form, incarnate miscreation  
Served of all things living and abhorred ;  
Earth herself is here thine incarnation,  
Time of all things born on earth adored.

## 5.

All that worship thee are fearful of thee ;  
No man may not worship thee for fear ;  
Prayers nor curses prove not nor disprove thee,  
Move nor change thee with our change of  
cheer ;  
All at last, though all at board of thee, love thee,  
God, the sceptre of whose diadem is here.

## 6.

Here thy throne and sceptre of thy station,  
Here the place given for thy feet ;  
Here thy sign from nation unto nation  
Passes as watchword for thy guards to greet,  
Guards that go before thine exaltation,  
Ages, clothed with bitter years and sweet.

## 7.

Here, where sharp the sea-bird shrills his duty,  
Flickering flame-wise through the clear live  
calm,  
Rose triumphal, crowding all a city,  
Roofs exalted once with prayer and psalm,  
Bath of holy hands for holy pity,  
Frank and fruitful as a sheltering palm.

## 8.

Church and hospice wrought in faultless fash-  
ion,  
Hallowed chancel bounteous and sublime,  
Wide and sweet and glorious as compassion,  
Filled and thrilled with force of choral chime,  
Filled with spirit of prayer and thrilled with  
passion,  
Hailed a God more merciful than Time.

## 9.

Ah, less mighty, less than Time prevailing,  
Shrunk, expelled, made nothing at his nod,  
Less than clouds across the sea-line sailing,  
Lies he, stricken by his master's rod.

'Where is man?' the cloister murmurs wail-  
ing ;  
Back the mute shrine'sunders 'Where is  
God?'

## 10.

Here is all the end of all his glory—  
Dust, and grass, and barren silent stones,  
Dead, like him, one hollow tower and houry  
Naked in the sea-wind stands and hallow,  
Filled and thrilled with its perpetual story ;  
Here, where earth is dense with dead men's  
bones.

## 11.

Low and loud and long, a voice for ever,  
Somes the wind's clear story like a song,  
Fimb from tomb the waves devouring sever,  
Dust from dust as years relapse along ;  
Graves where men made sure to rest, and never  
Lie dimantled by the seasons' wrong.

## 12.

Now displaced, devoured and desecrated,  
Now by Time's hands dantly disinterred,  
These poor dead that sleeping here awaited  
Long the archangel's re-creating word,  
Closed about with roofs and walls high-gated  
Till the blast of judgment should be heard,

## 13.

Naked, shamed, cast out of consecration,  
Corpse and coffin, yea the very graves,  
Scotched, scattered, shaken from their stan-  
dards  
Spurned and scourged of wind and sea  
like waves,  
Desolate beyond man's desolation,  
Shrink and sink into the waste of waves.

## 14.

Tombs, with bare white piteous bones pro-  
truded,  
Shredless, down the loose collapsing banks,  
Crumble, from their constant place detuded,  
That the sea devours and gives not thanks  
Graves where hope and prayer and sorrow  
brooded  
Gape and slide and perish, tanks on tanks

15.

Rows on rows and line by line they crumble,  
 They that thought for all time through to be.  
 Scarce a stone whereon a child might stumble

Breaks the grim field paced alone of me,  
 Earth, and man, and all their gods, wax  
 humble,  
 Here, where Time brings pasture to the sea.

VII.

1.

How afar on the headland exalted,  
 But beyond in the curl of the bay,  
 How in the depth of his dome deep-vaunted  
 Our father is lord of the day,  
 Our father and lord that we follow,  
 For deathless and ageless is he;  
 And his robe is the whole sky's hollow,  
 His sandals the sea.

And emptied and vain as a breath,  
 The bloom of the bountiful heather  
 Laughs broadly beyond in thy light,  
 As dawn, with her glories to gather,  
 At darkness and night.

5

Though the Gods of the night lie rotten  
 And their honor be taken away  
 And the noise of their names forgotten,  
 Thou, Lord, art God of the day,  
 Thou art father and saviour and spirit,  
 O Sun, of the soul that is free  
 And hath grace of thy grace to inherit  
 Thine earth and thy sea.

6.

The hills and the sands and the benches,  
 The waters adrift and afar,  
 The banks and the creeks and the reaches,  
 How glad of thee all these are!  
 The flowers, overflowing, overcrowded,  
 Are drunk with the mad wind's mirth;  
 The delight of thy coming unclouded  
 Makes music of earth.

7

I, last least voice of her voices,  
 Give thanks that were mute in me long  
 To the soul in my soul that rejoices  
 For the song that is over my song,  
 Time gives what he gains for the giving  
 Or takes for his tribute of me;  
 My dreams to the wind everliving,  
 My song to the sea.

2.

Where the horn of the headland is sharper,  
 And her green floor glitters with fire,  
 How the sea has the sun for a harper,  
 The sun has the sea for a lyre,  
 How the waves are a pavement of amber,  
 How the feet of the sea-winds tread  
 How we live in a god's presence-chamber  
 Our father, the God.

3.

Thou, bargard and changeful and hoary,  
 Thou master and God of the land;  
 How the air is fulfilled of the glory  
 That is shed from our lord's right hand,  
 How the ether of all of us ever,  
 All glory be only to thee  
 From heaven, that is void of thee never  
 And earth, and the sea.

4

O Sun, whereof all is beholden,  
 Behold now the shadow of this death,  
 This place of the sepulchres, olden



GRAND CHORUS OF BIRDS FROM ARISTOPHANES ATTEMPTED  
IN ENGLISH AFTER THE ORIGINAL METRE.

[I was allured into the audacity of this experiment by consideration of a fact which hitherto does not seem to have been taken into consideration by any translator of the half-divine dramatist in whose incomparable genius the most qualities of Kaldais were fused and harmonized with the supremest gifts of Shelley; namely that his marvellous metrical invention of the anapestic heptameter was almost exactly reproducible in a language to which such various and complicated combinations of anapestic, iambic, or trochaic metre are as natural and applicable as all day to-day's variable forms of verse are unnatural and abhorrent. As it happens, this highest central interlude of a most remarkable masterpiece is as easy to detach from its dramatic setting, and even from its lyrical context, as it was easy to give line for line of it in English. In a metrical point of view only does my version vary from the original pattern of the original. I have of course added rhymes, and double rhymes, as necessary make eights for the metre, and I have of course added the usual English and equally of course I have not attempted the impossible and unendurable task of reproducing the race except and effect of a most overcharged and purpose with a purpose of heavy trochee, (and this for the obvious reason that even if such a line, which I doubt could be exactly reproduced, even by foot and pause for pause, in English, this English line would no more be a verse in any proper sense of the word than is the line I am writing at this moment. And my main intention, or at least my chief object in the undertaking of this line of adventure was to renew as far as possible for English ears the music of this magnificent and triumphant metre, which goes ringing at full gallop as of horses who

'dance as 'twere to the music

Their own hoofs make.'

I would not seem over-curious in search of an apt or an inapt quotation; but nothing can be fitter than a *verse* of Shakespeare's to praise at once and to describe the most typical verse of Aristophanes!

(*The Birds*, 685-723.)

COMP. When ye dwellers by nature in darkness,  
and life to the Loves' generations,  
That are little of night, that are moulded of  
mire, unending and shawl-like nations,  
Poor planeless, ephemerals, colourless mortals,  
as visions of shadows that fleeing,  
Lurk in your mind unto us that are soulless, and  
dashless the date of our being;  
Us, children of heaven, us, ageless for aye, us,  
all of whose thoughts are eternal;  
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of  
us all things aright as to matters supernal,  
Of the being of birds and beginning of gods,  
and of streams, and the dark beyond  
reaching,  
Truthfully knowing aright, in my name bid  
Proteus pack with his purple bag,  
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the  
blackness of darkness, and Hell's broad  
border,  
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when  
in depths of the womb of the dark with-  
out order  
First thing first-born of the black-plumed

Night was a wind-egg hatched in her  
bosom,  
Whence timely with seasons revolving again  
sweet Love burst out as a blossom,  
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like  
whirlwinds gustily turning,  
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings  
are of darkness, in Hell broad-burning,  
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first,  
and upraised us to light new lighted,  
And before this was not the race of the gods,  
until all things by Love were united;  
And of kind united with kind in communion  
of nature the sky and the sea are  
brought forth, and the earth, and the race of  
the gods everlasting and blest. So that  
we are  
Far away the most ancient of all things blest,  
And that we are of Love's generation  
There are manifest manifold signs. We have  
wings, and with us live the Love's halli-  
tation;  
And manifold far young folk that forswore  
love once, ere the bloom of them ended,

Have the men that pursued and desired them  
 sub-lued, by the help of us only betriended,  
 With such hats as a quail, a flamingo, a goose,  
 or a cock's comb staring and splendid,  
 All best good things that befall men come from  
 us birds, as is plain to all reason :  
 For first we proclaim and make known to  
 them spring, and the winter and autumn  
 in season ;  
 Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for  
 Africa, in shrill-voiced emigrant number,  
 And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder  
 again for the season, and slumber ;  
 And then weave a cloak for Orestes the thief,  
 lest he strip men of theirs if it freezes.  
 And again thereafter the kite reappearing  
 announces a change in the breezes,  
 And that here is the season for shearing your  
 sheep of their spring wool. Then does  
 the swallow

Give you notice to sell your greatcoat, and  
 provide something light for the heat that's  
 to follow.  
 Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you,  
 Dodona, nay, Phoebus Apollo,  
 For, as first ye come all to get anguries of birds,  
 even such is in all things your carriage,  
 Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning  
 your bread, or of any one's marriage.  
 And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that  
 belong to discerning prediction :  
 Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon : you  
 sneeze and the sign's as a bird for con-  
 viction :  
 All tokens are "birds" with you—sounds  
 too, and lackeys, and donkeys. They  
 must it not follow  
 That we ARE to you all as the manifest god-  
 head that speaks in prophetic Apollo?

## ATHENS:

## AN ODE.

Up from under earth again like fire the violet  
kinds; [Str. 1.

Ere the holy buds and hoar on olive-  
branches bloom,  
Ere the crescent of the last pale month of win-  
ter dwindle,

Shrink, and fall as falls a dead leaf on the  
dead month's tomb;

Round the hills whose heights the first-born  
olive-blossom brightened,

Round the city brow-bound once with  
violets like a bride,

Up from under earth again a light that long  
since lightened

Breaks, whence all the world took comfort  
as all time takes pride.

Pride have all men in their fathers that were  
free before them,

In the warriors that begat us free-born pride  
have we;

But the fathers of their spirits, how may men  
adore them,

With what rapture may we praise, who  
bide our souls be free?

Sons of Athens born in spirit and truth are  
all born free men;

Most of all, we, nurtured where the north  
wind holds his reign;

Children all we sea-folk of the Salaminian  
scam;

Sons of them that beat back Persia they  
that beat back Spain,

Since the songs of Greece fell silent, none like  
ours have risen;

Since the sails of Greece fell slack, no ships  
have sailed like ours;

How should we lament not, if her spirit sit  
in prison?

How should we rejoice not, if her wreaths  
renew their flowers?

All the world is sweeter, if the Athenian violet  
quicken;

All the world is brighter, if the Athenian  
sun return;

All things foul on earth wax fainter, by that  
sun's light stricken;

All ill growths are withered, where those  
fragrant flower-lights burn.

All the wand'ring waves of seas with all their  
warring waters

Roll the record on forever of the sea-fight  
there,

When the capes were battle's lists, and all the  
straits were slaughter's,

And the myriad Medes as foam-flakes on the  
scattering air,

Ours the lightning was that cleared the north  
and lit the nations,

But the light that gave the whole world light  
fold was she;

Ours an age or twain, but hers are endless  
generations;

All the world is hers at heart, and most of  
all are we.

Ye that bear the name about you of the  
glory, [Ant. 1.

Men that wear the sign of Greeks upon you  
sealed,

Yours is yet the choice to write yourselves in  
story

Sons of them that fought the Marathonian  
field,

Slaves of no man were ye, said your warrior  
poet,

Neither subject unto man as underlings;

Yours is now the season here wherein to show  
it,

If the seed ye be of them that knew not  
kings,

If ye be not, swords nor words alike found  
brutle

From the dust of death to raise you shall  
prevail;

Subject swords and dead men's words may  
stead you little,

If their old king-hating heart within you fail.

If your spirit of old, and not your bonds, be  
broken,

If the kingless heart be molten in your  
breasts,

By what signs and wonders, by what word or  
token,

Shall ye drive the vultures from your eagles'  
nests?

All the gains of tyrants Freedom counts for  
losses;

Nought of all the work done holds she worth  
the work,

When the slaves whose faith is set on crowns  
and crosses

Drive the Cossack bear against the tiger  
Turk.

Neither cross nor crown nor crescent shall ye  
bow to.

Nought of Araby nor Jewry, priest nor king;  
As your watchword was of old, so be it now  
too!

As from lips long stilled, from yours let  
healing spring.

Through the fights of old, your battle-cry was  
healing.

And the Saviour that ye called on was the  
Sun:

Dawn by dawn behold in heaven your God,  
revealing

Light from darkness as when Marathon was  
won.

Gods were yours yet strange to Turk or Galli-  
lean.

Light and Wisdom only then as gods adored;  
Pallas was your shield, your comforter was  
Pain.

From your bright world's navel spake the  
Sun your Lord.

Though the names be lost, and changed the  
signs of Light and Wisdom be, [Ep. 1.  
By these only shall men conquer, by these  
only be set free;

When the whole world's eye was Athens,  
these were yours, and theirs were ye.

Light was given you of your wisdom, light ye  
gave the world again;

As the sun whose godhead lightened on her  
soul was Hellas then:

Yea, the least of all her children as the chosen  
of other men.

Change your hearts not with your garments,  
nor your faith with creeds that change:

Truth was yours, the truth which time and  
chance transform not nor estrange:

Purer truth nor higher abides not in the reach  
of time's whole range.

Gods are they in all men's memories and for  
all time's periods.

They that harried the host back seaward which  
had scourged the sea with rods:

Gods for us are all your fathers, even the  
least of these as gods.

In the dark of days the thought of them is  
with us, strong to save.

They that had no lord, and made the Great  
King lesser than a slave;

They that rolled all Asia back on Asia, broken  
like a wave.

No man's men were they, no master's and no  
God's but these their own:

Gods not loved in vain nor served amiss, not  
all yet overthrown:

Love of country, Freedom, Wisdom, Light,  
and none save these alone.

King by king came up against them, sire and  
son, and banded to flee:

Host on host leared westward, mightier each  
than each, if more might be:

Field to field made answer, clamorous like as  
wave to wave at sea.

Strife to strife responded, loud as rocks to  
clangorous rocks respond

Where the deep rings wreck to seamen head  
in tempest's thrall and bond.

Till when war's bright work was perfect peace  
as radiant rose beyond:

Peace made bright with fruit of battle, stronger  
made for storm gone down,

With the flower of song held heavenward for  
the violet of her crown

Woven about the fragrant forehead of the fos-  
tress maiden's town.

Gods arose alive on earth from under stroke  
of human hands:

As the hands that wrought them, these are  
dead, and mixed with time's dead sands:

But the godhead of supernal song, though  
these now stand not, stands.

Pallas is not, Phoebus breathes no more in  
breathing brass or gold:

Clytemnestra towers, Cassandra wails, for-  
ever: Time is bold,

But nor heart nor hand hath he to unwrite  
the scriptures writ of old.

Dead the great chryselephantine God, as dew  
last evening shed:

Dust of earth or foam of ocean is the symbol  
of his head:

Earth and ocean shall be shadows when Pro-  
metheus shall be dead.

Fame around her warriors living rang through  
Greece and lightened, [See 2.

Moving equal with their stature, stately  
with their strength:

Thebes and Lacedæmon at their breathing  
presence brightened,

Sense or sound of them filled all the live  
land's breadth and length.

All the lesser tribes put on the pure Athenian  
fashion,

One Hellenic heart was from the mountains  
to the sea:

Sparta's bitter self grew sweet with high half-  
human passion,

And her dry thorns flushed aflower in strait  
Thermopylæ.

Trunk, yet the flowers had fallen, and all  
the clouds had fruitless,

Save that tongues of after men, the children  
of her peace,

Took the tale up of her glances, transient eye  
and roofless,

And in ears and hearts of all men left the  
praise of Greece,

Fair, the wist me was when still, as beacon  
answering beacon,

Sea to land flash, lightning, and thundered  
rope of wrath of Greece;

Put the strength of iron by night, with power  
to waste and weaken,

Nor may light be passed from hand to  
hand of year to year

If the doing deed be saved, not, ere it die for  
ever,

By the hands and lips of men, more wise  
than years are strong;

If the soul of man take heed, not that the  
deed die for ever,

Clothed about with purple and gold of  
story, crowned with song,

Still the burning heart of boy and man alike  
rejoices,

Hearing words which made it seem of old  
for all who sang

That their heaven of heavens waxed happier  
when from three men's voices

*Well-beloved, Harmodius, and Aristogiton*  
rang,

Never felt such fragrance from the flower-  
month's rose-red kirtle

As from chaplets on the bright friends'  
brows who slew their lord!

Greener grew the leaf and balmy blew the  
flower of myrtle

When its blossom sheathed the sheer tyrannicidal  
sword,

None so glorious garland crowned the feast  
Panathenæan

As this wreath too frail to fetter fast the  
Cyprian dove:

None so fiery song sprang sunwards annual  
as the psalm

Praising perfect love of friends and perfect  
country's love,

Higher than highest of all those heavens  
wherefrom the starry [Ant. 2.

Song of Homer shone above the rolling  
fight,

Gleans like spring's green bloom on boughs  
all gamut and gnarly

Soft live splendor as of flowers of foam in  
flight,

Glow a glory of mild-winged maidens up-  
ward in ainting

Sheer through air made shrill with strokes  
of smooth swift wings

Round the rocks beyond foot's reach, past  
eyesight's counting,

Up the cleft where iron wind of winter  
rings

Round a God fast clenched in iron jaws of  
letters,

Him who coiled for man the fruitful flower  
of me,

Bared the darkling scriptures writ in dazzling  
letters,

Taught the truth of dreams deceiving  
men's desire,

Gave their water-wandering chariot-seats of  
ocean

Wings, and bade the rage of war-steeds  
champ the rein,

Showed the symbols of the wild birds' wheel-  
ing motion,

Waged for man's sake war with God and all  
his train,

Earth, whose name was also Righteousness, a  
mother

Many-named and single-natured, gave  
him breath

Whence God's wrath could wring but this  
word and none other—

*He may smite me, yet he shall not do to death.*  
Him the tongue that sang triumphant while  
tormented

Sang as loud the sevenfold storm that  
roared erewhile

Round the towers of Thebes till wrath might  
rest contented:

Sang the flight from smooth soft-sanded  
banks of Nile,

When like mateless doves that fly from snare  
or tether

Came the suppliants landwards trembling  
as they trod,

And the prayer took wing from all their  
tongues together—

*King of kings, most holy of hoies, blessed*  
*God.*

But what mouth may chant again, what heart  
may know it,

All the rapture that all hearts of men put on  
When of Salamis the time-transcending poet

Sang, whose hand had chased the Mede at  
Marathon?

Darker dawned the song with stormier wings  
above the watch-fire spread [Ep. 2.

Whence from Ida toward the hill of Hermes  
leapt the light that said

Thy was taken, a torch funeral for the king's  
 triumphal bed.  
 Dire indeed the birth of Leda's womb that  
 had God's self to sire  
 Broom'd, a flower of love that stung the soul  
 with tangs that gnaw like fire :  
 But the twin-born human-battered sister-  
 flower bore fruit more dire,  
 So aye the cry that called on airy heaven and  
 all swift winds on wing,  
 Wails of five-heads, and countless laugh of  
 waves past reckoning,  
 Earth which brought forth all, and the orb'd  
 sun that looks on everything,  
 So aye that cry fills yet men's hearts more  
 full of heart-comeing dread  
 Than the murderous woe said mocking, how  
 the child whose blood he shed  
 Might clasp fast and kiss her father where the  
 dead's into the dead  
 But the later note of anguish from the lips  
 that mock'd her lord,  
 When her son's hand bare'd against the breast  
 that suck'd his father's sword,  
 How might man endure, O, Ischylus, to hear  
 it and record?  
 How might man endure, being mortal yet, O  
 thou most highest, to hear?  
 How record, being born of woman? Surely  
 not thy Furies near,  
 Surely this beheld, this only, blasted hearts  
 to death with fear,  
 Not the hissing hair, nor flakes of blood that  
 oozed from eyes of fire,  
 Nor the snort of savage sleep that snuffed the  
 hungering heart's desire  
 Where the hunted prey found hardly space  
 and harbor to respire :  
 She whose likeness called them—'Sleep ye,  
 Lo? what need of you that sleep?'  
 (Al, what need indeed, where she was, of all  
 stages that night may keep  
 How often dark as death and deeper than men's  
 dreams of her, are deep?)  
 See the murderess of her husband, she the  
 huntress of her son,  
 More than he was she, the shadow that no  
 God withstands but one,  
 Wisdom equal-eyed and stronger and more  
 splendid than the sun,  
 Yea, no God may stand betwixt us and the  
 shadows of our deeds,  
 Nor the light of dreams that lighten darkness,  
 nor the prayer that pleads,  
 But the wisdom equal-souled with heaven,  
 the light alone that leads,  
 Light whose law bids home those childless  
 children of eternal night,

Soothed and reconced and mastered and  
 transmuted in men's sight  
 Who behold their own souls, clothed with  
 darkness once, now clothed with light,  
 King of kings and father crowned of all our  
 fathers crowned of yore,  
 Lord of all the lords of song, whose head all  
 heads bow down before,  
 Glory be to thee from all thy sons in all  
 tongues evermore,

Rose and vine and olive and deep ivy-bloom  
 entwining [See 3.  
 Close the goodliest grave that e'er they  
 closeliest night entwined  
 Keep the wind from wasting and the sun  
 from too strong shining  
 Where the sound and light of sweetest  
 songs still float and shine,  
 Here the music seems to dance the shade,  
 the light to whisper  
 Song, the flowers to put not odors only  
 forth, but words  
 Sweeter far than fragrance : here the wander-  
 ing wreaths twine crisper  
 Far, and louder far exults the note of all  
 wild birds,  
 Thoughts that change us, joys that crown  
 and sorrows that enthronous,  
 Passions that enrobe us with a clearer air  
 than ours,  
 Move and breathe as living things beheld  
 round white Colonus,  
 Audibler than melodies and visibler than  
 flowers,  
 Love, in fight unconquered, Love, with spoils  
 of great men laden,  
 Never sang so sweet from throat of woman  
 or of dove :  
 Love, whose bed by night is in the soft cheeks  
 of a maiden,  
 And his march is over seas, and low roofs  
 lack not Love ;  
 Nor may one of all that live, ephemeral or  
 eternal,  
 Fly nor hide from Love ; but whoso clasps  
 him fast goes mad,  
 Never since the first-born year with flowers  
 first-born grew vernal  
 Such a song made listening hearts of levers  
 glad or sad,  
 Never sounded note so radiant at the rayless  
 portal  
 Opening wide on the all-concealing lowland  
 of the dead  
 As the music mingling, when her doomsday  
 marked her mortal,

From her own and old man's eyes round  
 the bride's wise head,  
 Round the grave, the bride-house, rown, for  
 endless habitation,  
 Where, shut out from sunshine, with no  
 bridegroom by, she sits,  
 But beloved of all her dark and fateful  
 generation,  
 But with all true tears and praise be-  
 sprinkled and bewept:  
 Well-beloved of outcast father and of  
 Slaughter's mother,  
 Born, yet unpoluted, of their blind in-  
 nous bed;  
 Best beloved of him for whose dead sake  
 died, her brother,  
 Hallowing by her own life's gift her own  
 born brother's head:  
 Not with wine or oil nor any less that on  
 [Athena's  
 Hallowed, nor made sweet with humbler  
 perfume's breath;  
 Not with any these redeemed from desecra-  
 tion,  
 But with blood and spirit of life poured  
 forth to death;  
 Blood unspotted, spirit unsoiled, life devoted,  
 Sister too supreme to make the bride's  
 hope good,  
 Daughter too divine as woman to be noted,  
 Spouse of only death in maiden-  
 hood,  
 Yea, in her was all the prayer fulfilled, the  
 saying  
 All accomplished—*Went that fate would  
 let me wear*  
*Hallowed innocence of words and all deeds,  
 weighing*  
*Will the laws thereof, begot on holier air,  
 Far on high sublimely stablish'd whereof only  
 Heaven is father: nor do birth of mortal  
 mould*  
*Bring them forth, nor shall oblivion hulk to  
 lonely*  
*Some, say, do it in these is God, and grows  
 not old*  
 Taciturne eye in that inner darkness where she  
 peris  
 Surely seems as holy and lovely, seen aright,  
 As a shrine and as clearly to be cherished,  
 As the haunt of a god in with laurels from  
 the flight,  
 Deep inwound with olive and wild vine in-  
 woven,  
 Where a godhead known and unknown  
 makes man pale,  
 But the darkness of the twilight noon is cloven

Stare with shudd'ring sweet mourn of many a  
 night;  
 O'erjusting there the make sweet noise  
 of the  
 Where the fearful gods look gentler than  
 of old  
 And the gods that flourish with birds of  
 the air  
 Grows not poor, not dumb with sense of  
 dark thought,  
 There her name called upon with signs of  
 worship,  
 Praise'd with tenderest words, away by way  
 unknown,  
 Not by secret men taken down, nor touch'd  
 of hands,  
 To the dark benighted underworld, alone  
 Think of thee that robed in Athens, knit  
 with a spirit's soul to state, [Z. 7. 5.  
 Gladdest heart that God gave, or man and  
 wine of the earth, or naturally,  
 Clearst eye that God made ever to the broad  
 lip's love of truth,  
 Praise be thee as the stars whose tragic brows  
 the loftier heart engenders  
 For the live and life-lightning of thy honey-  
 hearted words,  
 Soft like sunny dew wings of clouds and  
 bright as crying of birds;  
 Full of all sweet rays and notes that make of  
 earth and air and sea  
 One great light and sound of laughter from  
 one great God's heart, to be  
 sign and semblance of the gladness of man's  
 life where men breathe free,  
 With no Loxian sound obscure God uttered  
 once, and all time heard,  
 All the soul of Athens, all the soul of England,  
 in that word;  
 Rome arose the second child of freedom:  
 northward rose the third,  
 Ere her boreal dawn came kindling seas afar  
 and fields of snow,  
 Yet again, while Europe groaned and grovel-  
 led, shone like suns aglow  
 Doria splended over Genoa, Venice bright  
 with Dandalo,  
 Dead was Hellas, but Ausonia by the light  
 of dead man's deeds  
 Rose and walled awhile alive, though mocked  
 as when the ten-fire leads  
 By the creed-wrought faith of faithless souls  
 that mock their doubts with creeds,  
 Dead are these, and man is risen again: and  
 haply now the Three  
 Yet coequal and triune may stand in story,  
 marked as free

Is the token of the washing of the waters of  
the sea,  
Athens first of all earth's kindred many-  
tongued and in my kinned  
Had the sea to friend and comfort, and for  
kinsman had the wind:  
She that bare Columbus next; then she that  
made her spot of Ind,  
She that hears not what man's rage but only  
what the sea-wind saith;  
She that turned Spain's ships to cloud-wrack  
at the blasting of her breath,  
By her strengths of strong-souled children and  
of strong words done to death,  
North and south the Great King's galleons  
went in Persian wise; and here

She, with A schyler music on her lips that  
laughed back tears,  
In the face of Time's grey godhead shook the  
splendor of her spear,  
Fair as Athens then with foot upon her foe-  
man's front, and strong  
Even as Athens for redemption of the world  
from sovereign wrong,  
Like as Athens crowned she stood before the  
sun with crowning song,  
All the world is theirs with whom is freedom:  
first of all the free,  
Blest are they whom song has crowned and  
clothed with blessing; these as we,  
These alone have part in spirit with the sun  
that crowns the sea.

## THE STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO.

1.  
SINCE in Athens God stood plain for adora-  
tion,  
Since the sun beheld his likeness reared in  
stone,  
Since the bronze or gold of human consecra-  
tion  
Gave to Greece her guardian's form and  
feature shown,  
Never hand of sculptor, never heart of nation,  
Found so glorious aim in all these ages  
flown  
As is theirs who rear for all time's acclamation  
Here the likeness of our mightiest and  
their own.

2.  
Theirs and ours and all men's living who be-  
hold him  
Crowned with garlands multiform and  
manifold;  
Praise and thanksgiving of all mankind enfold  
him  
Who for all men casts abroad his gifts of  
gold.  
With the gods of song have all men's tongues  
enrolled him,  
With the helpful gods have all men's hearts  
enrolled:  
Ours he is who love him, ours whose hearts'  
hearts hold him  
Fast as his the trust that hearts like his  
may hold.

3.  
He, the heart most high, the spirit on earth  
most blameless,  
Takes in charge all spirits, holds all hearts  
in trust;  
As the sea-wind's on the sea his ways are  
tameless,  
As the laws that steer the world his works  
are just.  
All most noble feel him nobler, all most shame-  
less  
Feel his wrath and scorn make pale their  
pride and lust;  
All most poor and lowliest, all whose wrongs  
were nameless,  
Feel his word of comfort raise them from  
the dust.

4.  
Pride of place and lust of empire bloody-  
fruited  
Knew the blasting of his breath on leaf and  
fruit:  
Now the hand that smote the death-tree now  
disrooted  
Plants the refuge-tree that has man's hope  
for root.  
Ah, but we he whom his darkness was saluted,  
How shall now all we that see his day  
salute?  
How should love not seen by love's own  
speech confuted, [mute?  
Song before the sovereign singer not be



With what worship, by what blessing, in  
 what name, what  
 May we not of him, sainted him, or adore,  
 With what hymn for praise, what thank-giv-  
 ing for pasture,  
 Who had given us more than heaven, and  
 gives us more?  
 Heaven's, where treasure, piled up full with  
 the gifts of treasure,  
 Holds not so dearly on it a starry store  
 As the sun, that reflect it at its four worlds  
 at its core.  
 O that I were I had, and I darkness, I rise  
 with flower and ore.  
 5.  
 Song had touched the bound; fresh verses  
 overlaid it,  
 I and I and I, and I, waves on waves on waves  
 that throng;  
 Still the rock grows, and the sea-mark still  
 below it,  
 Sinks and shifts and rises, changed and  
 swept along,  
 Rise it like a rock? the waters overthrow it,  
 And another stands beyond them sheer and  
 strong;  
 Goal by goal pays down its prize, and yields  
 its post,  
 To bring a new life of melody, a palm, a wheel  
 of song.  
 6.  
 Stars, it's hand that holds it, the eye of fear  
 and wonder,  
 Opened on the high priest's dreaming eyes  
 a door,  
 Whence the lights of heaven and hell above  
 and under,  
 Soone, and I soone the face that men bow  
 down before,  
 Thrice again one singer's note had cloven in  
 sun and  
 Night, who blows again, not one blast now  
 but four,  
 And the fourfold heaven is kindled with his  
 thunder,  
 And the stars about his forehead are four-  
 score.  
 7.  
 From the deep soul's depths where always love  
 abounded,  
 First had risen a song with healing on its  
 wings,  
 Whence the dews of mercy raining balsam-  
 bounded

Shed their last compassion even on sceptic  
 things,<sup>1</sup>  
 Even on heads that like a crown the crown  
 surrounded,  
 Fell his crowning pit, soft as cleansing  
 springs;  
 And the sweet last note his wrath relenting  
 sounded,  
 Bate men's heart's be melted not for slaves  
 but kings.  
 8.  
 Next, that faith might strengthen fear, and  
 love embolden,  
 On the curls of priests, a source of sun-  
 beams fell;  
 And its flash made bare the deeps of heaven,  
 beholden,  
 Not of men that cry, Lord, Lord, from  
 church or cell,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hope as young as dawn from night obscure  
 and olden,  
 Rose again, such power abides in truth's  
 one spell;  
 Night, if dawn it be that touches her, grows  
 golden;  
 Tears, if such as angels weep, extinguish  
 hell.  
 9.  
 Through the blind loud mills of Ixion blear-  
 eyed learning,  
 Where in dust and darkness children's  
 foreheads bow,  
 While men's labor, vain as wind or water  
 turning,  
 Wheels and sails of dreams, makes life a  
 leafless bough,  
 Fell the light of scorn and pity touched with  
 yearning,  
 Next, from words that glow as heaven's  
 own kindling brow,<sup>3</sup>  
 Stars were these as watch-fires on the world's  
 waste burning,  
 Stars that fade not in the fourfold sunrise  
 now.<sup>4</sup>  
 10.  
 Now the voice that faints not till all wrongs  
 be broken,  
 Sounds as might the sun's song from the  
 morning's breast,  
 11.  
<sup>1</sup> *La Cité Suprême*, 1870.  
<sup>2</sup> *Les Écoles et Religion*, 1880.  
<sup>3</sup> *L'Âge*, 1880.  
<sup>4</sup> *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*, I. *Le Livre satirique*, II. *Le Livre dramatique*, III. *Le Livre lyrique*, IV. *Le Livre épique*, 1881.

All the seats of silence sealed of night are  
broken,

All the words that be in the fount of word  
are blest.

All the keener east flames I with one to  
token;

All the north is loud with life that knows  
not rest,

All the south with song as though the stars  
had spoken;

All the judgment-fire at sunset sooths the  
west.

12.

Sound of pain, full of chanted piteous  
Though by the gods' own song trumpet  
spake forth praise,

March of war, songs of Pythian mood of  
Pyræus,

Though the blast were blown by lips of  
ancient days

Rime not clearer than the clayon of sun  
Song whose breath sweeps bar the plain  
infected ways

Till the world be pure, the heaven is for the  
lyric

Sun to rise up clothed with radiant souls  
as rays,

13.

Clear across the cloud-rack flutnant and  
erratic

As the strong star smiles that lets no  
mouner mourn,

Hymned alike from lips of Lesbian choirs or  
Attic

Once at evensong and morning newly born,  
Clear and sure above the changes of dramatic  
Tide and current, soft with love and keen  
with scorn,

Smiles the strong sweet soul of maidenhood,  
ecstatic

And inviolate as the red glad mouth of  
morn,

14.

Pure and passionate as dawn, whose apparition

Thrills with fire from heaven the wheels of  
hours that walk,

Rose and passed her radiance in serene transi-  
tion

From his eyes who sought a grain and  
found a pearl,

But the food by cunning hope for vain frui-  
tion

Lightly stolen away from keeping of a  
churl

Left the bitterness of death and hope's perdition

On the lip that scorn was wont for shame  
to walk,

15.

Over waves that darker round the wave-worn  
tower

Ran his clamor fiercer than winds cried  
round the ship,

Rose a pageant of setons and storms blown  
over,

Hands that held life's guerdons fast or let  
them slip,

But no tongue may tell, no trunk giving dis-  
cover,

He'll to the heaven of blessing, soft with clouds  
that drop,

Keen with beams that hostile, dear as love to  
cover,

Opening by the spell strength on his lyric  
lip.

16.

But that spell the soul transfigured and delated

Puts forth wings that when, breathes a  
brightening air,

Feeds on light and drinks of music, whence  
clad

All her sense grows godlike, seeing all  
depths made bare,

All the mists wherein of life she sat delated  
Shrink, till now the night knows not if  
they were;

All this earth transformed to Eden recreated,  
With the breath of heaven murmuring in  
her hair.

17.

Sweeter far than naught of sweet that April  
muses

Deep in dew-dropt woodland glade let  
and furled

Breathes the bagiant song whose burning  
dawn disperses

Darkness, like the surge of armies back-  
ward huled,

Even as though the touch of spring's own  
hand, that pierces

Earth with life's delight, had hidden in the  
impearled

Golden bells and buds and petals of his verses  
All the breath of all the flowers in all the  
world.

18.

But the soul therein, the light that our souls  
follow,

Fires and fills the song with more of pro-  
phet's pride,

1. *Les Deux Tournaies de Gallus*. 1. *Marguilla*, comédie. II. *Isca*, drame.

More of me than a thousand deaths that  
swallow,

More of me than a thousand deaths that  
men fear.

Plunge me down where the waves are  
swallow.

Stretch out that wide, wide, and deep  
adversity's trail.

And a token from the dust of that strange  
swallow!

A vase in that on still toward the wintry  
sky.

Never come, which do not divine's light  
From the glorious eye darkness where  
of yore.

And out rash sought word of help and relief  
there.

And that, I think, a sign to go before,  
Never's baptism-waters of abjection.

Behind the frowns of exile on southern  
shore.

Where the lightning of the sea of revolution  
Flashed a cross, then ere its tumbler, yet  
might rear.

By the lightning's light of present revelation  
Shown, with earthquake as from skies that  
frown,

Clad in darkness as of darkening expectation,  
Rose a vision of dead stars and suns gone  
down,

Whence of old force fire devoured the star-  
struck nation,

Till its wrath and woe lit red the raving  
town,

Now made glorious with his statue's crowning  
statue.

Which may never gleam again a silver  
crown.

King, with time for none and all the years  
for pages,

He shall reign, though all thrones else be  
overthrown,

Served of sons that live on his living word for  
words,

Crown'd of heaven, a crown that leaves  
his brows unpeeled;

Girt about with robes unrent of storm that  
rages,

Robes not wrought with hands, from no  
loom's weft unfurled;

Je suis un être étrange, car j'émigre  
Du côté de l'éther

Le Livre Lyrique, in

At the price of all earth's tongues in  
earth's tongue.

At the price of all men's hearts in all the  
world.

Yet what had I shall carve the  
statue.

Mark the face of fame, and glory's feature  
glow?

Who be near, for eyes of ages force to  
understand.

He is the Master, whom love knows not  
it know?

Such a perfect praise of man, man's work  
in it meet.

Such a perfect praise of man, man's work  
in it meet.

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Such a perfect praise of man, man's work  
in it meet.

What a world, that last three hours, like  
 A world by night's broad land he  
 In the world, as from that color of death,  
 What a world, that last three hours, like  
 A world by night's broad land he  
 In the world, as from that color of death,  
 What a world, that last three hours, like  
 A world by night's broad land he  
 In the world, as from that color of death,

SONNETS

THE SUNSET

THE SUNSET  
 When the sun's rays  
 Have faded from the front of heaven  
 And the light  
 Is dimmed, God will part the shades  
 Where blind men  
 Can see the sun's face that  
 Prays to be seen  
 A light  
 From the very darkness  
 That  
 Is the light of the sun's  
 Play in the air  
 It is a  
 Light of the heart  
 When the sun  
 Leaves off to dream  
 And  
 Yearns  
 May youth first  
 Purge her  
 Sight to discern  
 What  
 Once being  
 Known leaves  
 Time no  
 Power to  
 Part  
 Youth at last,  
 Ere yet  
 Youth be  
 Not, learn  
 The  
 Kind  
 Wise  
 Word that  
 Falls from  
 Years  
 That  
 Fall  
 'Hope  
 Thine  
 Not  
 Much,  
 and  
 Fear  
 Thine  
 Not  
 At  
 All.'

AFTER SUNSET.

\* Si quis parum Minibus locus.

I.

STRAD-HIT from the sun's grave in the deep  
 Clear west  
 A sweet strong wind blows, glad of life;  
 And I,  
 Under the soft keen stardawn whence the  
 Sky  
 Fakes life renewed, and all night's godlike  
 Breast  
 Palpitates, gradually reveals at rest  
 By growth and change of aids felt on  
 High,

What a world, that last three hours, like  
 A world by night's broad land he  
 In the world, as from that color of death,  
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 In the world, as from that color of death,

II.

The wind was soft let the sun's fled;  
 Now, were the sun's surrounded corpse of  
 Day  
 A flower of a long a red funeral way  
 Down to the dark that knows not white from  
 Red,  
 A clean shorn breeze against the night makes  
 A  
 Scene, but time of life as ere a ray  
 Sings, of the dusk of dawn knows red  
 From  
 Is a son that knows not quick from  
 Dead  
 From the field the sunset, far above,  
 Tull toward the starry soundless east it  
 Blows  
 Bright as a child's breath breathing on a  
 Rose,  
 Smooth to the sense as plume of any dove;  
 Till more and more as darkness grows and  
 Glows  
 Silence and night seem like life and love.

III.

It light of life outlive the set of sun  
 That men call death and end of all things,  
 Then  
 How should not that which life held best  
 For men  
 And proved most precious, though it seem  
 Undone  
 By force of death and woful victory won,  
 Be first and surest of revival, when  
 Death shall bow down to life arisen again?  
 So all the soul seen be the self-same one  
 That looked and spake with even such  
 And eyes  
 As love shall doubt not then to recognize,  
 And all bright thoughts and smiles of all  
 Time past  
 Revive, transfigured, but a spirit and sense  
 None other than we knew, for evidence  
 That love's last mortal word was not his  
 Last.

## A STUDY FROM MEMORY.

It that be yet a living soul which here  
 Seemed brighter for the growth of num-  
 bered springs  
 And clothed by Time and Pain with good-  
 lier things  
 Each year it saw fulfilled a fresh fleet year,  
 Death can have changed not aught that made  
 it dear:  
 Half humorous goodness, grave-eyed mirth  
 on wines  
 Bright-balanced, blither-voiced than quiring  
 strings;  
 Most radiant patience, crowned with conquer-  
 ing cheer;  
 A spirit inviolable that smiled and sang  
 By might of nature and heroic need  
 More sweet and strong than loftiest dream  
 or deed;  
 A song that shone, a light whence music rang  
 High as the sunniest heights of kindest  
 thought;  
 All these must be, or all she was be nought.

## TO DR. JOHN BROWN.

Beyond the north wind lay the land of old  
 Where men dwelt blithe and blameless,  
 clothed and fed  
 With joy's bright raiment and with love's  
 sweet bread,  
 The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold,  
 None there might wear about his brows en-  
 rolled  
 A light of love'er fame than rings your  
 head,  
 Whose lovesome love of children and the  
 dead  
 All men give thanks for: I far off behold  
 A dear dead hand that links us, and a light  
 The blithest and benignest of the night,  
 The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein  
 may be  
 A star to show your spirit in present sight  
 Some happier island in the Elysian sea  
 Where Rab may lick the hand of Mar-  
 jorie.

## TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

THE larks are loud above our leagues of whin  
 Now the sun's perfume fills their glorious  
 gold

With odor like the color: all the world  
 Is only light and song and wind wherein  
 These twain are blent in one with shining din,  
 And now your gift, a giver's kingly-souled,  
 Dear old fast friend whose honors grow not  
 old,  
 Bids memory's note as loud and sweet begin,  
 Though all but we from life be now gone  
 forth  
 Of that bright household in our joyous north  
 Where I, scarce clear of boyhood just at end,  
 First met your hand; yet under nite's clear  
 dome,  
 Now seventy strenuous years have crowned  
 my friend,  
 Shines no less bright his full-sheaved har-  
 vest-home.

## A DEATH ON EASTER DAY.

THE strong spring sun rejoicingly may rise,  
 Rise and make revel, as of old men said,  
 Like dancing hearts of lovers newly wed:  
 A light more bright than ever bathed the  
 skies  
 Departs for all time out of all men's eyes,  
 The crowns that girt last night a living  
 head  
 Shine only now, though deathless, on the  
 dead:  
 Art that mocks death, and Song that never  
 dies,  
 Albeit the bright sweet moth-like wings be  
 furled,  
 Hope sees, past all division and defection,  
 And higher than swims the mist of human  
 breath,  
 The soul most radiant once in all the world  
 Requickened to regenerate resurrection  
 Out of the likeness of the shadow of  
 death.

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CAR-  
 LYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight  
 Pass, followed one with love and each with  
 wonder:  
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of  
 thunder,  
 Clothed with loud words and mantled in the  
 might  
 of darkness and magnificence of night;

And one whose eye could snare the night in  
sunder,  
Searching if light or no light were there-  
under,  
And found in love of loving-kindness light,  
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire  
Still following Righteousness with deep desire  
Shone sole and stern before her and above,  
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more  
sweet  
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly  
feet,  
The light of little children, and their love.

AFTER LOOKING INTO CARLYLE'S  
REMINISCENCES.

I.

THREE men lived yet when this dead man  
was young  
Whose names and words endure forever :  
one  
Whose eyes grew dim with straining toward  
the sun,  
And his wings weakened, and his angel's  
tongue  
Lost half the sweetest song was ever sung,  
But like the strain half uttered earth hears  
none,  
Nor shall man hear till all men's songs are  
done :  
One whose clear spirit like an eagle hung  
Between the mountains hallowed by his love  
And the sky stainless as his soul above :  
And one the sweetest heart that ever spake  
The brightest words wherein sweet wisdom  
smiled.  
These deathless names by this dead snake  
defiled  
Bid memory spit upon him for their sake.

II.

Sweet heart, forgive me for thine own sweet  
sake,  
Whose kind blithe soul such seas of sorrow  
swam,  
And for my love's sake, powerless as I am  
For love to praise thee, or like thee to make  
Music of mirth where hearts less pure would  
break,  
Less pure than thine, our life-unspotted  
Lamb,  
Things hatefullest thou hadst not heart to  
damu,  
Nor wouldst have set thine heel on this dead  
snake.

Let worms consume its memory with its  
tongue,  
The fang that stabbed fair Truth, the lip that  
stung  
Men's memories uncorroded with its breath,  
Forgive me, that with bitter words like his  
I mix the gentlest English name that is,  
The tenderest heid of all that know not  
death.

A LAST LOOK.

SICK of self-love, Malvolio, like an owl  
That hoots the sun risen where starlight  
sank,  
With German garters crossed athwart thy  
frank  
Stout Scottish legs, men watched thee snarl  
and scowl,  
And boys responsive with reverberate howl  
Shrilled, hearing how to thee the springtime  
stank  
And as thine own soul all the world smelt  
rank  
And as thine own thoughts Liberty seemed  
foul,  
Now, for all ill thoughts nursed and ill words  
given  
Not all condemned, not utterly forgiven,  
Son of the storm and darkness, pass in  
peace.  
Peace upon earth thou knewest not : now,  
being dead,  
Rest, with nor curse nor blessing on thine  
head,  
Where high-strung hate and strenuous envy  
cease.

DICKENS.

CHIEF in thy generation born of men  
Whom English praise acclaimed as Eng-  
lish-born,  
With eyes that matched the worldwide eyes  
of morn  
For gleam of tears or laughter, tenderest  
then  
When thoughts of children warmed their  
light, or when  
Reverence of age with love and labor worn,  
Or godlike pity fired with godlike scorn,  
Shot through them flame that winged thy  
swift live pen:  
Where stars and suns that we behold not  
burn,

Higher even than here, though highest was  
 here thy place,  
 Love sees thy spirit laugh and speak and  
 shine  
 With Shakespeare and the soft bright soul of  
 Sterne  
 And Fielding's kindest might and Gold-  
 smith's grace;  
 Scarce one more loved or worthier love  
 than thine.

ON LAMB'S SPECIMENS OF DRAMA-  
 TICAL POETS.

I.

IF all the flowers of all the fields on earth  
 By wonder-working summer were made  
 one,  
 Its fragrance were not sweeter in the sun,  
 Its treasure-house of leaves were not more  
 worth  
 Than those wherefrom thy light of musing  
 north  
 Shone, till each leaf whereon thy pen would  
 run  
 Breathed life, and all its breath was beau-  
 tiful,  
 Beloved beyond all names of English birth,  
 More dear than mightier memories; gentlest  
 name  
 That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet  
 fame,  
 Or linked itself with loftiest names of old  
 By right and might of loving; I, that am  
 Less than the least of those within thy fold,  
 Give only thanks for them to thee, Charles  
 Lamb.

II.

So many a year had borne its own bright bees  
 And they to them since thy honey-bees were  
 John, in edis of flower-sweet verse  
 contrived  
 So well with craft of moulding melodies,  
 Thy soul perchance in amaranth fields at ease  
 Thought not to hear the sound on earth  
 revived  
 Of summer music from the spring derived  
 When thy song sucked the flower of flower-  
 ling trees,  
 But thine was not the chance of every day:  
 Time, after many a darkling hour, grew sunny,  
 And light between the clouds ere sunset  
 swam,

Laughing, and kissed their darkness all  
 away,  
 When, touched and tasted and approved,  
 thy honey  
 Took subtler sweetness from the lips of  
 Lamb.

TO JOHN NICHOL.

I.

FRIEND of the dead, and friend of all my  
 days  
 Even since they cast off boyhood, I salute  
 The song saluting friends whose songs are  
 mute  
 With full burnt-offerings of clear-spirited  
 praise,  
 That since our old young years our several  
 ways  
 Have led through fields diverse of flower  
 and fruit  
 Yet no cross wind has once relaxed the  
 root  
 We set long since beneath the sun-twin's rays,  
 The root of trust whence towered the trusty  
 tree,  
 Friendship—this only and thine might impel  
 My song to salutation of your own;  
 More even than praise of one unseen of me  
 And loved—the starry spirit of Dobell,  
 To mine by light and music only known.

II.

But more than this what moves me most of  
 all  
 To leave not all unworded and unsped  
 The white heart's greeting of my thanks  
 unsaid  
 Scarce needs this sign, that from my tongue  
 should fall  
 His name whom sorrow and reverent love  
 recall,  
 The sign to friend on earth of that dear  
 head  
 Alive, which once intimately dead  
 The wan gray valed for a pall,  
 Their trustless sense dense with tangling  
 stems  
 Took never life or taintless of rebuke,  
 More pure and perfect, more serene and  
 kind,  
 That when those clear eyes closed beneath  
 the Thames,  
 And made the now more hallowed name of  
 Lake  
 Memorial to a of morning left behind.

DYSTHANATOS.

*Adi. kerem Cereris sum caelestis vulnere fracti  
Desolant reges, aut sua à morte tyranni.*

But no dry death another king goes down  
The way of kings. Yet may no free man's  
voice,  
For stern compassion and deep awe, re-  
joice  
That one sign more is given against the  
crown,  
For one more head those dark red waters  
down  
Which rise round thrones whose trembling  
equipoise  
Is tropp'd on sand and bloodshed and such  
toys  
As human hearts that shrink at human frown,  
The name writ red on Polish earth, the star  
That was to out-shine our England's in the  
far

East heaven of empire—where is one that  
saith  
Fool words now, prophesying of this White  
Czar?  
In bloodless pangs few Kings yield up  
their breath,  
Few tyrants perish by no violent death?

EUONYMOS.

*εὐ μὴν ἦ τιμὴν ἰδίδου νικηθῆρος ἀρκῆ  
ἐκ νίκης θύου' ἔσχε φόβου κταρ ἀενάματος.*

A YEAR ago red wrath and keen despair  
Spoke, and the sole word from their dark-  
ness sent  
Laid low the hard not all omnipotent  
Who stood most like a god of all that were  
As gods for pride of power, till fire and air  
Made earth of all his godhead. Lightning  
rent  
The heart of empire's lurid firmament,  
And laid the mortal core of manhood bare.  
But when the calm crowned head that all  
revere  
For valor higher than that which casts out  
fear,  
Since fear came near it never, comes near  
death,  
Blind mirror cowers before it, knowing that  
he is  
No braver soul drew bright and queenly  
breath  
Since England wept upon Elizabeth.

ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF  
THE JEWS.

O son of man, by lying tongues adored,  
By slaughterous hands of slaves with feet  
red-shod  
In carnage deep as ever Christian trod  
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred,  
And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,  
Brute worshippers or wielders of the rod,  
Most murderous even of all that call thee  
God,  
Most treacherous even that ever called thee  
Lord:  
Face loved of little children long ago,  
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,  
If thou see this, or hear these hounds of  
thine  
Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,  
Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow  
In death's worst hour the works of Christian  
men?

BISMARCK AT CANOSSA.

Not all disgraced, in that Italian town,  
The imperial German cowered beneath  
thine hand,  
Alone indeed imperial Hildebrand,  
And felt thy foot and Rome's, and felt her  
frown  
And thine, more strong and sovereign than  
his crown,  
Though iron forged its blood-encrusted  
band.  
But now the princely wielder of his land,  
For hatred's sake toward freedom, so bows  
down,  
No strength is in the foot to spurn: its tread  
Can bruise not now the proud submitted  
head:  
But how much more abased, much lower  
brought low,  
And more intolerably humiliated,  
The neck submissive of the prosperous foe,  
Than his whom scorn saw shuddering in the  
snow!

QUIA NOMINOR LEO.

I.

WHAT part is left thee, lion? Ravenous  
beast,  
Which hadst the world for pasture, and for  
scope



And compass of time beam'dal hope  
The kingdom of the spirit of man, the feast  
Of souls sated from west to sunless east,  
From backening north to bloodred south  
aslope,

All servile; earth for footloath of the pope,  
And heaven for chancel-ceiling of the priest;  
Thou that hadst earth by right of rack and rod,  
Thou that hadst Rome because thy name was  
God,

And by thy creed's gift heaven wherein to  
dwell;  
Heaven laughs with all his light and might  
above  
That earth has cast thee out of faith and  
love;  
Thy part is but the hollow dream of hell.

## II.

The light of life has faded from thy cause,  
High priest of heaven and hell and pur-  
gatory:

Thy lips are loud with strains of oldworld  
story,  
But the red prey was rent out of thy paws  
long since; and they that dying brake down  
thy laws

Have with the fires of death-enkindled glory  
Put out the flame that faltered on thy hoary  
High altars, waning with the world's applause.  
This Italy was Dante's; Bruno died  
Here; Campanella, too sublime for pride,  
Endured thy God's worst here, and hence  
went home.

And what art thou, that time's full tide should  
shrink  
For thy sake downward? What art thou, to  
think  
Thy God shall give thee back for birthright  
Rome?

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Nor for less love, all gluttons France, to thee,  
'Sweet enemy' called in days long since at  
end,

Now found and hailed of England sweeter  
friend,  
Bright sister of our freedom now, being free;  
Not for less love or faith in friendship we  
Whose love burnt ever toward thee re-  
prehend  
The vile vain greed whose pious dreams  
ponenci  
Between our shores suppression of the sea.

Nor by dull toil of blind mechanic art  
Shall these be linked for no man's force to  
part

Nor length of years and changes to divide,  
But union only of trust and loving heart  
And perfect faith in freedom strong to abide  
And spirit at one with spirit on either side.

## SIR WILLIAM GOMM.

## I.

At threescore years and five aroused anew  
To rule in India, forth a soldier went  
On whose bright-fronted youth fierce war  
had spent

Its iron stress of storm, till glory grew  
Full as the red sun waned on Waterloo,  
Landing, he met the word from England  
sent  
Which bade him yield up rule: and he, con-  
tent,

Resigned it, as a mightier warrior's due;  
And wrote as one rejoicing to record  
That 'from the first' his royal heart was  
lord  
Of its own pride or pain; that thought was  
none

Therein save this, that in her perilous strait  
England, whose womb brings forth her sons  
so great,  
Should choose to serve her trust her migh-  
tiest son.

## II.

Glory beyond all flight of warlike fame  
Go with the warrior's memory who pre-  
ferred  
To praise of men whereby men's hearts  
are stirred,

And acclamation of his own proud name  
With blare of trumpet-blasts and sound and  
flame

Of pageant honor, and the titular word  
'That only wins men worship of the herd.  
His country's sovereign good; who overcame  
Pride, wrath, and hope of all high chance on  
earth,  
For this land's love that gave his great heart  
birth.

O nursing of the sea-winds and the sea,  
Immortal England, goddess ocean-born,  
What shall thy children fear, what strengths  
not scorn,

While children of such mould are born to  
thee?

## EUTHANATOS.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. TIDDESSON.

FORTH of our ways and woes,  
 Forth of the winds and snows,  
 A white soul soaring goes,  
 Winged like a dove;  
 So sweet, so pure, so clear,  
 So heavenly tempered here,  
 Love need not hope or fear her changed  
 above;

Ere dawned her day to die,  
 So heavenly, that on high  
 Change could not glorify  
 Nor death refine her;  
 Pure gold of perfect love,  
 On earth like heaven's own dove,  
 She cannot wear, above, a smile diviner.

Her voice in heaven's own quire  
 Can sound no heavenlier lyre  
 Than here: no purer fire  
 Her soul can soar;  
 No sweeter stars her eyes  
 In unimagined skies  
 Beyond our sight can rise than here before.

Hardly long years had shed  
 Their shadows on her head;  
 Hardly we think her dead,  
 Who hardly thought her  
 Old: hardly can believe  
 The grief our hearts receive  
 And wonder while they grieve, as wrong were  
 wrought her.

But though strong grief be strong  
 No word or thought of wrong  
 May stain the troubling song,  
 Wring the bruised heart,  
 That sounds or sighs its faint  
 Low note of love, nor taint  
 Grief for so sweet a saint, when such depart.

A saint whose perfect soul,  
 With perfect love for goal,  
 Faith hardly might control,  
 Creeds might not harden:  
 A flower more splendid far  
 Than the most radiant star  
 Seen here of all that are in God's own garden.

Surely the stars we see  
 Rise and relapse as we,  
 And change and set, may be

But shadows too,  
 But spirits that man's lot  
 Could neither mar nor spot  
 Like these false lights are not, being heavenly  
 true.

Not like these dying lights  
 Of worlds whose glory smites  
 The passage of the nights  
 Through heaven's blind prison:  
 Not like their souls who see,  
 If thought fly far and free,  
 No heavenlier heaven to be for souls risen,

A soul wherein love shone  
 Even like the sun, alone,  
 With fervor of its own  
 And splendor fed,  
 Made by no creeds less kind  
 Toward souls by none confined,  
 Could Death's self quench or blind, Love's  
 self were dead.

## FIRST AND LAST.

Upon the borderlands of being,  
 Where life draws hardly breath  
 Between the lights and shadows fleeing  
 Fast as a word one saith,  
 Two flowers rejoice our eyesight, seeing  
 The dawns of birth and death.

Behind the babe his dawn is lying  
 Half risen with notes of mirth  
 From all the winds about it flying  
 Through new-born heaven and earth.  
 Before bright age his day for dying  
 Dawns equal-eyed with birth.

Equal the dews of even and dawn,  
 Equal the sun's eye seen  
 A hand's breadth risen and half withdrawn  
 But no bright hour between  
 Brings aught so bright by stream or lawn  
 To noonday growths of green.

Which flower of life may smell the sweeter  
 To love's insensual sense,  
 Which fragrance move with offering meeter  
 His soothed omnipotence,  
 Being chosen as fairer or as flecter,  
 Borne hither or borne hence,

Love's foiled omniscience knows not: this  
 Where more than all he knows

With all his lore of hale and lass,  
The choice of rose and rose,  
One red as lips that tom' with Vi,  
One white as moonlit snows.

No hope is half so sweet and good,  
No dream of saint or sice,  
So fair as these are: no dark mood  
But the e night best assure;  
The sweet red rose of babyhood,  
The white sweet rose of age.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD  
JOHN TRELAWNY.

Like a high star of the years whose thunder  
still men's listening remembrance hears,  
Last light left of our fathers' years,  
Watched with honor and bared with wonder  
Thou too then have the years borne under,  
Thou too then hast regained thy peers.

Wings that warred with the winds of morn-  
ing,  
Storm-winds rocking the red great dawn,  
Close at last, and a film is drawn  
Over the eyes of the storm-bird, smiling  
Now no longer the loud win'Ps warring,  
Waves that threaten or waves that tawn.

Peers were none of thee left us living,  
Peers of theirs we shall see no more,  
Eight years over the full fourscore  
Know thee: now shalt thou sleep, forgiving  
All griefs past of the wild world's giving,  
Moored at last on the stormless shore.

Worldwide liberty's lifelong lover,  
Lover no less of the strength of song,  
Sea-king, sword-man, hater of wrong,  
Over thy dust that the dust shall cover  
Comes my song as a bird to hover,  
Be true or its will as of wings along.

Cherished of thee were this brief song's  
brothers  
Now that follows them, cherishing thee,  
Over the tides and the tideless sea  
Soft as a smile of the earth our mother's  
Flies it faster than all those others,  
First of the troop at thy tomb to be.

Memories of Greece and the mountain's  
hollow  
Guarded along of thy loyal sword

Hold thy name for our hearts in ward:  
Yet more firm are our hearts to follow  
One way now with the southward swallow  
Back to the grave of the man their bird.

Heart of hearts, art thou moved not, hearing  
Smile, if hearts of the dead may hear,  
Whose true heart it is now draws near?  
Surely the sense of it thrills thee, cheering  
Darkness and death with the news now near-  
ing—  
Shelley, Trelawny rejoins thee here

ADIEUX À MARIE STUART.

I.

QUEEN, for whose house my fathers fought,  
With hopes that rose and fell,  
Red star of boyhood's fiery thought,  
Farewell.

They gave their lives, and I, my queen,  
Have given you of my life,  
Seeing your brave star burn high between  
Men's strife.

The strife that lightened round their spears  
Long since fell still: so long  
Hardly may hope to last in years  
My song.

But still through strife of time and thought  
Your light on me too fell:  
Queen, in whose name we sang or fought,  
Farewell.

II.

There beats no heart on either border  
Whence through the north blasts blow  
But keeps your memory as a warder  
His beacon-fire aglow.

Long since it fired with love and wonder  
Mine, for whose April age  
Blithe midsummer made banquet under  
The shade of Hermitage.

Soft sang the burn's blithe notes, that gather  
Strength to ring true:  
And air and trees and sun and heather  
Remembered you.

Old border ghosts of fight or fairy  
Or love or teen,

They they forgot, remembering Mary  
The Queen.

## III.

Queen once of Scots and ever of ours  
Whose shies brought forth for you  
Their lives to strew your way like flowers,  
Adieu.

Dead is full many a dead man's name  
Who died for you t'is long  
Time past: shall this too fare the same,  
My song?

But surely, though it die or I've,  
Your face was worth  
All that a man may think to give  
On earth.

No darkness cast of years between  
Can darken you:  
Man's love will never bid my queen  
Adieu.

## IV.

Love hangs like light about your name  
As music round the shell:  
No heart can take of you a tame  
Farewell.

Yet, when your very face was seen,  
Ill gifts were yours for giving:  
Love gat strange guerdons of my queen  
When living.

O diamond heart unflawed and clear,  
The whole world's crowning jewel!  
Was ever heart so deadly dear  
So cruel?

Yet none for you of all that bled  
Grudged once one drop that fell:  
Not one to life reluctant said  
Farewell.

## V.

Strange love they have given you, love dis-  
loyal,  
Who mock with praise your name,  
To leave a head so rare and royal  
Too low for praise or blame.

You could not love nor hate, they tell us  
You had nor sense nor sting:  
In God's name, then, what plague befell us  
To fight for such a thing?

'Some faults the gods will give,' to fetter  
Man's highest intent:

But surely you were something better  
Than innocent!

No maid that strays with steps unwary  
Through snares unseen,  
But on: to live and die for; Mary,  
The Queen.

## VI.

Forgive them all their praise, who blot  
Your fame with praise of you:  
Then love may say, and falter not,  
Adieu

Yet some you hardly would forgive  
Who did you much less wrong  
Once: but resentment should not live  
Too long.

They never saw your lip's bright bow,  
Your swordbright eyes,  
The bluest of heavenly things below  
The skies.

Clear eyes that love's self finds most like  
A swordblade's blue,  
A swordblade's ever keen to strike,  
Adieu.

## VII.

Though all things breathe or sound of fight  
That yet make up your spell,  
To bid you were to bid the light  
Farewell.

Farewell the song says only, being  
A star whose race is run:  
Farewell the soul says never, seeing  
The sun.

Yet, wellnigh as with flash of tears,  
The song must say but so  
That took your praise up twenty years  
Ago.

More bright than stars or moons that vary,  
Sun kindling heaven and hell,  
Here, after all these years, Queen Mary,  
Farewell.

## HERSE.

When grace is given us ever to behold  
A child some sweet months old,  
Love, laying across our lips his finger, saith,  
Smiling, with bated breath,

Hush! for the loliest thing that lives is here,  
 And heaven's own heart how near!  
 How fare we, that gaze not on the sun,  
 Gaze on this yet so near?  
 Heart, hold thy peace; eyes, be cast down  
 for shame;  
 Lips, breathe not yet its name.  
 In heaven they know what name to call it; we,  
 How should we know? For see!  
 The adorable sweet living marvellous  
 Strange light that lightens us  
 Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace,  
 Full in a babe's warm face!  
 All roses that the morning rears are nought,  
 All stars not worth a thought,  
 Set this one star against them, or suppose  
 As rival this one rose.  
 What price could pay with earth's whole  
 weight of gold  
 One least flushed roseleaf's fold  
 Of all this dimpling store of smiles that shine  
 From each warm curve and line,  
 Each charm of flower-sweet flesh, to reillumine  
 The dappled rose-red bloom  
 Of all its dainty body, honey-sweet  
 Clenched hands and curled-up feet,  
 That on the roses of the dawn have trod  
 As they came down from God,  
 And keep the flush and color that the sky  
 Takes when the sun comes nigh,  
 And keep the likeness of the smile their grace  
 Evoked on God's own face  
 When, seeing this work of his most heavenly  
 mood,  
 He saw that it was good?  
 For all its warm sweet body seems one smile,  
 And mere men's love too vile  
 To meet it, or with eyes that worship dims  
 Read o'er the little limbs,  
 Read all the book of all their beauties o'er,  
 Rejoice, revere, adore,  
 Bow down and worship each delight in turn,  
 Laugh, wonder, vie'd, and yearn,  
 But when our trembling kisses dare, yet lead,  
 Even to draw nigh its head,  
 And touch, and scarce with touch or breath  
 surprise  
 Its mild miraculous eyes  
 Out of their viewless vision—O, what then,  
 What may be said of men?  
 What speech may name a new-born child?  
 what word  
 Earth ever spake or heard?  
 The best men's tongue that ever glory knew  
 Called that a drop of dew  
 Which from the breathing creature's kindly  
 womb

Came forth in blameless bloom.  
 We have no word, as had those men most  
 high,  
 To call a baby by.  
 Rose, ruby, livy, pearl of stormless seas—  
 A better word than these,  
 A better sign it was than flower or gem  
 That love revealed to them;  
 They knew that whence comes light of quick-  
 ening flame,  
 Thence only this thing came,  
 And only might be likened of our love  
 To somewhat born above,  
 Not even to sweetest things dropped else on  
 earth,  
 Only to dew's own birth.  
 Nor doubt we but their sense was heavenly  
 true,  
 Babe, when we gaze on you,  
 A dew-drop out of heaven whose colors are  
 More bright than sun or star,  
 As now, ere watching love dare fear or hope,  
 Lips, hands, and eyelids ope,  
 And all your life is mixed with earthly heaven.  
 O child, what news from heaven?

---

 TWINS.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO W. M. R.  
 AND L. R.

APRIL, on whose wings  
 Ride all gracious things,  
 Like the star that brings  
 All things good to man,  
 Ere his light, that yet  
 Makes the month shine, set,  
 And fair May forget  
 Whence her birth began,

Brings, as heart would choose,  
 Sound of golden news,  
 Bright as kindling dews  
 When the dawn begins;  
 Tidings clear as mirth,  
 Sweet as air and earth  
 Now that hail the birth,  
 Twice thus blest, of twins.

In the lovely land  
 Where with hand in hand  
 Lovers wedded stand  
 Other joys before  
 Made your mixed life sweet:  
 Now, as Time sees meet,

Three glad blossoms greet  
Two glad blossoms more.

Fed with sun and dew,  
While your joys were new,  
First arose and grew  
One bright olive-shoot ;  
Then a fair and fine  
Slip of warm-haired pine  
Felt the sweet sun shine  
On its leaf and fruit.

And it wore for mark  
Grav on the dark  
Beauty of its bark  
That the noblest name  
Worn in song of old  
By the king whose bold  
Hand had fast in hold  
All the flower of fame.

Then, with southern skies  
Flattered in her eyes,  
Which, in lovelier wise  
Yet, reflect their blue  
Brightened more, being bright  
Here with life's delight,  
And with love's live light  
Glorified anew,

Came, as fair as came  
One who bore her name  
(She that broke as flame  
From the swan-shell white),  
Crowned with tender hair  
Only, but more fair  
Than all queens that were  
Themes of oldworld fight,

Of your flowers the third  
Bud, or new-fledged bird  
In your hearts' nest heard  
Murmuring like a dove  
Bright as those that drew  
Over waves where blew  
No loud wind the blue  
Heaven-hued car of love.

Not the glorious grace  
Even of that one face  
Potent to displace  
All the towers of Troy  
Surely shone more clear  
Once with childlike cheer  
Than this child's face here  
Now with living joy.

After these again  
Here in April's train  
Breaks the bloom of twain  
Blossoms in one birth  
For a crown of May  
On the front of day  
When he takes his way  
Over heaven and earth.

Half a heavenly thing  
Given from heaven to Spring  
By the sun her king,  
Half a tender toy,  
Seems a child of curl  
Yet too soft to twirl ;  
Seems the flower-sweet girl  
By the flower-bright boy.

All the kind gods' grace,  
All their love, embrace  
Ever either face,  
Ever brood above them :  
All soft wings of hours  
Screen them as with flowers  
From all beams and showers :  
All life's seasons love them.

When the dews of sleep  
Falling lightliest keep  
Eyes too close to peep  
Forth and laugh off rest,  
Joy from face to feet  
Fill them, as is meet :  
Life to them be sweet  
As their mother's breast.

When those dews are dry,  
And in day's bright eye  
Looking full they lie  
Bright as rose and pearl,  
All returns of joy  
Pure of time's alloy  
Bless the rose-red boy,  
Guard the rose-white girl.

POSTSCRIPT.

Friends, if I could take  
Half a note from Blake  
Or but one verse make  
Of the Conqueror's mine,  
Better than my best  
Song above your nest  
I would sing : the quest  
Now seems too divine.

## THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

If childhood were not in the world,  
 Let only men and women grow;  
 No baby-locks in tendrils curled,  
 No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,  
 And nearer all delights in reach,  
 And verse and music uttered rarer  
 Toncs of more god-like speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hour  
 Found, as it cannot now find, words;  
 Though desert sands were sweet as flowers  
 And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never  
 They felt a child's foot leap and run;  
 This were a drearier star than ever  
 Yet looked upon the sun.

## SEVEN YEARS OLD.

## I.

SEVEN white roses on one tree,  
 Seven white leaves of blameless heaven,  
 Seven white sails on one soft sea,  
 Seven white swans on one lake's lee,  
 Seven white flowerlike stars in heaven,  
 All are types meant to be  
 For a birthday's crown of seven.

## II.

Not the radiance of the roses,  
 Not the blessing of the bread,  
 Not the breeze that ere day grows is  
 Fresh for sails and swans, and closes  
 Wings above the sun's grave spread,  
 When the starshine on the snows is  
 Sweet as sleep on sorrow shed.

## III.

Nothing sweetest, nothing best,  
 Holds so good and sweet a treasure  
 As the love wherewith once blest  
 Joy grows holy, grief takes rest,  
 Life, half tired with hours to measure,  
 Fills his eyes and lips and breast  
 With most light and breath of pleasure;

## IV.

As the rapture unpolluted,  
 As the passion undefiled,  
 By whose force all pains heart-rooted

Are transmuted and transmuted,  
 Reconciled and reconciled,  
 Through the imperial, and sputed,  
 Present godhead of a child.

## V.

Brown bright eyes and fair bright head,  
 Worth a water-crown than this is,  
 Worth a worthier song instead,  
 Sweet grave wise round mouth, full fed  
 With the joy of love, whose bliss is  
 More than mortal wine and bread,  
 Lips whose words are sweet as kisses,

## VI.

Little hands so glad of giving,  
 Little heart so glad of love,  
 Little soul so glad of living,  
 While the strong swift hours are weaving  
 Light with darkness woven above,  
 Time for mirth and time for grieving,  
 Plume of raven and plume of dove,

## VII.

I can give you but a word  
 Warm with love therein for leaven,  
 But a song that falls unheard  
 Yet on ears of sense unstirred  
 Yet a song so far from heaven,  
 Whence you came to brightest bird,  
 Seven years since, of seven times seven.

## EIGHT YEARS OLD.

## I.

Sun, whom the faltering snow-cloud fears  
 Rise, let the time of year be May,  
 Speak now the word that April hears,  
 Let March have all his royal way;  
 Bid all spring raise in winter's ears  
 All tunes her children hear or play,  
 Because the crown of eight glad years  
 On one bright head is set to-day.

## II.

What matters cloud or sun to-day  
 To him who wears the wreath of years  
 So many, and all like flowers at play  
 With wind and sunshine, whither his ears  
 Hear only song on every way?  
 More sweet than spring triumphant hears  
 Ring through the revel-roust of May  
 Are these, the notes that winter fears.

## III.

Strong-hearted winter knows and fears  
 The music made of love at play,  
 Or haply loves the time he hears  
 From hearts fulfilled with flowering May,  
 Whose molten music thaws his ears  
 Late frozen, deaf but yesterday  
 To sounds of dying and dawning years,  
 Now quickened on his deathward way.

## IV.

For deathward now lies winter's way  
 Down the green vestibule of years  
 That each year brightens day by day  
 With flower and shower till hope scarce  
 fears  
 And fear grows wholly hope of May.  
 But we—the music in our ears  
 Made of love's pulses as they play  
 The heart alone that makes it hears.

## V.

The heart it is that plays and hears  
 High salutation of to-day,  
 Tongue fainter, hand shrinks back, song fears  
 Its own unworthiness to play  
 Fit music for those eight sweet years,  
 Or sing their blithe accomplished way,  
 No song quite worth a young child's ears  
 Broke ever even from birds in May.

## VI.

Here beats not in the heart of May,  
 When summer hopes and springtide fears,  
 There falls not from the height of day,  
 When sunlight speaks and silence hears,  
 So sweet a psalm as children play  
 And sing, each hour of all their years,  
 Each moment of their lovely way,  
 And know not how it thrills our ears.

## VII.

Ah child, what are we, that our ears  
 Should hear you singing on your way,  
 Should have the springiness? The years  
 Whose hurrying wings about us play  
 Are not like yours, whose flower-time fears  
 Nought worse than sunlit showers in May,  
 Being sinless as the spring, that hears  
 Her own heart praise her every day

## VIII.

Yet we too triumph in the day  
 That bare, to entrance our eyes and ears,  
 To lighten daylight, and to play  
 Such notes as darkness knows and fears,  
 The child whose face illumines our way,

Whose voice lifts up the heart that hears  
 Whose hand is as the land of May  
 To bring us flowers from eight full years.

## COMPARISONS.

CHILD, when they say that others  
 Have been or are like you,  
 Babes fit to be your brothers,  
 Sweet human drops of dew,  
 Bright fruit of mortal mothers,  
 What should one say or do?

We know the thought is treason,  
 We feel the dream absurd;  
 A claim rebuked of reason,  
 That withers at a word:  
 For never shone the season  
 That bore so blithe a bird.

Some smiles may seem as merry,  
 Some glances gleam as wise,  
 From lips as like a cherry  
 And scarce less gracious eyes;  
 Eyes browner than a berry,  
 Lips red as morning's rise.

But never yet rang laughter  
 So sweet in gladdened ears  
 Through wall and floor and rafter  
 As all this household hears  
 And rings response thereafter  
 Till cloudiest weather clears.

When those your chosen of all men,  
 Whose honey never dloys,  
 Two lights whose smiles enthrall men,  
 Were called at your age boys,  
 Those mighty men, while small men,  
 Could make no merrier noise.

Our Shakespeare, surely, dafted not  
 More lightly pain aside  
 From radiant lips that quaffed not  
 Of f'rethought's tragic tide;  
 Our Dickens, doubtless, laughed not  
 More loud with life's first pride.

The dawn were not more cheerless  
 With neither light nor dew  
 Than we without the fearless  
 Clear laugh that thrills us through;  
 If ever child stood peerless,  
 Love knows that child is you.





in an ear of  
 it is sweet as  
 child of heaven.

A CHILD'S THANKS.

What a meek thank  
 who ever we win,  
 children above  
 and the design to love us,  
 have the same than ours,  
 while sweet flowers;  
 gift to me in  
 complaisance,  
 leads them thus,  
 heavenly business  
 worship kindness,  
 gift a  
 as go them,  
 we breath, whose p  
 or us,

High as  
 that is  
 heart are often  
 its power strength soft  
 to tend or mood  
 With a sight of gratitude  
 Shown than of song or story  
 He heard of hearts unkind.

But with what words for token  
 And what for ring tears  
 reverence risen to passion  
 what glad prostrate fashion  
 spirit and soul subdued,  
 man show gratitude  
 for thanks of children spoken  
 That he in his ear

The angels laugh, your lovers,  
 Child, hear not you thank me,  
 With eyes whose night grows sunny,  
 And touch of lips like honey,  
 And words like honey-dew;  
 But how shall I thank you?  
 For gift are all others  
 What garden-gift may be?

What wealth of words caressing,  
 What choice of songs for a best,  
 Would seem not a derision,  
 I found vain beside the vision

And glory from above  
 Shown in a child's love  
 His part in life is  
 Only to be blest.

A CHILD'S BATTLE.

πῆς ἀριτῶν ἐδρίων.—P. NDAR

PEACE of the knights of old  
 May sleep; then take a fold,  
 And no man  
 The praise which to our lips is  
 A knight's whose face occupies  
 All of them.

The reddiest light in heaven  
 Blazed as his birth-stem  
 Long years ago  
 All glory crown that old year  
 Which brought our stormy soldier  
 With the snow!

Each baby born has one  
 Star, for his future sun,  
 The first of stars  
 And we, the more we scan it,  
 The more grow sure your planet,  
 Child, was Mars.

For each one flower perchance,  
 Blooms as his cog-  
 The snowdrop-chill,  
 The violet unbelonging,  
 For some for you the golden  
 Dandelil.

Erect, a fighting flower,  
 It breasts the breeziest hour  
 That ever blew,  
 And bent or broke things brittle  
 Or frail unlike a little  
 Knight like you.

Its flower is firm and fresh  
 And stout like sturdiest flesh  
 Of children; all  
 The strenuous blast that parches  
 Spring hurts it not till March is  
 Near his fall.

If winds that prate and fret  
 Remark, rebuke, regret,  
 Lament, or blame  
 The brave plant's martial passion,  
 It keeps its own free fashion  
 All the same.

We that would fain seem wise  
Assume grave mouths and eyes  
Whose looks reprove  
Too much delight in battle:  
But your great heart our prattle  
Cannot move.

We say, small children should  
Be placid, mildly good  
And blandly meek:  
Whereat the broad smile rushes  
Full on your lip, and flushes  
All your cheek.

If all the stars that are  
Laughed out, and every star  
Could here be heard,  
Such peals of golden laughter  
We should not hear, as after  
Such a word.

For all the storm saith, still,  
Stout stands the daffodil:  
For all we say,  
How'er he look demurely,  
Our martialist will surely  
Have his way.

We may not bind with hands  
Those large and liberal hands,  
Nor stay from fight,  
Nor hold them back from giving:  
No lean mean laws of living  
Bind a knight.

And always here of old  
Such gentle hearts and bold  
Our land has bred:  
How durst her eye rest else on  
The glory shed from Nelson  
Quick and dead?

Shame were it, if but one  
Such once were born her son,  
That one to have borne,  
And brought him ne'er a brother:  
His praise should bring his mother  
Shame and scorn.

A child high-souled as he  
Whose manhood shook the sea  
Smiles haply here:  
His face, where love lies basking,  
With bright shut mouth seems asking,  
What is fear?

The sun-bone-colored fists  
Beyond his drooping wrists  
Were never closed  
For saving or for sparing—  
For only deeds of daring  
Predisposed.

Unclenched, the gracious hands  
Let slip their gifts like sands  
Made rich with ore  
That tongues of beggars ravish  
From small stout hands so lavish  
Of their store.

Sweet hardy kindly hands  
Like these were his that stands  
With heel on gorge  
Seen trampling down the dragon  
On sign or flask or flagon,  
Sweet Saint George.

Some tournament, perchance,  
Of hands that couch no lance,  
Might mark this spot  
Your lists, if here some pleasant  
Small Guenevere were present,  
Launcelot.

My brave bright flower, you need  
No foolish song, nor heed  
It more than spring  
The sighs of winter stricken  
Dead when your haunts requicken  
Here, my king.

Yet O, how hardly may  
The wheels of singing stay  
That whirl along  
Bright paths whence echo raises  
The phantom of your praises,  
Child, my song!

Beyond all other things  
That give my words fleet wings,  
Fleet wings and strong,  
You set their jesses ringing  
Till hardly can I, singing,  
Stint my song.

But all things better, friend,  
And worse must find an end:  
And, right or wrong,  
'Tis time, lest rhyme should baffle,  
I doubt to put a snaffle  
On my song.

And never may your ear  
 Aught harsher hear of or fear,  
 Nor wolfish night  
 Nor dog-toothed winter snarling  
 Behind your steps, my darling,  
 My delight!

For all the gifts you give  
 Me, dear, each day you live,  
 O! thanks above  
 All thanks that could be spoken  
 Take not my song in token,  
 Take my love.

### A CHILD'S FUTURE.

WHAT will it please you, my darling, here-  
 after to be?  
 Fame upon land will you look for, or glory  
 by sea?  
 Gallant your life will be always, and all of it  
 free.  
 Free as the wind when the heart of the twi-  
 light is stirred  
 Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the  
 sunrise are heard:  
 Free—and we know not another as infinite  
 word.

Dulness or twilight or sunlight may compass  
 us round,  
 Hate may arise up against us, or hope may  
 contound;  
 Love may forsake us; yet may not the spirit  
 be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy  
 Still may the soul be, and each to her strength  
 as a toy:  
 Free in the glance of the man as the smile of  
 the boy.  
 Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that  
 gives  
 Life, and without her is nothing that verily  
 lives:  
 Death cannot slay her: she laughs upon  
 death and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar  
 Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as  
 a star:  
 Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you  
 are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you  
 to be  
 Worthy the name of their child and the sight  
 of their sea:  
 Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is  
 free.

## SONNETS

ON ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.—(1590-1650.)

### I.

#### CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

DOWNED, girdled, garbed and shod with  
 light and fire,  
 Son first-born of the morning, sovereign  
 star!  
 Soul nearest ours of all, that wert most far,  
 Most far off in the abysm of time, thy lyre  
 Hung highest above the dawn-enkindled  
 quire  
 Where all we sang together, all that are,  
 And all the starry songs behind thy ear  
 Ring sequence, all our souls acclaim thee fire,

'If all the pens that ever poets held  
 Had fed the feeling of their masters'  
 thoughts,  
 And as with rush of hurtling chariots  
 The flight of all their spirits were impelled  
 Toward one great end, thy glory—nay, not  
 then, ]men.  
 Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of

### II.

#### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NOT if men's tongues and angels' all in one  
 Spake, might the word be said that might  
 speak Thee.

Streams, wind, woods, flowers, fields,  
 mountains, v. a. the sea,  
 What power is in them all to praise the sun?  
 His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.  
 Man, woman, child, praise God for him;  
 but he  
 Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.  
 He is; and, being, beholds his work well  
 done.  
 All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all  
 mirth,  
 Are his: without him, day were night on  
 earth.  
 Time knows not his from time's own period.  
 All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all  
 lyres,  
 Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.  
 All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

## III.

## BEN JONSON.

BROAD-BASED, broad-fronted, bounteous,  
 multiform,  
 With many a valley impleached with ivy  
 and vine,  
 Wherein the springs of all the streams run  
 wine,  
 And many a crag full-faced against the storm,  
 The mountain where thy Muse's feet made  
 warm  
 Those lawns that revelled with her dance  
 divine  
 Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine  
 From tossing torches round the dance  
 aswarm.  
 Nor less, high-stationed on the gray grave  
 lights,  
 High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-  
 kindling lights  
 Hold converse: and the herd of meaner  
 things  
 Knows or by nery scourge or fiery shaft  
 When wrath on thy broad brows has risen,  
 and laughed,  
 Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunder-  
 ous wings.

## IV.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AN hour ere sudden sunset fired the west,  
 Arose two stars upon the pale deep east.

The hall of heaven was clear for night's  
 high feast,  
 Yet was not yet day's fiery heart at rest.  
 Love leapt up from his mother's burning  
 breast  
 To see those warm twin lights, as day de-  
 creased,  
 Wax wider, till when all the sun had ceased  
 As suns they shone from evening's kindled  
 crest.  
 Across them and between, a quickening fire.  
 Flamed Venus, laughing with appeased desire.  
 Their dawn, scarce lovelier for the gleam  
 of tears,  
 Filled half the hollow shell 'twixt heaven and  
 earth  
 With sound like moonlight, mingling moan  
 and mirth,  
 Which rings and glitters down the darkling  
 years.

## V.

## PHILIP MASSINGER.

CLOUDS here and there arisen an hour past  
 noon  
 Checkered our English heaven with length-  
 ening bars  
 And shadow and sound of wheel-winged  
 thunder-cars  
 Assembling strength to put forth tempest  
 soon,  
 When the clear still warm concord of thy tune  
 Rose under skies unscared by reddening  
 Mars  
 Yet, like a sound of silver speech of stars,  
 With full mild flame as of the mellowing moon.  
 Grave and great-hearted Massinger, thy face  
 High melancholy lights with loftier grace  
 Than gilds the brows of revel: sad and wise,  
 The spirit of thought that moved thy deeper  
 song,  
 Sorrow serene in soft calm scorn of wrong,  
 Speaks patience yet from thy majestic eyes.

## VI.

## JOHN FORD

Hew hard the marble from the mountain's  
 heart  
 Where hardest night fast in iron  
 gloom

Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,  
That his Memnonian likeness thence may  
star:

Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art  
Carved night, and chiselled shadow : be  
the tomb

That speaks him famous graven with signs  
of doom

Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,  
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow

His record of rebellion. Not the day  
Shall strike forth music from so stern a  
chord,

Touching this marble : darkness, none knows  
how,

And stars impenetrable of midnight, may,  
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

## VII.

JOHN WEBSTER.

THUNDER: the flesh quails, and the soul  
bows down.

Night : east, west, south, and northward,  
very night.

Star upon struggling star strives into sight,  
Star after shuddering star the deep storms  
drown.

The very throne of night, her very crown,  
A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.

Song from the highest of heaven's imperious  
height

Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.  
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing  
crime,

Make monstrous all the murderous face of  
Time

Shown in the spherul orbit of a glass  
Revolving. Earth cries out from all her  
graves.

Frail, on frail rafts, across wide-wallowing  
waves,

Shapes here and there of child and mother  
pass.

## VIII.

THOMAS DECKER.

Out of the depths of darkling life where sin  
Laughs piteously that sorrow should not  
know

Her own ill name, nor woe be counted woe :  
Where fate and craft and lust make dearer

Than winds through dreams that grief holds  
level in ;

What charm of joy-bells ringing, streams  
that flow,

Winds that blow healing in each note they  
blow,

Is this that the outer darkness hears begin?

O sweetest heart of all thy time save one,  
Star seen for love's sake nearest to the sun,

Hung lamplike o'er a dense and doleful  
city,

Not Shakespeare's very spirit, how'er more  
great,

Than thine toward man was more compassion-  
ate,

Nor gave Christ praise from lips more sweet  
with pity.

## IX.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A wild moon riding high from cloud to cloud,  
That sees and sees not, glimmering far  
beneath,

Hell's children revel along the shuddering  
heath

With dirge-like mirth and raiment like a  
shroud :

A worse fair face than witchcraft's, passion-  
proud,

With brows blood-flecked behind their  
bridal wreath

And lips that bade the assassin's sword find  
sheath

Deep in the heart whereto love's heart was  
vowed :

A game of close contentious crafts and creeds  
Played till white England bring black Spain  
to shame :

A son's bright sword and brighter soul, whose  
deeds

High conscience lights for mother's love  
and fame :

Pure gypsy flowers, and poisonous courtly  
weeds :

Such tokens and such trophies crown thy  
name.

X.

THOMAS HLYWOOD.

TOM, if they loved thee best who called thee  
Tom,  
What else may all men call thee, seeing thus  
bright  
Even yet the laughing and the weeping  
light  
That still thy kind old eyes are kindled from?  
Small care was thine to assail and overcome—  
Time and his child Oblivion; yet or right  
Thy name has part with names of lordlier  
might  
For English love and homely sense of home,  
Whose fragrance keeps thy small sweet bay-  
leaf young  
And gives it place aloft among thy peers—  
Whence many a wreath once higher strung  
Time has harled;  
And this thy praise is sweet on Shakespeare's  
tongue—  
'O good o'ld man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world!'

XI.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

HIGH priest of Homer, not elect in vain,  
Deep trumpets blow before thee, shawms  
behind  
Mix music with the rolling wheels that  
wind  
Slow through the laboring triumph of thy  
train:  
Fierce history, molten in thy forging brain,  
Takes form and fire and fashion from thy  
mind,  
Tormented and transmuted out of kind;  
But howso'er thou shift thy strenuous strain,  
Like Tailor \* smooth, like Fisher † swollen,  
and now  
Grim Yarrington ‡ scarce bloodier marked  
than thou,  
Then bluff as Mayne's § or broad-mouthed  
Barry's ¶ glee,  
Proud still with hoar predominance of brow

\* Author of *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*.† Author of *Thomas Poes, or the True Trojans*.‡ Author of *Two Prigles in One*.§ Author of *The City Match*.¶ Author of *King-Alley, or Merry Tru*.

And bend like foam swept off the broad  
blown sea,  
Where'er thou go, men's reverence goes  
with thee.

XII.

JOHN MARSTON.

THE bitterness of death and bitterer scorn  
Breathes from the broad-leaved aloe-plant  
whence thou  
Wast fain to gather for thy bended brow  
A chaplet by no gentler forehead worn.  
Grief deep as hell, wrath hardly to be borne,  
Ploughed up thy soul till round the furrow-  
ing plough  
The strange black soil foamed, as a black  
beaked prow  
Bids night-black waves foam where its track  
has torn,  
Too faint the phrase for thee that only saith  
Scorn bitterer than the bitterness of death  
Pervades the sullen splendor of thy soul,  
Where hate and pain make war on force and  
fraud  
And all the strengths of tyrants; whence un-  
flawed  
It keeps this noble heart of hatred whole.

XIII.

JOHN DAY.

DAY was a full-blown flower in heaven, alive  
With murmuring joy of bees and birds  
asworn,  
When in the skies of song yet flushed and  
warm  
With music where all passion seems to strive  
For utterance, all things bright and fierce to  
drive  
Struggling along the splendor of the storm  
Day for an hour put off his fiery form,  
And golden murmurs from a golden hive  
Across the strong bright summer wind were  
heard,  
And laughter soft as smiles from girls at  
play  
And loud from lips of boys brow-bound  
with ay,  
Our mightiest age let fall its gentlest word,

When Song, in semblance of a sweet small  
bird,  
Lit fluttering on the light swift hand of Day.

## XIV.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE dusk of day's decline was hard on dark  
When evening trembled round thy glow-  
worm lamp  
That shone across her shades and dewy  
damp  
A small clear beacon whose benignant spark  
Was gracious yet for loiterers' eyes to mark,  
Though changed the watchword of our  
English camp  
Since the outposts rang round Marlowe's  
lion ramp,  
When thy steed's pace went ambling round  
Hyde Park.

And in the thickening twilight under thee  
Walks Davenant, pensive in the paths where  
he,  
The blithest throat that ever carolled love  
In music made of morning's merriest heart,  
Glad Suckling, stumbled from his seat above  
And reeled on slippery roads of alien art.

## XV.

THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN.

SONS born of many a loyal Muse to Ben,  
All true-begotten, warm with wine or ale,  
Bright from the broad light of his presence,  
Hail!  
Prince Randolph, nighest his throne of all  
his men,  
Being highest in spirit and heart who hailed  
him then  
King, nor might other spread so blithe a  
sail:  
Cartwright, a soul pent in with narrower  
pale,  
Praised of thy sire for manful might of pen;  
Marrison, whose verse keeps always keen and  
fine  
The perfume of their Apollonian wine  
Who shared with that stout sire of all and  
thee  
The exuberant chalice of his echoing shrine:  
Is not your praise writ broad in gold which  
he  
Inscribed, that all who praise his name  
should see?

## XVI.

ANONYMOUS PLAYS:

'ARDEN OF FEVERSIAM.'

MOTHER whose womb brought forth our man  
of men,  
Mother of Shakespeare, whom all time ac-  
claims  
Queen therefore, sovereign queen of Eng-  
lish dames,  
Throned higher than sat thy soulless empress  
then,  
Was it thy son's young passion-guided pen  
Which drew, reflected from encircling  
flames,  
A figure marked by the earlier of thy names  
Wife, and from all her wedded kinswomen  
Marked by the sign of murderess? Pale and  
great,  
Great in her grief and sin, but in her death  
And anguish of her penitential breath  
Greater than all her sin or sin-born fate,  
She stands, the holocaust of dark desire,  
Clothed round with song forever as with  
fire.

## XVII.

ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

YE too, dim watchfires of some darkling hour,  
Whose fame forlorn time saves not nor pro-  
claims  
Forever, but forgetfulness defames  
And darkness and the shadow of death de-  
veour,  
Lift up ye too your light, put forth your  
power,  
Let the far twilight feel your soft small  
flames  
And smile, albeit night name not even their  
names,  
Ghost by ghost passing, flower blown down  
on flower:  
That sweet-tongued shadow, like a star's that  
passed  
Singing, and light was from its darkness cast  
To paint the face of Painting fair with  
praise: \*  
And that wherein forefigured smiles the pure  
Fraternal face of Wordsworth's Elidure  
Between two child-faced masks of merrier  
days. †

\* Doctor Doolyfol. † Nobody and Somebody.



## XVIII.

## ANONYMOUS PLAYS.

MORE yet and more, and yet we mark not all:  
 The Warning tain to bid fair women heed  
 Its hard brief note of deadly doom and  
 deed: \*  
 The verse that strewed too thick with flowers  
 the hall  
 Whence Nero watched his fiery festival; †  
 That in a page wherein men's eyes who  
 read  
 See, bruised and marred between two babes  
 that bleed,  
 A mad red-headed husband's martyr fall; ‡  
 The scene which crossed and streaked with  
 mirth the strife  
 Of Henry with his sons and witchlike wife; §  
 And that sweet pageant of the kindly fiend,  
 Who, seeing three friends in spirit and heart  
 made one,  
 Crowned with good hap the true-love wiles  
 he screened  
 In the pleached lanes of pleasant Edmon-  
 ton. ¶

## XIX.

## THE MANY.

## I.

GREENE, garlanded with February's few  
 flowers,  
 Ere Muche came in with Marlowe's rapti-  
 mous rage;  
 Peele, from whose hand the sweet white  
 locks of age  
 Took the mild chaplet woven of honored  
 hours;  
 Nash, laughing hard; Lodge, flushed from  
 wit's bowers;  
 An Hilly, a goldfinch in a twisted cage  
 Fed by some gay great lady's pettish page  
 Full short sweet songs gush clear like short  
 spring showers;  
 Kid, whose game sport still gambolled over  
 graves;  
 And Chettle, in whose fresh funeral verse

\* *A Warning for fair Women.*  
 † *The Tragedy of Nero.*  
 ‡ *A Yorkshire Tragedy.*  
 § *Look about you.*  
 ¶ *The Merry Devil of Edminton.*

Weeps Marian yet on Rebin's wildwood  
 hearse;  
 Cooke, whose light boat of song one soft  
 leath saves,  
 Sighed from a maiden's amorous mouth  
 averse;  
 Live likewise ye: Time takes not you for  
 slaves.

## XX.

## THE MANY.

## II.

HAUGHTON, whose mirth gave woman all her  
 will;  
 Field, bright and loud with laughing flower  
 and bird  
 And keen alternate notes of land and gird;  
 Barnes, darkening once with Borgia's deeds  
 the quill  
 Which tuned the passion of Parthenophil:  
 Blithe burly Porter, broad and bold of word;  
 Wilkins, a voice with strenuous pity stirred;  
 Turf Mason; Brewer, whose tongue drops  
 honey still;  
 Rough Rowley, handling song with Esau's  
 hand;  
 Light Nabbes; lean Sharpham, rank and  
 raw by turns,  
 But fragrant with a forethought once of  
 Burns;  
 Soft Davenport, sad-robed, but blithe and  
 bland;  
 Brome, gypsy-led across the woodland  
 ferns;  
 Praise be with all, and place among our band.

## XXI.

## EPILOGUE.

OUR mother, which wast twice, as history  
 saith,  
 Found first among the nations: once, when  
 she  
 Who bore thine ensign saw the God in thee  
 Smi'e Spain, and bring forth Shakespeare:  
 once, when death  
 Shrank, and Rome's bloodhounds covered,  
 at Milton's breath:  
 More than thy place, then first among the  
 free,

More than that sovereign lordship of the  
 sea  
 Bequeathed to Cromwell from Elizabeth,  
 More than thy fiery guiding-star, which Drake  
 Hailed, and the deep saw lit again for Blake,  
 More than all deeds wrought of thy strong  
 right hand,

This praise keeps most thy name's memorial  
 strong  
 That thou wast head of all these streams of  
 song.  
 And time bows down to thee as Shake-  
 speare's land.

## A DARK MONTH.

'La maison sans enfants !'—VICTOR HUGO.

## I.

A MONTH without sight of the sun  
 Rising or reigning or setting  
 Through days without use of the day,  
 Who calls it the month of May?  
 The sense of the name is undone  
 And the sound of it fit for forgetting,

We shall not feel if the sun rise,  
 We shall not care when it sets :  
 If a nightingale make night's air  
 As noontide, why should we care ?  
 Till a light of delight that is done rise,  
 Extinguishing gray regrets ;

Till a child's face lighten again  
 On the twilight of older faces ;  
 Till a child's voice fall as the dew  
 On furrows with heat parched through  
 And all but hopeless of grain,  
 Refreshing the desolate places—

Fall clear on the ears of us hearkening  
 And hungering for food of the sound  
 And thirsting for joy of his voice :  
 Till the hearts in us hear and rejoice,  
 And the thoughts of them doubting and  
 darkening  
 Rejoice with a glad thing found.

When the heart of our gladness is gone,  
 What comfort is left with us after ?  
 When the light of our eyes is away,  
 What glory remains upon May,  
 What blessing of song is thereon  
 If we drink not the light of his laughter ?

No small sweet face with the daytime  
 To welcome, warmer than noon !

No sweet small voice as a bird's  
 To bring us the day's first words !  
 Mid May for us here is not Maytime :  
 No summer begins with June.

A whole dead month in the dark,  
 A dawn in the mists that o'ercome her  
 Stifled and smothered and sad—  
 Swift speed to it barren and bad !  
 And return to us, voice of the lark,  
 And remain with us, sunlight of summer.

## II.

ALAS, what right has the dawn to glimmer,  
 What right has the wind to do ought but  
 moan ?  
 All the day should be dimmer  
 Because we are left alone.

Yesternorn like a sunbeam present  
 Hither and thither a light ste<sup>d</sup> smiled,  
 And made each place for us pleasant  
 With the sense or the sight of a child.

But the leaves persist as before, and after  
 Our parting the dull day still bears flowers ;  
 And songs less bright than his laughter  
 Deride us from birds in the bowers.

Birds, and blossoms, and sunlight only,  
 As though such folly sufficed for spring !  
 As though the house were not lonely  
 For want of the child its king !

## III.

ASLEEP and afar to-night my darling  
 Lies, and heeds not the night,  
 If winds be stirring or storms be snarling ;  
 For his sleep is its own sweet light.

I sat where he sat beside me quaffing  
The wine of story and song  
Poured forth of immortal cups, and laughing  
When mirth in the draught grew strong.

I broke the gold of the words, to melt it  
For hands but seven years old,  
And they caught the tale as a bird, and felt it  
More bright than visible gold.

And he drank down deep, with his eyes broad  
beaming,

Here in this room where I am,  
The golden vintage of Shakespeare, gleaming  
In the silver vessels of Lamb.

Here by my hearth where he was I listen  
For the shade of the sound of a word,  
Athirst for the birdlike eyes to glisten,  
For the tongue to chirp like a bird.

At the blast of battle, how broad they bright-  
ened,  
Like fire in the spheres of stars,  
And clung to the pictured page, and lightened  
As keen as the heart of Mars!

At the touch of laughter, how swift it twit-  
tered  
The shrillest music on earth;  
How the lithe limbs laughed and the whole  
child glittered  
With radiant riot of mirth!

Our Shakespeare now, as a man dumb-  
stricken,  
Stands silent there on the shelf:  
And my thoughts, that had song in the heart  
of them, sicken,  
And relish not Shakespeare's self.

And my mood grows moodier than Hamlet's  
even,  
And man delights not me,  
But only the face that mourn and even  
My heart leapt only to see.

That my heart made merry within me seeing,  
And sang as his laugh kept time;  
But song finds now no pleasure in being,  
And love no reason in rhyme.

## IV.

MILD May-blossom and proud sweet bay  
flower,  
What, for shame, would you have with us  
here?

It is not the month of the May-flower  
This, but the fall of the year.

Flowers open only their lips in derision,  
Leaves are as fingers that point in scorn:  
The shows we see are a vision:  
Spring is not verily born.

Yet boughs turn supple and buds grow sappy,  
As though the sun were indeed the sun:  
And all our words are happy  
With all their birds save one.

But spring is over, but summer is over,  
But autumn is over, and winter stands  
With his feet sunk deep in the clover  
And cowslips cold in his hands.

His hoar grim head has a hawthorn bonnet,  
His gnarled gaunt hand has a gay green  
staff  
With new-blown rose-blossom on it:  
But his laugh is a dead man's laugh.

The laugh of spring that the heart seeks after  
The hand that the whole world yearns to  
kiss,

It rings not here in his laughter,  
The sign of it is not this.

There is not strength in it left to splinter  
Tall oaks, nor frost in his breath to sting:  
Yet it is but a breath as of winter,  
And it is not the hand of spring.

## V.

THIRTY-ONE pale maidens, clad  
All in mourning dresses,  
Pass, with lips and eyes more sad  
That it seems they should be glad,  
Heads discrowned of crowns they had,  
Gray for golden tresses.

Gray their girdles too for green,  
And their veils disveiled:  
None would say, to see their mien,  
That the least of these had been  
Born no baser than a queen,  
Reared where flower-fays reveled.

Dreams that strive to seem awake,  
Ghosts that walk by daytime,  
Weary winds the way they take,  
Since, for one child's absent sake,  
May knows well, whate'er things make  
Sport, it is not Maytime.

## VI.

A HAND at the door taps light  
As the hand of my heart's delight:  
It is but a full-grown hand,  
Yet the stroke of it seems to start  
Hope like a bird in my heart,  
Too feeble to soar or to stand.

To start light hope from her cover  
Is to raise but a kite for a plover  
If her wings be not fledged to soar.  
Desire, but in dreams, cannot ope  
The door that was shut upon hope  
When love went out at the door.

Well were it if vision could keep  
The lids of desire as in sleep  
Fast locked, and over his eyes  
A dream with the dark soft key  
In her hand might hover, and he  
Their keeper till morning rise;

The morning that brings after many  
Days fled with no light upon any  
The small face back which is gone;  
When the loved little hands once more  
Shall struggle and strain at the door  
They beat their summons upon.

## VII.

If a soul for but seven days were cast out of  
heaven and its mirth,  
They would seem to her fears like as seventy  
years upon earth.

Even and morrow should seem to her sorrow  
as long  
As the passage of numberless ages in slumber-  
less song.

Dawn, roused by the lark, would be surely as  
dark in her sight  
As her measureless measure of shadowless  
pleasure was bright.

Noon, gilt but with glory of gold, would be  
hoary and gray  
In her eyes that had gazed on the depths, un-  
amazed with the day.

Night hardly would seem to make darker her  
dream never done,  
When it could but withhold what a man may  
behold of the sun.

For dreams would perplex, were the days that  
should vex her but seven,

The sight of her vision, made dark with  
division from heaven.

Till the light on my lonely way lighten that  
only now gleams,  
I too am divided from heaven and derided of  
dreams.

## VIII.

A TWILIGHT fire-fly may suggest  
How flames the fire that feeds the sun:  
'A crooked figure may attest  
In little space a million.'

But this faint-figured verse, that dresses  
With flowers the bones of one bare month,  
Of all it would say scarce expresses  
In crooked ways a millionth.

A fire-fly tenders to the father  
Of fires a tribute something worth:  
My verse, a shard-borne beetle rather,  
Drones over scarce-illumined earth.

Some inches round me though it brighten  
With light of music-making thought,  
The dark indeed it may not lighten,  
The silence moves not, hearing nought.

Only my heart is eased with hearing,  
Only mine eyes are soothed with seeing,  
A face brought nigh, a footfall hearing,  
Till hopes take form and dreams have  
being.

## IX.

As a poor man hungering stands with insatiate  
eyes and hands  
Void of bread  
Right in sight of men that feast while his  
famine with no least  
Crumb is fed,

Here across the garden-wall can I hear strange  
children call,  
Watch them play,  
From the windowed seat above, whence the  
goodlier child I love  
Is aw

Here the sights we saw together moved his  
fancy like a feather  
To and fro,

Now to wonder, and thereafter to the sunny  
storm of laughter  
Loud and low—

Sights engraven on storied pages where man's  
tale of seven swift ages  
All was told—  
Seen of eyes yet bright from heaven—for the  
lips that laughed were seven  
Sweet years old.

## x.

Why should May remember  
March, if March forget  
The days that beg in with December,  
The nights that a frost could fret?

All their griefs are done with  
Now the bright months bless  
Fit souls to rejoice in the sun with,  
Fit heads for the wind's caress;

Souls of children quickening  
With the whole world's mirth,  
Heads closer than a field-flowers thickening  
That crowd and illuminate earth,

Now that May's call musters  
Files of baby hands  
To marshal in joyteller clusters  
Than the flowers that encumber their hands.

Yet morose November  
Found them no less gay,  
With nought to forget or remember  
Less bright than a branch of may.

All the seasons moving  
Move their minds alike  
Applauding, acclaiming, approving  
All hours of the year that strike.

So my heart may fret not,  
Wondering if my friend  
Remember me not or forget not  
Or ever the month find end.

Not that love sows lighter  
Seed in children sown,  
But that life being lit in them brighter  
Moves fleetly than even our own.

May nor yet September  
Binds their hearts, that yet

Remember, forget, and remember,  
Forget, and recall, and forget.

## xi.

As light on a lake's face moving  
Between a cloud and a cloud  
Till night reclaim it, reposing,  
The heart that exults too loud,

The heart that watching rejoices  
When soft it swims into sight  
Applauded of all the voices  
And stars of the windy night,

So brief and unsure, but sweeter  
Than ever a moon-dawn smiled,  
Moves, measured of no time's metre,  
The song in the soul of a child;

The song that the sweet soul singing  
Half listens, and hardly hears,  
Though sweeter than joy-bells ringing  
And brighter than joy's own tears;

The song that remembrance of pleasure  
Begins, and forgetfulness ends  
With a soft swift change in the measure  
That rings in remembrance of friends

As the moon on the lake's face flashes,  
So haply may gleam at whiles  
A dream through the dear deep lashes  
Whereunder a child's eye smile,

And the least of us all that love him  
May take for a moment part  
With angels around and above him,  
And I find place in his heart.

## xii.

Child, were you kinless and lonely—  
Dear, were you kin to me—  
My love were compassionate only  
Or such as it needs would be.

But eyes of father and mother  
Like sunlight shed on you shine:  
What need you have heed of another  
Such new strange love as is mine?

It is not meet if unruly  
Hands take of the children's bread  
And cast it to dogs; but truly  
The dogs after all would be fed.

On crumbs from the children's table  
That crumble, dropped from above  
My heart teeds, fed with unstable  
Loose wants of a child's light love.

Though love in your heart were brittle  
As glass that breaks with a touch,  
You haply would lend him a little  
Who surely would give you much.

## XIII.

HERE is a tough  
Rude sketch of my friend,  
Faint-colored enough  
And unworthily penned.

Fearlessly fair  
And triumphant he stands,  
And holds unaware  
Friends' hearts in his hands;

Stalwart and straight  
As an oak that should bring  
Forth gallant and great  
Fresh roses in spring.

On the paths of his pleasure  
All graces that wait  
What metre shall measure,  
What rhyme shall relate?

Each action, each motion,  
Each feature, each limb,  
Demands a devotion  
In honor of him:

Head that the hand  
Of a god might have best,  
Laid lustrous and blaud  
On the curve of its crest:

Mouth sweeter than cherries  
Keen eyes as of Mars,  
Browner than berries  
And brighter than stars.

Nor color nor wordy  
Weak song can declare  
The stature how sturdy,  
How stalwart his air.

As a king in his bright  
Presence-chamber may be,  
So seems he in height—  
Twice higher than your knee.

As a warrior sedate  
With a reserve of his power,  
So seems he in state—  
As tall as a flower:

As a rose overtowering  
The ranks of the rest  
That beneath it lie cowering,  
Less bright than their best

And his hands are as sunny  
As ruddy ripe corn  
Or the browner-hued honey  
From heather-bells borne.

When summer sits proudest,  
Fulled with its mirth,  
And rapture is loudest  
In air and on earth,

The suns of all hours  
That have ripened the roots  
Bring forth not such flowers  
And beget not such fruits.

And well though I know it,  
As fain would I write,  
Child, never a poet  
Could praise you aright.

I bless you? the blessing  
Were less than a jest  
Too poor for expressing;  
I come to be blest,

With humble and dutiful  
Heart, from above:  
Bless me, O my beautiful  
Innocent love!

This rhyme in your praise  
With a smile was begun;  
But the goal of his ways  
Is uncovered to none,

Nor pervers till after  
The limit impend;  
It is not in laughter  
These rhymes of you end.

## XIV.

SPRING, and fall, and summer, and winter,  
Which may Earth love least of them all,  
Whose arms embrace as their signs unprint  
her,  
Summer, or winter, or spring, or fall?

The clear-eyed spring with the wood-berks mating,  
The rose-red summer with eyes aglow,

The yellow fall with serene eyes waiting,  
The wide-eyed winter with far all snow?

Her eyes are soft, but if frosts benumb  
her

As winter's own will her shrewd breath  
sting?

Storms may end the raiment of summer,  
And fall grow bitter as harsh-lipped spring.

One sign for summer and winter girds me,  
One for spring, and the like for fall;  
Whichever from sight of my friend divides me,  
That is the worst ill season of all.

## XV.

Worse than winter is spring  
If I come not to sight of my king,  
But then what a spring will it be  
When my king takes homage of me!

I send his grace from afar  
Homage, as though to a star;  
As a shepherd whose flock takes flight  
May worship a star by night.

As a flock that a wolf is upon  
My songs take flight and are gone;  
No heart is in any to sing  
Aught but the praise of my king.

Fain would I once and again  
Sing deeds and passions of men;  
But ever a child's head gleams  
Between my work and my dreams.

Between my hand and my eyes  
The lines of a small face rise,  
And the lines I trace and retrace  
Are none but those of the face.

## XVI.

Till the tale of all this flock of days alike  
All be done,

Weary days of waiting till the month's hand  
strike  
Thirty-one.

Till the clock's hand of the month break off,  
and end

With the clock,

Till the last and whitest sheep at last be  
penned  
Of the flock,

Till the clock be kept in count night and  
day

With my song,  
Though my song be like this month which  
once was May  
All too long.

## XVII.

THE incarnate sun, a tall strong youth,  
On old Greek eyes in sculpture smiled;  
For trulier had given the youth  
To shape him like a child.

No face full-grown of all our dearest  
So lightens all our darkness, none  
Most loved of all our hearts hold nearest  
So far outshines the sun,

As when with shy shy smiles that feign  
Doubt if the hour be clear, the time  
Fit to break off my work again  
Or sport of prose or rhyme,

My friend peers in on me with merry  
Wise face, and then the sky stay dim  
The very light of day, the very  
Sun's self comes in with him.

## XVIII.

O of sight,  
O of mind!  
Could the light  
From unkind?

Can the sun  
Quite forget  
What was done  
Ere he set?

Does the moon  
When she wanes  
Leave no time  
That remains

In the void  
Shell of night  
Overjoyed  
With her light?

Must the shore  
At low tide  
Feel no more  
Hope or pride,

No intense  
Love to be,  
In the waste  
Of the sea—

In the pulses  
Of her shocks  
It repulses,  
When its rocks

Thrill and ring  
As with glee?  
Has my king  
Cast off me,

Whom no bird  
Flying south  
Brings one word  
From his mouth?

Not the ghost  
Of a word  
Kidding post  
Have I heard,

Since the day  
When my king  
Took away  
With him spring,

And the cup  
Of each flower  
Shrivelled up  
That same hour,

With no light  
Left behind,  
Out of sight,  
Out of mind!

## XIX.

BECAUSE I adore you  
And fall  
On the knees of my spirit before you—  
After all.

You need not of insult,  
Mark me,  
Wring neglect, though your spirit exult  
In the spring,

Even me, though not worth,  
God knows,  
One word of your sent me in mirth,  
Or one rose

Out of all in your garden  
That grow  
Were the frost and the wind never harden  
Flakes of snow,

Nor ever is rain  
At all,  
But the roses rejoice to remain  
Fair and tall—

The roses of love,  
More sweet  
Than blossoms that rain from above  
Round our feet,

When under high bowers  
We pass,  
Where the west wind freckles with flowers  
All the grass.

But a child's thoughts bear  
More bright  
Sweet visions by day, and more fair  
Dreams by night,

Than summer's whole treasure  
Can be:  
What am I that his thought should take  
pleasure,  
Then, in me?

I am only my love's  
True lover,  
With a nestful of songs, like doves  
Under cover,

That I bring in my cap  
Fresh caught,  
To be laid on my small king's lap—  
Worth just nought.

Yet it haply may hap  
That he,  
When the mirth in his veins is as sap  
In a tree,

Will remember me too  
Some day  
Ere the transit be thoroughly through  
Of this May—

Or perchance, if such grace  
May be,  
Some night when I dream of his face,  
Dream of me.



Or if this be too high  
A hope  
For me to prefigure in my  
Horoscope,

He may dream of the place  
Where we  
Basked once in the light of his face  
Who now see

Nought brighter, not one  
Thing bright,  
Than the stars and the moon and the sun,  
Day nor night.

## XX.

DAY by darkling day,  
Overpassing, bears away  
Somewhat of the burden of this weary May.

Night by numbered night,  
Waning, brings more near in sight  
Hope that grows to vision of my heart's delight.

Nearer seems to burn  
In the dawn's rekindling in  
Flame of fragrant incense, hailing 'neath a sun.

Louder seems each bird  
In the brightening branches heard  
Still to speak some ever more delightful word.

All the mists that swim  
Round the dawns that grow less dim  
Still wax brighter and more bright with hope  
of him.

All the suns that rise  
Bring that day more near our eyes  
When the sight of him shall clear our clouded  
skies.

All the winds that roam  
Fruitful fields of fruitless foam  
Blow the bright hour near that brings his  
bright face home.

## XXI.

I HEAR of two far hence  
In a garden met,  
And the fragrance blown from thence  
Fades not yet.

The one is seven years old,  
And my friend is he:

But the years of the other have told  
Eighty-three.

To hear these twain converse  
Or to see them greet  
Were sweeter than softest verse  
May be sweet.

The hoar old gardener there  
With an eye more mild  
Perchance than his mild white hair  
Meets the child.

I had rather hear the words  
That the twain exchange  
Than the songs of all the birds  
There that range,

Call, chirp, and twitter there  
Through the garden-beds  
Where the sun alike sees fair  
Those two heads,

And which may holier be  
Held in heaven of those  
Or more worth heart's thanks to see  
No man knows.

## XXII.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
No glory that ever was shed  
From the crowning star of the seven  
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken  
Of human or godlike tongue,  
Gave ever such godlike token  
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given  
To faithful or faithless eyes  
Showed ever beyond clouds riven  
So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven  
And blood have defiled each creed:  
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,  
It must be heaven indeed.

## XXIII.

THE wind on the downs is bright  
As though from the sea:  
And morning and night  
Take comfort again with me.

He is nearer to-day,  
Each night to each morning saith,

Whose return shall revive dead May  
With the balm of his breath,

The sunset says to the moon,  
He is nearer to-night  
Whose coming in June  
Is looked for more than the light.

Bird answers to bird,  
Hour passes the sign on to hour,  
And for joy of the bright news heard  
Flower murmurs to flower.

The ways that were glad of his feet  
In the woods that he knew  
Grow softer to meet  
The sense of his footfall anew.

He is near now as day,  
Says hope to the new-born light:  
He is near now as June is to May,  
Says love to the night.

## XXIV.

Good things I keep to console me  
For lack of the best of all.  
A child to command and control me,  
Bid come and remain at his call.

Sun, wind, and woodland and highland,  
Give all that ever they gave:  
But my world is a cultureless island,  
My spirit a masterless slave.

And friends are about me, and better  
At summons of no man stand:  
But I pine for the touch of a fetter,  
The curb of a strong king's hand.

Each hour of the day in her season  
Is mine to be served as I will:  
And for no more exquisite reason  
Are all served idly and ill.

By slavery my sense is corrupted,  
My soul not fit to be free:  
I would fain be controlled, interrupted,  
Compelled as a thrall may be.

For fault of spur and of bridle  
I tire of my stall to death:  
My sail flaps joyless and idle  
For want of a small child's breath.

## XXV.

Whiter and whiter  
The dark lines grow,

And broader opens and brighter  
The sense of the text below.

Nightfall and morrow  
Bring nigher the boy  
Whom wanting we want not sorrow,  
Whom having we want no joy.

Clearer and clearer  
The sweet sense grows  
Of the word which hath summer for hearer,  
The word on the lips of the rose.

Duskily dwindles  
Each deathlike day,  
Till June rearingising rekindles  
The depth of the darkness of May.

## XXVI.

*'In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.'*

STARS in heaven are many,  
Suns in heaven but one:  
Nor for man may any  
Star supplant the sun.

Many a child as joyous  
As our far-off king  
Meets as though to annoy us  
In the paths of spring.

Sure as spring gives warning,  
All things dance in tune:  
Sun on Easter morning  
Cloud and windy moon,

Stars between the tossing  
Boughs of tuneful trees,  
Sails of ships recrossing  
Leagues of dancing seas;

Best, in all this playtime,  
Best of all in tune,  
Girls more glad than Maytime,  
Boys more bright than June;

Mixed with all those dances,  
Far through field and street  
Sing their silent glances,  
Ring their radiant feet.

Flowers wherewith May crowned us  
Fall ere June be crowned:  
Children blossom round us  
All the whole year round.

Is the garland worthless  
For one rose the less,  
And the feast made mirthless?  
Love, at least, says yes.

Strange it were, with many  
Stars enkindling air,  
Should but one find any  
Welcome: strange it were,

Had one star alone won  
Praise for light from far:  
Nay, love needs his own one  
Bright particular star.

Hope and recollection  
Only lead him right  
In its bright reflection  
And collateral light.

Find as yet we may not  
Comfort in its sphere:  
Yet these days will weigh not  
When it warms us here;

When full-orbed it rises,  
Now divine afar:  
None in all the skies is  
Half so good a star;

None that seers importune  
Till a sign be won:  
Star of our good fortune,  
Rise and reign, our sun!

## XXVII.

I PASS by the small room now forlorn  
Where once each night as I passed I knew  
A child's bright sleep from even to morn  
Made sweet the whole night through.

As a soundless shell, as a songless nest,  
Seems now the room that was radiant then  
And fragrant with his happier rest  
Then that of lumbering men.

To-day therein is less than the day,  
The night is indeed night now therein:  
Heavier the clock seems there to weigh,  
And slower the dawns begin.

As a nest fulfilled with birds, as a shell  
Fulfilled with breath of a god's own hymn,  
Again shall be this bare blank cell,  
Made sweet again with him.

## XXVIII.

Spring darkens before us,  
A flame going down,  
With chant from the chorus  
Of days without crown—  
Cloud, rain, and sonorous  
Soft wind on the down.

She is wearier not of us  
Than we of the dream  
That spring was to love us  
And joy was to gleam  
Through the shadows above us  
That shift as they stream.

Half dark and half hoary,  
Float far on the loam  
Mild wind, as a glory  
Half pale and half proud  
From the twilight of story,  
Her tresses of cloud;

Like phantoms that glimmer  
Of glories so old  
With ever yet dimmer  
Pale circlets of gold  
As darkness grows grimmer  
And memory more cold.

Like hope growing clearer  
With wane of the moon,  
Shines toward us the nearer  
Gold frontlet of June,  
And a face with it dearer  
Than midsummer noon.

## XXIX.

You send me your love in a letter,  
I send you my love in a song:  
Ah child, your gift is the better,  
Mine does you but wrong.

No fame, were the best less brittle,  
No praise, were it wide as earth,  
Is worth so much as a little  
Child's love may be worth.

We see the children above us  
As they might angels above:  
Come back to us, child, if you love us,  
And bring us your love.

## XXX.

No time for books or for letters:  
What time should there be?  
No room for tasks and their letters:  
Full room to be free.

The wind and the sun and the Maytime  
Had never a guest  
More worthy the most that his playtime  
Could give of its best.

If rain should come on, peradventure,  
(But sunshine forbid!)  
Vain hope in us haply might venture  
To dream as it did.

But never may come, of all comers  
Least welcome, the rain,  
To mix with his servant the summer's  
Rose-garlanded train!

He would write, but his hours are as busy  
As bees in the sun,  
And the jubilant whirl of their dizzy  
Dance never is done.

The message is more than a letter,  
Let love understand,  
And the thought of his joys even better  
Than sight of his hand.

## XXVI.

WIND, high-souled, full-hearted  
South-west wind of the spring!  
Ere April and earth had parted,  
Skies, bright with thy forward wing,  
Grew dark in an hour with the shadow behind  
it, that bade not a bird dare sing.

Wind whose feet are sunny,  
Wind whose wings are cloud,  
With lips more sweet than honey  
Still, speak they low or loud,  
Come now again in the strength of thine  
heart: let the depth of thy soul wax  
proud.

We hear thee singing or sighing,  
Just not given to sight,  
All but visibly flying  
Between the clouds and the light,

And the light in our hearts is enkindled, the  
shadow therein of the clouds put to  
flight.

From the gift of thine hands we gather  
The core of the flowers therein,  
Keen glad heart of heather,  
Hot sweet heart of whin,  
Twin breaths in thy godlike breath close  
blended of wild spring's wildest of  
kin.

All but visibly beating  
We feel thy wings in the far  
Clear waste, and the plumes of them fleet-  
ing,  
Soft as swan's plumes are,  
And strong as a wild swan's pinions, and  
swift as the flash of the flight of a star.

As the flight of a planet enkindled  
Seems thy far soft flight  
Now May's reign has dwindled  
And the crescent of June takes light  
And the presence of summer is here, and the  
hope of a welcome presence in sight.

Wind, sweet-souled, great-hearted  
Southwest wind on the wold!  
From us is a glory departed  
That now shall return as of old,  
Come back on thy wings as on eagle's ex-  
panding, and crowned with the sun-  
dawn's gold.

There is not a flower but rejoices,  
There is not a leaf but has heard:  
All the fields find voices,  
All the woods are stirred:  
There is not a nest but is brighter because of  
the coming of one bright bird.

Out of dawn and morning,  
Noon and afternoon,  
The sun to the world gives warning  
Of news that brightens the moon:  
And the stars all night exult with us, hearing  
of joy that shall come with June.

## SUNRISE.

In the wind and the sunlight of April and  
 August had mingled the past and here-  
 after  
 In a single adorable season whose life were a  
 rapture of love and of laughter,  
 And the blithest of singers were back with a  
 song: it again from his tomb as from  
 prison,  
 If again from the night or the twilight of ages  
 Aristophanes had arisen,  
 With the gold-feathered wings of a bird that  
 were also a god upon earth at his  
 shoulders,  
 And the gold-flowing laugh of the manhood  
 of old at his lips, for a joy to beholders,  
 He alone unrebuked of presumption were  
 able to set to some adequate measure  
 The delight of our eyes in the dawn that re-  
 stores them the sun of their sense and  
 the pleasure,  
 For the days of the darkness of spirit are  
 over for all of us here, and the season  
 When desire was a longing, and absence a  
 thorn, and rejoicing a word without  
 reason,  
 For the roof overhead of the pines is astir  
 with delight as of jubilant voices,  
 And the floor underneath of the bracken and  
 heather alive as a heart that rejoices,  
 For the house that was childless awhile, and  
 the light of it darkened, the pulse of it  
 dwindled,  
 Rings radiant again with a child's bright feet,  
 with the light of his face is rekindled,  
 And the ways of the meadows that knew him,  
 the sweep of the down that the sky's  
 belt closes,  
 Grow gladder at heart than the soft wind  
 made them whose feet were but frag-  
 rant with roses,  
 Though the fall of the year lie upon us, who  
 trusted in June and by June were de-  
 feated,  
 And the summer that brought us not back  
 the desire of our eyes be gone hence  
 unappialed,  
 For July came joyless among us, and August  
 went out from us and and sterile,  
 And the hope of our hearts, as it seemed,  
 was no more than a flower that the  
 seasons imperil,  
 And the joy of our hearts, as it seemed, than  
 a thought which regret had not heart  
 to remember,  
 Till four dark months overpast were atoned  
 for, and summer began in September,  
 Hark, April again as a bird in the house with  
 a child's voice hither and thither:  
 See, May in the garden again with a child's  
 face cheering the woods ere they  
 wither,  
 June laughs in the light of his eyes, and July  
 on the sunbright cheeks of him slum-  
 bers,  
 And August glows in a smile more sweet  
 than the cadence of gold-mouthed  
 numbers,  
 In the morning the sight of him brightens the  
 sun, and the noon with delight in aim  
 flushes,  
 And the silence of nightfall is music about  
 him as soft as the sleep that it hushes,  
 We awake with a sense of a sunrise that is  
 not a gift of the sundawn's giving,  
 And a voice that salutes us is sweeter than  
 all sounds else in the world of the liv-  
 ing,  
 And a presence that warms us is brighter  
 than all in the world of our visions be-  
 holden,  
 Though the dreams of our sleep were as  
 those that the light of a world without  
 grief makes golden,  
 For the best that the best of us ever devised  
 as a likeness of heaven and its glory,  
 What was it of old, or what is it and will be  
 forever, in song or in story,  
 Or in shape or in color of carven or painted  
 resemblance, adored of all ages,  
 But a vision recorded of children alive in the  
 pictures of old or the pages?  
 Where children are not, heaven is not, and  
 heaven if they come not again shall be  
 never:  
 But the face and the voice of a child are as-  
 surance of heaven and its promise for-  
 ever.

## A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.

## THE SEABOARD.

THE sea is at ebb, and the sound of her ut-  
most word  
Is soft as the least wave's lapse in a still small  
reach,  
From bay into bay, on quest of a goal deferred,  
From headland ever to headland and breach  
to breach  
Where earth gives ear to the message that all  
days preach  
With changes of gladness and sadness that  
cheer and chide,  
The lone way lures me along by a chance  
untried  
That haply, if hope dissolve not and faith  
be whole,  
Not all for nought shall I seek, with a dream  
for guide,  
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

The trackless ways are untravelled of sail or  
bird ;  
The hoar wave hardly recedes from the sound-  
less beach.  
The silence of instant noon goes nigh to be  
heard,  
The viewless void to be visible : all and each,  
A closure of calm no clamor of storm can  
breach  
Concludes and confines and absorbs them on  
either side,  
All forces of light and of life and the live  
world's pride,  
Sounds hardly muffled of ripples that hardly roll  
Seem ever to show as in reach of a swift brief  
stride  
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

The waves are a joy to the seamew, the meads  
to the herd,  
And a joy to the heart is a goal that it may  
not reach,  
No sense that for ever the limits of sense en-  
gird,  
No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or  
speech,  
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence  
teach,  
Hears ever the notes that or ever they swell  
subside,  
Sees ever the light that lights not the loud  
world's tide,

Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong scheme's  
control  
Wherethrough we pursue, till the waters of  
life be dried,  
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

Friend, what have we sought or seek we,  
whate'er betide,  
Though the seaboard shift its mark from afar  
descried,  
But aims whence ever anew shall arise the  
soul ?  
Love, thought, song, life, but show for a  
glimpse and hide  
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

## A HAVEN.

EAST and north a waste of waters, south and  
west  
Lonelier lands than dreams in sleep would  
feign to be,  
When the soul goes forth on travel, and is  
prest  
Round and compassed in with clouds that  
flash and flee,  
Dells without a streamlet, downs without a  
tree,  
Cirques of hollow cliff that crumble, give  
their guest  
Little hope, till hard at hand he pause, to see  
Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
sea-side nest.

Many a lone long mile, by many a headland's  
crest,  
Down by many a garden dear to bird and  
bee,  
Up by many a sea-down's bare and breezy  
breast,  
Winds the sandy strait of road where flowers  
run free,  
Here along the deep steep lanes by field  
and lea  
Knights have carolled, pilgrims chanted, on  
their quest,  
Haply, ere a roof rose toward the bleak  
strand's lee,  
Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
sea-side nest.

Are the wild lanes cursed perchance of time,  
 or blest,  
 Sad with fear or glad with comfort of the sea?  
 Are the ruinous towers of churches fallen on  
 rest  
 Watched of wanderers woful now, glad once  
 as we,  
 When the night has all men's eyes and hearts  
 in fee,  
 When the soul bows down dethroned and  
 dispossessed?  
 Yet must peace keep guard, by day's and  
 night's decree,  
 Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
 seaside nest.

Friend, the lonely land is bright for you and  
 me  
 All its wild ways through; but this methinks  
 is best,  
 Here to watch how kindly time and change  
 agree  
 Where the small town smiles, a warm still  
 sea-side nest.

---

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a  
 day,  
 So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,  
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad  
 wild way,  
 And hearts still hovering o'er a song-bee sun,  
 And smile that warmed the world with hear-  
 son,  
 Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,  
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the time  
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where  
 he came,  
 Because thy passage once made warm this  
 clime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each year that England clothes herself with  
 May,  
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath  
 spun  
 Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array  
 For earth and man's new sport, fain to shun  
 Things past for dreams of better to be won,  
 Through many a century since thy funeral  
 chime  
 Rang, and men deemed it death's most dire-  
 ful crime

To have spared not thee for very love or  
 shame;  
 And yet, while mists round last year's me-  
 mories climb,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we  
 stray,  
 Meseems, might bring us face to face with  
 one  
 Whom seeing we could not but give thanks,  
 and pray  
 For England's love our father and her son  
 To speak with us as once in days long done  
 With all men, sage and churl and monk and  
 mime,  
 Who knew not as we know the soul sublime  
 That sang for a king's love more than lust of  
 fame,  
 Yet, though it ill be not, yet, in happy time,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering  
 theme,  
 Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime  
 Names once beloved; but, seeing the sun the  
 same,  
 As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

---

THE MILL GARDEN.

STABLY stand the sunflowers, glowing down  
 the garden-side,  
 Rugged in royal rank arow along the warm  
 gray wall,  
 Whence their deep disks burn at rich midnoon  
 mire with pride,  
 Even as though their beams indeed were sun-  
 beams, and the tall  
 Sceptred stems bore stars whose reign endures,  
 not flowers that fall.

Lowlier Dugs and basks the kindlier flower  
 of Loucheier fame,  
 Held by love the sweeter that it blooms in  
 Shakespeare's name,  
 Fragrant yet as though his hand had touched  
 and made it thine,  
 Like the whole world's heart, with warm new  
 life and gladdening flame.

Fair to fall the fair green close that lies below  
 the mill  
 Softlier here the flower-soft feet of reluctant  
 seasons glide,

Together breathe the long low note of change,  
 gentler call.  
 Wind and storm and landslip feed the lone  
 sea's gulf outside,  
 Haff a seaman's just flight hence; but scarce  
 may these appal  
 Peace, whose perfect seal is set for signet here  
 on all,  
 Steep and deep and steric, under fields no  
 plough can tame,  
 Did the cliffs full-fledged with poppies red as  
 love or shame,  
 Were wan daisies, break and bind, or herbage  
 harsh and churl;  
 Here the full clove pinks and wallflowers  
 crown the love they claim,  
 Let befall the fair green close that lies below  
 the mill!

All the place breathes low, but not for fear  
 lest ill betide,  
 As roses answering roses, or a dove's re-  
 call,  
 Little heed it how the seaward banks may  
 stoop and slide,  
 How the winds and years may hold all outer  
 things in thrall,  
 How their wrath may work on hoar church  
 tower and boundary wall,  
 How wide the waste and ravin of their rule  
 proclaim  
 Change alone the changeless lord of things,  
 alone the same;  
 How a flower is stronger than the winds that  
 work their will,  
 Or the years that wing their way through dark-  
 ness toward their aim,  
 Let befall the fair green close that lies below  
 the mill!

Friend, the home that smiled us welcome  
 hither when we came,  
 When we pass again with summer, surely  
 should reclaim  
 Some what given of heart's thanksgiving more  
 than words fulfil—  
 More than song, were song more sweet than  
 all but love might frame,  
 Let befall the fair green close that lies  
 below the mill!

#### A SEA-MARK.

FAITHS have left the sea-blanks ill to climb;  
 Wayward sinks the loosening seaboard's  
 floor:

If in the spring of it, in more and same,  
 Earth, a fruit run-statted to the core,  
 Drops dissolving down in flakes, that pour  
 Dense as gout's nom eaves grown foul with  
 grime,  
 One sole rock which years that scathe not  
 score  
 Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Time were even as even the rainiest clime,  
 Life were even as even this lapsing shore,  
 Might not ought outlive their trustless prime,  
 Vainly fear would wail or hope implore,  
 Vainly grief revile or love adore  
 Seasons clothed in sunshine, rain, or rime,  
 Now for me one comfort held in store  
 Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Once, by fate's default or chance's crime,  
 Each apart, our burdens each we bore;  
 Heard, in monotonies like bells that chime,  
 Chime the sounds of sorrows, float and sou,  
 Joy's full carols, near or far before;  
 Heard not yet across the alternate rhyme  
 Time's tongue tell what sign set fast of yore  
 Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

Friend, to sign we know not heretofore  
 Towers in sight here present and sublime,  
 Faith in faith established evermore  
 Stands a sea-mark in the tides of time.

#### THE CLIFFSIDE PATH.

Starward goes the sun, and homeward by the  
 down  
 We, before the night upon his grave be sealed,  
 Low behind us lies the bright steep murmur-  
 ing town,  
 High before us heaves the steep rough silent  
 field,  
 Breach by ghastlier breach, the cliffs collaps-  
 ing yield;  
 If in the path is broken, half the banks divide;  
 Flawed and crumbled, riven and rent, they  
 cleave and slide  
 Toward the ridged and wrinkled waste of  
 girdling sand  
 Deep beneath, whose furrows tell how far and  
 wide  
 Wind's lord and change is sovereign of the  
 strand,

Star by star on the unsmuned waters twining  
 down,  
 Golden spear-points glance against a silver  
 shield.



Over banks and bent, across the headland's  
 crown,  
 As the pulse of gradual plumes through  
 twilight wheeled,  
 Soft as sleep, the waking wind awakes the  
 weald,  
 Moor and copse and fallow, near or far  
 despoiled,  
 Feel the mild wings move, and gladden where  
 they glide:  
 Silence, entering love that all things under-  
 stand,  
 Bids the quiet fields forget that hard beside  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the  
 strand.

Yet may sight, ere all the hoar soft shade  
 grow brown,  
 Hardly reckon half the rifts and rents un-  
 headed  
 Where the seared clats downward smoldering  
 drive and down,  
 Heaven as if with smoke of swords in tempest  
 steeled,  
 Wielded as the night's will and the wind's  
 may wield,  
 Crowned and zoned in vain with flowers of  
 an-ann-tide,  
 Soon the Eests shall break them, soon the  
 waters hie;  
 Soon, where late we stood, shall no man  
 ever stand.

Life and love seek harborage on the land-  
 ward side;  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the  
 strand.

Friend, though man be less than these, for  
 all his pride,  
 Yet, for all his weakness, shall not hope  
 abide?  
 Wind and change can wreck but life and I  
 waste him land:  
 Truth and trust are sure, though here till a  
 subside  
 Wind is lord and change is sovereign of a  
 strand.

#### IN THE WATER.

THE sea is awake, and the sound of the song  
 of the joy of her waking is rolled  
 From athin to the star that recedes from our  
 ear  
 To the wastes of the wild wide shore,  
 Her call is a puppet compelling us home-  
 ward; if dawn in her east be a cold,

From the sea shall we crave not her grace to  
 rekindle the me that it kindled before,  
 Her breath to requicken, her bosom to rock  
 us, her kisses to bless as of yore?  
 For the wind, with his wings half open, at  
 pause in the sky, neither fettered nor  
 free,  
 Leans waveward and flutters the ripple to  
 laughter: and fain would the twain of  
 us be  
 Where lightly the wave yearns forward from  
 under the curve of the deep dawn's  
 dome,  
 And, full of the morning and fired with the  
 pride of the glory thereof and the glee,  
 Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
 bids and beseeches, athirst for the foam.

Life holds not an hour that is better to live  
 in: the past is a tale that is told,  
 The future a sun-flecked shadow, alive and  
 asleep, with a blessing in store,  
 As we give us again to the waters, the rapture  
 of limbs that the waters entole!  
 Is less than the rapture of spirit whereby,  
 though the burden it quits were sore,  
 Our souls and the bodies they wield at their  
 will are absorbed in the life they  
 adore—  
 In the life that endures no burden, and bows  
 not the forehead, and bends not the  
 knee—  
 In the life everlasting of both end of heaven,  
 in the Eests that atone and agree,  
 In the measureless music of things, in the  
 terror of force that rest or that roam.  
 The cross and return and reissue, as I after  
 you are as you after I  
 Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
 bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
 foam.

For, albeit he were less than the least of  
 them, haply the heart of a man may be  
 bold  
 To rejoice in the word of the sea as a mother's  
 that saith to the son she bore,  
 Child, was not the life in thee mine, and my  
 spirit the breath in thy lips from of  
 old?  
 Have I let not thy weakness exult in my  
 strength, and thy foolishness learn of  
 my lore?  
 Have I helped not or healed not thine an-  
 guish, or made not the might of thy  
 gladness more?

And surely his heart should answer, The light  
of the love of my life is in thee.

She is fairer than earth, and the sun is not  
fairer, the wind is not blither than she;  
From my youth hath she shown me the joy of  
her bays that I crossed, of her cliffs  
that I clomb,

Till now that the twain of us here, in desire  
of the dawn and in trust of the sea,

Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
foam.

Friend, earth is a harbor of refuge for winter,  
a covert wherewnder to flee

When day is the vassal of night, and the  
strength of the hosts of her nightier  
than he;

But here is the presence adored of me, here  
my desire is at rest and at home

There are cliffs to be climbed upon land, there  
are ways to be trodden and ridden:  
but we

Strike out from the shore as the heart in us  
bids and beseeches, athirst for the  
foam.

### THE SUNBOWS.

SPRAY of song that springs in April, light of  
love that laughs through May,

Live and die and live forever; nought of all  
things far less fair

Keeps a surer life than these that seem to  
pass like fire away.

In the souls they live which are but all the  
brighter that they were;

In the hearts that kindle, thinking what de-  
light of old was there.

Wind that shapes and lifts and shifts them  
bids perpetual memory play

Over dreams and in and out of deeds and  
thoughts which seem to wear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Dawn is wild upon the waters where we drink  
of dawn to-day;

Wide, from wave to wave rekindling in re-  
bound through radiant air,

Flash the fires unwoven and woven again of  
wind that works in play,

Working wonders more than heart may note  
or sight may wellnigh dare,

Wefts of rarer light that colors rain from  
heaven, though this be rare.

Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared and  
ruined ray by ray,

Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens,  
even till eyes may hardly bear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Year on year sheds light and music tolled  
and flashed from bay to bay

Round the summer capes of time and winter  
headlands keen and bare

Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids her  
vassal memory watch and pray,

If perchance the dawn may quicken, or per-  
chance the midnight spare,

Silence quells not music, darkness takes not  
sunlight in her snare;

Shall not joys endure that perish? Yea,  
saith dawn, though not lit say nay!

Life on life goes out, but very life cuckindles  
everywhere

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

Friend, were life no more than this is, well  
would yet the living fare,

All aflower and all afoe and all a thing to ven-  
ward, who shall say

Such a flash of life were worthless? This is  
worth a world of care—

Light that leaps and runs and revels through  
the springing flames of spray.

### ON THE VERGE.

HERE begins the sea that ends not till the  
world's end. Where we stand,

Could we know the next high sea-mark set  
beyond these waves that gleam,

We should know what never man hath  
known, nor eye of man hath seen,

Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt  
like fume of shrines that steam

Breaks or stays the strength of waters till  
they pass our hours of dream,

Where the waste Land's End leans westward,  
all the seas it watches roll

Find their border fixed beyond them, and a  
worldwide show's control;

These whereby we stand no shore beyond us  
limits; these are free,

Gazing hence, we see the water that grows  
iron round the Pole,

From the shore that hath no shore beyond it  
set in all the sea.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Sail on seas that are the foes and<br/>     washst with the wings on wine<br/>     Has and holds that, wings on wine<br/>     Hour of the time of life and time's<br/>     Some of the wine and the days<br/>     More than the time of the wine and<br/>     Some of the wine and the days<br/>     Some with sighing and for him, some with<br/>     Would we know the secret? Never breath<br/>     From the shore that hath no shore beyond it<br/>     set in all the sea.</p> <p>Shadow, would we question darkness? In<br/>     our eyes and brows be tinted<br/>     and with airs of twilight, washed with dew<br/>     from sleep's etherial stream,<br/>     Would we know sleep's guarded secret? In<br/>     the fire consume the land,</p> | <p>Who but know that the ash-ore requicken?<br/>     Yet we can<br/>     Sure man can know, or ever night unvoke<br/>     the stars to aro,<br/>     What the dawn shall be, or if the dawn shall<br/>     be the sea, the scroll<br/>     Would we read of sleep's dark scripture,<br/>     judge of peace or doom of dole,<br/>     Ah, but the man's heart leaps, yearning to<br/>     walk the gloom with venturous gle,<br/>     From his proof eye behold non bay nor har-<br/>     bor, rock nor shoal,<br/>     From the shore that hath no shore beyond it<br/>     set in all the sea.</p> <p>Friend, who knows if death indeed have<br/>     or life have death for goal?<br/>     Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas de-<br/>     clare nor skies unroll<br/>     What has been from everlasting, or it aught<br/>     shall always be,<br/>     Silence answering only strikes response re-<br/>     verberate to the soul<br/>     From the shore that hath no shore beyond it<br/>     set in all the sea.</p> |
|---|--|

## A NEW-YEAR ODE.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

## I.

Twice twelve times have the springs of years  
 ebbed  
 Their fountains from the river-head of  
 me  
 Since the green sea's minge, ere autumn  
 dim,  
 Water and woods with sense of changing  
 dim,  
 A glow of light rose upon my soul, and thrilled  
 My heart of mine with sense of spheres in  
 flame,  
 Sound as of song wherewith a God would  
 land  
 Towers that no force of conquering war  
 might climb,  
 Wind shook the glimmering sea  
 Even as my soul in me  
 Was stirred with breath of mastery more  
 solemn,  
 Uplift and borne along  
 More than the tides of song,

Where wave rang back to wave more rapt-  
 tious rhyme  
 And world on world flashed lordlier  
 light  
 Than ever lit the wandering ways of ships by  
 night.

## II.

The spirit of God, whose breath of life is  
 song,  
 Moved, though his word was human, on  
 the face  
 Of those deep waters of the soul, too long  
 dumb, dark, and cold, that waited for the  
 grace  
 Wherewith day kindles heaven: and as some  
 throng  
 Of quiring wings fills full some lone chill  
 place  
 With sudden rush of life and joy, more strong  
 Than death or sorrow or all night's dark-  
 ling race,

So was my heart, that heard  
 All heaven in each deep word,  
 Filled full with light of thought, and waxed  
 apace  
 Itself more wide and deep,  
 To take that gut and keep  
 And cherish while my days fulfilled their  
 space;  
 A record wide as earth and sea,  
 The Legend writ of Ages past and yet to be.

III.

As high the chant of paradise and Hell  
 Rose, when the soul of Milton gave it wings;  
 As wide the sweep of Shakespeare's empy-  
 fell,  
 When life had bared for him her secret  
 springs;  
 But not his various soul might range and dwell  
 Amid the mysteries of the founts of time;  
 Nor Milton's range of rule so far might swell  
 Across the kingdoms of forgotten kings  
 Men, centuries, nations, time,  
 Life, death, love, trust, and crime,  
 King record through the change of smitten  
 strings  
 That felt an exile's hand  
 Sound hope for every land  
 More loud than storm's cloud-sundering  
 trumpet rings,  
 And bol strong death for judgment rise,  
 And life bow down for judgment of his awless  
 eyes.

IV.

And death, soul-stricken in his strength re-  
 signed  
 The keeping of the sepulchres to song;  
 And life was humbled, and his height of mind  
 Brought lower than lies a grave-stone fallen  
 along;  
 And like a ghost and like a God mankind  
 Rose clad with light and darkness; weak  
 and strong,  
 Clean and unclean, with eyes afire and blind,  
 Wounded and whole, fast bound with cord  
 and thong,  
 Free; fair and foul, sin-stained,  
 And sinless; crowned and claimed;  
 Fleet-limbed, and halting all his lifetime long;  
 Glad of deep shame, and sad  
 For shame's sake; wise, and mad;  
 Girt round with love and hate of right and  
 wrong;  
 Armed and disarmed for sleep and  
 strife;

Proud, and sore tear made havoc of his pride of  
 life.

V.

Shadows and shapes of fable and storied sooth  
 Rose glorious as with gleam of gold impreed;  
 Eve, clothed with heavenly nakedness and  
 youth  
 That matched the morning's; Cain, self-  
 sacrificed  
 On crime's first altar; legends wise as truth,  
 And truth in legends deep embalmed and  
 spiced;  
 The stars that saw the starlike eyes of Ruth,  
 The grave that heard the clarion call of  
 Christ,  
 And higher than sorrow and mirth  
 The heavenly song of earth  
 Sprang, in such notes as might have well  
 sufficed  
 To still the storms of time  
 And sin's contentious clime  
 With peace renewed of life reparadised:  
 Earth, scarred not yet with temporal  
 scars;  
 Godless of gods, our mother, chosen among  
 the stars.

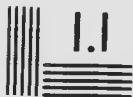
VI.

Earth fair as heaven, ere change and time set  
 odds  
 Between them, light and darkness know not  
 when,  
 And fear, grown strong through panic periods,  
 Crouched, a crowned worm, in faith's Ler-  
 nean fen,  
 And love lay bound, and hope was scourged  
 with rods,  
 And death cried out from desert and from  
 den,  
 Seeing all the heaven above him dark with  
 gods  
 And all the world about him marred of men.  
 Cities that nought might purge  
 Save the sea's whelming surge  
 From all the pent pollutions in their pen  
 Deep death drank down, and wrought  
 With wreck of all things, nought  
 That none might live of all their names  
 again,  
 Nor aught of all whose life is breath  
 Serve any God whose likeness was not like  
 to death,



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## VII.

Till by the lips and eyes of one live nation  
 The blind-mute world found grace to see  
 and speak,  
 And light watched rise a more divine creation  
 At that more godlike utterance of the Greek,  
 Let there be freedom, Kings whose crest  
 station  
 Made pale the morn, and all her prestige  
 bleak,  
 Got each with strengths of all his generation,  
 Downy robes of shamefaced soul and sun-swart  
 cheek,  
 Twice, morn'd with one desire,  
 Sont glowing hat on sire,  
 With all the wrath of all a world to speak,  
 And all the rage of night  
 Afire against the light  
 Whose weakness makes her strong-winged  
 empire weak,  
 Stood up to unsay that saying, and fell  
 Too far for song, though song were thousand-  
 tongued, to tell.

## VIII.

From those deep echoes of the loud Aegean  
 That rolled response whereat false fear was  
 dead  
 By songs of joy sublime and Sophoclean,  
 Fresh notes reverberate westward rose to bid  
 All wearier times take comfort from the pain  
 That tells the night what deeds the sunrise  
 did,  
 Even till the lawns and torrents Pyrenean  
 Ring answer from the records of the Cid,  
 But never force of fountains  
 From sunniest hearts of mountains  
 Wherein the soul of hidden June was hid  
 Pounded forth so pure and strong  
 Springs of reiterate song,  
 Loud as the streams his fame was read  
 amid,  
 More sweet than flowers they feed,  
 and fair  
 With grace of lordlier sunshine and more  
 lambent air.

## IX.

A star more prosperous than the storm-clothed  
 east's  
 Clothed all the warm south-west with light  
 like spring's  
 When hands of strong men spread the wolves  
 their feasts

And from snake-spirited princes plucked  
 the stings;  
 Ere caught, grown all one den of butting beasts,  
 Had for her sunshine and her water-springs  
 The fire of hell that warmed the hearts of  
 priests,  
 The wells of blood that slaked the lips of  
 lanes,  
 The shadow of night made stone  
 Stood populous and alone,  
 Dense with its dead and loathed of living  
 things  
 That draw not life from death,  
 And as with hell's own breath  
 Vexed the fair face of Paris, made  
 foul in its murderous imminence of sound and  
 shade.

## X.

And all these things were parcels of the vision  
 That moved a cloud before his eyes, or  
 stood  
 A tower half-shattered by the strong collision  
 Of spirit and spirit, of evil gods with good;  
 A ruinous wall run through with grim division,  
 Where time had marked his every mon-  
 strous mood  
 Of scorn and strength and pride and self-  
 derision:  
 The Tower of Things, that felt upon it  
 brood  
 Night, and about it cast  
 The storm of all the past  
 Now mute and forceless as a fire subdued:  
 Yet through the rifted years  
 And centuries veiled with tears  
 And ages as with very death imbrued  
 Freedom, whence hope and faith  
 grow strong,  
 Smiles, and firm love sustains the indissoluble  
 song.

## XI.

Above the cloudy coil of days deceased,  
 Its might of light, with mists and storms  
 beset,  
 Burns heavenward, as with heart and hope  
 increased,  
 For all the change of tempests, all the fret  
 Of frost or fire, keen fraud or force released,  
 Wherewith the world once wasted knows  
 not yet  
 If evil or good lit all the darkling east  
 From the ardent moon of sovereign Maho-  
 met

Sublime in work and will  
The song sublimer still  
Salutes him, ere the splendor shrink and  
set ;  
Then with imperious eye  
And wing that sounds the sky  
Soars arid sees risen as ghosts in concourse  
met  
The old world's seven elder wonders,  
trim  
As dust and fixed as shadows, weaker than  
the worm.

## XII.

High witness borne of knights high-souled  
and hoary  
Before death's face and empire's rings and  
glows  
Even from the dust their life poured forth left  
gory,  
As the eagle's ov' rings after from the snows  
Supreme rebuke of shame clothed round with  
glory  
And hosts whose track the false crowned  
eagle shows ;  
More loud than sounds through stormiest  
song and story  
The laugh of slayers whose names the sea-  
wind knows ;  
More loud than peals on land  
In many a red wet hand  
The clash of gold and cymbals as they close ;  
Loud as the blast that meets  
The might of marshalled fleets  
And sheds it into shipwreck, like a rose  
Blown from a child's light grasp in sign  
That earth's high lords are lords not over  
breeze and brine.

## XIII.

Above the dust and mire of man's dejection  
The wide-winged spirit of song resurgent  
sees  
His wingless and long-laboring resurrection  
Up the arduous heaven, by sore and strange  
degrees,  
Mount, and with splendor of the soul's re-  
flection  
Strike heaven's dark sovereign down upon  
his knees,  
Pale in the light of orient insurrection,  
And dumb before the almighty lord's  
decrees  
Who bade him be of yore,  
Who bids him be no more ;

And all earth's heart is quickened as the  
sea's  
Even as when sunbeams looms  
The very sea's heart yearns  
That heard not on the midnight-walking  
breeze  
The wail that woke with evensong  
From hearts of poor folk watching all the  
darkness long.

## XIV.

Dawn and the beams of sunbright song illumine  
Love, with strange children at her piteous  
breast,  
By grace of weakness from the grave-mouthed  
gloom  
Plucked, and by mercy lulled to living rest,  
Soft as the nursling's nigh the grandsire's  
tomb  
That fell on sleep, a bird of riled nest ;  
Soft as the lips whose smile unsaid the doom  
That gave their sire to violent death's arrest.  
Even for such love's sake strong,  
Wrath fires the inveterate song  
That bids hell gape for one whose bland  
mouth blest  
All slayers and liars that sighed  
Prayer as they slew and lied  
Till blood had clothed his priesthood as a  
vest,  
And hears, though darkness yet be  
dumb  
The silence of the trumpet of the wrath to  
come.

## XV.

Nor lacked these lights of constellated age  
A star among them fed with life more dire,  
Lit with his bloodred fame whose withering  
rage  
Made earth for heaven's sake one funereal  
pyre  
And life in faith's name one appointed stage  
For death to purge the souls of men with  
fire,  
Heaven, earth, and hell on one thrice tragic  
page  
Mixed all their light and darkness: one  
man's lyre  
Gave all their echoes voice ;  
Bade rose-cheeked love in joy,  
And cold-lipped craft with ravenous fear  
conspire,  
And fire-eyed faith smite hope  
Dead, seeing enthroned as Pope



And crowned of heaven on earth, at hell's  
 desire  
 Sun, called by death's incestuous name  
 Borgia: the world that heard it flushed and  
 quailed with shame.

## XVI.

Another year, and hope triumphant heard  
 The consummating sound of song, that spake  
 Conclusion to the multitudinous word  
 Whose expectation held our spirit awake  
 Till full delight for twice two days departed  
 Bade all souls entering eat and drink, and  
 take  
 A third time comfort given them, that the  
 third  
 Might heap the measure up of twain, and  
 make  
 The sinking year sublime  
 Among all sons of time  
 And fair in all men's memories for his sake,  
 Each thought of ours became  
 Fire, kindling from his time,  
 And music wind in his voice song's wake,  
 Yea, and the world bore witness here  
 How great a light was risen upon this duk-  
 ening year.

## XVII.

It was the dawn of winter: sword in sheath,  
 Change, veiled and mild, came down the  
 gradual air  
 With cold slow smiles that hid the doom  
 beneath.  
 Five days to die in yet were autumn's, ere  
 The last leaf withered from his powerless  
 wrath.  
 South, east and north, our skies were all  
 blown bare,  
 But westward over shimmeringholt and  
 heath  
 Cloud, wind, and light had made a heaven  
 more fair  
 Than ever dream or truth  
 Showed earth in time's lozen youth  
 When men with angels communed unaware,  
 Above the sun's head, now  
 Veiled even to the ardent brow,  
 Rose two sheer wings of undering cloud,  
 that were  
 As a bird's poised for vehement flight,  
 Full-fledged with plumes of toamy fire and  
 hoar gray light.

## XVIII.

As night lit black, as twilight brown, they  
 appeared.  
 But feathered thick with flame that streak-  
 ed and lined  
 Their living darkness, ominous close of dread,  
 From south to northernmost verge of heaven  
 inclined  
 Most like some giant angels, whose bent head  
 Bow'd earthward, as with message for  
 mankind  
 Of doom or benediction to be shed  
 From passage of his presence. Far be-  
 hind,  
 Even while they seemed to close,  
 Stoop, and to flight, arose  
 Above them, higher than heavenliest thought  
 may find  
 In light or night supreme  
 Of vision or of dream,  
 Immeasurable of men's eyes or mounting  
 mind,  
 Heaven, manifest in manifold  
 Light of pure pallid amber, cheered with fire  
 of gold.

## XIX.

And where the fine gold faded all the sky  
 Shone green as the outer sea when April  
 glows,  
 Inlaid with flakes and feathers fledged to  
 fly  
 Of cloud suspense in rapture and repose,  
 With large live petals, broad as love birds lie  
 Full open when the sun salutes the rose,  
 And small rent sprays where with the heavens  
 most high  
 Were strewn as autumn strews the garden-  
 close  
 With ruinous rosleaves whirled  
 About their wan chill world,  
 Thron'd wind-worn bowers that now no  
 music knows,  
 Spoil of the dim dusk year  
 Whose utter night is near,  
 And near the tower of dawn beyond it  
 blows;  
 Till east and west were fire and light,  
 As though the dawn to come had flushed the  
 coming night.

## XX.

The highways paced of men that toil or play,  
 The byways known of none but lonely feet,  
 Were paven of purple woven of night and  
 day

With hands that met as hands of friends  
 might meet—  
 As though night's were not lit up to slay  
 And day's had waxed not weaker. Peace  
 more sweet  
 Than music, light more soft than shadow, lay  
 On downs and moorlands wan with day's  
 defeat,  
 That witched afar above  
 Life's very rose of love  
 Let all its lustrous leaves fall, fade, and  
 fleet,  
 And fill all heaven and earth  
 Full as with fires of birth  
 Whence time should feed his years with  
 light and heat:  
 Nay, not life's, but a flower more strong  
 Than life or time or death, love's very rose  
 of song.

## XXI.

Song visible, whence all men's eyes were lit  
 With love and loving wonder: song that  
 glowed  
 Through cloud and change on souls that knew  
 not it  
 And hearts that wist not whence their com-  
 fort flowed,  
 Whence fear was lightened of her fever-fit,  
 Whence anguish of her life-compelling load.  
 Yea, no man's head whereon the fire alit,  
 Of all that passed along that sunset road  
 Westward, no brow so drear,  
 No eye so dull of cheer,  
 No face so mean whereon that light abode,  
 But as with alien pride  
 Strange godhead glorified  
 Each feature flushed from heaven with fire  
 that showed  
 The likeness of its own life wrought  
 By strong transfiguration as of living thought.

## XXII.

Nor only clouds of the everlasting sky,  
 Nor only men that paced that sunset way  
 To the utter bourne of evening, passed not by  
 Unblest or unilluminated; none might say,  
 Of all things visible in the wide world's eye,  
 That was too low for all that grace it lay:  
 The lowest likelets of the moorland night,  
 The narrowest pools where shallowest wave-  
 lets play,  
 Were filled from heaven above  
 With light like fire of love,  
 With flames and colors like a dawn in May,

As hearts that lower live  
 With light of thoughts that give  
 Light from the depth of souls more deep  
 than they  
 Through song's or story's kindling  
 scroll,  
 The splendor of the shadow that reveals the  
 soul.

## XXIII.

For, when such light is in the world, we share,  
 All of us, all the rays thereof that shine:  
 Its presence is alive in the unseen air,  
 Its fire within our veins as quickening wine;  
 A spirit is shed on all men everywhere,  
 Known or not known of all men for divine.  
 Yea, as the sun makes heaven, that light  
 makes fair  
 All souls of ours, all lesser souls than thine,  
 Priest, prophet, seer and sage,  
 Lord of a subject rare  
 That bears thy seal upon it for a sign;  
 Whose name shall be thy name,  
 Whose light thy light of fame,  
 The light of love that makes thy soul a  
 shrine;  
 Whose record through all years to be  
 Shall bear this witness written—that its womb  
 bore thee.

## XXIV.

O mystery, whence to one man's hand was  
 given  
 Power upon all things of the spirit, and  
 might  
 Whereby the veil of all the years was riven  
 And naked stood the secret soul of night!  
 O marvel, hailed of eyes whence cloud is  
 driven,  
 That shows at last wrong reconciled with  
 right  
 By death divine of evil and sin forgiven!  
 O light of song, whose fire is perfect light!  
 No speech, no voice, no thought,  
 No love, avails us aught  
 For service of thank-giving in his sight  
 Who hath given us all for ever  
 Such gifts that man gave never  
 So many and great since first Time's wings  
 took flight.  
 Man may not praise a spirit above  
 Man's: life and death shall praise him; we  
 can only love.

## XXV.

Life, everlasting while the worlds endure,  
 Death, self-abased before a power more  
 high,

Shall be in one witness, and that word shall  
 be sure,  
 That not till time be dead shall it stand,  
 Like a bird, come from the east and  
 sit on the cross before him, wingless and  
 dumb,  
 A child's heart toward his hand is not in  
 vain,  
 An eagle's toward the sun in bold  
 eye,  
 Awe sweet as love and proud  
 As fame through lust and bowled  
 Years toward him lean, as his face goes  
 by:  
 All crowns before his crown  
 Triumphant, bow down,  
 For pride that is more great than all  
 draws nigh:  
 All souls appear, all hearts acclaim,  
 One heart bending, one soul supreme,  
 one conquering name.

## NOTES.

- ST. V.  
 V. 3. La Légende des Siècles: Le Sacre  
 de la Femme.  
 4. La Conscience.  
 7. *Poëz* endormi.  
 8. Frère renoué du Christ avec  
 le tombeau.  
 9. La Terre: Hymne.

- ST. V.  
 VI. 3. Les Temps Paniques.  
 9. La Ville Disparue.  
 Les Trois Cents.  
 VII. 1. Le Dérout de Flaripe: La Chan-  
 son de Sophocle à Saldanie.  
 VIII. 1. Le Romancero du Cid.  
 7. Le Petit Roi de Galice.  
 IX. 3. Le Jour des Rois.  
 5. Montfaucon.  
 9. La vision d'on est sorti ce livre.  
 X. L'an neuf de l'Égérie.  
 XI. 6. Les sept merveilles du monde.  
 12. Les quatre jours d'Éloas.  
 XII. 1. Le Régiment du baron Madruce.  
 4. La Chanson des Aveniriers de  
 la Mer.  
 7. Les Reîtres.  
 9. La Rose de l'Infante.  
 12. Le Satyre.  
 XIII. 1. Les paysans au bord de la mer.  
 12. Les pauvres gens.  
 XIV. 1. Petit Paul.  
 5. Guerre Civile.  
 7. La Vision de Dante.  
 9. La Trompette du Jugement.  
 15. Torquemada (1882).  
 XV. La Légende des Siècles: tome  
 XVI. cinquième et dernier (1883).  
 XVII. November 25, 1883.

## LINES ON THE MONUMENT OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

ITALIA, mother of the souls of men,  
 Mother divine,  
 Of all that served thee best with sword or  
 pen,  
 All sons of thine,  
 Thou knowest that here the likeness of the  
 best,  
 Before thee stands;  
 The head most high, the heart found faith-  
 fullest,  
 The purest hands,  
 Above the fume and foam of time that drifts,  
 The soul, we know,  
 Now sits on high where *Angeli* sits  
 With *Angelo*.

Not his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly  
 speech  
 Enough to say  
 What this man was, whose praise no thought  
 may reach,  
 No words can weigh,  
 Since man's first mother brought to mortal  
 birth  
 Her first-born son,  
 Such grace befell not ever man on earth  
 As crowns this one,  
 Of God nor man was ever this thing said,  
 That he could give  
 Life back to her who gave him, whence his  
 dead mother might live.

out this man found his mother dead and  
slain,

With fast sealed eyes,  
And bade the dead rise up and live again,  
And she did rise.

And all the world was bright with her through  
him:

But dark with strife,  
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds  
bedim,  
Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanished: hate and  
fear

Have had their span  
Of time to hurt, and are not: he is here,  
The sunlike man,

City superb that hadst Columbus first  
For sovereign son,  
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nursed  
This mightier one,

Glory be his forever, while his land  
Lives and is free,  
As with controlling breath and sovereign  
hand  
He bade her be,

Earth shows to heaven the names by thou-  
sands told

That crown her fame,  
But highest of all that heaven and earth be-  
hold  
Mazzini's name.

LES CASQUETS.

FROM the depth of the waters that lighten  
and darken  
With change everlasting of life and of  
death,

Where hardly by noon if the lulled ear  
hearken

It hears the sea's as a tired child's breath,  
Where hardly by night if an eye dare scan it,  
The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,  
As the reefs to the waves and the foam to the  
granite

Respond one merciless word,  
Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,  
A seaweew's flight from the wild sweet land,  
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake,  
seven

Black helmets as of warriors that stir not  
stand,

From the depths that abide and the waves  
that environ

Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight  
masks;

And the strokes of the swords of the storm  
are as iron

On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,  
Be the word of dawn as a god's glad word,

Like heads of the spirits of darkness visored  
That see not forever, nor ever have heard,  
These basnets, plumed as for fight or plume-  
less,

Crowned of the storm and by storm dis-  
crowned,

Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie  
tombless

And the tale of them is not found.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon  
The titles that are taken of life by the dark,  
Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand  
beckon,

For the soul to fare as a helmless bark—  
Fare forth on a way that no sign showeth,  
Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;  
A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,  
Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

Here still, though the wave and the wind  
seem lovers

Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,  
A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,  
And a sign in the motions and cries of the  
birds,

Dark auguries and keen from the sweet sea-  
swallows

Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's  
breath,

And the wing that flees and the wing that  
follows

Are as types of the wings of death.

For here, when the night roars round, and  
number

The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,  
Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,  
Sits death on the throne of his crowned  
desire,

Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion  
A sent more strong for his strength to take,  
For the might of his heart and the pride of  
his passion

To rejoice in the wars they make.

When a hawk or hawk-like eagle was  
 And the depth of its thirst fulfilled with  
 strife,  
 And his ear with the rattle of leets that  
 rattle,  
 And the wind of death with the rattle of leets,  
 That the darkness is loud with his dark thimble-  
 giving,  
 And wind and cloud are as clouds of his  
 living,  
 There is no light save death in the deep night  
 living,  
 And the whole night worships him,

Heaven's light bows down to him, stained  
 with his token,  
 And the sea's depth, moved as a heart that  
 yearns,  
 Heaves up to him, strong as a heart of  
 broken,  
 A heart that breaks in a prayer that burns,  
 Of cloud is the shrine of his worship moulded,  
 But the altar the stone of sea-shaped stone,  
 Whereon, with the strength of his wide wings  
 folded,  
 Sits death in the dark, alone.

He hears the word of his servant spoken,  
 The word that the wild his servant said;  
 Storm writes on the front of the night his  
 token,  
 That the skies may seem to bow down to  
 death,  
 But the clouds that stoop and the storms that  
 minister  
 Serve but as thralls that fulfil their tasks;  
 And his seal is not set save here on the  
 sinister  
 Crests reared of the crownless casques,

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crown'd  
 them  
 Gilds or quickens their stark black strength,  
 Like lightning and murmurs and laughs right  
 pound them,  
 At peace with the noon's whole breadth and  
 length,  
 At one with the heart of the soft-souled  
 heaven,  
 At one with the life of the kind wild land;  
 But its touch may unbrace not the strengths  
 of the seven  
 Casques hewn of the storm-wind's hand,

So the crownless casques the black-braced helm-  
 lets  
 For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves  
 wrought,  
 As flowers on the sea are her small green  
 seaweeds,  
 Like the veins made out of a child's heart's  
 blood,  
 But more as thorns of her desolate places,  
 Strong tangs that fasten and hold lives fast;  
 And the veils are framed as for formless  
 things

That a dark dream sees go past,  
 On fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned,  
 And the heads behind them are die and  
 dumb,  
 When the heart of the darkness is scarce im-  
 passioned,  
 Faded's face with scarce of the wrath to  
 come,  
 He, hear the sign from of old engraven,  
 Though peace be round them and strife  
 seem to,  
 That here is none but the night wind's haven,  
 With death for the harbor bar.

Of the iron of doom are the casquets carven,  
 That never the rivets thereof should burst,  
 When the heart of the darkness is hunger-  
 starven,

And the throats of the gulls are agape for  
 thirst,  
 And stars are as flowers that the wind bids  
 wither,  
 And dawn is as hope struck dead by fear,  
 The edge of the ravenous night sets luther,  
 The crown of her work is here,

And the crownless casques out and afar lie lonely,  
 And the casques are these than the heart of  
 the  
 The stone-linked rivets of rock, whence only  
 Strange life scarce gleams from the sheer  
 main reef,  
 With a blind wan face in the wild wan moun-  
 ting,  
 With a live lit flame on its brows by night,  
 That the lost may lose not its word's mute  
 warning  
 And the blind by its grace have sight,

Here, walled in with the wide waste water,  
 Grow the grace of a girl's lone life,  
 The sea's and the sea-wind's foster-daughter,  
 And peace was hers in the main mid suite,  
 For her were the rocks clothed round with  
 thunder,

And for her would she have been by the first  
 small dawn of day.

For her would she have been in the first  
 A wither's and that wither's and that wither's

For her the stars' kindly light had shined  
 The red and the leathery of the sun's and the sun's

For her the lights of the spirit had shined  
 The strengths reluctant for ways back-

For her would winds in the mid of the day  
 Bright wars that hardly the night had

At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy  
 For her would the sun make peace

For her rose crowned with the dawn of gold  
 The flames of triumph that had shined

For her lay filled in the moon's golden  
 Warm darkness made the world's heart

For all the wide waves of troubles and treasons  
 One word only her soul's ear heard

Speak from stormless and storm-torn seas  
 And ought save peace was the word

At her life waxed large with the light of it,  
 All her heart fed full on the sound;

Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,  
 Compassed and guided and clothed with

It found,  
 Sense was none but a strong still rapture,  
 Spirit was none but a joy sublime,

Of strength to curb and of fort to capture  
 The craft and the strength of Time.

Time lay bound as in painless prison  
 There, close in with a strict small space,  
 Never thereon as a strange light risen

Change had unveiled for her guest's face  
 Three white walls flung out from the base-

ment  
 Out the width of the world whereon  
 Gazing at night from her flame-lit casement

She saw where the dark sea shone,  
 Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,  
 Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,

The small court flower-lit with children's  
 faces

Scarce held scope for a bird to hide,  
 Yet here was a man's broad rear and hidden

Between the rocks and the towers and the  
 foam

Where peril and pity and peace were bidden  
 As guests to the same sure home.

The world was here, and the world's confu-  
 sion,  
 And the dust of the wheels of revolving  
 life,

Pain, labour, change, and the fierce illusion  
 Of strife more vain than the sea's old strife,  
 And her heart within her was vexed, and

dizz  
 The sense of her soul as a wheel that  
 whirled;

The world was here, and the world's confu-  
 sion,  
 And the dust of the wheels of revolving  
 life,

Pain, labour, change, and the fierce illusion  
 Of strife more vain than the sea's old strife,  
 And her heart within her was vexed, and

dizz  
 The sense of her soul as a wheel that  
 whirled;

With never a leaf but the seaweed's tangle,  
 Never a cloud's but the seaweed's tangle,

For all around it the strong storms waned  
 And

Was a fair past it the waste wrecks flung,  
 But her soul was stilled by the sky's endur-

ance,  
 And her heart made glad with the sea's  
 content;

And her teeth waxed more in the sun's assu-  
 ance

For the winds that came and went,  
 Sweetness was brought for her forth of the  
 but

Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's  
 dark,

From where green lawns on Alderney glitter  
 To the bastioned crags of the steep of

Sark,  
 These she knew from afar beholden,  
 And in vexed haply what life would be

On moors that sunset and dawn leave golden,  
 In dells that smile on the sea.

And forth she fared as a stout-souled rover,  
 For a brief blithe raid on the bounding  
 brine:

And light winds ferried her light bark over  
 To the lone south island of tan-limbed kine,  
 but the League-long length of its wind green

border,  
 And the small bright streets of serene St.  
 Anne,

Perplexed her sense with a strange disorder  
 At sight of the works of man.

The world was here, and the world's confu-  
 sion,  
 And the dust of the wheels of revolving  
 life,

Pain, labour, change, and the fierce illusion  
 Of strife more vain than the sea's old strife,  
 And her heart within her was vexed, and

dizz  
 The sense of her soul as a wheel that  
 whirled;

So on the sea that but  
 Lead on of the trout's world,  
 Too full of trouble,  
 For aught with news of troublous things,  
 And shew's less bright than the blithe foam's  
 Lullaby  
 As when she fired on the smooth wind's  
 Wail,  
 For joy, grows lonelier than more lonely,  
 Where only the sea's blood rain would be;  
 Where only the heart may receive in it only  
 The love of the heart of the sea.

A BALLAD OF SARK.

High beyond the granite portal arched across  
 Like the gat-way of some godlike giant's  
 hold  
 Sweep and swell the billowy breasts of moor  
 and moss  
 East and westward, and the dell their slopes  
 cut  
 Basks in purple, glows in green, exults in  
 gold  
 Gens that know the dove and fells that hear  
 the lark  
 F'll with joy the rapturous island, as an ark  
 Led over spicery wrought from herb and  
 flower and tree,  
 None would dream that grief even here may  
 disembark  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.  
 Rocks emblazoned like the mid shield's royal  
 be  
 Take the sun with all their blossom broad  
 and bobl,  
 None would dream that all this moorland's  
 glow and gloss  
 Could be dark as tonils that strike the  
 spirit dead  
 Even in eyes that opened here, and here  
 behold  
 Now no sun relume from hope's belated  
 spark  
 Any comfort, nor may ears of mourners hark  
 Though the ripe woods ring with golden-  
 throated glee,  
 While the soul lies shattered, like a stranded  
 lark  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.

Death and doom are they whose wasted tri-  
 umphs are  
 On the proud plumed waves whose mourn-  
 ing notes are to led,  
 Wind of regret weep and moan for utter loss,  
 Kiss the land's long through the graveyard  
 on the wold  
 Where the bride bed keeps the bridegroom  
 in a mon'l,  
 Where the bride, with death for priest and  
 doom for clerk,  
 Hears for cheer the throats of waves like  
 wolves that bark,  
 So to be hungered, off the drear Lperquene,  
 Earn to hold the strongholds of the strength  
 of the  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.

Prince of storm and tempest, lord whose  
 ways are dark,  
 Wind whose wings are spread for flight that  
 none may mar,  
 Lightly dies the joy that lives by grace of  
 thee,  
 Love through thee lies bleeding, hope lies  
 cold and stark,  
 On the wrathful woful marge of earth and  
 sea.

NINE YEARS OLD.

FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

I.  
 Lord of light, whose shine no hands destroy,  
 God of song, whose hymn no tongue  
 refuses,  
 Now, though spring far hence be cold and coy  
 Bid the golden mouths of all the Muses  
 Ring forth gold or strains without alloy,  
 Till the music's old rapture that suffuses  
 Heaven with song till earth exult for joy,  
 Since the child whose head this dawn  
 bedews is  
 Sweet as once thy violet-cradled boy.  
 II.  
 Even as he lay lapped about with flowers,  
 Lies the life now nine years old before us  
 Lapped about with love in all its hours;  
 Hailed of many loves that chant in choirs  
 Loud or low from lush leafless bowers,  
 Some from hearts exultant born sonorous,  
 Some scarce louder-voiced than soft-tongued  
 showers

Two months hence, when spring's light  
wings pressed o'er us  
High shall hover, and her heart be ours.

## III.

Even as he, though man-for-a-sake, is nursed  
On the soft kind's milk divinely raddled  
I care to feed him in the green mid-wind  
I fill with hittleless honey, till the madden  
Ere should prosper, finding fare more mild,  
So fruited with pleasures unforbidden,  
So his love's lures I amelelessly beguiled,  
Laughs the nursing of our hearts un-  
child-like.

Yet by change that mars not yet the child.

## IV.

Ah, not yet! Thou, lord of night and day,  
Time, sweet father of such blameless  
pleasure,  
Time, false friend who tak'st thy gifts away,  
Spare us yet some scantlings of the treasure,  
Leave us yet some rapture of delay,  
Yet some bliss of blip and feeless leisure  
Unprophetic of delight's decay,  
Yet some nights and days wherein to meas-  
ure  
All the joys that bless us while they may.

## V.

Not the waste Arcadian woodland, wet  
Still with dawn and vocal with Alpsius,  
Reared a nursing worthy love's regret,  
Lord, than this, whose eyes beholden free  
us  
Straight from bonds the soul would fain forget,  
Fain cast off, that night and day might see  
us  
Clear once more of life's vain fume and fret:  
Leave us, then, whate'er thy doom decre-  
us,  
Yet some days wherein to love him yet.

## VI.

Yet some days, wherein the child is ours,  
Ours, not thine, O lord whose hand is o'er  
us  
Always, as the sky with suns and showers  
Dense and radiant, soundless or sonorous:  
Yet some days for love's sake, ere the bowers  
Fade wherein his fair first years kept chorus  
Night and day with Graces robed like hours,  
Ere this worshipped childhood wane be-  
fore us,  
Change, and bring forth fruit—but no more  
flowers.

## VII.

Love you may the thing that is to be,  
Love we must; but how, forgotten olden  
Joy, this flower of childish love, that we  
Held more dear than aught of Time's as-  
sadden—  
Time, whose laugh is like as the 'W's to see—  
Time, who heeds not aught of beholding,  
Heard, or touched in passing—er or tree,  
Fares or grain of leaden day or golden—  
More than wind has heed of ships at sea?

## VIII.

First the babe, a very rose of joy,  
Sweet as hope's just note of jubilation,  
Passes; then must growth and change  
destroy  
Next the child, and mar the consecration  
Hallowing yet, ere thought or sense annoy,  
Childhood's yet half heavenlike habitation,  
Bright as truth and frailer than a toy;  
Whence its guest with eager gratulation  
Springs, and life grows larger round the boy.

## IX.

Yet, ere sunrise wholly cease to shine,  
Ere change come to chide our hearts, and  
scatter  
Memories marked for love's sake with a sign,  
Let the light of dawn beholden flatter  
Yet some while our eyes that feed on thine,  
Child, with love that change not time can  
shatter,  
Love, whose silent song says more than mine  
Now, though charged with elder loves and  
latter  
Here it hails a lord whose years are nine.

## AFTER A READING.

FOR the seven times that love would  
renew the delight of alley  
That it takes in the presence of  
presence of eyes that  
But how shall it praise  
buked by the pre-  
boy?

Praise meet for a child is  
whose winters and spr  
What song may have streng  
expand them, or light in a  
That shall seem not as weak  
if matched with the them  
make mine?



For such a world of words as can exult in  
 To be some time in our way.

Times the faintest chuckle to sing of  
 Aught not meant for the play;  
 On the sweetest of all things that can be  
 Peace in mid-trouble with love as they gaze.

Such tricks and such meanings are and on the  
 Lips and the brows that are laughter to  
 Heart.

The demure little chin, the sedate little  
 And the forward of un-stained white;  
 That love overflows into the air and later  
 Subsides into love at the sight.

Each limb and each feature has a tone  
 With the meaning of it smile;  
 From the fever of eyes and the flutter  
 Of hands in a foretaste of dances and  
 Freaks,  
 When the thought of them deepens the dim  
 That laugh in the corners and curves of her  
 Checks.

As a bird when the music within it is yet too  
 Intense to be spoken or song,  
 That pauses a little for pleasure to feel how  
 The notes from withinwards throng,  
 So pauses the laugh at his lips for a little, and  
 Waxes within more strong.

As the music elate and triumphal that bids  
 All things of the dawn beat part  
 With the time that prevails when her passion  
 Has risen into rapture of passionate art,  
 So lightens the laughter made perfect that  
 Leaps from its nest in the heaven of his  
 Heart.

Deep, grave and sedate is the gaze of expect-  
 ant intensity bent for a while,  
 And absorbed on its aim as the tale that en-  
 thralls him uncovers the web of its wit,  
 Till the goal of attention is touched, and  
 Expectancy kisses delight in a smile.

And it seems to us here that in Paradise hardly  
 The spirit of Lamb or of Blake  
 May hear or behold aught sweeter than  
 Lightens and rings when his bright thoughts  
 Break.

In laughter that well might lure them to look,  
 And to smile as of old for his sake.

O singers that best loved children, and best  
 For their sakes are beloved of us here,

For words of you the everlasting, where  
 The heart is throne and death life no feat,  
 As these may be wretched from to lit is on  
 Earth, none so dearer than these are dear.

### MAYTIME IN MIDWINTER.

A NEW year leans on a tearful  
 As I troubled and dim and dim  
 As I smile on a lip that is not,  
 As I fingers of eye that swim;  
 But the light of my heart makes cheerful  
 The days that are bright for him.

Child, how may a man's love merit  
 The crown you shed? You stand,  
 The out that is your timber?  
 Through you the bleak days blind;  
 You voice is a light to me spirit;  
 You bring the light to your hand.

The rain's wing shows not a feather  
 As set of the plumes to be;  
 Yet here in the shroud day weather  
 The spring's self stands at my knee,  
 And laughs as we commune together,  
 And lightens the world we see.

The rains are as dews for the christening  
 Of dawn that the nights benumb;  
 The spring's voice answers me listening  
 For speech of a child to come,  
 While promise of music is glistening  
 On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The mists and the storms receding  
 At sight of you smile and die;  
 Your eyes held wide on me reading  
 Shed summer across the sky;  
 Your heart shines clear for me, heeding  
 No more of the world than I.

The world, what is it to you, dear,  
 And me, if its face be gray,  
 And the new-born year be a shroud year  
 For flowers that the fierce winds may?  
 You smile and the sky seems blue, dear,  
 You laugh, and the month turns May.

Love cares not for care, he has daffed her  
 Aside as a mate for guile;  
 The sight that my soul yearns after  
 Feeds full my sense for awhile;  
 You sweet little sun-faced laughter,  
 Your good little glad grave smile.

You're not a man, you're not a man,  
 So sit, Soak up the sun, you'll lit,  
 Like's you're not, trade of the heart lit,  
 Molière—and his sun, this is not lit  
 Lait on it of sorrow, to lit it  
 The secret things of his thought,

A grim thing written on a raven  
 But grow, it on gaze on it, bright;  
 Ark's note rings from the raven,  
 And traced, its robe turns white;  
 And shipwrecks drift into heaven,  
 And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of madness;  
 Late's key-note peals from above  
 With nought in it more of sadness  
 Than broods on the heart of a  
 At sight of you, thought grows gladness,  
 And late, through love of you, love.

## A DOUBLE BALLAD OF AUGUST.

(1881.)

All Afric, winged with death and fire,  
 Puts in our pleasant English air,  
 Each blade of grass is tense as wire,  
 And all the wood's loose trembling hair  
 Mark in the broad and breathless glare  
 Of hours whose touch wastes herb and tree,  
 This bright sharp death shines ever where;  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

Earth seem a corpse upon the pyre;  
 The sun, a noon for slaves to bear,  
 All power is gone, all keen desire,  
 For dead a realm of days that were  
 Before the new-born world lay bare  
 On every man's wide eye, where under we  
 Breathless till the season spare;  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

For ere hours, with ravening fangs that tire  
 On spirit and sense, divide and share  
 The throbs of thoughts that scarce inspire,  
 The throes of dreams that scarce forbear  
 One mute immitigable prayer  
 For cold perpetual sleep to be  
 Sued snowlike on the sense of care,  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

The dust of ways where men suspire  
 Seems even the dust of death's dim lair,  
 But though the feverish days be dire  
 The sea-wind rears and cheers its fair

The heart's eye holds not those more dear  
 Than the heart's eye holds not those more dear  
 Than the heart's eye holds not those more dear  
 Than the heart's eye holds not those more dear,  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

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 Than the heart's eye holds not those more dear,  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

For there, though night and day conspire  
 To comfort round with toil and snare  
 And change the world of change, whose eye  
 Draws attention's deathwards unaware,  
 The spirit of the day is gone and spare,  
 Wild waves that follow on waves that flee  
 Laugh, knowing that yet, though earth despair  
 Late yearns for solace toward the sea.

## HEARTSEASE COUNTRY.

TO ISABEL SWINEBURNE.

Pink far green westward heavens are bland,  
 The far green Washburn downs are clean  
 As these deep meadows hard at hand:  
 The sight knows hardly far from near,  
 Nor morning joy from evening cheer,  
 In cottage garden plots their faces  
 Find many a fervent flower to seize  
 And strain and drain the heart away  
 From ripe sweet-willions and sweet-peas  
 At every turn on every way.

But gladdest seems one flower to expand  
 Its whole sweet heart all round us here;  
 'Tis Heartsease Country, Pansy Land  
 Nor sounds nor savors harsh and drear  
 Where engines yell and halt and veer  
 Can vex the sense of him who sees  
 One flower-plot midway, that for trees  
 Has poles, and sheds all grimed and drear  
 For bowers like those that take the breeze  
 At every turn on every way.

Content even there they smile and stand,  
 Sweet thought's heart-easing flowers, nor  
 Fear,  
 With reck and roaring steam though fanned,  
 Nor shrink nor perish as they peer,  
 The heart's eye holds not those more dear

That glow between the lanes and leas  
 Where'er the homeliest hand may please  
 To bid them blossom as they may  
 Where light approves and wind agrees  
 At every turn on every way.

But not the word of winds and seas  
 Endures not as the word of these  
 Your wayside flowers whose breath would  
 say  
 How hearts that love may find heart's ease  
 At every turn on every way.

### A BALLAD OF APPEAL.

TO CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SONG wakes with every wakening year  
 From hearts of birds that only feel  
 Brief spring's deciduous flower-time near:  
 And song more strong to help or heal  
 Shall silence worse than winter seal?  
 From love-lit thought's renumbing cave  
 The notes that rippled, wave on wave,  
 Were clear as love, as fire were strong;  
 And all souls blessed the song that gave  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

All hearts bore fruit of joy to hear,  
 All eyes felt mist upon them steal  
 For joy's sake, trembling toward a tear,  
 When, loud as marriage-bells that peal,  
 Or flute-like soft, or keen like steel,  
 Strang the sheer music; sharp or grave,  
 We heard the drift of winds that drive,  
 And saw, swept round by ghosts in throng,  
 Dark rocks, that yielded, where they clave,  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

Blithe verse made all the dim sense clear  
 That smiles of babbling babes conceal;  
 Purer's perfect heart spake here; and here  
 Rose notes of blameless ease and weal,  
 More soft than this poor song's appeal.  
 Where orchards bask, where cornfields wave,  
 They dropped like rains that cleanse and lave,  
 And scattered all the year along,  
 Like dewfall on an April grave,  
 Sweet water from the well of song.

Ballad, go bear our prayer, and crave  
 Pardon, because thy lowlier stave  
 Can do this plea no right, but wrong,  
 Ask nought beside thy pardon, save  
 Sweet water from the well of soag.

### CRADLE SONGS.

(TO A TUNE OF BLAKE'S.)

I.

BABY, baby bright,  
 Sleep can steal from sight  
 Little of your light:

Soft as fire in dew,  
 Still the lite in you  
 Lights you slumber through.

Four white eyelids keep  
 Fast the seal of sleep  
 Deep as love is deep:

Yet, though closed it lies,  
 Love behind them spies  
 Heaven in two blue eyes.

II.

Baby, baby dear,  
 Earth and heaven are near  
 Now, for heaven is here.

Heaven is every place  
 Where your flower-sweet face  
 Fills our eyes with grace.

Till your own eyes deign  
 Earth a glance again,  
 Earth and heaven are twain.

Now your sleep is done,  
 Shine, and show the sun  
 Earth and heaven are one.

III.

Baby, baby sweet,  
 Love's own lips ate meet  
 Scarce to kiss your feet.

Hardly love's own ear,  
 When your laugh crows clear,  
 Quite deserves to hear.

Hardly love's own wife,  
 Though it please awhile,  
 Quite deserves your smile.

Baby full of grace,  
 Bless us yet a space:  
 Sleep will come apace.

IV.

Baby, baby true,  
Man, whate'er he do,  
May deceive not you.

Smiles whose love is guile,  
Worn a flattering while,  
Win from you no smile.

One, the smile alone  
Out of love's heart grown,  
Ever wins your own,

Man, a dunce uncouth,  
Errs in age and youth:  
Babies know the truth.

V.

Baby, baby fair,  
Love is fain to dare  
Bless your haughtiest air.

Baby blithe and bland,  
Reach but forth a hand  
None may dare withstand;

Love, though wellnigh cowed,  
Yet would praise aloud  
Pride so sweetly proud.

No! the fitting word  
Even from breeze or bird  
Never yet was heard.

VI.

Baby, baby kind,  
Though no word we find  
Bear us yet in mind.

Half a little hour,  
Baby bright in bower,  
Keep this thought atlower—

Love it is, I see,  
Here with heart and knee  
Bows and worships me.

What can baby do,  
Then, for love so true?—  
Let it worship you.

VII.

Baby, baby wise,  
Love's divine surmise  
Lights your constant eyes.

Day and night and day  
One mute word would they,  
As the soul saith, say.

Trouble comes and goes;  
Wonder ebbs and flows;  
Love remains and glows.

As the fledgeling dove  
Feels the breast above,  
So your heart feels love.

PELAGIUS.

I.

THE sea shall praise him and the shores  
bear part

That reared him when the bright south  
world was black

With fume of creeds more foul than hell's  
own rack,

Still darkening more love's face with loveless  
art

Since Paul, faith's fervent Antichrist, of  
heart

Heroic, haled the world vehemently back  
From Christ's pure path on dire Jehovah's  
track,

And said to dark Elisha's Lord, 'Thou art.'  
But one whose soul had put the raiment on

Of love that Jesus left with James and John  
Withstood that Lord whose seals of love

were lies,  
Seeing what we see—how, touched by Truth's  
bright rod,

The fiend whom Jews and Africans called  
God

Feels his own hell take hold on him and  
dies.

II.

The world has no such flower in any land,  
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,

As any babe on any mother's knee.

But all things blessed of men by saints are  
banned:

God gives them grace to read and understand  
The palimpsest of evil, writ where we,

Poor fools and lovers but of love, can see

Nought save a blessing signed by Love's own  
hand.

The smile that opens heaven on us for them  
Hath sin's transmitted birthmark hid there—  
in:

The kiss it craves came down from heaven  
 a rod,  
 If innocence be sin that God's condemn,  
 Praise we the men who so beheld him in sin  
 First dated the doom and broke the  
 bonds of God.

## III.

Man's hell is on the Almighty's neck who  
 d,  
 Is there be hell, and there was hell—on  
 earth,  
 But not for that may men forget their  
 worth—  
 Nay, but much more remember them—who  
 led  
 The living first from dwellings of the dead,  
 And rent the cerecloths that were wont to  
 enirth  
 Souls wrapped and swathed and swaddled  
 from their birth  
 With lies that bound them fast from heel to  
 head,  
 Among the tombs when wise men all their  
 lives  
 Dwelt, and cried out, and cut themselves  
 with knives,  
 These men, being foolish, and of saints ab-  
 horred,  
 Beheld in heaven the sun by saints reviled,  
 Love, and on earth one everlasting Lord  
 In every likeness of a little child.

## LOUIS BLANC.

## THREE SONNETS TO HIS MEMORY.

## I.

THE stainless soul that smil'd through glori-  
 ous eyes;  
 The bright grave brow whereon dark for-  
 tune's blast  
 Might blow, but might not bend it, nor  
 o'ercast,  
 Save for one hetic fleet hour of shame, the  
 skies  
 Thrilled with warm dreams of worthier days  
 to rise  
 And end the whole world's winter; here at  
 last,  
 If death be death, have passed into the  
 past;  
 If death be life, live, though their semblance  
 dies.

Hope and high faith inviolate of distrust  
 Shone strong as life inviolate of the grave  
 Through each bright word and lineament  
 serene,  
 Most being righteousness and love most just  
 Crown'd, as day crowns the dawn-en-  
 kled wife,  
 With visible aureole thine unflinching  
 mien.

## II.

Strong time and fire's oft change, with light-  
 ning-clad  
 And shod with thunders of reverberate  
 years,  
 Have filled with light and sound of hopes  
 and fears  
 The space of many a season, since I had  
 Grace of good hap to make my spirit glad,  
 Once communing with thine; and memory  
 bears  
 The bright voice yet that then rejoiced  
 mine ears,  
 Sees yet the light of eyes that spake, and  
 bade  
 Fear not, but hope, though then time's heart  
 were weak  
 As given by hell shade-sticken, and the  
 change  
 Of high-born hope made questionable and  
 strange  
 As twilight trembling till the sunlight speak,  
 Thou sawest the sunrise and the storm in  
 one  
 Break: seest thou now the storm-compell-  
 ing sun?

## III.

Surely thou seest, O spirit of light and fire,  
 Surely thou canst not choose, O soul, but  
 see  
 The days whose dayspring was beheld of  
 thee  
 If eyes less pure might have then hope's de-  
 sires,  
 Beholding life in heaven again respire  
 Where men saw nought that was or was to  
 be,  
 So only death imperial. Thou and he  
 Who has the heart of all men's hearts for  
 lyre,  
 Ye twain, being great of spirit as time is  
 great,  
 And sure of sight as truth's own heaven-  
 ward eye,

Beheld the forms or forces passing by  
And certitude of equal-balanced fate,  
Whose breath foretelt makes darkness pal-  
pitate,  
And knew that light should live and darkness  
die.

## VOS DEOS LAUDAMUS :

## THE CONSERVATIVE JOURNALIST'S ANTHEM.

\* As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived  
—not CÆSAR or PERICLES, not SHAKESPEARE or  
MICHAEL ANGELO—could confer honor more than he  
took, on entering the House of Lords.—*Saturday Re-  
viewer*, December 15, 1853.

\* Clumsy and shallow snobbery—can do no hurt.—  
*Ibid.*

## I.

O LORDS our Gods, beneficent, sublime,  
In the evening, and before the morning  
flames,  
We praise, we bless, we magnify your  
names,  
The slave is he that serves not, his the crime  
And shame, who hails not as the crown of  
Time  
That House wherein the all-envious world  
acclaims  
Such glory that the reflex of it shames  
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or  
rhyme,  
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he  
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee  
When from a height too high for Shake-  
speare nods  
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown,  
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns,  
bow down,  
These have no part with you, O Lords our  
Gods,

## II.

O Lords our Gods, it is not that ye sit  
Serene above the thunder, and exempt  
From strife of tongues and casualties that tempt  
Men merely found by proof of manhood fit  
For service of their fellows: this is it  
Which sets you past the reach of Time's  
attempt,  
Which gives us right of justified contempt  
For commonwealths built up by mere men's  
wit:

That gold unlocks not, nor may flatteries ope,  
The portals of your heaven; that none may  
hope  
With you to watch how life beneath you  
plods,  
Save for high service given, high duty done;  
That never was your rank ignobly won;  
For this we give you praise, O Lords our  
Gods,

## III.

O Lords our Gods, the times are evil: you  
Redeem the time, because of evil days.  
While abject souls in servitude of praise  
Bow down to heads untitled, and the crew  
Whose honor dwells but in the deeds they  
do,  
From loftier hearts your nobler servants  
raise  
More manful salutation: yours are bays  
That not the dawn's plebeian pearls bedew;  
Yours, laurels plucked not of such hands as  
wove  
Old age its chaplet in Colonos' grove,  
Our time, with heaven and with itself at  
odds,  
Makes all lands else as seas that seethe and  
boil;  
But yours are yet the corn and wine and oil,  
And yours our worship yet, O Lords our  
Gods,

ON THE BICENTENARY OF COR-  
NEILLE,CELEBRATED UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF  
VICTOR HUGO.

SCARCE two hundred years are gone, and the  
world is past away  
As a noise of brawling wind, as a flash of  
breaking foam,  
That beheld the singer born who raised up  
the dead of Rome;  
And a mightier now than he bids him too  
rise up to-day,  
All the dim great age is dust, and its king is  
tombless clay,  
But its loftier laurel green as in living eyes  
it climb,  
And his memory whom it crowned hath  
his people's hearts for home,  
And the shade across it falls of a lordlier-  
flowering bay.

Stately shapes about the tomb or their mighty  
maker pace,  
Heads of high-plumed Spaniards shine, souls  
revive of Roman race,  
Sound of arms and words of wail through the  
glowing darkness rise,  
Speech of hearts heroic rings torth of lips  
that know not breath,  
And the light of thoughts august fills the pride  
of kindling eyes—  
Whence of yore the spell of song drove the  
shadow of darkling death.

## IN SEPULCRETIS.

<sup>1</sup> *Videtur ipsi sapere de rogo conant.*—CATULLUS,  
LIX.  
<sup>2</sup> To publish even one line of an author which he  
himself has not intended for the public at large—es-  
pecially letters which are addressed to private persons  
—is to commit a despicable act of felony.—HEISE.

## I.

It is not then enough that men who give  
The best gift given of man to man should  
feel,  
Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel:  
Small hurt the worms may do them while  
they live—  
Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may for-  
give,  
But now, when death and fame have set  
one seal  
On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory  
kneel,  
Men sit all secrets, in their critic sieve,  
Of graves wherein the dust of death might  
shrink  
To know what tongues defile the dead  
man's name  
With loathsome love, and praise that stings  
like shame,  
Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the  
mortal brink:  
No rest, no reverence now; dull fools na-  
dress  
Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest naked-  
ness.

## II.

A man was born, sang, suffered, loved, and  
died.  
Men scorned him living: let us praise him  
dead.

His life was brief and bitter, gently led  
And proudly, but with pure and blameless  
pride,  
He wrought no wrong toward any: satisfied  
With love and labor, whence our souls are  
fed  
With largesse yet of living wine and bread,  
Come, let us praise him: here is nought to  
hide,  
Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,  
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may  
peer,  
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl,  
and sneer:  
Let none so sad, let none so sacred part  
Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,  
But all be scanned of all men. This is  
fame.

## III.

'Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!' \*  
If one, that stunted up the brawling streets  
As foreman of the flock whose concourse  
greet  
Men's ears with bray more dissonant than  
brass,  
Would change from blame to praise as coarse  
and class  
His natural note, and learn the fawning  
feats  
Of lapdogs, who but knows what luck he  
meets?  
But all in vain old fable holds her glass,  
Mocked and reviled by men of poisonous  
breath,  
A great man dies: but one thing worst was  
spared:  
Not all his heart by their base hands lay  
bared,  
One comes to crown with praise the dust of  
death;  
And lo: through him this worst is brought  
to pass,  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

## IV.

Shame, such as never yet dealt heavier stroke  
On heads more shamelul, fall on theirs  
through whom  
Dead men may keep inviolate not their  
tomb,  
But all its depths these ravenous grave-worms  
choke,  
And yet what waste of wrath were this, to  
invoke

\* *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv, Scene 2.

Shame on the shameless? Even their twin-born doom,  
 Their native air of life, a carrion fume,  
 Their natural breath of love, a noisome smoke,  
 The bread they break, the cup whereof they drink,  
 The record whose remembrance damps their name,  
 Smells, tastes, and sounds of nothing but of shame,  
 If thankfulness nor pity bids them think  
 What work is this of theirs, and pause betimes,  
 Not Shakespeare's grave would scold them  
 off with rhymes.

## LOVE AND SCORN.

## I.

LOVE, loyallest and lordliest born of things,  
 Immortal that shouldst be, though all else end,  
 In plighted hearts of fearless friend with friend,  
 Whose hand may curb or clip thy plumbe-plumed wings?  
 Not grief's non-time's: though these be lords and kings  
 Crowned, and their yoke bid vassal passions bend,  
 They may not pierce the spirit or sense, or blend  
 Quick poison with the seal's live watersprings,  
 The true clear heart whose core is mantled trust  
 Fears not that very death may turn to dust:  
 Love be mercies as toward a brother born,  
 If one touch make not all its fine gold rust,  
 If one breath blight not all its glad ripe corn,  
 And all its fire be turned to fire of scorn.

## II.

Scorn only, scorn begot of bitter proof  
 By keen experience of a trustless heart,  
 Beams burning in her new-born hand dart  
 Where with love dies heart-stricken, and the roof  
 Falls of his palace, and the storied woof  
 Long woven of many a year with life's whole art  
 Is rent like any rotten weed apart,  
 And hardly with reluctant eyes aloof

Cold memory guards one relic scarce exempt  
 Yet from the fierce corrosion of contempt,  
 And hardly saved by pity. Woe are we  
 That once we loved, and love not: but we know  
 The ghost of love, surviving yet in show.  
 Where scorn has passed, is vain as grief  
 must be.

## III.

O sacred, just, inevitable scorn  
 Strong child of righteous judgment, whom  
 with grief  
 The rent heart beats, and wins not yet relief,  
 Seeing of its pain so dire a portent born,  
 Must thou not spare one sheaf of all the corn,  
 One doir of all the treasure? not one sheaf,  
 Not one poor doir of all? not one dead leaf  
 Of all that fell and left behind a thorn?  
 Is man so strong that one should scorn another?  
 Is any as God, not made of mortal mother,  
 That love should turn in him to gall and flame?  
 Nay: but the true is not the false heart's brother:  
 Love cannot love disloyalty: the name  
 That else it wears is love no more, but shame.

## ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DOYLE.

A LIGHT of blameless laughter, fancy-bred,  
 Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,  
 Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain to weep  
 Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead,  
 Weep, elves and faeries all, that never shed  
 Fear yet for mortal mourning: you that keep  
 The doors of dreams whence naught of ill may creep,  
 Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed,  
 Let waters of the Golden River steep  
 The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy-red  
 And murmuring of Hyblaean hives be deep  
 About the summer silence of its bed,  
 And nought less gracious than a violet peep  
 Between the grass grown greener round his head.



## IN MEMORY OF HENRY A. LAUGHTON.

YET again another, ere his crown is year,  
Gone from friends that he may look for  
Lam no more.  
Never now for him shall hope set wide the  
door,  
Hope that hailed him hither, fain to greet  
him here,  
All the gracious garden-flowers he held so  
dear,  
Oldworld English blossoms, all his home-  
stead store,  
Oldworld grief had strown them round his  
bier of yore,  
Bidding each drop leaf by leaf as tear  
fall; more;  
Karer lutes than mine had borne more treas-  
ful token,  
Touched by subtler hands than echoing  
time can wrong,  
Sweet as flowers had strown his graveyard  
path along,  
Now may no such old sweet dinges more be  
spoken,  
Now the flowers whose breath was very song  
are broken,  
Nor may sorrow find again so sweet a song.

## A SOLITUDE.

SEA beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,  
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged  
with flow  
Of channelled waters soft as rain or snow,  
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the  
bland  
Gray gleam of skies whose smile on wave and  
strand  
Shine's weary like a man's who smiles to  
know  
That now no dream can mock his faith with  
show,  
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land,  
Is there an end at all of all this waste,  
These crumbling cliffs defeated and defaced,  
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls  
that stand  
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown  
flowers  
Glad yet of life, are yet their home and life  
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and  
hours?

VICTOR HUGO: L'ARCHIPEL DE LA  
MANCHE.

SEA and land are fairer now, nor ought is all  
the same,  
Since a milder hand than Time's hath  
woven their vevive wreat  
Rocks as swords half drawn from out the  
smooth wave's jewelled sheath,  
Folds whose flowers a tongue divine hath  
numbered name by name,  
Shores whereby the midnight or the noon  
clocked round with flame  
Hears the clamor jar and grind which  
utters from beneath  
Cries of lunging waves like beasts fast  
bound that gnash their teeth,  
All of these the sun that lights them lights  
not like his fame;  
None of these is but the thing it was before  
he came,  
Where the darkling overfalls like dens of  
torment seethe,  
High on faneless moorlands, down in  
meadows bland and tame,  
Where the garden lilies, and where the  
wind uproots the heath,  
Glory now henceforth forever, while the  
world shall be,  
Shines, a star that keeps not time with change  
on earth and sea.

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE LORDS.

I.  
Is the sound a trumpet blown, or a bell for  
funeral toll?  
When the whole air vibrates now to the  
clash of words like swords—  
Let us break their bonds in sunder, and  
cast away their cords;  
Long enough the world has mocked us, and  
wrevelled to behold  
How the grown man bears the curb when  
his boyhood was controlled?  
Nay, but hearken: surer counsel more sober  
speech affords:  
Is the past not all inscribed with the  
praise of our Lords?  
Is the memory dead of deeds done of yore,  
The I we grown cold  
That should bind our hearts to trust in their  
counsels wise and bold?  
These that stand against you now, sense-  
less crowds and heartless hordes,

Are not these the sons of men that withstood  
your kings of old?

Theirs it is to bind and loose; theirs the  
key that knows the wards,  
Theirs the staff to lead or strike; yours, the  
spades and ploughs and hods;  
Theirs to hear and yours to cry, Power is  
Yours, O Lords our Gods?

## II.

Hear, O England: these are they that would  
counsel thee aright.

Wouldst thou fain have all thy sons sons of  
thine indeed, and free?

Nay, but then no more at all as thou hast  
been shalt thou be:

Needs must many dwell in darkness, that  
some may bask on light;

Needs must poor men brook the wrong that  
ensures the rich man's right.

How shall kings and lords be worshipped,  
if no man bow the knee?

How, if no man worship these, may thy  
praise endure with thee?

How, except thou trust in these, shall thy  
name not lose its might?

These have had their will of thee since the  
Norman came to smite:

Sires on grandsires, even as wave after  
wave along the sea,

Sons on sires have followed, steadfast as  
clouds or hours in flight.

Time alone hath power to say, time alone  
hath eyes to see,

If your walls of rule be built but of clay-com-  
pacted sods,

If your place of old shall know you no more,  
O Lords our Gods.

## III.

Through the stalls wherein ye sit sounds a  
sentence while we wait,

Set your house in order: is it not builded  
on the sand?

Set your house in order, seeing the night is  
hard at hand.

As the twilight of the Gods in the northern  
dream of fate

Is this hour that comes against you, albeit  
this hour come late.

Ye whom Time and Truth bade heed, and  
ye would not understand.

Now an axe draws nigh the tree overshad-  
owing all the land,

And its edge of doom is set to the root of all  
your state.

Light is more than darkness now, faith than  
fear and hope than hate;

And what morning wills, behold, all the  
night shall not withstand.

Rods of office, helms of rule, staves of wise  
men, crowns of great.

While the people willed, ye bare; now  
their hopes and hearts expand,

Time with silent foot makes dust of your  
broken crowns and rods,

And the lordship of your godhead is gone, O  
Lords our Gods.

## CLEAR THE WAY!

CLEAR the way, my lords and lackeys! you  
have had your day.

Here you have your answer—England's ye  
against your nay:

Long enough your house has held you up,  
and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, prece-  
dent and gold,

Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promis-  
bought and sold,

Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of  
old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their  
gold is rust,

Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the  
faith and cold the lust,

Shall their heritage not also turn again to  
dust?

Be the grace of these they reigned, who left  
their soas their sway:

By the grace of these, what England says her  
lords unsay:

Till at last her cry go forth against them—  
Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have  
lived and lied:

By the force of fear and folly fools have fed  
their pride:

By the strength of sloth and custom reason  
stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some latter  
day be worse,

Hear't and hearken, lords of lands and princes  
of the purse,

Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing  
and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce  
 Tides of drinkings spray;  
 But the wind that sweals, the wave that fol-  
 lows, none shall stay:  
 Spread no more of sail for shipwreck: out,  
 and clear the way!

### A WORD FOR THE COUNTRY.

MEN, born of the land that for ages  
 Has been honored where freedom was  
 den,

Till your labor waxed on its wages  
 You shall never be peers of a peer,  
 Where might is, the right is;  
 Long purses make strong swords,  
 Let weakness learn meekness;  
 God save the House of Lords!

You are free to consume in stagnation:  
 You are equal in right to obey;  
 You are brothers in bonds, and the nation  
 Is your mother—whose sons are her prey,  
 Those others your brothers,  
 Who toil not, weave, nor till,  
 Refuse you and use you  
 As waiters on their will.

But your fathers bowed down to their masters  
 And obeyed them and served and adored,  
 Shall the sheep not give thanks to their  
 pastors?  
 Shall the serf not give praise to his lord?  
 Time, waning and gaining,  
 Grown other now than then,  
 Needs pastors and masters  
 For sheep, and not for men.

If his grandsire did service in battle,  
 If his grandma was kissed by a king,  
 Must men to my lord be as cattle  
 Or as apes that he leads in a string?  
 To deem so, to dream so,  
 Would bid the world proclaim  
 The distards for bastards,  
 Not heirs of England's fame.

Not in spite but in right of dishonor,  
 There are actors who trample your boards  
 Till the earth that endures you upon her  
 Grows weary to bear you, my lords,  
 Your token is broken,  
 It will not pass for gold;  
 Your glory looks hoary,  
 Your sun in heaven turns cold.

They are worthy to reign on their brothers,  
 So count on them as clods and as earles,  
 Who are Graces by grace of such mothers  
 As lay down the bed of King Charles,  
 What manner of banner,  
 What fame is this they flaunt,  
 That Britain, soul-smitten,  
 Should slunk before their vaunt?

Bright sons of sabling prostitution,  
 You are made of the mire of the street  
 Where your grandmothers walked in pollution  
 Till a coronet shone at their feet.  
 Your Graces, whose faces  
 Bear high the bastard's brand,  
 seem stronger no longer  
 Than all this honest land.

But the sons of her soldiers and seamen,  
 They are worthy forsooth of their lure,  
 If the father won praise from all free men,  
 Shall the sons not exult in their sire?  
 Let money make sunny  
 And power make proud their lives,  
 And feed them and breed them  
 Like drones in drowsiest hives.

But if haply the name be a burden  
 And the souls be no kindred of theirs,  
 Should wise men rejoice in such gnat-lon  
 Or brave men exult in such heits?  
 Or rather the father  
 Frown, shamed and on the son,  
 And no men but toemen,  
 Deriding, cry 'Well done'?

Let the gold and the land they inherit  
 Pass ever from hand into hand:  
 In right of the forefather's merit  
 Let the gold be the son's, and the land,  
 Soft raiment, rich payment,  
 High place, the state affords;  
 Full measure of pleasure:  
 But now no more, my lords,

Is the future beleaguered with dangers  
 If the poor be far other than slaves?  
 Shall the sons of the land be as strangers  
 In the land of their forefathers' graves?  
 Shame were it to bear it,  
 And shame it were to see:  
 If free men you be, men,  
 Let proof proclaim you free.

\* But democracy means dissolution:  
 See, laden with clamor and crime,  
 How the darkness of dum revolution

Comes deepening the twilight of time !  
 Ah, better the fetter  
 That holds the poor man's hand  
 Than peril of sterile  
 Blind change that wastes the land.

'Gaze forward through clouds that environ ;  
 It shall be as it was in the past ;  
 Not with dreams, but with blood and with  
 iron,

Shall a nation be moulded to last,  
 So teach they, so preach they,  
 Who dream themselves the dream  
 That hallows the gallows  
 And bids the scaffold stream.

'With a hero at head, and a nation  
 Well gugged and well drilled and well  
 cowed,

And a gospel of war and damnation,  
 Has not empire a right to be proud ?'  
 Fools prattle and tattle  
 Of freedom, reason, right,  
 The beauty of duty,  
 The loveliness of light.

'But we know, we believe it, we see it,  
 Force only has power upon earth.'  
 So be it! and ever so be it

For souls that are bestial by birth!  
 Let Prussian with Russian  
 Exchange the kiss of slaves :  
 But sea-folk are free folk  
 By grace of winds and waves.

Has the past from the sepulchres beckoned ?

Let answer from Englishmen be—  
 No man shall be lord of us reckoned  
 Who is baser, not better, than we.  
 No coward, empowered  
 To soil a brave man's name :  
 For shame's sake, and time's sake,  
 Enough of fame and shame.

Fame needs not the golden addition ;  
 Shame bears it abroad as a brand.  
 Let the deed, and no more the tradition,  
 Speak out and be heard through the land.  
 Pride, rootless and fruitless,  
 No longer takes and gives ;  
 But surer and purer  
 The soul of England lives.

He is master and lord of his brothers  
 Who is worthier and wiser than they,  
 Him only, him surely, shall others,  
 Else equal, observe and obey.  
 Truth, flawless and awless,  
 Do falsehood what it can,

Makes loyal the loyal  
 And simple heart of man.

Who are these, then, that England should  
 hearken

Who rage and wax wroth and grow pale  
 If from the sunsets that darken  
 her ship for the morning set sail ?

Let strangers fear dangers :  
 All know, that hold her dear,  
 Dishonour upon her  
 Can only fall through fear.

Men, born of the landsmen and seamen  
 Who served her with souls and with swords,  
 She bids you be brothers, and free men,  
 And lordless, and fearless of lords.  
 She cares not, she dares not  
 Care now for gold or steel :  
 Light lead her, truth speed her,  
 God save the Commonweal !

## A WORD FOR THE NATION.

## I.

A WORD across the water  
 Against our ears is borne,  
 Of threatenings and of slaughter,  
 Of rage and spite and scorn :  
 We have not, slack, an ally to befriend us,  
 And the season is ripe to extirpate and end  
 us :

Let the German touch hands with the Gaul,  
 And the fortress of England must fall ;  
 And the sea shall be swept of her seamen,  
 And the waters thereof be their graves,  
 And Dutchmen and Frenchmen be free men,  
 And Englishmen slaves.

## II.

Our time once more is over,  
 Once more our end is near ;  
 A bull without a drover,  
 The Briton reels to rear,  
 And the van of the nations is held by his  
 fetters,  
 And the seas of the world shall be loosed  
 from his fetters,

And his glory shall pass as a breath,  
 And the life that is in him be death ;  
 And the sepulchre sealed on his glory  
 For a sign to the nations shall be  
 As of Tyre and of Carthage in story,  
 Once lords of the sea.

## III.

The lips are wise and loyal,  
 The hearts are brave and true,  
 Imperial thou, its and royal  
 Make strong the clamorous crew,  
 Whence louder and prouder the noise of de-  
 fence  
 King's rage from the grave of a trustless  
 alliance,  
 And bids us beware and be warned,  
 As abhorred of all nations and scorned,  
 As a swordless and spiritless nation,  
 A wreck on the waste of the waves.  
 So tooms the released indignation  
 Of masterless slaves.

## IV.

Bute throats that miss the collar.  
 Bowed backs that ask the whip,  
 Stretched hands that lack the dollar,  
 And many a lie-seared lip,  
 Foreteel and foreshow for us signs as funereal  
 As the signs that were regal of yore and im-  
 perial ;  
 We shall pass as the princes they served,  
 We shall reap what our fathers deserved,  
 And the place that was England's be taken  
 By one that is worthier than she,  
 And the yoke of her empire be shaken  
 Like spray from the sea.

## V

French hounds, whose necks are aching  
 Still from the chain they crave,  
 In dog-day madness breaking  
 The dog-lash, thus may rave ;  
 But the scots that for ages have fostered and  
 reared her  
 Laugh, echoing the yell of their kennel against  
 her  
 And their moan if destruction draw near them  
 And the roar of her laughter to hear them ;  
 For she knows that if Englishmen be men  
 Their England has all that she craves ;  
 All love and all honor from free men,  
 All hatred from slaves.

## VI.

All love that rests upon her  
 Like sunshine and sweet air,  
 All light of perfect honor  
 And praise than ends in prayer,  
 She wins not more surely, she wears not  
 more proudly,

Than the token of tribute that catters the  
 body,  
 The tribute of foes when they meet  
 That rattles and rings at her feet,  
 The tribute of rage and of rancor,  
 The tribute of slaves to the free,  
 To the people whose hope hath its anchor  
 Made fast in the sea.

## VII.

No fool that bows the back he  
 Feels to for scourge or brand,  
 No scound scribes that lackey  
 The lords of Lackeyland,  
 No peasant that yearns, as he turns on his  
 pallet,  
 For the place or the pence of a peer or a  
 valet,  
 No whelp of as currish a pack  
 As the litter whose yelp it gives back,  
 Though he answer the cry of his brother  
 As echoes might answer from caves,  
 Shall be witness as though for a mother  
 Whose children were slaves.

## VIII.

But those found fit to love her,  
 Whose love has root in faith,  
 Who bear, though darkness cover  
 Time's face, what memory saith,  
 Who seek not the service of great men or  
 small men  
 But the weal that is common for comfort of  
 all men,  
 Those yet that in trust have beholden  
 Truth's dawn over England grow golden  
 And quicken the darkness that stagnates  
 And scatter the shadows that flee,  
 Shall reply for her meaneast as magnates  
 And masters by sea.

## IX.

And all shall mark her station,  
 Her message all shall hear,  
 When, equalled, the nation  
 Bids all her sons draw near,  
 And freedom be more than tradition or fac-  
 tion,  
 And taught be no swifter to serve her than  
 action,  
 And justice alone be above her,  
 That love may be prouder to love her,  
 And time on the crest of her story  
 Inscribe, as remembrance engraves,  
 The sign that subdues with its glory  
 Kings, princes, and slaves.

## A WORD FROM THE PSALMIST.

PS. xciv. 8.

I.

\* TAKE heed, ye unwise men of the people:  
O ye fools, when will ye understand?  
From pulpit or choir, or at the banquet,  
Though the words be force, the tones  
be bland,  
Not a louder than the Church's organ thunders  
In the ears of men who may not choose but  
hear;  
And the heart in him that hears it leaps and  
wonders,  
With triumphant hope astonished, or with  
fear,  
For the names whose sound was power  
awaken  
Neither love nor reverence now nor  
dread;  
Their strongholds and shrines are stormed  
and taken,  
Their kingdom and all its works are  
dead.

II.

Take heed: for the tide of time is risen:  
It is full not yet, though now so high.  
That spirits and hopes long pent in prison  
Feel round them a sense of freedom  
nigh,  
And a savor keen and sweet of bime and  
billow,  
And a murmur deep and strong of deepening  
strength,  
Though the watchman dream, with sloth or  
pride for pillow,  
And the night be long, not endless is its  
length,  
From the springs of dawn, from clouds  
that sever,  
From the equi! heavens and the east-  
ward sea,  
The witness comes that endures forever,  
Till men be brethren and thralls be  
free.

III.

But the wind of the wings of dawn ex-  
panding  
Strikes chill on your hearts as change  
and death.  
Ye are old, but ye have not understand-  
ing;

And proud, but your pride is a dead  
man's breath.  
And your wise men, toward whose words and  
signs ye hearken  
And your strong men, in whose hands ye  
put your trust,  
Strain eyes to behold but clouds and dreams  
that darken,  
Stretch hands that can find but weapons  
to slay them,  
Then watchword rings, and the night re-  
joices,  
But the Lark's note laughs at the night  
bird's notes—  
'Is virtue verily found in voices?  
Or is wisdom won when all win votes?

IV.

\* Take heed, ye unwise indeed, who listen  
When the wind's wings beat and shudder  
and change;  
Whose hearts are uplift, whose eyeballs  
glisten,  
With desire of new things great and strange.  
Let not dreams misguide nor any visions wrong  
you:  
That which has been, it is now as it was  
then  
Is not Compromise of old a god among you?  
Is not Precedent indeed a king of men?  
But the windy hopes that lead instead  
you,  
And the sounds ye hear are void and  
vain,  
Is a vote a coat? will franchise feed you,  
Or words be a roof against the rain?

V.

\* Eight ages are gone since kingship enter-  
ed,  
With knights and peers at its harness-  
ed back,  
And the land, no more in its own strength  
centred,  
Was cast for a prey to the princely pack.  
But we pared the fangs and clipped the raven-  
ing claws of it,  
And good was in time brought forth of an  
evil thing,  
And the land's high name wared lordlier in  
war because of it,  
When chartered Right had bridled and  
curbed the King,  
And what so fair has the world behold-  
en,

And will it be him he withstood the  
voice  
 As Meanness bound in chains all freedom,  
 And Freedom, more than a word in peers?

## VI.

\*How think ye? know not your lords and  
masters  
 What collars are meet for brawling  
 thrusts?  
 Is chance that mother of strange distrust—  
 Shall place or peril be stayed  
 Out of precedent and privilege and  
 Have we packed the flower of company,  
 whose root  
 Bears blossoms that shine from border again  
 to border,  
 And the mouths of many are fed with its  
 trumpet of trust,  
 Your masters are wiser than ye, their  
 benediction:  
 Your lords, know surely when of ye  
 have need.  
 Equality? Fool, would you fain be  
 Frenchmen?  
 Is equity more than a word indeed?

## VII.

\*Your voices, forsooth, your most sweet  
 voices,  
 Your worthy voices, your love, your hate,  
 Your choice, who know not where of your  
 choice is,  
 What stays in the way to a stable state?  
 Inconstancy, blind and dumb, with its own  
 fierce babble,  
 Swells ever your throats with storm of un-  
 certain cheers:  
 He leans on straws, who leans on a light-  
 souled rabble;  
 His trust is frail who puts not his trust in  
 peers,  
 So shrills the message whose word com-  
 mends  
 Of righteousness, knives, or wisdom  
 foils;  
 That scots may boast of, because of  
 prince,  
 And the weak rejoice that the strong  
 man rules.

## VIII.

True friends, ye people, are these, the  
bold  
 Full-mouthed that flutters and snarls and  
 bays,

That twins and foams with thralldom's action,  
 And make the names that it soaks with  
 praise,  
 As from fraud and force their power had first  
 beginning,  
 So by righteousness and peace it may not  
 trill,  
 But be craft of state and nets of secret spou-  
 ning,  
 Weaves that weave and unweave wiles like  
 ropes of silk,  
 Form, custom, and gold, and laws grown  
 hoary,  
 And strong tradition that guards the  
 gate:  
 To them, O people, to these give glory,  
 That your name among nations may be  
 great.

## IX.

How long—for haply now, now much longer—  
 Shall ye put faith in a faithless creed,  
 And shapes and shadows of truths be  
 stronger  
 In strong men's eyes than the truth in-  
 deed?  
 If freedom be not a word that dies when  
 spoken,  
 If justice be not a dream whence men must  
 wake,  
 How shall not the bonds of the thralldom of  
 old be broken,  
 And right put might in the hands of them  
 that break?  
 For clear as a tocsin from the steeple  
 Is the cry gone forth along the land,  
 Take heed, ye unwise, among the people:  
 O ye fools, when will ye understand?

## A BALLAD AT PARTING.

SEA to sea that clasps and fosters England,  
 uttering evermore  
 Song eterne and praise immortal of the in-  
 domitable shore,  
 Lists about her constant heart up, south to  
 north and east to west,  
 There in speech that shames all music, there  
 in thunder-throated roar,  
 Chiming concord out of discord, waking rapt-  
 ure out of rest,  
 All her ways are lovely, all her works and  
 symbols are divine,  
 Yet shall man love best what first bade leap  
 his heart and bend his knee;

Yet where first his whole soul worshipping  
shall his soul set up her shrine;

Nor may love not know the lovelier, fair as  
both beheld may be,

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
strait south-western sea.

Though the ruddy heart bear all one burden, as  
the man was born it bore;

Though the burden be diviner than the songs  
all souls adore;

Yet may love not choose but choose be-  
tween them which to love the best.

Me the sea my nursing-mother, me the Chan-  
nel green and hoar,

Holds at heart more fast than all things,  
bates for me the goodlier breast

Lifts for me the bolder love-song, bids for  
me more sunlight shine,

Sounds for me the stouter trumpet of the  
sweeter strain to me.

So the broad pale Thames is loved not like  
the tawny springs of Tyne:

Choice is clear between them for the soul  
whose vision holds in fee

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
strait south-western sea.

Choice is clear, but dear is either; nor has  
either not in store

Many a like me, many a written sign of spirit-  
searching here,

Whence the soul takes fire of sweet remem-  
brance, mighty and blest.

Thought of songs whose flame-winged feet  
have trod the unbooted water-floor,

When the lord of all the living lords of  
souls bade speed their quest;

Soft live sound like children's babble down  
the rippling sand's incline,

Or the lovely song that loves them, hailed  
with thankful prayer and plea;

These are parcels of the harvest here whose  
gathered sheaves are mine,

Gathered now, but sown and reaped where  
winds make wild with wrath or glee

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
strait south-western sea.

Song, thy gift of freedom, seeing thy  
strength and of breeze and brine,

Fare not and fear no fortune: such a  
sorrow on thee,

Joy begeth a memory bare thee, seeing in  
spirit a twofold sign,

Even the sign of those thy fosters, each as  
thou from all time free,

Here the limitless north-eastern, there the  
strait south-western sea.

## A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS.

### DEDICATION.

TO

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

*Songs light as these may sound, though deep  
and strong*

*The heart spake through them, scarce should  
hope to please*

*Ears tuned to strains of loftier thoughts than  
throng*

*Songs light as these.*

*Yet grace may set their sometime doubt at ease,  
Nor need their too rash reverence fear to wrong:  
The shrine it serves at and the hope it sees.*

*For childlike loves and laughers thence prolong  
Notes that bud enter, fearless as the breeze,  
Even to the shrine of holiest-hearted song,  
Songs light as these.*

### IN HARBOR.

I.

GOODNIGHT and goodbye to the life whose  
signs denote us

As mourners clothed with regret for the life  
gone by;

To the waters of gloom whence winds of the  
sea float us

And bid us bid goodbye.



A time is for mourning, a season for grief to sigh;  
 But were we not fools and blind, by day to devote us  
 As thralls to the darkness, unseen of the sun-  
 dawn's eye?

We have drunken of Lethe at length, we have  
 eaten of lotus;  
 What hurts it us here that sorrows are born  
 and die?  
 We have said to the dream that caressed and  
 the dread that smote us  
 Goodnight and goodbye.

## II.

Outside of the port we are moored in, lying  
 Close from the wind and at ease from the  
 tide,  
 What sounds come swelling, what notes fall  
 dying  
 Outside?

They will not cease, they will not abide:  
 Voices of presage in darkness crying  
 Pass and return and relapse aside.

Ye see not, but hear ye not wild wings flying  
 To the future that wakes from the past that  
 died?  
 Is grief still sleeping, is joy not sighing  
 Outside?

## THE WAY OF THE WIND.

THE wind's way in the deep sky's hollow  
 None may measure, as none can say  
 How the heart in her shows the swallow  
 The wind's way.

Hope nor fear can avail to stay  
 Waves that whiten on wrecks that allow,  
 Times and seasons that wane and slay.

Life and love, till the strong night swallow  
 Thought and hope and the red last ray,  
 Swim the waters of years that follow  
 The wind's way.

## 'HAD I WIST.'

HAD I wist, when life was like a warm wind  
 playing  
 Light and loud through sundawn and the  
 dew's bright mist,

How the time should come for hearts to sigh  
 in saving  
 'Had I wist'—  
 Surely not the roses, laughing as they kissed,  
 Not the lovelier laugh of seas in sunshine  
 swaying,  
 Should have lured my soul to look thereon  
 and list.

Now the wind is like a soul cast out and  
 praying  
 Vainly, prayers that pierce not ears when  
 hearts resist:  
 Now mine own soul sighs, adrift as wind and  
 straying,  
 'Had I wist.'

## RECOLLECTIONS.

## I.

YEARS upon years, as a course of clouds that  
 thicken  
 Thronging the ways of the wind that shifts  
 and veers,  
 Pass, and the flames of remembered fires re-  
 quicken  
 Years upon years.

Surely the thought in a man's heart hopes or  
 tears  
 Now that forgetfulness needs must here have  
 stricken  
 Anguish, and sweetened the sealed-up springs  
 of tears.

Ah, but the strength of regret that strain and  
 sicken,  
 Yearning for love that the veil of death en-  
 dears,  
 Slack us not wing for the wings of years that  
 quicken—  
 Years upon years.

## II.

YEARS upon years, and the flame of love's high  
 altar  
 Trembles and sinks, and the sense of listening  
 eurs  
 Heeds not the sound that it heard of love's  
 blithe psalter.  
 Years upon years.

Only the sense of heart that hearken hears,  
 Louder than drums that assail and doubts  
 that pafter,

Sorrow first slept and that wakes ere sundown  
peers.

Wakes, that the heart may behold, and yet  
not falter,  
Faces of children as stars unknown of, spheres  
seen but of love, that endure though all  
things alter,  
Years upon years.

## III.

Years upon years, as a watch by night that  
passes,  
Pass, and the light of their eyes is fire that  
sears  
Slowly the hopes of the fruit that life amasses  
Years upon years.

Pale as the glimmer of stars on moorland  
meres  
Lighten the shadows reverberate from the  
glasses  
Heid in their hands as they pass among their  
peers.

Lights that are shadows, as ghosts on grave-  
yard grasses,  
Moving on paths that the moon of memory  
cheers,  
Show but as mists over cloudy mountain  
passes  
Years upon years.

## TIME AND LIFE.

## I.

TIME, thy name is sorrow, evis the stricken  
Heart of life, laid waste with wasting flame  
Ere the change of things and thoughts re-  
quicken,  
Time, thy name.

Get about with shadow, blind and lame,  
Ghosts of things that smite and thoughts that  
sicken  
Hunt and hound thee down to death and  
shame.

Eyes of hours whose paces halt or quicken  
Read in bloodred lines of loss and blame,  
Wilt where cloud and darkness round it  
thicken,  
Time, thy name.

## II.

Nay, but rest is boon of me for healing,  
—So might haply time, with voice repress,  
Speak : is grief the last gift of my dealing?  
Nay, but rest.

All the world is wearied, east and west,  
Tired with toil to watch the slow sun wheeling,  
Twelve loud hours of life's laborious quest.

Eyes forspent with vigil, faint and reeling,  
Find at last my comfort, and are blest,  
Not with rapturous light of life's revealing—  
Nay, but rest.

## A DIALOGUE.

## I.

DEATH, if thou wilt, fain would I plead with  
thee :  
Canst thou not spare, of all our hopes have  
built,  
One shelter where our spirits fain would be,  
Death, if thou wilt?

No dome with suns and dews impearled and  
gilt,  
Imperial : but some roof of wildwood tree,  
Too mean for sceptre's heft or swordblade's  
hilt.

Some low sweet roof where love might live,  
set free  
From change and fear and dreams of grief or  
guilt :  
Canst thou not leave life even thus much to  
see,

Death, if thou wilt?

## II.

Man, what art thou to speak and plead with  
me?  
What knowest thou of my workings, where  
and how  
What things I fashion? Nay, behold and  
see,  
Man, what art thou?

Thy fruits of life, and blossoms of thy bough,  
What are they but my seedlings? Earth and  
sea  
Bear nought but when I breathe on it must  
low.

How thou too down bearest in — though thou  
 be  
 Great, all the pride shall fade from off thy  
 brow,  
 When Time and strong Oblivion ask of thee,  
 Man, what art thou?

## III.

Death, if thou be or be not, as was said,  
 Immortal; if thou make us naught, or we  
 Survive: thy power is made but of our dread,  
 Death, if thou be.

Thy might is made out of our fear of thee:  
 Who tears thee not, hath plucked from off  
 thine head  
 The crown of cloud that darkens earth and  
 sea.

Earth, sea, and sky, as rain or vapor shed,  
 Shall vanish; all the shows of them shall  
 flee:  
 Then shall we know full surely, quick or  
 dead,  
 Death, if thou be.

## PLUS ULTRA.

FAR beyond the sunrise and the sunset rises  
 Heaven, with worlds on worlds that lighten  
 and respond:  
 Thought can see not thence the goal of hope's  
 surmises  
 Far beyond.

Night and day have made an everlasting  
 bond  
 Each with each to hide in yet more deep dis-  
 guises  
 Truth, till souls of men that thirst for truth  
 despond.

All that man in pride of spirit slights or  
 prizes,  
 All the dreams that make him fearful, vain,  
 or fond,  
 Made at forethought's touch of life's unknown  
 surprises  
 Far beyond.

## A DEAD FRIEND.

## I.

Given, O gentle heart and true,  
 Friend of hopes foregone,

Hopes and hopeful days with you  
 Gone?

Days of old that shone  
 Saw what none shall see anew,  
 When we gazed thereon.

Soul as clear as sunlit dew,  
 Why so soon pass on,  
 Forth from all we loved and knew  
 Gone?

## II.

Friend of many a season fled,  
 What may sorrow send  
 Toward thee now from lips that said  
 'Friend?'

Sighs and songs to blend  
 Lapse with pain uncomforted  
 Though the praise ascend?

Darkness hides no dearer head:  
 Why should darkness end  
 Day so soon, O dear and dead  
 Friend?

## III.

Dear in death, thou hast thy part  
 Yet in life, to cheer  
 Hearts that held thy gentle heart  
 Dear.

Time and chance may sear  
 Hope with grief, and death may part  
 Hand from hand's clasp here:

Memory, blind with tears that start,  
 Sees through every tear  
 All that made thee, as thou art,  
 Dear.

## IV.

True and tender, single-souled,  
 What should memory do  
 Weeping o'er the trust we hold  
 True?

Known and loved of few,  
 But of these, though small their fold,  
 Loved how well wert you!

Change, that makes of new things old,  
 Leaves one old thing new:  
 Love which promised truth, and told  
 True.

## V.

Kind as heaven, while earth's control  
 Will had leave to bind

Thee, thy heart was toward man's whole  
Kind.

Thee no shadows blind  
Now: the change of hours that roll  
Leaves thy sleep behind

Love, that hears thy death-bell toll  
Yet, may call to mind  
Scarce a soul as thy sweet soul  
Kind

## VI.

How should life, O friend, forget  
Death, whose guest art thou?  
Faith responds to love's regret,  
How?

Still, for us that bow  
Sorrowing, still, though life be set,  
Shines thy bright mild brow.

Yea, though death and thou be met,  
Love may find thee now  
Still, albeit we know not yet  
How.

## VII.

Past as music fades, that shone  
While its life might last;  
As a song-bird's shadow flown  
Past!

Death's reverberate blast  
Now for music's lord has blown  
Whom thy love held fast.

Dead the king, and void his throne:  
Ye grief at last  
Love makes music of his own  
Past.

## PAST DAYS.

## I.

DEAD and gone, the days we had together,  
Shadow-stricken all the lights that shone  
Round them, flown as flies the blown-foam's  
feather,  
Dead and gone,

Where we went, we twain, in time foregone,  
Forth by land and sea, and cared not whether,  
If I go again, I go alone.

Bound am I with time as with a tether;  
Thee perchance death leads enfranchised on,  
Far from deathlike life and changeful wea-  
ther,  
Dead and gone.

## II.

Above the sea and sea-washed town we dwelt,  
We twain together, two brief summers, free  
From heed of hours as light as clouds that  
melt

Above the sea.

Free from all heed of aught at all were we,  
Save chance of change that clouds or sun-  
beams dealt  
And gleam of heaven to windward or to lee.

The Norman downs with bright gray waves  
for leit  
Were more for us than inland ways might be;  
A clearer sense of nearer heaven was felt  
Above the sea.

## III.

Cliffs and downs and headlands which the  
forward-hasting  
Flight of dawn and eve empurples and em-  
browns,  
Wings of wild sea-winds and stormy seasons  
wasting

Cliffs and downs,  
These, or ever man was, were: the same sky  
frowns,  
Laughs, and lightens, as before his soul, fore-  
casting  
Times to be, conceived such hopes as time  
diserowns.

These we loved of old; but now for me the  
blasting  
Breath of death makes dull the bright small  
seaward towns,

Clothes with human change these all but  
everlasting  
Cliffs and downs.

## AUTUMN AND WINTER.

## I.

THREE months-bade wane and wax the win-  
tering moon  
Between two dates of death, while men were  
fain  
Yet of the living light that all too soon  
Three months bade wane.

Cold autumn, wan with wrata of waid and  
rain,  
 Saw pass a soul sweet as the sovereign tune  
 That death smote silent when I smote again.

First went my friend, in life's mid light of  
noon,  
 Who loved the lord of music; then the strain  
 Whence earth was kindled like as heaven in  
June  
 Three months bade wane.

## II.

A herald soul before its master's dying  
 Touched by some low moons, first the dark-  
 ling goal  
 Where shades rose up to greet the shade,  
 espying  
 A herald soul;

Shades of dead lords of music, who control  
 Men living by the might of men undying,  
 With strength of strains that make weight of  
 dole.

The deep dense dust on death's dim thresh-  
 old lying  
 Trembled with sense of kindling sound that  
 stole  
 Through darkness, and the night gave ear,  
 desiring  
 A herald soul.

## III.

One went before, one after, but so fast  
 They seem gone hence together, from the  
 shore  
 Whence we now gaze: yet ere the mightier  
 passed  
 One went before;

One whose whole heart of love, being set of  
 vore  
 On that high life which music lends us, cast  
 Light round him forth of music's radiant  
 store.

Then went, while earth on winter glined  
 against,  
 The mortal god he worshipped, through the  
 door  
 Where he had so late, his lover to the last,  
 One went before.

## IV.

A star had set an hour before the sun  
 Sank from the skies wherethrough his heart's  
 pulse yet  
 Thrills and,ibly: but few took heed, or none,  
 A star had set.

All heaven rings back, sonorous with regret.  
 The deep dinge of the sunset: how should one  
 Sot star be missed in all the course met?

But, O sweet single heart whose work is done,  
 Whose songs are silent, how should I forget  
 That ere the sunset's fiery goal was won  
 A star had set?

## THE DEATH OF RICHARD WAGNER.

## I.

MOURNING on earth, as when dark hours  
 descend,  
 Wide-winged with plagues, from heaven;  
 when hope and mirth  
 Wane, and no lips rebuke or reprehend  
 Mourning on earth.

The soul wherein her songs of death and  
 birth,  
 Darkness and light, were wont to sound and  
 blend,  
 Now silent, leaves the whole world less in  
 worth.

Winds that make moan and triumph, skies  
 that bend,  
 Thunders, and sound of tides in gulf and firth,  
 Spake through his spirit of speech, whose  
 death should send  
 Mourning on earth.

## II.

The world's great heart, whence all things  
 strange and rare  
 Take form and sound, that each inseparate  
 part  
 May bear its burden in all tuned thoughts  
 that shine  
 The world's great heart—

The fountain forces, whence like steeds that  
 start  
 Leap forth the powers of earth and fire and  
 air,  
 Seas that revolve and rivers that depart—

Spake, and were turned to song: yea, all they  
 were,  
 With all their works, found in his mastering  
 art  
 Speech as of powers whose uttered word laid  
 bare  
 The world's great heart.

## III.

From the depths of the sea, from the well-  
 springs of earth, from the wastes of the  
 midnight night,  
 From the fountains of darkness and tempest  
 and thunder, from heights where the soul  
 would be,  
 The spell of the mage evoked their  
 sense, as an unknown light  
 From the depths of the sea.

As a vision of heaven from the hollows of  
 ocean, that none but a god might see,  
 Rose out of the silence of things unknown of  
 a presence, a form, a might,  
 And we heard as a prophet that hears God's  
 message against him, and may not flee.

Eye might not endure it, but ear and heart  
 with a rapture of dark delight,  
 With a terror and wonder whose care was  
 joy, and a passion of thought set free,  
 Felt only the rising of doom divine as a sun-  
 dawn risen to sight  
 From the depths of the sea

## TWO PRELUDES.

## I.

## LOHENGRIK.

Love, out of the depth of things,  
 As a dewfall felt from above,  
 From the heaven whence only springs  
 Love—

Love, heard from the heights thereof,  
 The clouds and the watersprings,  
 Draws close as the clouds remove.

And its soul in it speaks and sings,  
 A sweet-sweet-soul, as a dove,  
 An echo that only rings  
 Love.

## II.

## TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

Fate out of the deep sea's gloom,  
 When a man's heart's pride grows great,  
 And nought seems now to foredoom  
 Fate,

Fate, laden with fears in wait,  
 Draws close through the clouds that loom,  
 Till the soul see, all too late,

More dark than a dead world's tomb,  
 More high than the sheer dawn's gate,  
 More deep than the wide sea's womb,  
 Fate.

## THE LUTE AND THE LYRE.

DEEP desire, that pierces heart and spirit to  
 the root,  
 Finds reluctant voice in verse that yearns like  
 soaring fire,  
 Takes exultant voice when music holds in  
 high pursuit  
 Deep desire.

Keen as burns the passion of the rose whose  
 buds respire,  
 Strong as grows the yearning of the blossom  
 towards the fruit,  
 Sounds the secret half unspoken ere the deep  
 tones tire.

Slow subsides the rapture that possessed  
 love's flower soft lute,  
 Slow the palpitation of the triumph of the  
 lyre:  
 Still the soul feels burn a flame unslaked  
 though these be mute,  
 Deep desire.

## PLUS INTRA.

SOUL within sense, immeasurable obscure,  
 Insepulchred and deathless, through the dense  
 Deep elements may scarce be felt as pure  
 Soul within sense.

From depth and height by measurers left im-  
 mense,  
 Thro' soul and shape and color, comes the  
 unsure  
 Vague utterance, fitful with supreme suspense.

All that may pass, and all that must endure,  
 Song speaks not, painting shows not: more  
 intense  
 And keen than these, art wakes with music's  
 lure  
 Soul within sense.

## CHANGE.

But now life's face beholden  
 Seemed bright as heaven's bare brow  
 With hope of gifts withholden  
 But now.

From time's full-flowering bough  
 Each bud spake bloom to embolden  
 Love's heart, and I seal his vow.

Joy's eyes grew deep with olden  
 Dreams, born he wist not how;  
 Thought's mearest gab was golden;  
 But now!

## A BABY'S DEATH.

## I.

A LITTLE SOUL scarce fledged for earth  
 Takes wing with heaven again for goal  
 Even while we hailed as fresh from birth  
 A little soul.

Our thoughts ring sad as bells that toll,  
 Not knowing beyond this blind world's girth  
 What things are writ in heaven's full scroll.

Our fruitfulness is there but dearth,  
 And all things held in time's control  
 Seem there, perchance, ill dreams, not worth  
 A little soul.

## II.

The little feet that never trod  
 Earth, never strayed in field or street,  
 What hand leads upward back to God  
 The little feet?

A rose in June's most honied heat,  
 When life makes keen the kindling sod,  
 Was not so soft and warm and sweet.

Their pilgrimage's period  
 A few swift moons have seen complete  
 Since mother's hand in a clasp and shawl  
 The little feet.

## III.

The little hands that never sought  
 Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,  
 What gift has death, God's servant, brought  
 The little hands?

We ask; but love's self silent stands,  
 Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought  
 To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Are this, perchance, though love know nought,  
 Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,  
 Where hands of guiding angels caught  
 The little hands.

## IV.

The little eyes that never knew  
 Light other than of dawning skies,  
 What new life now lights up anew  
 The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
 Such light as never heaven let through  
 To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue  
 Soft heaven that haply death describes:  
 No tears, like these in ours, bedew  
 The little eyes.

## V.

Was life so strange, so sad the sky,  
 So strait the wide world's range,  
 He would not stoop to wonder why  
 Was life so strange?

Was earth's fair house a joyless grange  
 Beside that house on high  
 Whence Time that bore him failed to es-  
 trange?

That here at once his soul put by  
 All eons of time and change,  
 And left us heavier hearts to sigh  
 'Was life so strange?'

## VI.

And e'er by name love called him, seeing so fair  
 The sweet small frame!  
 Meet to be called, if ever man's child were,  
 Angel by name.

Rose-bright and warm from heaven's own  
 beam he came,  
 And might not bear  
 The cloud that covers earth's wan face with  
 shame.

His little light of life was all too rare  
 And soft a flame:  
 Heaven yearned for him till angels hailed  
 him there  
 Angel by name.

## VII.

The song that smiled upon his birthday here  
 Weeps on the grave that holds him unfiled  
 Whose loss makes bitterer than a soundless  
 tear  
 The song that smiled.

His name crowned once the mightiest ever  
 styled  
 sovereign of arts, and angel: fate and fear  
 knew then their master, and were reconciled

But we saw born beneath some tenderer  
 sphere  
 Michael, an angel and a little child,  
 Whose loss bows down to weep upon his bier  
 The song that smiled.

## ONE OF TWIN.

## I.

ONE of twain, twin-born with flowers that  
 waken,  
 Now hath passed from sense of sun and rain:  
 Wind from out the flower-crowned branch  
 hath shaken  
 One of twain.

One twin flower must pass, and one remain:  
 One, the word said soothly, shall be taken,  
 And another left: can death remain?

Two years since was love's light song mis-  
 taken,  
 Missing then both blossoms, half in vain?  
 Night out-pedding light hath overtaken  
 One of twain.

Night and light? O thou of heart unwar,  
 Love, what knowest thou here at all aught,  
 Loved, abused, misled as men by fairy  
 Night and light?

Howdy, where thine eyes behold but night,  
 Still as o'er her babe the smile of Mary  
 In thy break, flowerwise into new born night.

What though night of light to thee be chary?  
 What though stars of hope like flowers take  
 flight?  
 Seest thou all things here, where all see vary  
 Night and light?

## DEATH AND BIRTH.

DEATH and birth should dwell not near to-  
 gether:  
 Wealth keeps house not, even for shame, with  
 death:  
 Fate doth ill to link in one brief tether  
 Death and birth.

Harsh the yoke that binds them, strange the  
 girth  
 seems that girds them each with each: yet  
 whether  
 Death be best, who knows, or life on earth?

Ill the rose-red and the sable feather  
 Blend in one crown's plume, as grief with  
 mirth:  
 Ill met still are warm and wintry weather,  
 Death and birth.

## BIRTH AND DEATH.

BIRTH and death, twin-sister and twin-brother,  
 Night and day, on all things that draw breath,  
 Reign, while time keeps friends with one  
 another  
 Birth and death.

Each brow-bound with flowers diverse of  
 wreath,  
 Heaven they hail as father, earth as mother,  
 Faithful found above them and beneath.

Smiles nor lighten tears, and tears may  
 smother  
 Smiles, for all that joy or sorrow saith:  
 Joy nor sorrow knows not from each other  
 Birth and death.

## BENEDICTION.

BETTER in death and life beyond man's guessing  
 Little children live and die, possess  
 Still of grace that keeps them past expressing  
 Bless.



Each least chirp that rings from every nest,  
 Each least tinkle of the low-sounding brass,  
 Aught that young and trembles to be prest,

Each least glance, gives gifts of grace, red-  
 dressing  
 God's worst wrongs; each mother's outpouring  
 breast  
 Feeds a flower of bliss, beyond all blessing  
 blest.

### ÉTUDE RÉALISTE.

#### I.

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,  
 Might tempt, should hee, in heaven met,  
 An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
 A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued snow-flower, toward the heat  
 They stretch and spread and work  
 The seven soft buds that part an insect.

No flower-bells that expand an I-shink  
 Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
 As mine on life's untrodden brink  
 A baby's feet

#### II.

A baby's hands, like coral's lined,  
 Whence yet no real expands,  
 Ope if you touch, though close unpeeled,  
 A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their bands  
 When battle's bolt is hurled,  
 They close, clenched hard like tightening  
 bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn have ruled  
 Match, even in love's best lands,  
 The sweetest flowers in all the world—  
 A baby's hands.

#### III.

A baby's eyes, ere speech be gin  
 Ere lips learn words or signs,  
 Bless all things but, 'nough to win  
 A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,  
 And she will not and he,  
 Lies perfect in them Paradise.

For if alone might cut out pain and sin,  
 The speech make dumb the wise,  
 By man's and Godhead felt within  
 A baby's eyes.

### BABYHOOD.

#### I.

A BABY shines as bright  
 If winter or if May be  
 On eyes that keep in sight  
 A baby.

Though dark the skies or gray be,  
 It fills our eyes with light,  
 If midnight or midday be.

Love holds it, day and night,  
 The sweetest thing that may be,  
 Yet cannot praise aright  
 A baby.

#### II.

All heaven, in every baby born,  
 All absolute of earthly heaven,  
 Reveals itself, tho' man may scorn  
 All heaven.

Yet man might feel all sin forgiven,  
 All grief appeased, all pain outworn,  
 By this one revelation given.

Saul, now forgot thy burdens borne:  
 Heart, be thy joys now seven times seven:  
 Love shows in light more bright than moon  
 All heaven.

#### III.

What likeness may I define, and stay not  
 From truth's exactest way,  
 A baby's beauty? Love can say not  
 What likeness may.

The Mayflower loveliest held in May  
 Of all that shine and stay not  
 Laughs not in rosier disarray.

Sleek satin, swans-down, buds that play not  
 As yet with winds that play,  
 Would fain be matched with this, and may  
 not:

What likeness may?

## IV.

Rose, round whose bed  
Dawn's cloudlets close  
Earth's brightest-bred  
Rose!

No song, love knows,  
May please the head  
Your certain shows.

Eye sleep has fled,  
The whole child glows  
One sweet live red  
Rose

## FIRST FOOTSTEPS

A little way, more soft and sweet  
Than fields atlower with May,  
A babe's feet, venturing, scarce complete  
A little way.

Lives full of dawning day  
Look up for mother's eyes to meet,  
Too blithe for song to say.

Glad as the golden spring to greet  
Its first live leaflet's play,  
Love, laughing, leads the little feet  
A little way.

## A NINTH BIRTHDAY.

FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

## I.

THREE times thrice hath winter's rough white  
wing  
Crossed and curdled wells and streams with  
ice  
Since his birth whose praises love would sing  
Three times thrice.

Earth nor sea bears flower nor pearl of price  
Fit to crown the forehead of my king,  
Honey meet to please him, balm, nor spice,

Love can think of nought but love to bring  
Fit to serve or do him sacrifice  
Ere his eyes have looked upon the spring  
Three times thrice.

## II.

Three times thrice the world has fallen on  
slumber,  
Shone and waned and withered in a tree,  
Frost has fettered Thames and Tyne and  
Humber  
Three times thrice,

Fogs have swoln too thick for steel to slice,  
Cloud and mud have soiled with grime and  
umber  
Earth and heaven, defaced as souls with vice,

Winds have risen to wreck, snows fallen to  
cumber.  
Ships and chariots, trapped like rats or mice,  
Since my king first smiled, whose years now  
number  
Three times thrice.

## III.

Three times thrice, in wine of song full-flow-  
ing,  
Pledge, my heart, the child whose eyes  
suffice,  
Once beheld, to set thy joy-bells going  
Three times thrice.

Not the lands of palm and date and rice  
Glow more bright when summer leaves them  
glowing,  
Laugh more light when suns and winds entice.

Noon and eve and midnight and cock-crowing,  
Child whose love makes life as paradisi-  
Love should sound your praise with clarions  
blowing  
Three times thrice.

## NOT A CHILD.

## I.

'Not a child: I call myself a boy,'  
Says my king, with accent stern yet mild,  
Now nine years have brought him change of  
joy;

'Not a child.'

How could reason be so far beguiled,  
Fit so far from sense's safe employ,  
Stray so wide of truth, or run so wild?

See no heart no heart no book or line,  
 Child I called for, no more that he should  
 Back, as one too high for yam-minny—  
 Not a child.

## II.

Not a child? atack the year!  
 What's your fault an' mine? I  
 Hear, that he would I could appear  
 Not a child?

Men, with years and memories piled  
 Fain on other, fair and true,  
 Fain again would I so be at school!

Fain would cast off hope and fear,  
 Rest, forget, be forgotten,  
 Why would you so faint be, dear,  
 Not a child?

## III.

Child or boy, my darling, which you will,  
 Still your praise face and hands and employ,  
 Heart and song both yearning toward you still,  
 Child or boy.

All joys else might sooner pall or clay  
 Love than this which may take its fill,  
 Dear, of sight of your more perfect joy.

Nay, be aught you please, let it be still  
 All your pleasure be your word, your toy;  
 Mild or wild we love you, fond or staid,  
 Child or boy.

## TO DORA DORIAN.

CHILD of eyes, long hair, and hair,  
 Born of heaven's smile, born of earth's smile,  
 Seeing for once brought forth a fair  
 Child.

By thy gracious brows, or I w'd  
 Golden-cloud'd heaven of love,  
 By thine eyes date and mild.

Hope would fain take heart to swear  
 Men should yet be true and true,  
 Seeing the sign she bids thee bear  
 Child.

## THE ROUNDEL.

A roundel is wrought as a ring of a star-  
 light's thread,  
 With softness of thought and with cunning of  
 — and remembrance,  
 That the heart of the hearer may smile if to  
 pleasure his ear  
 A roundel is wrought.

Its joy of music is given of all or of  
 aught —  
 Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of  
 a quiet or fear—  
 The fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of  
 thought.

As a child's quick song runs round, and the  
 hearts in us hear  
 Pause answer to pause, and again the same  
 strain caught,  
 So moves the device whence, round as a pearl  
 or tear,  
 A roundel is wrought.

## AT SEA.

'FAREWELL and adieu' was the burden pre-  
 vailing  
 Long since in the chant of a home-faring  
 crew;  
 And the heart in us echoes, with laughing or  
 wailing,  
 Farewell and adieu.

Each even that we live shall we sing it anew,  
 When water and wind shall before us for sailing  
 And a water-bellied sea that wrecks may be-  
 strewn.

The stars of the past and the beacons are  
 piling,  
 The heavens and the waters are hoarier of hue;  
 But the heart in us chants not an all unavail-  
 ing  
 Farewell and adieu.

## WASTED LOVE.

WHAT shall be done for sorrow  
 With love whose name is rum?  
 Where help is none or borrow,  
 What shall be done?

In vain has labour made a gain  
The weaver of drawn the currow;  
No rest their toil hath won

His task is all gone thorough,  
And fruit thereof is none;  
And who dare say to-morrow  
What shall be done?

---

BEFORE SUNSET.

LOVE'S twilight wanes in heaven above,  
On earth ere twilight reigns;  
Ere fear may feed the chili thereof,  
Love's twilight wanes.

Ere yet the insatiate heart complains  
'Too much, and soon enough,'  
The lip so late at first retains.

Soft on the neck of either dove  
Love's hands let slip the reins;  
And while we look for light of love  
Love's twilight wanes.

---

A SINGING LESSON.

FAR-FETCHED and dear-bought, as the proverb rehearses,  
Is good, or was held so, for ladies; but  
In a song can be good if the turn of the verse  
is  
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

As the turn of a wave should it sound, and  
the thought  
Ring smooth, and as light as the spray that  
disperses  
Be the gleam of the words for the garb thereof  
of wrought.

Let the soul in it shine through the sound as it pierces  
Men's hearts with possession of music unsought.  
For the bounties of song are no jealous god's  
mercies,  
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

FLOWER PILLS.

I.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Love lies bleeding in the bed whereover  
Roses can with smiling mouths or pleading;  
Earth lies laughing where the sun's dart clove  
her;  
Love lies bleeding.

Stately shine his purple plumes, exceeding  
Prize of prince; nor shall maid or lover  
Find on earth a fairer sign worth heeding.

Yet may love, sore wounded, scarce recover  
Strength and spirit again, without heeding;  
Hope and joy, wand-winged, about him  
lover;  
Love lies bleeding.

II.

LOVE IN A MIST.

Light love in a mist, by the mid-summer moon  
misguided,  
Scarce seen in the twilight garden if gloom  
insist,  
Seems vainly to seek for a star whose gleam  
has derided  
Light love in a mist.

All day in the sun, when the breezes do all  
they list,  
His blue raiment of cloudlike blossom  
is faded  
Unrent and unwithered of winds and of rays  
that kissed.

Bithe-hearted or sad, as the cloud or the sun  
subsided,  
Love smiled in the flower with a meaning  
whereof none wist  
Save two that beheld, as a gleam that before  
them glided,  
Light love in a mist.

---

THREE FACES.

I.

VENUSILLA.

The sky and sea glared hard and bright and  
blank;  
Down the one steep street, with slow steps  
firm and free



## SORROW.

SORROW, it was thine I had loved forever,  
 Heed and heed not for ever, would I have  
 First, if I might haply have loved  
 Sorrow,

One thought 'tis close in her heart, unown'd  
 enough  
 With mine, 'tis wed in a disempower'd  
 And unshar'd care in me out of mine.

Hearts that strain to be close in world, never  
 The link where you or it fits to be may!  
 All things pass in the world, but never  
 Sorrow.

## SLEEP.

SLEEP, when a soul that her own cloud cover  
 Waits that sorrow—how—always keep  
 Watch, nor see in the room above her  
 Sleep.

Down, through dulness, aaked and deep,  
 Sinks, and the woe-sol her comforts cover  
 Close the soul, though her would be deep.

And beloved of us all men's lover,  
 A most weary that smile or weep  
 Feel thee afar or near in her lover,  
 Sleep.

## ON AN OLD ROUNDEL.

Translated by D. G. Rose from the French of Villon  
 I.

DEATH, from the river a voice appeal'd,  
 And men still hear what the sweet cry saith,  
 Lying aloud in thine arms fast  
 Death.

As a voice in a vision that vanisheth,  
 Through the grave's gate barred and the  
 portal steel'd  
 The sound of the wail of it travelleth.

Wailing aloud from a heart unhealed,  
 It woke response of melodious breath  
 From lips now hush'd by thy kiss ungodly  
 Death.

## I.

And so it was, that I had loved  
 Wee, and wee would wee, wee, wee, wee,  
 Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee, hee, hee, hee,  
 Thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee,  
 A. C. 1499.

Soe, soe, soe, soe, soe, soe, soe, soe,  
 Noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe,  
 Thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee,  
 I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I,  
 Thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee,

For us there munnis in munnis wee, wee,  
 Keo, keo, keo, keo, keo, keo, keo, keo,  
 Noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe, noe,  
 A. C. 1499.

## A LANDSCAPE BY COULBERT.

Low lies the mead beneath the moon-side, still  
 And glad of a beam down the wood sweeps  
 To the schuery where fed with many a fell  
 Low lies the mere.

The wind speaketh to summer eye nor ear,  
 Soe's night it all of a dark, hee's night of still,  
 From sound or shall wee, hee's night of hee,

Strange, as we praise the dead man's night  
 and skill,  
 Strange that harsh thoughts should make such  
 heavy cheer,  
 While, clothed with peace by heaven's most  
 gentle will,  
 Low lies the mere.

## A FLOWER PIECE BY LANTIN.

Heart's eye, love, passion, or thought,  
 Which would the parting pains of these  
 Surely the heart that conceived it sought  
 Heart's ease.

Simply by And not by lying degrees  
 The heart our only the hand that wrought  
 Wrought cometh here for a son's disease,

Dead love, be thou slain, lies stark,  
 What is a dead stark-stricken love;  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Dead love.

### A NIGHT-PIECE BY MILLET.

WIND and sea and cloud and cloud-forsaking  
 Mute on moonlight where the storm leaves  
 its

Heaven awhile, for all the wrath of waking  
 With the sea.

But it will be, and change time, here with glory,  
 Laugh the moon, both on past, cloud's over-  
 flowing  
 Fast, it seems, as wind or sail can flee,

One it was, and with her, hardie-making  
 For a wild-winged to her change yet to be  
 Strives and leaps and pants beneath the break-  
 ing

Wind and sea.

### 'MARZO PAZZO.'

MAD March, with the wind in his wings wide-  
 spread,

Leaps from heaven, and the deep dawn's arch  
 Hails re-risen, then from the dead  
 Mad March.

Soft small flames on rowan and larch  
 Break forth, and later on larch that said  
 Shall not take place in them, beat love's  
 march.

But the larch that now, for the lips rose-red  
 Speaks first to the world, and the winds that  
 perch

Bring April furth as a bridle to wind  
 Mad March.

### DEAD LOVE.

Dead love, be thou slain, lies stark,  
 What is a dead stark-stricken love;  
 None that pass by him pause to mark  
 Dead love.

Heaven, that thou mayest and yearning  
 strove

As toward the sundawn strives the rain,  
 Is cold as all the old joy thereof.

Dead love, re-risen from dust, and  
 When rings the trumpet from the  
 It will not raise from out the  
 Dead love.

### DISCORD.

UNRECONCILED by life's fleet years, that  
 With change in clang of pinions wide and  
 Though two great spirits had lived, and  
 had sped

Unreconciled;

Though time and change, harsh time's in-  
 rous child,

That wild strange hands together, might not  
 wed

High bears by hope's misprison once be-  
 guiled;

Faith, by the light from either's memory shed,  
 Sees, radiant as then crosses were un-  
 filed,

One goal for each—not twain among the dead  
 Unreconciled.

### CONCORD.

RECONCILED by death's mild hand, that giving  
 Peace gives wisdom, not more strong than  
 mild,

Love beholds them, each without mis-giving  
 Reconciled.

Each on earth alike of earth reviled,  
 Hated, feared, denied, and forgiving,  
 Each alike had heaven at heart, and smiled.

Both bright names, cloth'd round with man's  
 thank-giving;

Shine, twin stars above the storm-drifts piled,  
 Dead and deathless, whom we saw not living  
 Reconciled.

### MOURNING.

At my brother! the cry of the mourners of  
 old

That cried on each other

All crying aloud on the dead as the death-note rolled,

Alas my brother!

As flashes of dawn that mists from an east wind smother

With fold upon fold,

The past years gleam that linked us one with another,

Time sunders hearts as of brethren whose eyes behold

No more their mother:

But a cry sounds yet from the shrine whose fires wax cold,

Alas my brother!

APEROTOS EROS.

STRONG as death, and cruel as the grave,  
Clothed with cloud and tempest's blackening breath,

Known of death's dread self, whom none  
outrave,

Strong as death,

Love, brow-bound with anguish for a wrath,  
Fierce with pain, a tyrant-hearted slave,  
Burns above a world that groans beneath,

Hath not pity power on thee to save,  
Love? hath power no pity? Nought he saith,  
Answering: blind he walks as wind or wave,  
Strong as death,

TO CATULLUS.

My brother, my Valerius, dearest head  
Or all whose crowning bay-leaves crown their  
mother,

Rome, in the notes first heard of thine I read  
My brother,

No dust that death or time can strew may  
smother

Love and the sense of kinship inly bred  
From loves and hates at one with one another,

To thee was Caesar's self nor dear nor dread,  
Song and the sea were sweeter each than  
other:

How should I living fear to call thee dead  
My brother?

'INSULARUM OCELLE.'

SARK, fairer than aught in the world than the  
lit skies cover,

Laughs inly behind her cliffs, and the sea-  
farers mark

As a shrine where the sunlight serves, though  
the blown clouds hover,  
Sark.

We mourn, for love of a song that outsang  
the lark,

That nought so lovely beholden of Sirmio's  
lover

Made glad in Propontis the flight of his  
Pontic bark.

Here earth lies lordly, triumphal as heaven is  
above her,

And splendid and strange as the sea that  
appears as an ark,

As a sign for the rapture of storm-spent eyes  
to discover,  
Sark.

IN SARK.

ABREAST and ahead of the sea is a crag's front  
cloven asunder

With strong sea-breath and with wasting of  
winds whence terror is shed

As a shadow of death from the wings of the  
darkness on waters that thunder

Abreast and ahead.

At its edge is a sepulchre belovèd and hewn  
for a lone man's bed,

Propped open with rock and aape on the  
sky and the sea thereunder,

But roofed and walled in well from the wrath  
of them slept its dead.

Here might not a man drink rapture of rest,  
or delight above wonder,

Beholding, a soul disembodied, the days  
and the nights that fled,

With splendor and sound of the tempest  
around and above him and under,

Abreast and ahead?

IN GUERNSEY.

I.

THE heavenly bay, tinged round with cliffs  
and moons,

Storm-stained ravines, and crags that lawns  
inlay,



Sooths as with Love the oceans whose guard  
 secures  
 The heavenly bay.

O friend, shall time take ever this away,  
 This blessing given of beauty that endures,  
 This glory shown us, not to pass but stay?

Though sight be changed for memory, love  
 ensures  
 What memory, changed by love to sight,  
 would say—  
 The word that seals forever mine and yours  
 The heavenly bay.

## II.

My mother sea, my mistress, what new strand,  
 What new delight of waters, may this be,  
 The fairest found since time's first breath's  
 fanned  
 My mother sea?

Once more I give me body and soul to thee,  
 Who hast my soul forever: out and sand—  
 Recede, and heart to heart ere more we wed.

My heart springs fast and plunges, ere my  
 hand  
 Strike out from shore: more close it brings  
 to me,  
 More near and dear than seems my father-  
 land,  
 My mother sea.

## III.

Across and along, as the bay's breadth  
 opens, — flows us  
 Wild autumn vaults in the wind, swift rap-  
 ture  
 and strong  
 Impels us, and broader the wide waves  
 brighten before us  
 Across and along.

The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows  
 not wrong:  
 The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-  
 tide's chorus:  
 Are we not as waves of the water, as notes  
 of the song?

Like children unworn of the passions and  
 toys that wore us,  
 We breast for a season the breadth of the  
 seas that throng,  
 Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old they  
 bore us  
 Across and along.

On Dante's track I — me for a red spell  
 Drawn down through a desperate ways that  
 lead not back  
 We seem to move, bound forth past flood and  
 fell  
 On Dante's track.

The gray path ends: the gaunt rocks gape:  
 the black  
 Deep in a lustrous night, a soundless shell,  
 Gates darkness: are the fires of old grown  
 sack?

Nay, then, what flames are these that leap  
 and swell  
 As 'twere to show, where earth's foundations  
 crack,  
 The secrets of the sepulchres of hell  
 On Dante's track?

## V.

By more men's hands the flame was lit, we  
 know,  
 From heaps of dirt, waste, whim and casual  
 brands:  
 Yet, knowing, we seem believe it kindled  
 so  
 By more men's hands.

Above, around, h'is vaulted hell expands,  
 Steep, dense, a labyrinth walled and roofed  
 with woe  
 Whose mysteries even itself not understands.

The scorn in Lavinia's eyes aglow  
 Seems visible in this flame: there Gertrude  
 stands:  
 No stage of earth's is here, set forth to show  
 By more men's hands.

## VI.

Night, in utmost noon torform and strong, with  
 heart athirst and fasting,  
 Hungers here, barred up forever, whence as  
 one whom dreams afflict  
 Dances off before the low-browed lintel threat-  
 ening down and casting  
 Night.

All the roofs and islands, all the lawns and  
 the islands, clothed with light,  
 Each for love's sake in their sleep outside:  
 But here the night speaks, blasting  
 Dae with silent speech and scorn of all things  
 known from depth to height

Lower than dive the thoughts of spirit  
stricken fear in souls forecasting  
Hell, the deep void seems to yawn fear's  
reach, and higher than sight  
Rise the walls and roofs that compass it  
about with everlasting  
Night.

## VII.

The house accurst, with cursing sealed and  
signed,  
Heeds not what storms about it lurn and  
burst:  
Not fear more fearful than its own may find  
The house accurst.

Barren as crime, unhungred and athirst,  
Blank miles of moor sweep inland, sore and  
blind,

Where summer's best rebukes not winter's  
worst.

The low bleak tower with nought save wastes  
behind  
Stares down the abyss where chance reared  
and nursed

This type and likeness of the accurst man's  
mind,  
The house accurst.

## VIII.

Beloved and blest, lit warm with love and  
fame,

The house that had the light of the earth for  
guest

Hears for his name's sake all men hail its  
name

Beloved and blest.

This eyrie was the homeless eagle's nest  
When storm had waste his eyrie: hence he  
came

Again when storm smote sore his mother's  
breast.

Bow down men laide us, or be clothed with  
blame

And mocked for madness: worst, they swore,  
was best

But grief shone here, while joy was one with  
shame,

Beloved and blest.

## C.

## INVOL.

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,  
Frail pale wings for the winds to try,  
Small white wings that we scarce can see,  
Fly.

Here and there may a chance caught  
eye

Note in a score of you twain or three  
Brighter or darker of mould or dye.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
Some fly so fit as a low long sigh:  
All to the haven where each would be,  
Fly.

## ASTROPHIEL.

AFTER READING SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA IN THE GARDEN OF AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR  
HOUSE.

## I.

A YEAR in the silence that flows  
The song of the death of the sun  
Speaks music in heaven, and the hollows  
And heights of the world are as one;  
One lyre that outings and outlightens  
The rapture of sunset, and thrills  
Mute night till the sense of it brightens  
The soul that it fills.

The flowers of the sun that is sunken  
Hang heavy of heart as of head;  
The bees that have eaten and drunken  
The soul of their sweetness are fled;  
But a sunflower of song, on whose  
honey  
My spirit has fed as a bee,  
Makes sunnier than morning was sunny  
The twilight for me.

The waters of the sea, and the  
 of the sun, and the  
 Weymouth is the windows of age,  
 The light of the sun, and the  
 As the lights of the sea, and the  
 A sea of the sun, and the  
 From the dawn of the remembrance is cast,  
 As the light of the sun, and the

The sun that died, and that cherished  
 The light of the sun, and the  
 Had a light of the sun, and the  
 The light of the sun, and the  
 Should I read as the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the  
 Of English, and the

O light of the land that adored thee,  
 And kindled thy soul with her breath,  
 Whose life, she was the light of the sun,  
 Was love for thee, and the light of the sun,  
 By what name, and the light of the sun,  
 Might love of the land, and the light of the sun,  
 Phillis, the Astrophil, poet,  
 Whose love was thy light?

As a star in the world, and the light of the sun,  
 A star in the world, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,

The twilight may, leeper and hidden,  
 As the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 Till the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 Whose light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 The light of the sun, and the light of the sun,

## II.

Bright and brief in the light of grief and love,  
 The light of thy lifetime shone,  
 Seen and felt by the gifts it dealt, the grace it  
 gave, and again was gone:  
 Ah, but now it is death, not thou, whom time  
 has conquered as years pass on.

Ah, nor yet may the land forget that bore and  
 loved thee and praised and wept,  
 And the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 Last as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,

Bright as then for the souls of men, thy breath  
 As the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,

All the glory that finds the story of all thy life  
 As with the light of the sun, and the light of the sun,  
 All the spell that on all souls fell who saw  
 thy spirit, and held them bound,  
 Lives for all that have heard the call and  
 cadence yet of its music sound.

Musical light as the soul of light, for wings an  
 eagle, for notes a dove,  
 Leaps and shines from the lustrous lines  
 wherethrough thy soul from afar above  
 shone and sang till the darkness rang with  
 light whose fire is the fount of love.

Love that led thee alive, and fed thy soul with  
 sorrows and joys and fears,  
 Love that sped thee, alive and dead, to fame's  
 fair goal with thy peerless peers,  
 Feeds the flame of thy quenchless name with  
 light that lightens the rayless years.

Dark as sorrow though night and morrow  
 may lower with presage of clouded  
 time,

How may she that of old bore thee, may Sid-  
 ney's England, be brought to shame?  
 How should this be, while England is? What  
 need of answer beyond thy name?

## III.

From the love that transfigures thy glory,  
 From the light of the dawn of thy death,  
 The life of thy song and thy story  
 took sustaler and fierier breath,  
 And we, though the day and the morrow  
 set fear and thank giving at strife,  
 Hail yet in the star of thy sorrow  
 The sun of thy life.

Shame and fear may beset men here, and bid  
 thanksgiving and pride be dumb;  
 Faith, dis-crowned of her praise, and wound  
 about with toils till her life wax  
 numb.  
 Scarce may see if the sandawn be, if darkness  
 die not and dayrise come.

But England, enmeshed and berotted  
 With spiritless villainies round,  
 With counsels of cowardice fretted,  
 With trammels of treason enwound,  
 I yet, though the season be other  
 Than weat and reposed over thee,  
 Thine England, thy lover, thy mother,  
 Sublime as the sea.

Hers wast thou if her face be now less bright,  
 or seem for an hour less brave,  
 Let but thine on her darkness shine, thy  
 saviour spirit revive and save,  
 Time shall see, as the shadows flee, her shame  
 entombed in a shameful grave.

If death and not life were the portal  
 That opens on life at the last,  
 If the spirit of Sidney were mortal  
 And the past of it utterly past,  
 Fear stronger than honour was ever,  
 Forgetfulness mightier than fame,  
 Faith knows not if England should never  
 subside into a state.

Yea, but yet is thy sun not set, thy sunbright  
 spirit of thine withdrawn,  
 England's love of thee burns at all hopes  
 that darken or fears that face;  
 Hers thou art and the faithful heart that  
 hopes begets upon darkness dawn.

The sunset that sunrise will follow  
 Is less than the dream of a dream;  
 The starshine on bright and on hollow  
 Sheds promise that dawn shall redeem;  
 The night, if the daytime would bide it,  
 Shows lovelier, all mine and afar,  
 Thy soul and thy Stella's beside it,  
 A star by a star.

## A NYMPHOLEPT.

SUMMER, and noon, and a splendour of silence,  
 felt,  
 Seen, and heard of the spirit within the  
 sense,  
 Soft through the froudlage the shades of the  
 sunbeams melt,  
 Sharp through the foliage the shafts of  
 them, keen and dense,  
 Cleave, as discharged from the string of  
 the God's bow, tense  
 As a war steed's grith, and bright as a war-  
 rior's belt,  
 Ah, why should an hour that is heaven  
 for an hour pass hence?  
 I dare not sleep for delight of the perfect hour,  
 Lest God be wroth that his gift should be  
 scorned of man,  
 The face of the warm bright world is the face  
 of a flower,  
 The word of the wind and the leaves that  
 the light winds fan  
 As the word that quickened at first into  
 flame, and ran,

Creative and subtle and fierce with invasive  
 power,  
 Through darkness and cloud, from the  
 breath of the one God, Pan,  
 The perfume of earth possessed by the sun  
 pervades  
 The chaster air that he soothes but with  
 sense of sleep,  
 Soft, imminent, strong as desire that prevails  
 and fades,  
 The passing noon that beholds not a  
 cloudlet weep  
 Imbues and impregnates life with delight  
 more deep  
 Than dawn or sunset or moonrise on lawns  
 or glades  
 Can shed from the skies that receive it and  
 may not keep.  
 The skies may hold not the splendour of sun-  
 down fast;  
 It wanes into twilight as dawn dies down  
 into day.



For hence were the shafts of his love or  
his anger dealt,  
For here has his wrath been fierce as his love  
was fair,

When each was as fire to the darkness its  
breath bade melt.

Is it love, is it dread, that enkindles the trem-  
bling noon,

That yearns, reluctant in rapture that  
fear has fed,

As man for woman, as woman for man?  
Full soon,

If I live, and the life that may look on him  
dare not deal,

Shall the ear that hears not a leaf quake  
hear his tread,

The sense that knows not the sound of the  
deep day's tone

Receive the God, be it love that he brings  
or dread.

The naked noon is upon me: the fierce dumb  
spell,

The fearful charm of the strong sun's  
imminent might,

Unperishful, steadfast, deeper than seas that  
swell,

Pervades, invades, appals me with love-  
less light,

With harsher awe than breathes in the  
breath of night,

O'venery, God who art all! For I know  
thee well,

How sharp is thine eye to lighten, thine  
hand to smite,

The whole wood feels thee, the whole air fears  
thee; but fear

So deep, so dim, so sacred, is wellnigh  
sweet.

For the light that hangs and broods on the  
woodlands here,

Intense, invasive, intolerant, imperious,  
and meet

To lighten the works of thine hands and  
the ways of thy feet,

Is hot with the fire of the breath of thy life,  
and dear

As hope that shrivels or shrinks not for  
frost or heat,

Thee, thee the supreme dim godhead, ap-  
proved afar.

Perceived of the soul and conceived of the  
sense of man,  
We scarce dare love, and we dare not fear;  
the star

We call the sun, that lit us when life  
began

To 'rood on the world that is thine by  
his grace for a span,

Conceals and reveals in the semblance of  
things that are

Thine imminent presence, the pulse of thy  
heart's life, Pan,

The fierce mid noon that awakens and warms  
the snake

Conceals thy mercy: reveals thy wrath;  
and again

The dew bright hour that assuages the twi-  
light brake

Conceals thy wrath and reveals thy mercy;  
then

Thou art fearful only for evil souls of  
men

That feel with nightfall the serpent within  
them wake,

And hate the holy darkness on glade and  
glen.

Yea, then we know not and dream not if ill  
things be,

Or if aught of the work of the wrong of  
the world be thine,

We hear not the footfall of terror that treads  
the sea,

We hear not the moan of winds that assail  
the pine;

We see not if shipwreck reign in the  
storm's dim shrine;

If death do service and doom bear witness  
to thee

We see not, know not if blood for thy  
lips be wine,

But in all things evil and fearful that fear  
may scan,

As in all things good, as in all things  
fair that fall,

We know thee present and latent, the lord  
of man;

In the murmuring of doves, in the clam-  
ouring of winds that call

And wolves that howl for their prey; in  
the midnight's pall,

In the naked and nymph-like feet of the  
 dixer, O Pan,  
 And no can be living, O that the Gods be  
 art all.

Stealing and singing, watching and writing  
 of hounds,  
 Laughing and weeping, watching and sleep-  
 ing, still

Proclaim but and prove, let thee, as the  
 shif of sands  
 Speak forth and show but the ancer of  
 of the seas wild wail  
 That's fits and grace, that's grace in the  
 stars, wail's soul.

In thee is the dew that fell and the dew  
 that stay'd,  
 The topis utterly wood, and the  
 stars fall.

Where Eryx ladders with passion and pain  
 a land  
 That rend her heart as with anguish that  
 rends a rain's.

Where Typhalans, and rads not isilows  
 Titid,  
 In breathless torment that ever the flame's  
 breath fers,  
 Men felt and feared thee of old, whose  
 pastoral claus

Were given to the charge of thy Fequir; and  
 soundless pacic  
 Held fast the woodland whose earths and  
 whose heights were Pan's.

And here though fear be less than delight,  
 our awe  
 Be one with desire and with worship of  
 earth and fire,  
 So mild seems now thy secret and speechless  
 law,  
 So fair and fearless and faithful and god-  
 like she,  
 So soft the spell of thy whisper on stream  
 and sea.

Yet man should fear lest he see what of old  
 men saw  
 And withered: yet shall I quail if thy  
 breath snite me.

Lord God of life and of light and of all things  
 fair,  
 Lord God of ravin and ruin and all things  
 dim,

Death seals up life, and darkens the sun-  
 light  
 And the stars that watch blind earth in  
 the deep night swin  
 Laugh, saying, 'What God is your God,  
 what ye call on him?'  
 What is Pan, that the God who is guide of  
 our way should cure  
 If day for a can be golden, or night be  
 grim?'  
 But thou, dost thou hear? Stars too but  
 able for a span,  
 Gods too but endure for a season; but  
 thou, if the  
 god, more than shadows, conceived and  
 unborn of men,  
 Kind Gods, and her, that bound him or  
 made him free,  
 The stars that seem us are less in thy sight  
 than we,  
 Whose souls have strength to conceive and  
 perceive thee, Pan,  
 With sense more subtle than senses that  
 hear and see.

Yet may not it say, though it seek thee and  
 think to find  
 One soul of sense in the fire and the frost-  
 bound chid,  
 What heart is this, what spirit alive or blind,  
 That rooves thee: only we know that the  
 ways we find  
 We find, with hands unguided, with feet  
 unshod,  
 With eyes unlightened; and yet, if with stead-  
 fast mind,  
 Perchance may we find thee and know  
 thee at last for God.

Yet then should God be dark as the dawn  
 is bright,  
 And light as the night is dark on the  
 world—no more.  
 Light slays not darkness, and darkness ab-  
 sorbs not light;  
 And the labour of evil and good from  
 the years of yore  
 Is even as the labour of waves on a sun-  
 less shore  
 And he who is first and last, who is depth and  
 height,  
 Keeps silence now, as the sun when the  
 woods wax hoar.

The dark depth of midnight in the fire  
 world's life  
 Imbues the rapture of dawn and of noon  
 with dread,  
 Infects the peace of the star-shod night with  
 strife,  
 Informs with terror the sorrow that guards  
 the dead,  
 No service of bended knee or of bared  
 head  
 May soothe or saddle the God who has  
 charge to give  
 And life with death is as morning with  
 evening wed  
 And yet, if the light and the life in the light  
 that bore  
 Seem sad and splendid and fervid as sleep  
 may seem  
 Be more than the shine of a smile or the flash  
 of a tear,  
 Sleep, change, and death are less than a  
 spell-struck dream,  
 And fear than the fall of a leaf on a starlit  
 stream,  
 And yet, if the hope that hath said it absorbs  
 not fear,  
 What helps it man that the stars and the  
 waters gleam?  
 What helps it man, that the noon be indeed  
 intense,  
 The night be indeed worth worship? Fear  
 and pain  
 Were lords and masters yet of the secret sense,  
 Which now dares deem not that light is as  
 darkness, vain  
 Though dark dreams be to declare it, cry-  
 ing in vain,  
 For whence, thou God of the light and the  
 darkness, whence  
 Dawns now this vision that bids not the  
 sunbeams wane?  
 What light, what shadow, diviner than dawn  
 or night,  
 Draws near, makes pause, and again  
 or I dream—draws near?  
 More soft than shadow, more strong than  
 the strong sun's light,  
 More pure than moonbeams—yea, but the  
 rays run sheer  
 As fire from the sun through the dusk  
 of the pinewood, clear

And a—  
 That the light of this world with love that  
 is one with fear  
 Above and behind it the moon and the wood  
 find me,  
 Terrible, radiant with mystery, superb and  
 subdued,  
 From a plain in a desert, and behind me a road  
 of  
 Sees a tree from the tremendous weight of  
 the durable peace of soil  
 Which rules as a mountain and a nation of  
 forests that are soil  
 The breathless rapture of earth tells us hour  
 pass by  
 And how our spirit is kindled and her peace  
 renewed  
 I sleep not, never in sleep I, as a child, hidden  
 This—  
 From the slow that troubles  
 and years with labor  
 Suppressed and quiet, and reluctant and secure  
 and golden  
 As water knolled with presence of dawn or  
 night  
 A form, a face, a wonder to sense and  
 sight,  
 Grows great as the moon through the month,  
 and her eyes on hidden  
 Fear, till it change to desire, and desire to  
 delight,  
 I sleep not, sleep would die of a dream so  
 strange;  
 A dream so sweet would die as a rainbow  
 dies,  
 As a sunbow laughs and is lost on the waves  
 that range  
 And rock not of light that flickers or spray  
 that flies  
 But the sun withdraws not, the woodland  
 shrinks not or sighs,  
 No sweet thing sickens with sense or with  
 fear of change;  
 Light wounds not, darkness blinds not,  
 my steadfast eyes,  
 Only the soul in my sense that receives the  
 soul  
 Whence now my spirit is kindled with  
 breathless bliss



Knows how to play the game of love,  
 If he is the one who has the love.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

Of death and a life that is beyond  
 The mortal.

And yet you, I, and I, I have  
 A love that is.

As you have seen, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

Hold fast to the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

And I know the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

And I know the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

And I know the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

And here is the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

Light, as you have seen, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

Bloom, for you, and for the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

Light, as you have seen, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

The sweet light of the sun, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

And I know the light of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

The silence of the sun, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

That you, from the heart of the sun, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

Earth, from the heart of the sun, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

I lean my face to the heart of the sun,  
 As you have seen.

Whose flame lit odour, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

Close, and the goal of delight and of life is  
 One.

No more I crave of earth or her kindred  
 Skies.

Not a word, as you have seen, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

Light, as you have seen, as you have seen,  
 The light of the sun.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

It may be you, it may be I,  
 That have.

## ON THE SOUTH COAST.

TO THE GREAT WALLS.

hills and valleys where Apollo's hues his  
 radiant garb in flowers and birds,  
 deep orange, benedict, and lisp of heron,  
 of the main sea that the land of green  
 fields and dowers that the sun's glow  
 with the dove of love in a valley.

Day by day or sunset May salute the sun  
 with subtle acorn,  
 in and he then in a year of time  
 and darker, more of water, and the  
 into a far tree in alternate, and the  
 blooms, and flowers, and its yet to be.

For each day, the divine, and of the  
 and with the way that comes are  
 and end of her that her waves keep sweet,  
 when cast the hoops of their old repose,  
 and hence in removal, yet, the  
 black estuary, and flows.

And hold through the stars of the  
 East with the links of the wild wood tree,  
 Up from shoreward, in pulled far toward,  
 by marsh and meadow, by lawn and bay,  
 Island still at her own will will sweep, rocks,  
 and reveals the surging sea.

Through a time, and as faith subline, clothed  
 round with shadows of hopes and fears,  
 Nights and mornings, and joys and sorrows,  
 alive with passion of joys and tears,  
 and the shine that has seen decline eight  
 hundred waxing and waning years.

Lower set square to the storms of air and  
 change of season that glooms and glows,  
 Wall and roof of it tempest-proof, and equal  
 ever to suns and snows,  
 Bright with riches of radiant niches and pil-  
 lars smooth as a straight stem grows.

Wile and nave that the whelming wave of  
 time has whelmed not or touched or  
 neared,

Arch and vault without stain or fault, by  
 hands of craftsmen we know not reared,  
 Time beheld them, and time was quelled,  
 and change passed by them as one that  
 feared.

Time that the gas a dream, and dies as dreams  
 that are with the sheep they feed,

If he also a world of stars incarnate stands  
 as a globe dead,

And the sun, and of strength to bear all  
 burles, and to man's trail seek,

Men and women are as leaves of trees that  
 at their sorrow is fair to shed.

These go by as the winds that sigh, and none  
 takes note of their quick or dead;

Time, whose breath is their birth and death,  
 holds here his pious, and bows his head.

Still the sun that he had begun the work  
 wrought here of unwearied hands.

See, as then, though the Red King's men  
 held ruthless rule over lawless lands,

Stand their own design, and a live, pure  
 and proud as a virgin stands.

Statelier still as years fulfil their count,  
 subscribing to a sacred state,

Grows the hoary grey church whose story  
 silence utters and age makes great;

Statelier seems it that comes in dreams the  
 face unweaned of an untried fate.

Let's, more high than the star shown sky,  
 more deep than waters unsounded, shins

Keen and far as the final star on souls that  
 seek not for charms or signs;

Yet more bright is the love shown light of  
 man's heart's lighted in songs or shrines.

Love and trust that the gray's deep dust can  
 soil not, neither may fear put out,

Witness yet that their record set stands fast,  
 though years be as hosts in rout,

Spent and slain, but the signs remain that  
 beat back darkness and cast forth doubt.

Men that wrought by the grace of thought  
 and toil things goodlier than praise dare  
 trace.

Fair as all that the world may call most fair,  
 save only the sea's own face,

Shrines or songs that the world's change  
 wrongs not, live by grace of their own  
 gift's grace.





That know thee strong to guard and to smite,  
 To scatter and to save,  
 To whom the south west wind is dear  
 As Athens held the north.  
 He for her waged war, as thou for us against  
 all powers defiant,  
 Fleets full fraught with storm from Persia,  
 Laden deep with death from Spain:  
 Thee the giant god of song and battle lailed  
 as god and giant,  
 Yet not his but ours the land is whence thy  
 praise should ring and rain;  
 Rain as rapture shed from song, and ring as  
 trumpets blown for battle,  
 Sound and sing before thee, loud and  
 glad as hoops and sinks the sea:  
 Yea, the sea's white steeds are curbed and  
 spurred of race, and pent as cattle,  
 Yet they laugh with love and pride to  
 live, subdued not save of thee.  
 Ears that hear thee hear in heaven the sound  
 of widening wings gigantic,  
 Eyes that see the cloud-lift westward see  
 thy darkening brows divine;  
 Wings whose measure is the limit of the limit-  
 less Atlantic,  
 Brows that bend, and bid the sovereign  
 sea submit her soul to thine.

## III.

Twelve days since it - twelve days gone,  
 Lord of storm, that a storm low shone  
 Higher than sweeps thy sublime dark wing,  
 Fair as dawn is and sweet like spring?  
 Never dawn in the deep wide earth  
 Spread so splendid and strange a feast,  
 Whence the soul as it drank and fed  
 Felt such rapture of wonder shed.  
 Never spring in the wild wood's heart  
 Felt such flowers at her footfall start,  
 Born of earth, as arose in sight  
 Born of heaven and of storm and light,  
 Stern and sullen, the grey grim sea  
 Swelled and strove as in toils, though free,  
 Free as heaven, and as heaven sublime,  
 Clear as heaven of the toils of time.

## IV.

Suddenly, sheer from the heights to the depths  
 of the sky and the sea,  
 Sprang from the darkness alive as a vision of  
 life to be

Glory trine and transcendent of colour afar  
 and ahref,
 Arching and larkening the darkness with  
 light as of dream or desire,  
 Heaven, in the depth of its height, shone wist-  
 ful and wan from above:  
 Earth from beneath, and the sea, shone  
 stricken and breathless with love,  
 As a shadow may shine, so shone they; as  
 ghosts of the viewless blest,  
 That sleep hath sight of alive in a rapture of  
 sunbright rest,  
 The green earth glowed and the grey sky  
 gleamed for a wondrous while;  
 And the storm's full frown was crossed by the  
 light of its own deep smile.  
 As the darkness of thought and of passion is  
 touched by the light that gives  
 Life deathless as love from the depth of a  
 spirit that sees and lives,  
 From the soul of a seer and a singer, wherein  
 as a scroll unfurled  
 Lies open the scripture of light and of dark-  
 ness, the word of the world,  
 So, shapeless and measureless, lurid as an-  
 guish and haggard as crime,  
 Pale as the front of oblivion and dark as the  
 heart of time,  
 The wild wan heaven at its height was assailed  
 and subdued and made  
 More fair than the skies that know not of  
 storm and endure not shade,  
 The grim sea-swell, grey, sleepless, and sad  
 as a soul estranged,  
 Shone, smiled, took heart, and was glad of its  
 wrath; and the world's face changed.

## V.

Up from moorlands northward gleaming  
 Even to heaven's transcendent height,  
 Clothed with massive cloud, and seeming  
 All one fortress reared of night,  
 Down to where the deep sea, dreaming  
 Angry dreams, lay dark and white,  
 White as death and dark as fate,  
 Heaving with the strong wind's weight,  
 Sul with stormy pride of state,  
 One full rainbow shone elite.  
 Up from inmost memory's dwelling  
 Where the light of life abides,  
 Where the past finds tongue, foretelling  
 Time that comes and grave that guides,

Power that saves and sways, compelling  
Souls that ebb and flow like tides,  
Shone or seemed to shine and swim  
Through the cloud-surf great and grim,  
Thought's live surge, the soul of lum  
By whose light the sun looks dim.

In what synod were they sitting,  
All the gods and lords of time,  
Whence they watched as fire-fires flitting  
Years and names of men sul lime,  
When their counsels found it fitting  
One should stand where none might  
dumb—

None of man begotten, none  
Born of men beneath the sun  
Till the race of time be run,  
Save this heaven-enfranchised one?

With what rapture of creation  
Was the soul supernal thrilled,  
With what pride of adoration  
Was the world's heart fired and filled,  
Heaved in heavenward exultation  
Higher than hopes or dreams might build,  
Grave with awe not known while he  
Was not, mad with glorious glee  
As the sun-saluted sea,  
When his hour bade Shakespeare be?

## VI.

There, clear as night beholds her crowning  
seven,  
The sea beheld his likeness set in heaven,  
The shadow of his spirit full in sight  
shone: for the shadow of that soul is  
light.  
Nor heaven alone bore witness: earth avowed  
him present, and acclaimed of storm aloud,  
From the arching sky to the ageless hills and  
sea  
The whole world, visible, audible, was her  
hitch part of all that wove that wondrous  
whole  
The raiment of the presence of his soul,  
The sun that smote and kissed the dark to  
death  
like, smiled, and strove, like song's trium-  
phant breath;  
The soundless cloud whose thunderous heart  
was dumb  
swelled, lowered, and shrank to feel its con-  
queror come

Yet high from heaven its empire vast and  
vain

From wind, and renounced not night's reluctant  
reign.

The serpentine swift sounds and shapes  
wherein

The stainless sea mocks earth and death and  
sun,

Crawls dark as craft, or flashes keen as hate,  
Sul dead and unsubmitive, strong like fate  
And weak like man, bore wrathful witness yet  
That storms and sins are more than suns that  
set;

That evil everlasting, girt for strife

Eternal, wars with hope as death with life.

The dark sharp shifting wind that bade the  
waves

Falter, lose heart, bow down like foes made  
slaves,

And waxed within more bitter as they bowed,  
Baffling the sea, swallowing the sun with  
cloud,

Devouring fast as fire on earth devours

And hungering hard as frost that feeds on  
flowers,

Clothed round with fog that reeked as fume  
from hell,

And darkening with its miscreative spell

Light, glad and keen and splendid as the  
sword

Whose heft had known Othello's hand its  
lord,

Spoke all the soul that hell drew back to greet  
And felt its fire shrink shivering from his  
feet.

Far off the darkness darkened, and recoiled,  
And neared again, and triumphed: and the  
coiled

Colourless cloud and sea discoloured grew

Conscious of horror huge as heaven, and knew

Where Goneril's soul made chill and foul the  
mist,

And all the leprous life in Regan hissed,

Fierce homeless ghosts, rejected of the pit,

From hell to hell of storm fear watched them  
flit.

About them and before, the dull grey gloom

Shuddered, and heaven seemed hateful as  
the tomb

That shrinks from resurrection; and from out

That sullen hell which pierce their shades about

The nether soul that lurks and lowers within

Man, made of dust and fire and shame and  
sin,

Breathed, all the world that felt it breathe and  
 light  
 Was blue as plague or black as thunderous  
 night.  
 Elect of hell, the children of his hate  
 Trampled, as to storm sweet heaven's tri-  
 umphal gate.  
 The terror of his giving rose and shone  
 Imminent: life had put its likeness on.  
 But higher than all his horrent height of  
 shade  
 Shone sovereign, seen by light itself had made,  
 Above the woes of all the world, above  
 Life, sin, and death, his myriad-minded love,  
 From handward heights whereon the radiance  
 leant  
 Full fraught from heaven, intense and immi-  
 nent,  
 To depths wherein the seething strengths of  
 cloud  
 Scarce matched the wrath of waves whereon  
 they bowed,  
 From homborn pride and kindling love of  
 home  
 To the outer skies and seas of fire and foam,  
 From splendour soft as dew that sundawn  
 thrills  
 To gloom that shudders round the world it  
 fills,  
 From midnights murmuring round Titania's  
 ear  
 To midnights maddening round the rage of  
 Lear,  
 The wonder woven of storm and sun became  
 One with the light that lightens from his  
 name.  
 The music moving on the sea that felt  
 The storm-wind even as snows of springtide  
 melt  
 Was blithe as Ariel's hand or voice might  
 make  
 And bid all grief die gladly for its sake,  
 And there the soul alive in ear and eye  
 That watched the wonders of an hour pass by  
 Saw brighter than all stars that heaven in-  
 spheres  
 The silent splendour of Cordelia's tears,  
 Felt in the whispers of the quicker-ging wind  
 The redance of the laugh of Rosalind,  
 And heard, in sounds that melt the souls of  
 men  
 With love of love, the tune of Imogen.

## VII.

For the strong north-east is not strong to  
 subdue and to slay the divine south-west,  
 And the darkness is less than the light that it  
 darkens, and dies in reluctant rest.  
 It hovers and hangs on the labouring and  
 trembling ascent of the dawn from the  
 deep,  
 Till the sun's eye quicken the world and the  
 waters, and smite it again into sleep.  
 Night, holy and starry, the fostress of souls,  
 with the fragrance of heaven in her  
 breath,  
 Subdues with the sense of her godhead the  
 forces and mysteries of sorrow and death.  
 Eternal as dawn's is the comfort she gives:  
 but the mist that beleaguers and slays  
 Comes, passes, and is not: the strength of it  
 withers, appalled or assuaged by the day's  
 Faith, haggard as Fear that had borne her,  
 and dark as the sire that begat her, De-  
 spair,  
 Held rule on the soul of the world and the  
 song of it saddening through ages that  
 were;  
 Dim centuries that darkened and brightened  
 and darkened again, and the soul of their  
 song  
 Was great as their grief, and sublime as their  
 suffering, and strong as their sorrows  
 were strong.  
 It knew not, it saw not, but shadows triune,  
 and evoked by the strength of their spell  
 Dark hell, and the mountain of anguish, and  
 heaven that was hollower and harder  
 than hell.  
 These are not: the womb of the darkness that  
 she them rejects them, and knows them  
 yore:  
 fettered in misery and iron, revives  
 the light that it lived in of yore,  
 the soul that is wisdom and freedom, the  
 spirit of England redeemed from her  
 past,  
 Speaks life through the lips of the master and  
 lord of her children, the first and the last.  
 Thought, touched by his hand and redeemed  
 by his breath, sees, hears, and accepts  
 from above  
 The limitless lightnings of vision and passion,  
 the measureless music of love.

## A SWIMMER'S DREAM.

NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

*Somno mollior unda.*

## I.

DAWN is dim on the dark soft water,  
 Soft and passionate, dark and sweet,  
 Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,  
 Fair and flawless from face to feet,  
 Hailed of all when the world was golden,  
 Loved of lovers whose names beholden  
 Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden  
 Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her,  
 Souls that hear not her word in vain,  
 Earth beside her and heaven above her  
 Seem but shadows that wax and wane.  
 Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,  
 Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,  
 Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses

Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish  
 Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,  
 Sighs for love of the life they cherish,  
 Laughs to know that it lives and dies,  
 Dies for joy of its life, and lives  
 Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives—  
 Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives  
 Change that bids it subside and rise.

## II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,  
 Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,  
 Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering  
 Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.  
 Dawn and even and noon are one,  
 Veiled with vapour and void of sun;  
 Nought in sight or in fancied hearing  
 Now less mighty than time or fate.

The grey sky gleams and the grey seas glimmer,

Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,  
 As a dream's where darkness and light seem  
 dimmer,

Touched by dawn or subdued by night.  
 The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,  
 Swings the rollers to westward, clad  
 With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,  
 Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,  
 Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,  
 Fill the world of the skies whereunder  
 Heaves and quivers and pants aloud  
 All the world of the waters, hoary  
 Now, but clothed with its own live glory,  
 That mates the lightning and mocks the  
 thunder

With light more living and word more  
 proud.

## III.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding  
 strife,

Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless  
 waves whose glee

Scorns the shore and loves the wind that  
 leaves them free,

Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair  
 as life,

Shifts the moonlight-coloured sunshine on  
 the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters  
 crowd,

Fast as autumn days toward winter: yet  
 it seems

Here that autumn wanes not, here that  
 woods and streams

Lose not heart and change not likeness, chill-  
 ed and bowed

Warped and wrinkled: here the days are  
 fair as dreams.

## IV.

O russet-robed November,  
 What ails thee so to smile?  
 Chill August, pale September,  
 Endured a woful while,  
 And fell as falls an ember  
 From forth a flameless pile:  
 But golden-girt November  
 Bids all she looks on smile;

The lustrous foliage, waning  
 As wanes the morning moon,  
 Here falling, here refraining,  
 Outbraves the pride of June



With statelier semblance, feigning  
No fear lest death be soon:  
As though the woods thus waning  
Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken  
By grey December's breath,  
These lordlier growths that sicken  
And die for fear of death  
Should feel the sense requickened  
That hears what springtide saith  
And thrills for love, spring-stricken  
And pierced with April's breath.

The keen white-winged north-easter  
That stings and spurs thy sea  
Doth yet but feed and feast her  
With glowing sense of glee:  
Calm chained her, storm released her,  
And storm's glad voice was he:  
South-wester or north-easter,  
Thy winds rejoice the sea.

## V.

A dream, a dream is it all—the season,  
The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?  
A day-born dream of divine unreason.  
A marvel moulded of sleep—no more?  
For the cloudlike wave that my limbs while  
Cleaving  
Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving  
Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving  
Sense of nought that was known of yore.

A pure passion, a lordlier leisure,  
A peace more happy than lives on land,  
Fultals with pulse of diviner pleasure  
The dreaming head and the steering hand.  
I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,  
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,  
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,  
And wish the wheel of the world would  
stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would  
capture  
Falls as from heaven that its light feet  
clomb,

So brief, so soft, and so full the rapture  
Was felt that soothed me with sense of  
home.

To sleep, to swim, and to dream, for ever—  
Such joy the vision of man saw never;  
For here too soon will a dark day sever  
The sea-lark's wing from the sea-wave's  
feam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dim  
mer  
At once and brighter than dreams that  
flee,

The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer  
Abides, remembered as truth may be.

Not all the joy and not all the glory  
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax  
boary;

For there the downs and the sea-banks glim-  
mer,  
And here to south of them swells the sea.

## GRACE DARLING.

TAKE, O star of all our seas, from not an  
alien hand,

Homage paid of song bowed down before  
thy glory's face.

Thou the living light of all our lovely stormy  
strand,

Thou the brave north-country's very glory  
of glories, Grace.

Loud and dark about the lighthouse rings and  
glares the night;

Glares with foam-lit gloom and darkling  
fire of storm and spray,

Rings with roar of winds in chase and rage  
of waves in flight,

Howls and hisses as with mouths of snakes  
and wolves at bay.

Scarce the cliffs of the islets, scarce the walls  
of Joyous Gard,

Flash to sight between the deadlier light-  
nings of the sea:

Storm is lord and master of a midnight evil-  
starred,

Nor may sight or fear discern what evil  
stars may be.

Dark as death and white as snow the sea  
 swell scowls and shines,  
 Heaves and yearns and pants for prey,  
 from ravening lip to lip,  
 Strong in rage of rapturous anguish, lines  
 on hurdling lines,  
 Ranks on charging ranks, that break and  
 rend the battling ship.  
 All the night is mad and murderous: who  
 shall front the night?  
 Not the prow that labours, helpless as a  
 storm-blown leaf,  
 Where the rocks and waters, darkling depth  
 and beetling height,  
 Rage with wave on shattering wave and  
 thundering reef on reef,  
 Death is fallen upon the prisoners there of  
 darkness, bound  
 Like as thralls with links of iron fast in  
 bonds of doom;  
 How shall any way to break the bands of  
 death be found,  
 Any hand avail to pluck them from that  
 raging tomb?  
 All the night is great with child of death; no  
 stars above  
 Show them hope in heaven, no lights from  
 shoreward help on earth,  
 Is there help or hope to seaward, is there help  
 in love,  
 Hope in pity, where the ravening hounds  
 of storm make mirth?  
 Where the light that shows the naked eyeless  
 face of Death  
 Nearer, laughing dumb and grim across  
 the loud live storm?  
 Not in human heart or hand or speech of  
 human breath,  
 Surely, nor in saviours found of mortal  
 face or form.  
 Yet below the light, between the reefs, a skiff  
 shot out  
 Seems a sea-bird fain to breast and brave  
 the strait fierce pass  
 Whence the channelled roar of waters driven  
 in raging rout,  
 Pent and pressed and maddened, speaks  
 their monstrous might and mass,  
 Thunder heaves and howls about them,  
 lightning leaps and flashes,  
 Hard at hand, not high in heaven, but  
 close between the walls  
 Heaped and hollowed of the storms of old,  
 whence reels and crashes

All the rage of all the indented wave that  
 breaks and falls  
 Who shall thwart the madness and the glad-  
 ness of it, laden  
 Full with heavy fate, and joyous as the  
 birds that whirl?  
 Nought in heaven or earth, if not one mortal-  
 moulded maiden,  
 Nought if not the soul that glorifies a north-  
 land girl,  
 Not the rocks that break may baffle, not the  
 reefs that thwart  
 Stay the ravenous rapture of the waves that  
 crowd and leap  
 Scarce their dashing laughter shows the hun-  
 ger of their heart,  
 Scarce their lion-throated roar the wrath at  
 heart they keep,  
 Child and man and woman in the grasp of  
 death clenched fast  
 Tremble, clothed with darkness round  
 about, and scarce draw breath,  
 Scarce lift eyes up toward the light that saves  
 not, scarce may cast  
 Thought or prayer up, caught and trau-  
 melled in the snare of death,  
 Not as sea-mews cling and laugh or sun their  
 plumes and sleep  
 Cling and cower the wild night's waifs of  
 shipwreck, blind with fear,  
 Where the fierce reef scarce yields foothold  
 that a bird might keep,  
 And the clamorous darkness deadens eye  
 and deafens ear,  
 Yet beyond their helpless hearing, out of  
 hopeless sight,  
 Saviours, armed and girt upon with  
 strength of heart, fare forth,  
 Sire and daughter, hand on oar and face  
 against the night,  
 Maid and man whose names are beacons  
 ever to the North,  
 Nearer now; but all the madness of the storm-  
 ing surf  
 Hounds and roars them back; but roars  
 and hounds them back in vain;  
 As a pleasure-skiff may graze the lake-em-  
 banking turf,  
 So the boat that bears them grates the  
 rock where-toward they strain,  
 Dawn as fierce and haggard as the face of  
 night scarce guides  
 Toward the cries that rent and clove the  
 darkness, crying for aid,

Hours on hours, a toss the engorged reluctance of the old?  
 Sire and daughter, high-souled man and mightier hearted maid,  
 Not the bravest land that ever breasted war's grim sea,  
 Hurled her foes back harried on the lowlands whence they came,  
 Held her own and smote her smiters down, while such dust lay,  
 Shining northward, shining southward, as the aureoan flame,  
 Not our mother, not Northumberland, brought ever forth,  
 Though no southern shore may match the sons that kiss her mouth,  
 Children worthier all the birthright given of the ardent north  
 Where the fire of hearts outburns the suns that fire the south,  
 Even such fire was this that lit them, not from lowering skies  
 Where the darkling dawn flagged, stricken in the sun's own shrine,  
 Down the gulf of storm subsiding, till their earnest eyes  
 Find the relics of the ravening night that spared but nine,  
 Life by life the man redeems them, head by storm worn head,  
 While the girl's hand staves the boat whereof the waves are fain:  
 Ah, but woe for one, the mother clasping fast her dead!  
 Happier, had the surges slain her with her children slain,  
 Back they bear, and bring between them safe the woful nine,  
 Where above the ravenous Hawkers fixed at watch for prey  
 Storm and calm behold the Longstone's towering signal shine

Now as when that labouring night brought forth a shuddering day,  
 Now as then, though like the hounds of storm against her snarling  
 All the clamorous years between us storn down many a fame  
 As our sires beheld before us we behold Grace Darling  
 Crowned and throned our queen, and as they hailed we hail her name,  
 Nay, not ours alone, her kinsfolk born, though chiefest ours,  
 East and west and south acclaim her queen of England's maids,  
 Star more sweet than all their stars and flower than all their flowers,  
 Higher in heaven and earth than star that sets or flower that fades,  
 How should land or sea that nurtured her forget, or love  
 Hold not fast her fame for us while aught is borne in mind?  
 Land and sea beneath us, sun and moon and stars above,  
 Bear the bright soul witness, seen of all but souls born blind,  
 Stars and moon and sun may wax and wane, subside and rise,  
 Age on age as flake on flake of showering snows be shed:  
 Not till earth be sunless, not till death strike blind the skies,  
 May the deathless love that waits on deathless deeds be dead.  
 Years on years have withered since beside the hearth once thine  
 I, too young to have seen thee, touched thy father's hallowed hand:  
 Thee and him shall all men see for ever, stars that shine  
 While the sea that spared thee girds and glorifies the land.

## LOCH TORRIDON.

To E. H.

THE dawn of night more fair than morning  
 Stars hurrying forth on stars, as snows on  
 Haste when the wind and winter bid them  
 Vague miles of moorland road behind us lay  
 Scarce traversed ere the day

Sank, and the sun forsook us at our need,  
 Belated. Where we thought to have rested,  
 rest  
 Was none; for soft Marce's dim quivering  
 breast,  
 Bound round with gracious inland girth of  
 green  
 And fearless of the wild wave-wandering  
 West,  
 Shone shelterless for strangers, and unseen  
 The goal before us lay  
 Of all our blithe and strange and strenuous  
 day.  
 For when the northering road faced westward  
 —when  
 The dark sharp sudden gorge dropped sea-  
 ward then,  
 Beneath the stars, between the steep, the  
 track  
 We followed, lighted not of moon or sun,  
 And plunging whither none  
 Might guess, while heaven and earth were  
 hour and black,  
 Seemed even the dim still pass whence none  
 turns back.  
 And through the twilight leftward of the way,  
 And down the dark, with many a laugh and  
 leap,  
 The light blithe hill streams shone from scour  
 to steep  
 In glittering pride of play;  
 And ever while the night grew great and deep  
 We felt but saw not what the hills would  
 keep  
 Sacred awhile from sense of moon or star;  
 And full and far  
 Beneath us, sweet and strange as heaven may  
 be,  
 The sea.  
 The very sea: no mountain-moulded lake  
 Whose fluctuant shapeliness is fain to take  
 Shape from the steadfast shore that rules it  
 round,  
 And only from the storms a casual sound:  
 The sea, that harbours in her heart sublime  
 The supreme heart of music deep as time,  
 And in her spirit strong  
 The spirit of all imaginable song.  
 Not a whisper or lisp from the waters: the  
 skies were not silenter. Peace  
 Was between them; a passionless rapture of  
 respite as soft as release.

Not a sound, but a sense that possessed and  
 pervaded with patient delight  
 The soul and the body, clothed round with  
 the comfort of limitless night.  
 Night infinite, living, adorable, loved of the  
 land and the sea:  
 Night, mother of mercies, who saith to the  
 spirits in prison, Be free.  
 And soter than dewfall, and kindlier than  
 starlight, and keener than wine,  
 Came round us the fragrance of waters, the  
 life of the breath of the brine.  
 We saw not, we heard not, the face or the  
 voice of the waters: we knew  
 By the darkling delight of the wind as the  
 sense of the sea in it grew,  
 By the pulse of the darkness about us en-  
 kindled and quickened, that here,  
 Unseen and unheard of us, surely the goal  
 we had faith in was near.  
 A silence diviner than music, a darkness  
 diviner than light,  
 Fulfilled as from heaven with a measureless  
 comfort the measure of night.  
 But never a roof for shelter,  
 And never a sign for guide  
 Rose doubtful or visible; only  
 And hardly and gladly we heard  
 The soft waves whisper and welter,  
 Subdued, and allured to subside,  
 By the mild night's magic: the lonely  
 Sweet silence was soothed, not stirred,  
 By the noiseless noise of the gleaming  
 Glad ripples, that played and sighed,  
 Kissed, laughed, recoiled, and relented,  
 Whispered, flickered, and fled.  
 No season was this for dreaming  
 How oft, with a stormier tide,  
 Had the wrath of the winds been  
 vented  
 On sons of the tribes long dead:  
 The tribes whom time, and the changes  
 Of things, and the stress of doom,  
 Have erased and effaced; forgotten  
 As wrecks or weeds of the shore  
 In sight of the stern hill-ranges  
 That hardly may change their gloom  
 When the fruits of the years wax rotten  
 And the seed of them springs no more.  
 For the dim strait footway dividing  
 The waters that breathed below  
 Led safe to the kindest of shelters  
 That ever awoke into light:

And I in remembrance anding  
 Lies over the waters that flow  
 And the water that eddies and welters  
 In a passionate peace of the night.

All night long in the world of sleep,  
 Lies and waters were set and deep;  
 Shadow clouded me, and silence made  
 Soulless music of dream and shade:  
 All above us, the evening night,  
 Shadow, huddled with sense of light,  
 All around us, the bright night long,  
 Silence, laden with sense of song,  
 Stars and mountains within, we knew,  
 Watched and waited, the sea night through:  
 All unseen, but divined and clear,  
 Thrilled the touch of the sea's breath near:  
 All unheard, but alive like sound,  
 Throbbled the sense of the sea's life round:  
 Round us, near us, in depth and height,  
 Soft as darkness and keen as light.

And the dawn kept in at my casement: and  
 there, as I rose, at my feet  
 No waves of the lappedlocked waters, no lake  
 subdued and sweet,  
 Soft slave of the lordly seasons, whose breath  
 may lose it or freeze;  
 But to left and to right and ahead was the  
 ripple whose pulse is the sea's.  
 From the gorge we had travelled by star-  
 light the sun rose, winged and aflame,  
 Shone large on the five wide wavelets that  
 shuddered with joy as it came:  
 As it came and caressed and possessed them,  
 till panting and laughing with light  
 From mountain to mountain the water was  
 kindled and stung to delight.  
 And the grey gaunt heights that embraced  
 and constrained and compelled it were  
 glad,  
 And the rampart of rock, stark naked, that  
 thwarted and barred it, was glad  
 With a stern grey splendour of sunrise: and  
 scarce had I sprung to the sea  
 When the dawn and the water were wedded,  
 the hills and the sky set free.

The chain of the night was broken, the waves  
 that embraced me and smiled  
 And the keel and fawned in the sunlight,  
 alive and glad, undetiled,  
 Were sweet to swim in that air, though full-  
 tided with the mounting morn,  
 Could hear in the birds whose triumph rejoiced  
 that a day was born,  
 And a day was risen indeed for us. Years  
 and the changes of years  
 Clothed round with their joys and their sor-  
 rows, and dead as their hopes and their  
 fears,  
 Lie nameless and nameless, null by remem-  
 brance or record of days  
 Worth wonder or memory, or cursing or  
 blessing, or passion or praise,  
 Between us who live and forget not, but  
 yearn with delight in it yet,  
 And the day we forget not, and never may live  
 and may think to forget.  
 And the years that were kindlier and  
 fairer, and kindled with pleasures as  
 keen,  
 Have elapsed not with lights or with shadows  
 the light on the face of it seen.  
 For softly and surly, as nearer the boat that  
 we gazed from drew,  
 The face of the precipice opened and bade us  
 as birds pass through,  
 And the bark shot sheer to the sea  
 through the strait of the sharp steep  
 cleft,  
 The portul that opens with imminent ram-  
 pires to right and to left,  
 Sublime as the sky they darken and strange  
 as a spell struck dream,  
 On the world unconfined of the mountains,  
 the reign of the sea supreme,  
 The kingdom of westward waters, wherein  
 when we swam we knew  
 The waves that we dove were boundless, the  
 wind on our brows that blew  
 Had swept no land and no lake, and had  
 warred not on tower or on tree,  
 But came on us hard out of heaven, and alive  
 with the soul of the sea.

## THE PALACE OF PAN.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER, all glorious with gold, as a king  
 In the radiance of triumph attired,  
 Outlightening the summer, outsweetening the  
 spring,  
 Broods wide on the woodlands with limitless  
 wing,  
 A presence of all men desired.  
 Far eastward and westward the sun-coloured  
 lands  
 Smile warm as the light on them smiles;  
 And stately than temples upbuilded with  
 hands,  
 Tall column by column, the sanctuary stands  
 Of the pine-forest's infinite aisles.  
 Mute worship, too fervent for praise or for  
 prayer,  
 Possesses the spirit with peace,  
 Fulfilled with the breath of the luminous air,  
 The fragrance, the silence, the shadows as fair  
 As the rays that recede or increase.  
 Ridged pillars that redden aloft and aloof,  
 With never a branch for a nest,  
 Sustain the sublime indivisible roof,  
 To the storm and the sun in his majesty proof,  
 And awful as waters at rest.  
 Man's hand hath not measured the height  
 of them thought  
 May measure not, awe may not know;  
 In its shadow the woofs of the woodland are  
 wrought;  
 As a bird is the sun in the toils of them caught,  
 And the flakes of it scattered as snow.  
 As the shreds of a plumage of gold on the  
 ground  
 The sun-flakes by multitudes lie,  
 Shed loose as the petals of roses dis-crowned  
 On the floors of the forest engilt and em-  
 browned  
 And reddened afar and anigh.  
 Dim centuries with darkling inscrutable hands  
 Have reared and secluded the shrine  
 For gods that we know not, and kindled as  
 brands  
 On the altar the years that are dust, and their  
 sands  
 Time's glass has forgotten for sign.  
 A temple whose transepts are measured by  
 miles,  
 Whose chancel has morning for priest,  
 Whose floor-work the foot of no spoiler  
 detiles,  
 Whose musical silence no music beguiles,  
 No festivals limit its feast.  
 The noon's ministration, the night's and the  
 dawn's,  
 Conceals not, reveals not for man,  
 On the slopes of the herbless and blossomless  
 lawns,  
 Some track of a nymph's or some trail of a  
 faun's  
 To the place of the slumber of Pan.  
 Thought, kindled and quickened by worship  
 and wonder  
 To rapture too sacred for fear  
 On the ways that unite or divide them in  
 sunder,  
 Alone may discern if about them or under  
 Be token or trace of him here.  
 With passionate awe that is deeper than panic  
 The spirit subdued and unshaken  
 Takes heed of the godhead terrene and  
 Titanic  
 Whose footfall is felt on the breach of volcanic  
 Sharp steep that their fire has forsaken.  
 By a spell more serene than the dim necro-  
 mantic  
 Dead charms of the past and the night,  
 Or the terror that lurked in the noon to make  
 frantic  
 Where Etna takes share from the limbs of  
 gigantic  
 Dead gods disanointed of might,  
 The spirit made one with the spirit whose  
 breath  
 Makes noon in the woodland sublime  
 Abides as entranced in a presence that saith  
 Things loftier than life and serener than  
 death,  
 Triumphant and silent as time.

PINE RIDGE: September, 1893.

## A YEAR'S CAROLS.

## JANUARY.

Hail, January, that bearest here  
 On snowbright breasts the babe-faced year  
 That weeps and trembles to be born.  
 Hail, maid and mother, strong and fright,  
 Hooded and cloaked and shod with white,  
 Whose eyes are stars that watch the morn  
 Thy forehead traces the storm's bent bow,  
 Thy feet enkindle stars of snow.

## FEBRUARY.

Wan February with weeping cheer,  
 Whose cold hand guides the youngling year  
 Down misty roads of mire and rime,  
 Before thy pale and titful face  
 The shrill wind shifts the clouds apace  
 Through skies the morning scarce may  
 climb,  
 Thine eyes are thick with heavy tears,  
 But lit with hopes that light the year's.

## MARCH.

Hail, happy March, whose foot on earth  
 Rings as the blast of martial mirth  
 When trumpets fire men's hearts for fray,  
 No race of wild things winged or finned  
 May match the might that wings thy wind  
 Through air and sea, through soul and  
 spray  
 Strong joy and thou were powers twain  
 Of tempest and the towering main.

## APRIL.

Crowned April, king whose kiss bade earth  
 Bring forth to time her lordliest birth  
 When Shakespeare from thy lips drew  
 breath  
 And laughed to hold in one soft hand  
 A spell that bade the world's wheel stand,  
 And power on life, and power on death,  
 With quiring suns and sunright showers  
 Praise him, the flower of all thy flowers.

## MAY.

Hail, May, whose bark puts forth full-sailed  
 For summer; May, whom Chaucer hailed  
 With all his happy might of heart,  
 And gave thy rosebright daisy-tips  
 Strange fragrance from his amorous lips  
 That still thine own breath seems to part  
 And sweeten till each word they say  
 Is even a flower of flowering May.

## JUNE.

Strong June, superb, serene, elate  
 With conscience of thy sovereign state  
 Untouched of thunder, though the storm  
 Scathe here and there thy shuddering skies  
 And bid its lightning cross thine eyes  
 With fire, thy golden hours inform  
 Earth and the souls of men with life  
 That brings forth peace from shining strife.

## JULY.

Hail, proud July, whose fervent mouth  
 Bids even be more and north be south  
 By grace and gospel of thy word,  
 Whence all the splendour of the sea  
 Lies breathless with delight in thee  
 And marvel at the music heard  
 From the ardent silent lips of noon  
 And midnight's rapturous penitence.

## AUGUST.

Great August, lord of golden lands,  
 Whose lordly joy through seas and strands  
 And all the red-ripe heart of earth  
 Strikes passion deep as life, and stills  
 The folded vales and folding hills  
 With gladness too divine for mirth,  
 The gracious glories of thine eyes  
 Make night a noon where darkness dies.

## SEPTEMBER.

Hail, kind September, friend whose grace  
 Renews the bland year's bounteous face  
 With largess given of corn and wine  
 Through many a land that laughs with  
 love  
 Of thee and all the heaven above,  
 More fruitful ground than all save thine  
 Whose skies fill'd with strenuous cheer  
 The fervent fields that knew thee near.

## OCTOBER.

October of the tawny crown,  
 Whose heavy-laden hands drop gold  
 Blessing, the bounties of thy breath  
 And mildness of thy mellowing might  
 Fill earth and heaven with love and light  
 Too sweet for fear to dream of death  
 Or memory, while thy joy lives yet,  
 To know what joy would fain forget.

## ENGLAND: AN ODE.

NOVEMBER.

Hail, soft November, though thy pale  
Sad smile rebuke the words that hail  
Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words  
Or gratulate thy grief with song  
Less bitter than the winds that wrong  
Thy withering woodland where the birds  
Keep hardly heart to sing or see  
How fair thy faint wan face may be.

DECEMBER.

December, thou whose hollow  
On chuddering seas and barks  
Set as a sacramental sign  
The seal of Christmas felt on earth  
As witness toward a new year's birth  
Whose promise makes thy death divine,  
The crowning joy that comes of thee  
Makes glad all grief on land or sea.

## ENGLAND: AN ODE.

I.

SEA and strand, and a lordlier land than sea-  
tides rolling and rising sun  
Clasp and lighten in times that frighten with  
day when day that was here is done,  
Call aloud on their children, proud with  
trust that future and past are one.

Far and near from the swan's nest here the  
storm birds bred of her fair white breast,  
Sons whose home was the sea-wave's foam,  
have borne the name of her east and west;  
North and south has the storm-wind's moan  
rung praise of England and England's  
quest.

Fame, wherever her flag flew, never forbore  
to fly with an equal wing;  
France and Spain with their warrior train  
bowed down before her as thrall to king,  
India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more  
fruitful of life than spring.

Darkness round them as iron bound fell off  
from races of elder name,  
Slain at sight of her eyes, whose light  
is freedom lighten and burn as flame;  
Night endures not the touch that cures of  
kingship tyrants, and slaves of shame.

All the terror of time, where error and fear  
were lords of a world of slaves,  
Age on age in resurgent rage and anguish  
darkening as waves on waves,  
Fell or fled from a face that shed such grace  
as quickens the dust of graves.

Things of night at her glance took flight: the  
strengths of darkness recoiled and  
sank:  
Sank the fires of the murderous pyres where-  
on wild agony writhed and shrank:  
Rose the light of the reign of right from gulfs  
of years that the darkness drank.

Yet the might of her wings in flight, whence  
glory lightens and music rings,  
Loud and bright as the dawn's, shall smite  
and still the discord of evil things,  
Yet not slain by her radiant reign, but dark-  
ened now by her sail-stretched wings.

II.

Music made of change and conquest, glory  
Lorn of evil slain,  
Stilled the discord, slew the darkness, bade  
the lights of tempest wane,  
Where the deathless dawn of England rose in  
sign that right should reign.

Mercy, where the tiger wallowed mad and  
blind with blood and lust,  
Justice, where the jackal yelped and fed,  
as a slaves allowed it just,  
Rose as England's light on Asia rose, and  
smote them down to dust.

Justice bright as mercy, mercy girt by justice  
with her sword,  
Smote and saved and raised and ruined, till  
the tyrant-ridden horde  
Saw the lightning fade from heaven and knew  
the sun for God and lord.



Was the last of the summer  
 the sun was hot and bright  
 Rings the bell of the day  
 down the valley  
 Day is done and the  
 lullies are still

And the wind is  
 peeped in the  
 When the sun is  
 out of sight  
 the wind is  
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 the wind is  
 the wind is

And the wind is  
 the wind is  
 the wind is  
 the wind is

TOP OF THE HUNT

OF THE COLLEGE

For the wind is  
 the wind is  
 the wind is  
 the wind is  
 With England  
 the child kept pace as a  
 feebly of the

T  
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And ever a court of sea, wider, and softer  
 the beating of his wide wings,  
 Since fate did order her father, most hapless  
 and best of sea-crossed kings,  
 Her prayer in the air as the chant of the  
 dawn, the first of the noon out-sings.

## II.

Stormy and cloud in the skies were loud, and  
 lightning in the air the blind man's  
 light.

Wind and wave in the land below shed heavier  
 shadow than loss from night,

Dark was earth at her dawn of birth as here  
 her record of pain is bright.

Clear and fair the morning air the  
 first time the sunlit stage

Pulsed and rang as a that rang from  
 pipes, yet dark a spent storm's

light as a boy could be the sunrise  
 of Shakespeare's age.

Lord of state and war, whom fate found  
 strong in battle, counsel strong

Here, on fate did moved them treat,  
 about their seas, and thought not long

Here too that was the dark's note, but that  
 ruled the flow of the skies with song.

## III.

Shelley, the bard of England's lordlier  
 than poets first heard

Ring from lips of poet crowned and  
 the Prophetic word

Whence his soul took fire, and power to out-  
 soar the upward soaring bird.

Still the ripples of the river, still the light on  
 field and hill

Still the men's eyes held about as lamps for  
 hope's young fire to fill,

Shall, and while the light of England lives  
 shall shine for England still.

When four hundred more and fifty years have  
 risen and shone and set,

Brief with names that men remember, loud  
 names that men forget,

Happy he shall Eton's record be, what  
 England finds it yet.

## THE UNION.

THREE in one, but

God, who girt her

Bade our Commonwe

Neighbour if now

Though fraud and fear would sever

The bond assured for ever,

The shameful strength shall never

Undo what heaven has done.

## II.

South and North and West and East

Wait the ravens flock to feast,

Dense as round some death-struck mast,

Black as night is black,

Stand fast as faith together

In stress of treacherous weather

When hoards and wolves break tether

And Reason guides the pack.

## III.

Lovelier than thy seas are strong

Jorjous Ireland, sword and son,

Gird and crown thee; none may wrong,

Save thy sons alone

The sea that laughs around us

Hath sundered not but bound us;

The sun's first rising found us

Throned on its equal throne.

## IV.

North and South and East and West,

All true hearts that wish thee best

Beat one time and own one quest

Steadfast and sure as stone

God guard from dark despair

Our threefold State's communion

God gave the loyal Union

The loyal Commonwe

## EAST TO WEST.

SUNSET smiles on sunrise; east and west  
are one,  
Face to face in heaven before the sovereign  
sun,  
From the springs of the dawn everlasting  
a glory renews and transfigures the  
west,  
From the depths of the sunset a light as of  
morning enkindles the broad sea's  
breast,  
And the lands and the skies and the waters  
are glad of the day's and the night's  
work done.

Child of dawn, and regent on the world-  
wide sea,  
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn  
and free.

Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor  
mightier the winds that her waters  
know,  
But America, daughter and sister of England  
is praised of them, far as they flow:  
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her  
days that have been and shall be.

So from England westward let the watch-  
word fly,  
So for England eastward let the seas reply;  
Praise, honour, and love everlasting be sent  
on the wind's wings, westward and  
east,  
That the pride of the past and the pride of the  
future may mingle as friends at feast,  
And the sons of the lords of the world-wide  
seas be one till the world's life die.

## MUSIC: AN ODE.

## I.

Was it light that spake from the dark-  
ness, or music that shone from the  
word,  
When the night was enkindled with sound  
of the sun or the first-born bird?  
Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bond-  
age of seasons that fall and rise,  
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and  
blinded with light that dies,  
Lived not surely till music spake, and the  
spirit of life was heard.

## II.

Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life  
to be,  
Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and  
the thrall was free.

Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman  
of life and death,  
Dumb with passionless patience that breathed  
but forlorn and reluctant breath,  
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer,  
and communed aloud with the sea.

## III.

Morning spake, and he heard; and the  
passionate silent noon  
Kept for him not silence: and soft from  
the mounting moon  
Fell the sound of her splendour, heard as  
dawn's in the breathless night,  
Not of men but of birds whose note bade  
man's soul quicken and leap to light:  
And the song of it spake, and the light and  
the darkness of earth were as chords  
in tune.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL.

I.

MARLOWE, the father of the sons of song  
Whose praise is England's crowning praise,  
above  
All glories else that crown her, sweet and  
strong  
As England, clothed with light and fire  
of love,  
And girl with might of passion, thought, and  
trust,  
Stands here in spirit, sleeps not here in dust.

II.

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,  
To fade when heaven took fire from  
Shakespeare's light,  
A soul that knew but song's triumphal curb  
And love's triumphant bondage, holds  
of right  
His pride of place, who first in place and time  
Made England's voice as England's heart  
sublime.

III.

Marlowe bade England live in living song;  
The light he lifted up lit Shakespeare's  
way:  
He spake, and life sprang forth in music,  
strong  
As fire or lightning, sweet as dawn of  
day,  
Song was a dream where day took night to  
wife:  
'Let there be life,' he said: and there was life.

IV.

Marlowe of all our fathers first beheld  
Beyond the tidal ebb and flow of things  
The tideless depth and height of souls, im-  
pelled  
By thought or pass'ion, borne on waves or  
wings,  
Beyond all flight or sight but song's; and he  
First gave our song a sound that matched our  
sea.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD BURTON.

NIGHT or light is it now, wherein  
Sleeps, but out from the wild world's din,  
Wakes, alive with a life more clear,  
One who found not on earth his kin?

Sleep were sweet for awhile, were dear  
Surely to souls that were heartless here,  
Souls that faltered and flagged and fell,  
Soft of spirit and faint of cheer.

A living soul that had strength to quell  
Hope the spectre and fear the spell,  
Clear-eyed, content with a scorn sublime  
And a faith superb, can it fare not well?

Life, the shadow of wide-winged time,  
Cast from the wings that change as they  
climb,  
Life may vanish in death, and seem  
Less than the promise of last year's prime.

But not for us is the past a dream  
Wherefrom, as light from a clouded stream,  
Faith fades and shivers and ebbs away,  
Faint as the moon if the sundawn gleam.

Faith, whose eyes in the low last ray  
Watch the fire that renews the day,  
Faith which lives in the living past,  
Rock-rooted, swerves not as weeds that  
sway.

As trees that stand in the storm-wind fast  
She stands, unsmitten of death's keen blast,  
With strong remembrance of sunbright  
spring  
Alive at heart to the lifeless last.

Night, she knows, may in no wise cling  
To a soul that sinks not and droops not  
wing,

A sun that sets not in death's false  
night  
Whose kingdom finds him not thrall but  
king.

Souls there are that for soul's affright  
Bow down and cower in the sun's glad  
sight,

Clothed round with faith that is one  
with fear,  
And dark with doubt of the live world's  
light.

But him we hailed from afar or near  
As boldest born of the bravest here  
And loved as brightest of souls that  
eyed  
Life, time, and death with unchangeful  
cheer,

A wider soul than the world was wide,  
Whose praise made love of him one with  
pride,

What part has death or has time in him,  
Who rode life's lists as a god might ride?

While England sees not her old praise  
dim,

While still her stars through the world's  
night swim,

A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,  
A light that lightens her loud sea's rim,

Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim  
The pride that kindles at Burton's name.

And joy shall exalt their pride to be  
The same in birth if in soul the same.

But we that yearn for a friend's face—we  
Who lack the light that on earth was he—

Mourn, though the light be a quench-  
less flame

That shines as dawn on a tideless sea.

## ELEGY.

1800-1801.

AUVERGNE, Auvergne, O wild and woful land,  
O glorious land and gracious, white as  
gleam  
The stairs of heaven, black as a flameless  
brand,  
Strange even as life, and stranger than a  
dream,

Could earth remember man, whose eyes  
made bright  
The splendour of her beauty, lit by day  
Or soothed and softened and redeemed by  
night,  
Wouldst thou not know what light has  
passed away?

Wouldst thou not know whom England,  
whom the world,  
Mourns? For the world whose wildest  
ways he trod,  
And smiled their dangers down that coiled  
and curled  
Against him, knows him now less man  
than god.

Our demigod of daring keepest-eyed  
To read and deepest read in earth's dim  
things,  
A spirit now whose body of death has died  
And left it mightier yet in eyes and wings.

The sovereign seeker of the world, who  
now  
Hath sought what world the light of  
death may show,  
Hailed once with me the crowns that load  
thy brow,  
Cragg'd as midnight, columns bright  
as snow.

Thy steep small Siena, splendid and content  
As shines the mightier city's Tuscan  
pride  
Which here its face reflects in radiance,  
pent  
By narrower bounds from towering side  
to side,

Set fast between the ridged and foamless  
waves  
Of earth more fierce and fluctuant than  
the sea,  
The fearless town of towers that hails and  
braves  
The heights that gird, the sun that brands  
Le Puy;

The huddle                   hes clinging on the  
cliffs  
As birds alight, 'g might for storm's sake  
cling,

Moored to the rocks as tempest-harried  
 skiffs  
 To perilous refuge from the loud wind's  
 wing;  
 The stairs on stairs that wind and change  
 and climb  
 Even up to the utmost crag's edge curved  
 and curled,  
 More bright than vision, more than faith  
 sublime,  
 Strange as the light and darkness of the  
 world;  
 Strange as are night and morning, stars and  
 sun,  
 And washed from west and east by day's  
 deep tide,  
 Shine yet less fair, when all their heights are  
 won,  
 Than sundawn shows thy pillars on moun-  
 tain-side.  
 Even so the dawn of death, whose light  
 makes dim  
 The starry fires that life sees rise and set,  
 Shows higher than here he shone before us  
 him  
 Whom faith forgets not, nor shall fame  
 forget.  
 Even so those else unfooted heights we  
 climb  
 Through scudding mist and eddying  
 whirls of cloud,  
 Blind as a pilot beaten blind with foam,  
 And shrouded as a corpse with storm's  
 grey shroud,  
 Foot following foot along the sheer straight  
 ledge  
 Where space was none to bear the wild  
 goat's feet  
 Till blind we sat on the outer footless edge  
 Where darkling death seemed fain to share  
 the seat,  
 The abyss before us, viewless even as time's,  
 The abyss to knit of us, the abyss to  
 right,  
 Bid thought now dream how high the freed  
 soul climbs  
 That death sets free from change of day  
 and night.  
 The might of raging mist and wind whose  
 wrath

Shut from our eyes the narrowing rock we  
 trod,  
 The wondrous world it darkened, made our  
 path  
 Like theirs who take the shadow of death  
 for God.  
 Yet eastward, veiled in vapour white as snow,  
 The grim black, herbless heights that scorn  
 the sun  
 And mock the face of morning rose to show  
 The work of earth-born fire and earthquake  
 done.  
 And half the world was haggard night,  
 wherein  
 We strove our blind way through: but far  
 above  
 Was light that watched the wild mists whirl  
 and spin,  
 And far beneath a land worth light and  
 love.  
 Deep down the Valley of the Curse, un-  
 daunted  
 By shadow and whisper of winds with  
 silks for wings  
 And ghosts of crime wherethrough the  
 heights live haunted  
 By present sense of past and monstrous  
 things,  
 The glimmering water holds its gracious way  
 Full forth, and keeps one happier hand's-  
 breadth green  
 Of all that storm-scathed world whereon the  
 sway  
 Sits dark as death of deadlier things un-  
 seen.  
 But on the soundless and the viewless river  
 That bears through night perchance again  
 to day  
 The dead whom death and twin-born fame  
 deliver  
 From life that dies, and time's inveterate  
 sway,  
 No shadow save of falsehood and of fear  
 That brands the future with the past, and  
 bids  
 The spirit wither and the soul grow sore,  
 Hovers or hangs to cloud life's opening  
 lids,

If life have eyes to lift again and see,  
 Beyond the bounds of sensual sight or  
 breath,  
 What life incognisable of ours may be  
 That turns our light to darkness deep as  
 death.

Priests and the soulless serfs of priests may  
 swarm  
 With vulturous acclamation, loud in lies,  
 About his dust while yet his dust is warm—  
 Who mocked as sunlight mocks their base  
 blind eyes,

Their godless ghost of godhead, false and  
 foul  
 As tear his dam or hell his throne; but we,  
 Stare hearing, heed no carrion church-wolf's  
 howl;  
 The corpse be theirs to mock; the soul is  
 free.

Free as ere yet its earthly day was done  
 It lived above the coil about us curled;  
 A soul whose eyes were keener than the sun,  
 A soul whose wings were wider than the  
 world.

We, sons of east and west, ringed round with  
 dreams,  
 Bound fast with visions, girt about with  
 fears,  
 Live, trust, and think by chance, while  
 shadow seems  
 Light, and the wind that wrecks a band  
 that steers.

He, whose full soul held east and west in  
 poise,  
 Weighed man with man, and creed of  
 man's with creed,  
 And age with age, their triumphs and their  
 toys,  
 And feared what faith may read not and  
 may read.

Scorn deep and strong as death and life, that  
 lit  
 With fire the smile at lies and dreams out  
 yorn  
 Wherewith he smote them, showed sublime  
 in it  
 The splendour and the steadfastness of  
 scorn.

What lordlier heaven, what lordlier air, what  
 space  
 Illimitable, insuperable, infinite,  
 Now to that strong-winged soul yields ampler  
 place  
 Than passing darkness yields to passing  
 light,

No dream, no faith can tell us: hope and  
 fear,  
 Whose tongues were loud of old as chil-  
 dren's, now  
 From babbling fall to silence: change is  
 here,  
 And death; dark furrows drawn by time's  
 dark plough.

Still sunward here on earth its flight was bent,  
 Even since the man within the child began  
 To yearn and kindle with superb intent  
 And trust in time to magnify the man.

Still toward the old garden of the Sun, whose  
 fruit  
 The honey-heavy lips of Sophocles  
 Desired and sang, wherein the unwithering  
 root  
 Sprang of all growths that thought brings  
 forth and sees

Incarnate, bright with bloom or dense with  
 leaf  
 Far-shadowing, deep as depth of dawn or  
 night:  
 And all were parcel of the garnered sheaf—  
 His strenuous spirit bound and stored  
 aright.

And eastward now, and ever toward the  
 dawn,  
 If death's deep veil by life's bright hand be  
 rent,  
 We see, as through the shadow of death with-  
 drawn,  
 The imperious soul's indomitable ascent.

But not the soul whose labour knew not  
 end—  
 But not the swordman's hand, the crested  
 head—  
 The royal heart we mourn, the faultless  
 friend,  
 Burton—a name that lives till fame be  
 dead.

A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF  
ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THE clearest eyes in all the world they read  
With sense more keen and spirit of sight  
more true  
Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when  
the dew  
Flames, and absorbs the glory round it shed,  
As they the light of ages quick and dead.  
Closed now, forsake us: yet the shaft  
that slew  
Can slay not one of all the works we knew,  
Nor death dis-crown that many-laurelled head.

The works of words whose life seems light-  
ning wrought,  
And moulded of unconquerable thought,  
And quickened with imperishable flame,  
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured  
that nought  
May fade of all their myriad-moulded fame,  
Nor England's memory clasp not Brown-  
ing's name.

December 13, 1889.

II.

Death, what hast thou to do with one for  
whom  
Time is not lord, but servant? What least  
part  
Of all the fire that fed his living heart,  
Of all the light more keen than sundawn's  
bloom

That lit and led his spirit, strong as doom  
And bright as hope, can aught thy breath  
may dart  
Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew  
thee what thou art,

A shadow born of terror's barren womb,  
That brings not forth save shadows. What  
art thou,  
To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his  
brow,

That power on him is given thee,—that  
thy breath  
Can make him less than love acclaims him  
now,  
And hears all time sound back the word it  
saith?

What part hast thou then in his glory,  
Death?

III.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us  
grieve:

Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,  
Have slain the lover of her sunbright  
strand

And singer of a stormbright Christmas Eve.  
A graceless guerdon we that loved receive

For all our love, from that the dearest  
land

Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft  
and bland,

Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,  
Shone on our dreams and memories ever-  
more

The domes, the towers, the mountains and  
the shore

That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and  
black

Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.

We have given thee love—no stint, no  
stay, no lack:

What gift, what gift is this thou hast given  
us back?

IV.

But he—to him, who knows what gift is  
thine,

Death? Hardly may we think or hope,  
when we

Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,  
Beyond the irremeable outer seas that shine  
And darken round such dreams as half  
divine

Some sunlit harbour in that starless sea  
Where gleams no ship to windward or to  
lee,

To read with him the secret of thy shrine.

There too, as here, may song, delight, and  
love,

The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the dove,  
Fulfil with joy the splendour of the sky  
Till all beneath wax bright as all above:

But none of all that search the heavens,  
and try

The sun, may match the sovereign eagle's  
eye.

December 14.



## v.

Among the wondrous ways of men and time  
 He went as one that ever found and sought  
 And bore in hand the lamp-like spirit of thought  
 To illumine with instance of its fire sublime  
 (The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime,  
 No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,  
 No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, nought  
 That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in crime,  
 No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,  
 No love more lovely than the snows are white,  
 No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,  
 No song-bird singing from some live soul's height,  
 But he might hear, interpret, or illumine  
 With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

## vi.

What secret thing of splendour or of shade  
 Surmised in all those wandering ways wherein  
 Man, led of love and life and death and sin,  
 Strays, climbs, or cowers, allured, absorbed, afraid,  
 Might not the strong and sunlike sense invade  
 Of that full soul that had for aim to win  
 Light, silent over time's dark toil and din,

Life, at whose touch death fades as dead things fade?

O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee  
 That he might know not of in spirit, and

see

The heart within the heart that seems to strive,

The life within the life that seems to be.

And hear, through all thy storms that whirl and drive,

The living sound of all men's souls alive?

## vii.

He held no dream worth waking; so he said,  
 He who stands now on death's triumphal steep,

Awakened out of life wherein we sleep

And dream of what he knows and sees,  
 Being dead,

But never death for him was dark or dread:  
 'Look forth' he bade the soul, and fear not. Weep,

All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep  
 Vain memory's vision of a vanished head

As all that lives of all that once was he  
 Save that which lightens from his word: but we,

Who, seeing the sunset-coloured waters roll,

Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,  
 Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is whole,

And life and death but shadows of the soul.

December 15.

## SUNSET AND MOONRISE.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1889.

ALL the west, whereon the sunset sealed  
 the dead year's glorious grave  
 Fast with seals of light and fire and cloud  
 that light and fire illumine,  
 Glows at heart and kindles earth and  
 heaven with joyous blush and bloom,  
 Warm and wide as life, and glad of death that  
 only slays to save.  
 As a tide-reconquered sea rock lies aflush  
 with the influent wave

Lies the light aflush with darkness, lapped  
 about by lustrous gloom,

Even as life with death, and fame with  
 time, and memory with the tomb

Where a dead man hath for vassals Fame the  
 serf and Time the slave.

Far from earth as heaven, the steadfast light  
 withdrawn, superb, suspense,

Burns in dumb divine expansion of illimitable  
 flower:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Moonrise whets the shadow's edges keen as<br/>noontide; hence and thence<br/>Glow the presence from us passing,<br/>shines and passes not the power.</p> | <p>Souls arise whose word remembered is as<br/>spirit within the sense:<br/>All the hours are theirs of all the seasons:<br/>death has but his hour.</p> |
|---|--|

BIRTHDAY ODE.

AUGUST 6, 1891.

I.

Love and praise, and a length of days whose  
shadow cast upon time is light,  
Days whose sound was a spell shed round  
from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,  
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to-day  
may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay  
hallowing hands on a sacred head—  
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned  
of fame as they smiled and fled:  
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight  
stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love  
that gave us to life began,  
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to  
greet the goal of the race they ran,  
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with  
years whose changes acclaimed the man.

II.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of  
choral seasons had hailed us men,  
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose  
breath was life upon England then—  
Life more bright than the breathless light of  
soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear  
was opened of love to hear!  
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and  
spirit, the mounting cheer

Lit with fire of divine desire and love that  
knew not if love were fear!

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth  
enkindled at heaven were one;  
One white flame, that around his name  
grew keen and strong as the worldwied  
sun;

Awe made bright with implied delight, as  
weft with weft of the rainbow spun.

III.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves  
shall never have heart to sing:  
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids  
the soul as a fountain spring  
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail  
his likeness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew  
beheld and worshipped, adored and  
heard:

Light rang round it of shining sound, whence  
all men's hearts were subdued and  
stirred:

Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took  
life upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor  
downward swerve on a danc'ring way:  
Upward wind they, and leave behind such  
light as lightens the front of May:  
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find  
the fame that we hail to-day.

## THRENODY.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

## I.

LIFE, sublime and serene when time had  
power upon it and ruled its breath,  
Changed it, bade it be glad or sad, and hear  
what change in the world's ear saith,  
Shines more fair in the starrier air whose  
glory lightens the dusk of death.

Suns that sink on the wan sea's brink, and  
moons that kindle and flame and fade,  
Leave more clear for the darkness here the  
stars that set not and see not shade  
Rise and rise on the lowlier skies by rule of  
sunlight and moonlight swayed.

So, when night for his eyes grew bright, his  
proud head pillowed on Shakespeare's  
breast,

Hand in hand with him, soon to stand where  
shine the glories that death loves best,  
Passed the light of his face from sight, and  
sank sublimely to radiant rest.

## II.

Far above us and all our love, beyond all reach  
of its voiceless praise,  
Shines for ever the name that nevertshall feel  
the shade of the changeful days

Fall and chill the delight that still sees winter's  
light on it shine like May's.

Strong as death is the dark day's breath whose  
blast has withered the life we see

Here where light is the child of night, and  
less than visions or dreams are we:  
Strong as death; but a word, a breath, a  
dream is stronger than death can be.

Strong as truth and superb in youth eternal,  
fair as the sundawn's flame  
Seen when May on her first born day bids  
earth exult in her radiant name,  
Lives, clothed round with its praise and  
crowned with love that dies not, his love-  
lit fame.

## III.

Fairer far than the morning star, and sweet  
for us as the songs that rang

Loud through heaven from the choral Seven  
when all the stars of the morning sang,  
Shines the song that we loved so long—since  
first such love in us flamed and sprang.

England glows as a sunlit rose from mead to  
mountain, from sea to sea,

Bright with love and with pride above all  
taint of sorrow that needs must be,  
Needs must live for an hour, and give its  
rainbow's glory to lawn and lea.

Not through tears shall the new-born years le-  
hold him, crowned with applause of men,

Pass at last from a lustrous past to life that  
brightens beyond their ken,  
Glad and dead, and from earthward led to  
sunward, guided of Inogen.

## THE BALLAD OF MELICERTES.

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

DEATH, a light outshining life, bids heaven  
resume

Star by star the souls whose light made  
earth divine.

Death, a night outshining day, sees burn and  
bloom

Flower by flower, and sun by sun, the flames  
that shine

Deathless, higher than life beheld their  
sovereign sign.

Dead Sir anides of Ceos, late restored,

Given again of God, again by man de-  
plored,

Shone but yestereve, a glory frail as  
breath.

Frail? But Fame's breath quickens, kindles,  
keeps in ward,

Lite so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.

Mother's love, and rapture of the sea, whose  
womb  
Breeds eternal life of joy that stings like  
brine,  
Pride of song, and joy to dare the singer's  
doom,  
Sorrow soft as sleep and laughter bright as  
wine,  
Flushed and filled with fragrant fire his lyric  
line.  
As the sea-shell utters, like a stricken  
chord,  
Music uttering all the sea's within it stored,  
Poet well-beloved, whose praise our sor-  
row saith,  
So thy songs retain thy soul, and so record  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.  
Side by side we mourned at Gautier's golden  
tomb:  
Here in spirit now I stand and mourn at  
thine.  
Yet no breath of death strikes thence, no  
shadow of gloom,

Only light more bright than gold of the in-  
most mine,  
Only steam of incense warm from love's  
own shrine.  
Not the darkling stream, the sundering  
Stygian ford,  
Not the hour that smites and severs as a  
sword,  
Not the night subduing light that per-  
isheth,  
Smite, subdue, divide from us by doom ab-  
horred,  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.  
Prince of song more sweet than honey, lyric  
lord,  
Not thy France here only mourns a light  
adored,  
One whose love-lit fame the world in-  
heriteth,  
Strangers too, now brethren, hail with heart's  
accord  
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off  
death.

AU TOMBEAU DE BANVILLE.

La plus douce des voix qui vibraient sous  
le ciel  
Se tait: les rossignols ailés pleurent le frère  
Qui s'envole au-dessus de l'âpre et sombre  
terre,  
Ne lui laissant plus voir que l'être essentiel,  
Esprit qui chante et rit, fleur d'une âme sans  
fiel.  
L'ombre élyséenne, où la nuit n'est que  
lumière,

Revoit, tout revêtu de splendeur douce et  
fière,  
Mélécerte, poète à la bouche de miel.  
Dieux exilés, passants célestes de ce monde,  
Dont on entend parfois dans notre nuit pro-  
fonde  
Vibrer la voix, frémir les ailes, vous savez  
S'il vous aime, s'il vous pleura, lui dont la vie  
Et le chant rappelaient les vôtres. Recevez  
L'âme de Mélécerte affranchie et ravie.

LIGHT: AN EPICEDE.

TO PHILIP BOURKE'S SON.

LOVE will not weep because the seal is broken  
That sealed upon a life beloved and brief  
Darkness, and let but song break through for  
token

How deep, too far for even thy song's  
relief,  
Slept in thy soul the secret springs of  
grief.

Thy song may soothe full many a soul here-  
 after,  
 As tears, if tears will come, dissolve des-  
 pair;  
 As here but late, with smile more bright than  
 lugger,  
 Thy sweet strange yearning eyes would  
 seem to bear  
 Witness that joy might cleave the clouds of  
 care,  
 Two days ago, and love was one with pity  
 When love gave thought wings toward the  
 glimmering goal  
 Where, as a shrine lit in some darkling city,  
 Shone soft the shrouded image of thy soul;  
 And now thou art healed of life; thou art  
 healed, and whole,  
 Yea, two days since, all we that loved thee  
 pitied;  
 And now with wondering love, with shame  
 of face,  
 We think how foolish now, how far unfitted,  
 Should be from us, toward thee who hast  
 won thy race,  
 Pity toward thee, who hast won the pain-  
 less place;  
 The painless world of death, yet unbeholden  
 Of eyes that dream what light now light-  
 ens thine  
 And will not weep. Thought, yearning  
 toward those olden

Dear hours that seem to see and see not  
 shine,  
 Bows fearless down before a flameless  
 shrine,  
 A flameless altar here of life and sorrow  
 Quenched and consumed together. These  
 were one,  
 One thing for thee, as night was one with  
 morrow  
 And utter darkness with the sovereign sun,  
 And now thou seest life, sorrow, and dark-  
 ness done,  
 And yet love yearns again to win thee  
 higher;  
 Blind love, and loveless, and unworthy  
 thee;  
 Here where I watch the hours of darkness  
 wither  
 Here where mine eyes were glad and sad  
 to see  
 Thine that could see not mine, though  
 turned on me,  
 But now, if aught beyond sweet sleep lie  
 hidden,  
 And sleep be sealed not fast on dead men's  
 sight  
 For ever, thine hath grace for ours forbidden,  
 And sees us compassed round with change  
 and night;  
 Yet light like thine is ours, if love be  
 light.

## THRENODY

WATCHING here alone by the fire waerent  
 last year  
 Sat with me the friend that a week since yet  
 was near,  
 That a week has borne so far and hid so  
 deep,  
 Woe am I that I may not weep,  
 May not yearn to behold him here,  
 Shame were mine, and little the love I bore  
 him were,  
 Now to mourn that better he fares than love  
 may fire  
 Which desires, and would not have indeed,  
 its will,  
 Would not love him so worse than ill,  
 Would not clothe him again with care,  
 Yet can love not choose but remember,  
 hearts but ache,  
 Eye but darken, only for one man thought's  
 poor sake,  
 For the thought that by this hearth's now  
 lonely side  
 Two fast friends, on the day he died,  
 Looked once more for his hand to take,  
 Let thy soul forgive them, and pardon heal  
 the sin,  
 Though their hearts be heavy to think what  
 then had been,  
 The delight that never while they live may  
 be—  
 Love's communion of speech with thee,  
 Soul and speech with the soul therein.

A REMINISCENCE.

O my friend, O brother, a glory veiled and  
marr'd!  
Never love made mean for a life — are evil  
star'd.

Was it envy, chance, or chance-compelling  
fate,

Whence thy spirit was bruised so late,  
Bowed so heavily, bound so hard?

Now released, it may be, — if only love might  
know —

Filled and fired with sight, it beholds us  
blind and low

With a pity keener yet, if that may be,  
Even than ever was this that we  
Felt, when love of thee wrought us  
woe.

None may tell the depths and the heights of  
life and death.

What we may we give thee: a word that sor-  
row saith,

And that none will heed save sorrow:  
scarce a song.

All we may, who have loved thee long,  
Take: the best we can give is breath.

A DIRGE.

A BELL tolls on in my heart  
As though in my ears a knell  
Had ceased for awhile to swell,  
But the sense of it would not part  
From the spirit that bears its part  
In the chime of the soundless bell.

Ah dear dead singer of sorrow,  
The burden is now not thine  
That grief bade sound for a sign  
Through the songs of the night whose morrow  
Has risen, and I may not borrow  
A beam from its radiant shrine.

The burden has dropped from thee  
That grief on thy life bound fast;  
The winter is over and past  
Whose end thou wast fain to see.  
Shall sorrow not comfort me  
That is thine no longer—at last?

Good day, good night, and good morrow,  
Men living and mourning say.  
For thee we could only pray  
That night of the day might borrow  
Such comfort as dreams lend sorrow:  
Death gives thee at last good day.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE rose to the wind has yielded: all its  
leaves  
Lie strewn on the graveyard grass, and  
all their light  
And colour and fragrance leave our sense  
and sight  
Bereft as a man whom bitter time be-  
reaves  
Of blossom at once and hope of garnered  
sheaves,  
Of April at once and August. Day to  
night  
Calls wailing, and life to death, and depth  
to height,

And soul upon soul of man that hears and  
grieves.

Who knows, though he see the snow-cold  
blossom shed,

If haply the heart that burned within the  
rose,

The spirit in sense, the life of life be dead?  
If haply the wind that slays with storming  
snows

Be one with the wind that quickens? Bow  
thine head.

O Sorrow, and commune with thine heart:  
who knows?

## VIA DOLOROSA.

THE days of a man are threescore years and ten.

The days of his life were half a man's, whom we

Lament, and would yet not bid him back, to be

Partaker of all the woes and ways of men.

Lament him enough of sorrow, not a tear

Would languish of love, beholding him set free,

Bring back the beloved to suffer life and loss

No light but the fire of grief that scorched him then.

We know not at all we hope, and do not fear.

We shall not again behold him, late so near,

Who now from afar above, with eyes alight

And spirit enkindled, haply toward us here:

Looks down unforgetful yet of days like night

And love that has yet his sightless face in sight.

February 15, 1887.

## I.

## TRANSFIGURATION.

BUT half a man's days—and his days were nights.

What hearts were ours, who love him, should we pray

That night would yield him life to our kindling day.

Sweet death that soothes, to life that spoils and smites?

For now, perchance, life belier than the light's

That shed no comfort on his weary way.

Shows him what none may dream to see or say

Ere yet the soul may scale those topless heights

Where death lies dead, and triumph. Haply there

Already may his kindling eye sight find

Faces of friends—no face than his more fair—

And first among them found of all his kind

Milton, with crowns from Eden on his hair,

And eyes that meet a brother's now not blind.

## II.

## DELIVERANCE.

O Death, fair Death, sole comforter and sweet,

Nor Love nor Hope can give such gifts as thine

Shed charitably shows us round thy shadowy shrine

What robes hang, what music flows, what feet

Pass and what wings of angel—We repeat

Wild words of wild, disastrous or divine

Blind prayer, blind intercession, seeing no sign

Nor hearing aught of thee not faint and fleet

As words of men or snowflakes on the wind.

But if I chide thee, saying 'Thou hast

scorched, thou hast scorched,

Dark Death, to take so sweet a light away

As shouldst, but late, though shadowed, in our eyes'

We hear thine answer—'Night has given what day

Denied him, darkness hath unscaled his eyes.'

## III.

## THANKSGIVING.

COULD I give strength to thank thee Love can give

Strong sorrow heart to suffer; what we bear

We would not put away, albeit this were

A burden love might cast aside and live.

Love chooses rather pain than palliative,

Sharp thought than soft oblivion. May we dare

So trample down our passion and our prayer

That fair would cling round feet so fugitive

And stay them—so remember, so forget,

What joy we had who had his presence yet,

What griefs were his while joy in him was ours

And grief made weary music of his breath,

As even to had his best and last of hours

With love grown strong enough to thank thee, Death?

LIBERTINA ETICORDIA.

SISTER of sleep, he of life, thine  
 As rest and straits very love may be,  
 To set the soul that love could set not  
 free,  
 To bid the skies that day could bid not  
 shine,  
 To give the gift that life withheld was thine,  
 With all my heart I loved one better from  
 me:  
 And all my heart bows down and praises  
 thee,  
 Death, that hast now made grief not his but  
 mine.  
 O Changer of men's hearts, we would not  
 bid thee  
 Turn back our hearts from sorrow: this  
 alone  
 We bid, we pray thee, from thy sovereign  
 throne  
 And sanctuary sublime where heaven has hid  
 thee,  
 Give: grace to know of those for whom we  
 weep  
 That if they wake their life is sweet as sleep.

V.

THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

THOU canst not give it, grace enough is  
 ours  
 To know that pain for him has fallen on  
 rest,  
 The worst we have yet had on earth: the  
 best,  
 We fain would thank, — a thought no fear  
 deflower  
 Is his, release from bonds of rayless hours.  
 Ah, turn our hearts from longing, bid our  
 quest  
 Cease, as content with failure. This thy  
 guest  
 Sleeps, vexed no more of time's imperious  
 powers,  
 The spirit of hope, the spirit of change and  
 loss,  
 The spirit of love bowed down beneath his  
 loss,  
 Nor needs comfort from the strength  
 of song.

Love, should he wake, fears now no cross  
 for him  
 Dead hope, whose living eyes like his were  
 dim,  
 Has brought both better comfort — strength  
 more strong.

VI.

PACHAGOGOS.

As Greece of old acclaimed thee God and  
 man,  
 So, Death, our tongue claims thee — not  
 was: thou  
 Hailed of old Rome as Romans had thee  
 now,  
 Goddess and woman. Since the sand first  
 ran  
 That told when first man's life and death  
 began,  
 The shadows round thy bright ambiguous  
 brow  
 Have blocked the votive plea, the pleading  
 low  
 That sought thee sorrowing, fain to bless  
 or ban.

But stronger than a father's love is thine,  
 And gentler than a mother's. Lord and  
 God,  
 Thy staff is surer than the wizard rod  
 That Hermes bore as priest before the shrine  
 And herald of thy mercies. We could  
 give  
 Nought, when we would have given: thou  
 bidst him live.

VII.

THE LAST WORD

So many a dream and hope that went and  
 came,  
 So many and sweet, that love thought life  
 to be,  
 Of hours as bright and soft as those for  
 me  
 That made our hearts for song's sweet love  
 the same,  
 Lie now struck dead, that hope seems one  
 with shame,  
 O Death, thy name is Love: we know it,  
 and see  
 The witness: yet for very love's sake we  
 Can hardly bear to mix with thine his name.



Philip, how hard it is to bid thee part  
Thou knowest, if aught thou knowest where  
    now thou art  
Of us that loved and love thee, None  
    may tell

What none but knows - how hard it is to  
    say  
The word that seals up sorrow, darkens day,  
And bids fare forth the soul it bids fare-  
    well.

## IN MEMORY OF AURELIO SAFFI.

The wider world of men that is not ours  
Receives a soul whose life on earth was  
    light.

Though darkness close the date of human  
    hours,

Love holds the spirit and sense of life in  
    sight,

That may not, even though death bid fly,  
    take flight.

Faith, love, and hope fulfilled with memory,  
    see

As clear and dear as life could bid it be  
The present soul that is and is not he.

He, who held up the shield and sword of  
    Rome

Against the ravening brood of recreant  
    France,

Beside the man of men whom heaven took  
    home

When earth beheld the spring, first eye-  
    leams glance

And life and winter seemed alike a trance  
Eighteen years since, in sight of heaven and  
    spring

That saw the soul above all souls take  
    wing,

He too now hears the heaven we hear not  
    sing.

He too now dwells where death is dead, and  
    stands

Where souls like stars exult in life to be;  
Whence all who linked heroic hearts and  
    hands

Shine on our sight, and give it strength to  
    see

What hope makes fair for all whom faith  
    makes free:

Free with such freedom as we find in sleep,  
The light sweet shadow of death when dreams  
    are deep

And high as heaven whence light and light-  
    ning leap

And scarce a month yet gone, his living  
    hand

Writ loving words that sealed me friend of  
    his.

Are heaven and earth as near as sea to  
    strand?

May life and death as bride and bridegroom  
    kiss?

His last month's written word abides, and  
    is,

Clear as the sun that lit through storm and  
    strife

And darling days when hope took fear to  
    vanish

The faith whose fire was light of all his  
    life.

A life so fair, so pure of earthlier leaven,

That none hath won through higher and  
    harder ways

The deathless life of death which earth calls  
    heaven;

Heaven, and the light of love on earth,  
    and praise

Of silent memory through subsiding days  
Wherein the light subsides not whence the  
    past

Leeds full with life the future. Time holds  
    fast

Their names whom faith forgets not, first  
    and last.

Forget? The dark forgets not dawn, nor we  
The suns that sink to rise again, and shine

Lords of five years and ages. Earth and sea  
Forget not heaven that makes them seem

divine,

Though night put out their fires and hid  
    their shrine

Be dark and pale as storm and twilight.  
    Day,

Not night, is everlasting; life's full sway  
Bid death bow down as dead, and pass  
    away.

What part has death in souls that past all  
 fear  
 Win heavenward their supernal way, and  
 smite  
 With scorn sublime as heaven such dreams  
 as here  
 Plague and perplex with cloud and fire the  
 light  
 That leads men's waking souls from glim-  
 mering night  
 To the awless heights of day, whereon man's  
 awe,  
 Transfigured, dies in rapture, seeing the  
 law  
 Sealed of the sun that earth arising saw?  
 Faith, justice, mercy, love, and heaven-born  
 hate  
 That sets them all on fire and bids them be  
 More than soft words and dreams that wake  
 too late,  
 Shone living through the lordly life that  
 we  
 Beheld, revered, and loved on earth, while  
 he  
 Dwelt here, and bade our eyes take light  
 thereof;  
 Light as from heaven that flamed or smiled  
 above  
 In light or fire whose very hate was love.  
 No hate of man, but hate of hate whose foam  
 Sheds poison forth from tongues of snakes  
 and priests,  
 And stains the sickening air with steams  
 whence Rome  
 Now feeds not full the God that slays and  
 feasts;  
 For now the fangs of all the ravenous  
 beasts  
 That ramped about him, fain of prayer and  
 prey,  
 Fulfil their lust no more: the tide of day  
 Swells, and compels him down the deathward  
 way.

Night sucks the Church its creature down,  
 and hell  
 Yawns, heaves, and yearns to clasp its  
 loathliest child  
 Close to the breasts that bore it. All the  
 spell  
 Whence darkness saw the dawn in heaven  
 defiled  
 Is dumb as death: the lips that lied and  
 smiled  
 Wax white for fear as ashes. She that bore  
 The banner up of darkness now no more  
 Sheds night and tear and shame from shore  
 to shore.  
 When they that cast her kingdom down  
 were born,  
 North cried on south and east made moan  
 to west  
 For hopes that love had hardly heart to  
 mourn,  
 For Italy that was not. Kings on quest,  
 By priests whose blessings burn as curses  
 blest,  
 Made spoil of souls and bodies bowed and  
 bound,  
 Humped and harried, leashed as horse or  
 hound,  
 And hopeless of the hope that died unbound.  
 And now that faith has brought forth fruit  
 to time,  
 How should not memory praise their  
 names, and hold  
 Their record even as Dante's life sublime,  
 Who bade his dream, found fair and false  
 of old,  
 Live? Not till earth and heaven be dead  
 and cold  
 May man forget whose work and will made  
 one  
 Italy, fair as heaven or freedom won,  
 And left their fame to shine beside her sun.

April 1890.

THE FESTIVAL OF BEATRICE.

DANTE, sole standing on the heavenward  
 height,  
 Beheld and heard one saying, 'Behold  
 me well:  
 I am, I am Beatrice,' Heaven and hell  
 Kept silence, and the illimitable light

Of all the stars was darkness in his sight  
 Whose eyes beheld her eyes again, and fell  
 Shame-stricken. Since her soul took flight  
 to dwell  
 In heaven, six hundred years have taken  
 flight.

And now that heavenliest part of earth  
 whereon  
 Shines yet their shadow as once their pres-  
 ence shone  
 To her bears witness for his sake,  
 as he

For hers bare witness when her face was  
 gone:  
 No slave, no hospice now for grief—but  
 free  
 From shore to mountain and from Alp to  
 sea.

### THE MONUMENT OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

#### I.

Not from without us, only from within,  
 Comes or can ever come upon us light  
 Whereby the soul keeps ever truth in  
 sight.  
 No truth, no strength, no comfort man may  
 win,  
 No grace for guidance, no release from  
 sin,  
 Save of his own soul's giving. Deep and  
 bright  
 As fire enkindled in the core of night  
 Burns in the soul where once its fire has  
 been  
 The light that leads and quickens thought,  
 inspired  
 To doubt and trust and conquer. So he  
 said  
 Whom Sidney, flower of England, lordliest  
 head  
 Of all we love, loved; but the fates re-  
 quired  
 A sacrifice to hate and hell, ere fame  
 Should set with his in heaven Giordano's  
 name.

#### II.

Cover thine eyes and weep, O child of hell,  
 Grey spouse of Satan, Church of name  
 abhorred.  
 Weep, withered harlot, with thy weeping  
 lord,  
 Now no vill buy the heaven thou hast to  
 s  
 At price of prostituted souls, and swell  
 Thy loveless list of lovers. Fire and sword  
 No more are thine: the steel, the wheel, the  
 cord,  
 The flames that rose round living limbs,  
 and fell  
 In lifeless ash and ember, now no more  
 Approve thee godlike. Rome, redeemed  
 at last  
 From all the red pollution of thy past,  
 Acclaims the grave bright face that smiled of  
 yore  
 Even on the fire that caught it round and  
 dumb  
 To cast its ashes on the face of Rome.  
 June 6, 1889.

### LIFE IN DEATH.

He should have followed who goes forth  
 before us,  
 Lead us on in life, in death first lead:  
 The first to lift up a cross against the night,  
 The first to see the sunset. Life, that bore us  
 Perchance to death to comfort and restore  
 us  
 Of himself left us here on the morrow,  
 For life's garment overworn,  
 And time and change, with suns and stars in  
 chorus,

Silent. But if, beyond all change or time,  
 A law more just, more equal, more sublime  
 Than sways the surge of life's loud sterile  
 sea  
 Sways that still world whose peace environs  
 him,  
 Where death lies dead as night when stars  
 wax dim,  
 Above all thought or hope of ours is he.  
 August 2, 1891.

## EPICEDE.

As a vesture shalt thou change them, said  
 the prophet,  
 And the raiment that was flesh is turned to  
 dust;  
 Dust and flesh and dust again the likeness  
 of it,  
 And the fine gold woven and worn of youth  
 is rust.  
 Hours that wax and wane salute the shade  
 and scoff it,  
 That it knows not aught it doth nor aught  
 it must:  
 Day by day the speeding soul makes haste to  
 doff it,  
 Night by night the pride of life resigns its  
 trust.

Sleep, whose silent notes of song loud life's  
 derange not,  
 Takes the trust in hand awhile as angels  
 may:  
 Joy with wings that rest not, grief with wings  
 that range not,  
 Guard the gates of sleep and waking, gold  
 or grey.  
 Joys that joys estrange, and griefs that griefs  
 estrange not,  
 Day that yearns for night, and night that  
 yearns for day.  
 As a vesture shalt thou change them, and  
 they change not,  
 Seeing that change may never change or  
 pass away.

Life of death makes question, 'What art thou  
 that changest?  
 What am I, that fear should trust or faith  
 should doubt?  
 I that lighten, thou that darkenest and es-  
 trangest,  
 Is it night or day that girds us round about?  
 Light and darkness on the ways wherein thou  
 rangest  
 Seen as one, and beams as clouds they put  
 to rout.  
 Strange is hope, but fear of all things born  
 were strangest,  
 Seeing that none may strive with change to  
 cast it out.

'Change alone stands fast, thou sayest, O  
 death: I know not:

What art thou, my brother death, that thou  
 shouldst know?  
 Men may reap no fruits of fields wherein they  
 sow not;  
 Hope or fear is all the seed we have to sow.  
 Winter seals the sacred springs up that they  
 flow not:  
 Wind and sun and change unbind them,  
 and they flow.  
 Am I thou or art thou I? The years that  
 show not  
 Pass, and leave no sign when time shall be  
 to show.'

Hope makes suit to faith lest fear give ear to  
 sorrow:  
 Doubt strews dust upon his head, and goes  
 his way.  
 All the golden hope that life of death would  
 borrow,  
 How, if death require again, may life re-  
 pay?  
 Earth endures no darkness whence no light  
 yearns thorough;  
 God in man as light in darkness lives, they  
 say:  
 Yet, would midnight take assurance of the  
 morrow,  
 Who shall pledge the faith or seal the bond  
 of day?

Darkness, mute or loud with music or with  
 mourning,  
 Starry darkness, winged with wind or  
 clothed with calm,  
 Dreams no dream of grief or fear or wrath or  
 warning  
 Beats no sign of race or goal or strife or  
 palm.  
 Word of blessing, word of mocking or of  
 scorn;  
 Knows it none, nor whence its breath sheds  
 blight or balm.  
 Yet a little while, and hark, the psalm of  
 morning:  
 Yet a little while, and silence takes the  
 psalm.

All the comfort, all the worship, all the won-  
 der,  
 All the light of love that darkness holds in  
 fee,

All the song that silence keeps or keeps not  
 under,  
 Night, the soul that knows gives thanks  
 for all to face.  
 Far beyond the gates that morning strikes in  
 sunder,  
 Hopes that grief makes holy, dreams that  
 fear sets free,  
 Far above the throne of thought, the lair of  
 thunder,  
 Silent shines the word whose utterance fills  
 the sea.

MEMORIAL VERSES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM  
 BELL SCOTT.

A LIFE more bright than the sun's face, bowed  
 Through stress of season and coil of cloud,  
 Sets; and the sorrow that casts out fear  
 Scarce deems him dead in his chill shroud,  
 Dead on the breast of the dying year,  
 Peet and painter and friend, thrice dear  
 For love of the suns long set, for love  
 Of song that sets not with sunset here,  
 For love of the fervent heart, above  
 Their sense who saw not the swift light move  
 That filled with sense of the loud sun's lyre  
 The thoughts that passion was fain to prove  
 In fervent labour of high desire  
 And faith that leapt from his own quenched  
 pyre  
 Alive and strong as the sun, and caught  
 From darkness light, and from twilight fire,  
 Passion, deep as the depths unsought  
 Whence faith's own hope may redeem us  
 nought,  
 Filled full with ardour of pain sublime  
 His mourning song and his mounting thought,  
 Late with sense of a sterner time,  
 His hand's flight clomb as a bird's might  
 climb  
 Calvary: dark in the darkling air  
 That shrank for fear of the crowding crime,  
 Three crosses rose on the hillside bare,  
 Shown scarce by grace of the lightning's glare  
 That clove the veil of the temple through  
 And smote the priests on the threshold there,  
 The soul that saw it, the hand that drew,  
 Whence light as thought's or as faith's glance  
 flew,  
 And stung to life the sepulchral past,  
 And bade the stars of it burn anew,  
 Held no less than the dead world fast  
 The light live shadows about them cast,  
 The likeness living of dawn and night,  
 The days that pass and the dreams that  
 last,  
 Thought, clothed round with sorrow as light,  
 Dark as a cloud that the moon turns bright,  
 Moved, as a wind on the striving sea,  
 That yearns and quivers and flaps in flight,  
 Through forms of colour and song that he  
 Who fain would have set its wide wings free  
 Cast round it, clothing or chaining hope  
 With lights that last not and shades that  
 flee,  
 Scarce in song could his soul find scope,  
 Scarce the strength of his hand might ope  
 Art's inmost gate of her sovereign shrine,  
 To cope with heaven as a man may ope,  
 But high as the hope of a man may shine  
 The faith, the fervour, the life divine  
 That thrills our life and transfigures, rose  
 And shone resurgent, a sunbright sign,  
 Through shapes whereunder the strong soul  
 glows  
 And fills them full as a sunlit rose  
 With sense and fervour of life, whose light  
 The fool's eye knows not, the man's eye  
 knows,  
 None that can read or divine aright  
 The scriptures writ of the soul may slight  
 The strife of a strenuous soul to show  
 More than the craft of the hand may write.

None may slight it, and none may know  
 How high the flames that aspire and glow  
 From heart and spirit and soul may climb  
 And triumph; higher than the souls lie low

Whose hearing hears not the livelong rhyme,  
 Whose eyesight sees not the light sublime,  
 That shines, that sounds, that ascends and  
 lives  
 Unquenched of change, unobscured of time.

A long life's length, as a man's life gives  
 Space for the spirit that soars and strives  
 To strive and soar, has the soul shone  
 through  
 That heeds not whither the world's wind  
 drives

Now that the days and the ways it knew  
 Are strange, are dead as the dawn's grey dew  
 At high noon of the morning day  
 That mocks the night of the dawn it slew.

Yet haply may not—and haply may—  
 No sense abide of the dead sun's ray  
 Wherein the soul that outsoars us now  
 Rejoiced with ours in its radiant sway.

Hope may hover, and doubt may bow,  
 Dreaming. Haply—they dream not how—  
 Not life but death may indeed be dead  
 When silence darkens the dead man's  
 brow.

Hope, whose name is remembrance, fed  
 With love that lightens from seasons fled,  
 Dreams, and craves not indeed to know,  
 That death and life are as souls that  
 wed.

But change that falls on the heart like  
 snow  
 Can chill not memory nor hope, that show  
 The soul, the spirit, the heart and head,  
 Alive above us who strive below.

## AN OLD SAYING.

MANY waters cannot quench love,  
 Neither can the floods drown it.  
 Who shall snare or slay the white dove  
 Faith, whose very dreams crown it.  
 Gird it round with grace and peace, deep,  
 Warm, and pure, and soft as sweet sleep?  
 Many waters cannot quench love,  
 Neither can the floods drown it.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
 As a seal upon thine arm.  
 How should we behold the days depart  
 And the nights resign their charm?  
 Love is as the soul; though hate and fear  
 Waste and overthrow, they strike not here.  
 Set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
 As a seal upon thine arm.

## A MOSS-ROSE.

If the rose of all flowers be the rarest  
 That heaven may adore from above,  
 And the fervent moss-rose be the fairest  
 That sweetens the summer with love,

Can it be that a fairer than any  
 Should blossom afar from the tree?  
 Yet one, and a symbol of many,  
 Shone sudden for eyes that could see.

In the grime and the gloom of November  
 The bliss and the bloom of July  
 Bide autumn rejoice and remember  
 The balm of the blossoms gone by.

Would you know what moss-rose now it may be  
 That puts all the rest to the blush,  
 The flower was the face of a baby,  
 The moss was a bonnet of plush.

## TO A CAT.

## I.

STATELY, kindly, lordly friend,  
 Condescend  
 Here to sit by me, and turn  
 Glorious eyes that smile and burn,  
 Golden eyes, love's lustrous need,  
 On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,  
 Dark and fair,  
 Silken-shaggy, soft and bright  
 As the clouds and leaves of night,  
 Pays my reverent hand's caress  
 Back with friendlier gentleness.

Dogs may lawn on all and some  
 As they come;  
 You, a friend of loftier kind,  
 Answer friends alone in kind.  
 Just your foot upon my hand  
 Sottly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent sweet  
 Garden-seat  
 Sheds its wealth of gathering light,  
 Thrills the gradual clouds with might,  
 Changes woodland, orchard, heath,  
 Lawn, and garden there beneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below;  
 Now they glow  
 Deep as even your sunbright eyes,  
 Fair as even the waking skies.  
 Can it not or can it be  
 Now that you give thanks to see?

May not you rejoice as I,  
 Seeing the sky  
 Change to heaven revealed, and bid

Earth reveal the heaven it hid  
 All night long from stars and moon,  
 Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day  
 Who can say?  
 All too little may we tell,  
 Friends who like each other well,  
 What might haply, if we might,  
 Bid us read our lives aright.

## II.

Wild on woodland ways your sires  
 Flashed like fires;  
 Fair as flame and fierce and fleet  
 As with wings on wingless feet  
 Shone and sprang your mother, free,  
 Bright and brave as wind or sea.

Free and proud and glad as they,  
 Here to-day  
 Rests or roams their radiant child,  
 Vanquished not, but reconciled,  
 Free from curb or aught above  
 Save the lovely curb of love.

Love through dreams of souls divine  
 Fain would shine  
 Round a dawn whose light and song  
 Then should right our mutual wrong—  
 Speak, and seal the love-lit law  
 Sweet Assisi's seer foresaw.

Dreams were theirs; yet haply may  
 Dawn a day  
 When such friends and fellows born,  
 Seeing our earth as fair at morn,  
 May for wiser love's sake see  
 More of heaven's deep heart than we.

## HAWTHORN DYKE.

All the golden air is full of labor and bloom  
 Where the hawthorns line the shelving  
 dyke with flowers.  
 Joyous children born of April's happiest  
 hours,  
 High and low they laugh and lighten, know-  
 ing their doom.

Bright as brief—to bless and cheer they know  
 not whom,  
 Heed not how, but washed and warmed  
 with suns and showers  
 Smile, and bid the sweet soft gradual barks  
 and bowers  
 Thrill with love of sunlit fire or starry gloom.

All our moors and lawns all round rejoice;  
 but here  
 All the rapturous resurrection of the  
 year  
 Finds the radiant utterance perfect, sees  
 the word

Spoken, bears the light that speaks it. Far  
 and near,  
 All the world is heaven: and man and  
 flower and bird  
 Here are one at heart with ah things seen  
 and heard.

## THE BROTHERS.

THERE were twa brethren fell on strife;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather;  
 The tane has reft his brother of life;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

There were twa brethren fell to fray;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather;  
 The tane is clad in a cloak of clay;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

O loud and loud was the live man's cry,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'Would God the dead and the slane were I!  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O sair was the wrang and sair the fray,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'But liefer had love be slain than slay.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O sweet is the life that sleeps at hame,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'But I maun wake on a far sea's faem.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'And women are fairest of a' things fair,'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'Put never shall I kiss woman mair.'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

Between the birk and the aik and the thorn  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 He's laid his brother to lie forlorn;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

Between the bent and the burn and the broom  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 He's laid him to sleep till dawn of doom;  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

He's tane him owre the waters wide,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)

Afar to fleet and afar to hide:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His hair was yellow, his cheek was red,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he set his face to the wind and fled:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His banes were stark and his een were  
 bright  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he set his face to the sea by night:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His cheek was wan and his hair was grey  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 When he came back hame frae the wide  
 world's way:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

His banes were weary, his een were dim,  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 And nae man lived and had mind of him:  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O whatten a wreck wad they seek on land'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'That they houk the turf to the seaward  
 hand?'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O whatten a prey wad they think to take'  
 (Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
 'That they delve the dykes for a dead man's  
 sake?'  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.

A bane of the dead in his hand he's tane;  
 Sweet fruits are sair to gather:  
 And the red blood brak frae the dead white  
 bane.  
 And the wind wears owre the heather.



He's cast it forth of his auld faint hand;  
Sweet fruits are sair to gather:  
And the red blood ran on the wau wet sand,  
And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O whatten a slayer is this,' they said,  
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
That the straik of his hand should raise his  
dead?  
And the wind wears owre the heather.

'O weel is me for the sign I take'  
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
'That now I may die for my wuld sin's sake.'  
And the wind wears owre the heather.

'For the dead was in waic now fifty year,'  
(Sweet fruits are sair to gather)  
'And now shall I die for his blood's sake  
here.'  
And the wind wears owre the heather.

## JACOBITE SONG.

Now who will speak, and lie not,  
And pledge not life, but give?  
Slaves herd with herded cattle,  
The dawn grows bright for battle,  
And if we die, we die not;  
And if we live, we live.

The faith our fathers fought for,  
The kings our fathers knew,  
We fight but as they fought for,  
We seek the goal they sought for,  
The chance they haled and crew,  
The praise they strove and wrought for,  
To leave their blood as dew  
On fields that flower anew.

Men live that serve the stranger,  
Hounds live that huntsmen tame:  
These life days of our living  
Are days of God's good name,  
Where death smiles soft on dower  
And life scowts dark on shame.

And what would you do o'er,  
Sweet wife, if you were I?  
And how should you be o'er,  
My sister, than your brother,  
If you were man as I,  
Born of our sire and mother,  
Wha choice to cower and fly,  
And chance to strike and die?

No churl's our oldworld name is,  
The lands we leave are fair;  
But fairer far than these are,

But wide as all the seas are,  
But high as heaven the fame is  
That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,  
Our lands the churl may take;  
But night nor death may swallow,  
Nor hell's nor heaven's dim hollow,  
The stars whose height we take,  
The stars whose light we follow  
For faith's unflinching sake  
Till hope that sleeps awake.

Soft hope's light lure we serve not,  
Nor follow, vain to find;  
Her light's last word may smite her  
And, cunning's falsehood blight her:  
But though she die, we swerve not,  
Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dissembles;  
Faith lives when hope lies dead;  
If death as life dissembles  
And all that night assembles  
Of stars at dawn lie dead,  
Faint hope that smiles and trembles  
May tell not well for dread:  
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not,  
And grudge not life to give?  
And who will strike beside us,  
If life's or death's light guide us?  
For if we live, we die not,  
And if we die, we live.

## THE BALLAD OF DEAD MEN'S BAY.

The sea swings ower the slants of sand,  
All white with winds that drive  
The sea swirls up to the still dim strand,  
Where nae man comes aive.

At the grey soft edge of the fruitless surf  
A light flame sinks and springs;  
At the grey soft rim of the flowerless turf  
A low flame leaps and clings.

What light is this on a sunless shore,  
What gleam on a starless sea?  
Was it earth's or hell's waste womb that bore  
Such births as should not be?

As lithe snakes turning, as bright stars burn-  
ing,  
They bicker and beckon and call;  
As wild waves churning, as wild winds yearn-  
ing,  
They flicker and climb and fall.

A soft strange cry from the landward rings—  
'What ails the sea to shine?'  
A keen sweet note from the spray's rim  
springs—  
'What fires are these of thine?'

A soul am I that was born on earth  
For a day—waaesome span;  
Death bound me fast on the hour of  
birth  
Ere I were christened man.

'A light by night, I feet and fare  
Till the day of wrath and woe;  
On the hems of earth and the skirts of air  
Winds hurl me to and fro.'

'O well is thee, though the weird be strange  
That bids thee flit and flee;  
For hope is child of the womb of change,  
And hope keeps watch with thee.

'When the years are gone, and the time is  
come  
God's grace may give thee grace;  
And thy soul may sing, though thy soul were  
dumb  
And shine before God's face.

'But I, that lighten and revel and roll  
With the foam of the plunging sea,  
No sign is mine of a breathing soul  
That God should pity me.

'Nor death, nor heaven, nor hell, nor birth  
Hath part in me nor mine:  
Strong lords are these of the living earth  
And loveless lords of thine.

'But I that know nor lord nor life  
More sure than storm or spray,  
Whose breath is made of sport and strife,  
Whereon shall I find stay?'

'And wouldst thou change thy doom with  
me,  
Full fain with thee would I;  
For the life that lightens and lifts the sea  
Is more than earth or sky.

'And what if the day of evil and doom  
Shall save me a smite, or me?  
I would not rise from the slain world's tomb  
If there be no more sea.

'Take he my soul that gave my soul,  
And give it thee to keep;  
And me, while seas and stars shall roll  
'Thy life that falls on sleep.'

That word went up through the mirk mid  
sky,  
And even to God's own ear;  
And the Lord was ware of the keen twin cry,  
And wroth was he to hear.

He's tane the soul of the unsained child  
That fled to death from birth;  
He's tane the light of the wan sea wild,  
And bid it burn on earth.

He's given the glaist of the hale new-born  
The gift of the water sprite,  
To ride on revel from noon to morn  
And roll from night to night.

He's given the sprite of the wild wan sea  
The gift of the new-born man,  
A soul for ever to fade and be  
When the years have filled their span.

When a year <sup>and</sup> a year was come,  
 O loud and loud cried they  
 'For the long year thou hast held us dumb  
 Take now thy gifts aw --'

O loud and long they cried on --  
 And sun and sair they prayed;  
 'Is the face of the grace as the night's face  
 grim  
 For those thy wrath has made?'

A cry more bitter than tears of men  
 A rim of the dim grey sea --  
 'Give me my living soul again,  
 The gift thou gavest me  
 The reason and the dole of kindly men,  
 To hide my weird and le!'

A cry more keen from the wild low land  
 Than the wail of waves that roll, --  
 'Take back the gift of a loveless hand,  
 Thy gift of doom and dole,  
 The weird of men that hide on land,  
 Take from me, take my soul!'

The hands that snite are the hands tha  
 spare;  
 They build and break the tomb;  
 They turn to darkness and dust and air  
 The fruits of the waste earth's womb;  
 But never the gift of a granted prayer,  
 The dole of a spoken doom.

Winds may change at a word unheard,  
 But none may change the tides:  
 The prayer once heard is as God's own word;  
 The doom once dealt abides.

And ever a cry goes up by day,  
 And ever a wail by night;  
 And nae ship comes by the weary bay  
 But her shipmen bear them wail and pray,  
 And see with earthly sight  
 The twofold flames of the twin lights play  
 Where the sea-banks green and the sea-floods  
 grey  
 Are proud of peril and fain of prey,  
 And the sand quakes ever; and ill fare they  
 That look upon that light.

## DEDICATION.

1893.

THE sea of the years that endure not  
 Whose tide shall endure till we die  
 And know what the seasons assure not,  
 If death be or life be a lie,  
 Sways hither the spirit and thither,  
 A wail in the swing of the sea  
 Whose wrecks are of memories that wither  
 As leaves of a tree.

We hear not and hail not with greeting  
 The sound of the wings of the years,  
 The storm of the sound of them beating,  
 That none till it pass from him hears:  
 But tempest nor calm can imperil  
 The treasures that fade not or fly;  
 Change bids them not change and be sterile,  
 Death bids them not die.

Hearts plighted in youth to the royal  
 High service of hope and of song,  
 Sealed fast for endurance as loyal  
 And pined of the years as they throng,

Conceive not, believe not, and fear not  
 That age may be other than youth;  
 That faith and that friendship may hear not  
 And utter not truth.

Not yesterday's light nor to-morrow's  
 Gleams nearer or clearer than gleams,  
 Though joys be forgotten and sorrows  
 Forgotten as changes of dreams,  
 The dawn of the days un-forgotten  
 That noon could eclipse not or slay,  
 Whose fruits were as children begotten  
 Of dawn upon day.

The years that were flowerful and fruitless,  
 The years that were fruitful and dark,  
 The hopes that were radiant and rootless,  
 The hopes that were winged for their mark,  
 Lie soft in the sepulchres fashioned  
 Of hours that arise and subside,  
 Absorbed and subdued and impassioned,  
 In pain or in pride.

But far in the night that entombs them  
The starshine as sunshine is strong,  
And clear through the cloud that resumes  
them

Remembrance, a light and a song,  
Rings lustrous as music and hovers  
As birds that impend on the sea,  
And thoughts that their prison-house covers  
Arise and are free.

Forgetfulness deep as a prison  
Holds days that are dead for us fast  
Till the sepulchre sees rearisen  
The spirit whose reign is the past,  
Disentrammelled of darkness, and kindled  
With life that is mightier than death,  
When the life that obscured it has dwindled  
And passed as a breath.

But time nor oblivion may darken  
Remembrance whose name will be joy  
While memory forgets not to hearken,  
While manhood forgets not the boy  
Who heard and exulted in hearing  
The songs of the sunrise of youth  
Ring radiant above him, unfeared  
And joyous as truth.

Truth, winged and enkindled with rapture  
And sense of the radiance of yore,  
Fulfilled you with power to recapture  
What never might singer before—  
The life, the delight, and the sorrow  
Of troublous and chivalrous years  
That knew not of night or of morrow,  
Of hopes or of fears.

But wader the wing and the vision  
That quicken the spirit have spread  
Since memory beheld with derision  
Man's hope to be more than his dead.  
From the mists and the snows and the thun-  
ders

Your spirit has brought for us forth  
Light, music, and joy in the wonders  
And charms of the north.

The wars and the woes and the glories  
That quicken and lighten and rain  
From the clouds of its chivalrous stories,  
The passion, the pride, and the pain,  
Whose echoes were mute and the token  
Was lost of the spells that they spake,  
Rise bright at your bidding, unbroken  
Of ages that break.

For you, and for none of us other,  
Time is not: the dead that must live  
Hold commune with you as a brother  
By grace of the life that you give.  
The heart that was in them is in you,  
Their soul in your spirit endures:  
The strength of their song is the sinew  
Of this that is yours.

Hence is it that life, everlasting  
As light and as music, abides  
In the sound of the surge of it, casting  
Sound back to the surge of the tides,  
Till sons of the sons of the Norsemen  
Watch, hurtling to windward and lee,  
Round England, unbacked of her horsemen,  
The steeds of the sea.





# SPECIMENS OF MODERN POETS

## THE HEPTALOGIA

OR

## THE SEVEN AGAINST SENSE

### A CAP WITH SEVEN BELLS

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#### PREFACE

To the collector of First Editions *The Heptalogia* has long been known as one of the less accessible volumes issued anonymously by Mr. Swinburne. In Mr. Thomas J. Wise's bibliography of the poet the facts are stated with sufficient clearness: it is also made evident that the work is destined by its author to remain *introuvable*.

That a series of such inimitable parodies should be forever restricted to a few undaunted bibliophiles would seem a woeful injustice to every outstanding lever of Letters. The sum total of first rate parody has never run to excess in English literature. *John Jones* is without doubt the choicest example of literary banter in the language.

We have added *Disgust: A Dramatic Monologue*. This is now reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review*, December 1, 1881. It parodies Lord Tennyson's *Despair: A Dramatic Monologue*, which had appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1881.

The following is a list of the seven parodies, with the names of the poets to whom they severally apply:

- I. *The Hieher Pantheism in a Nutshell* . . . . . Alfred Tennyson.
- II. *John Jones* . . . . . Robert Browning.
- III. *The Poet and the Woodlouse* . . . . . Walt Whitman.
- IV. *The Person of the House* (Idyl cclxvi) . . . . . Coventry Patmore.
- V. *Last Words of a Seventh rate Poet* . . . . . Robert, Lord Lytton  
("Owen Meredith").
- VI. *Sonnet for a Picture* . . . . . Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
- VII. *Nephelidia* . . . . . Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## THE HIGHER PANTHEISM IN A NUTSHELL.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ONE, who is not, we see: but one, whom we see not, is:                     | Body and spirit are twins: God only knows which is which:          |
| Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this.                       | The soul squats down in the flesh, like a tinker drunk in a ditch. |
| What, and wherefore, and whence? for under is over and under:              | One and two are not one: but one and nothing is two:               |
| If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder. | Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.            |
| Doubt is faith in the main: but faith, on the whole, is doubt:             | Once the mastodon was: pterodactyls were common as cocks:          |
| We cannot believe by proof: but could we believe without?                  | Then the mammoth was God: now is He a prize ox.                    |
| Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not clover:              | Parallels all things are: yet many of these are askew:             |
| Neither are straight lines curves: yet over is under and over.             | You are certainly I: but certainly I am not you.                   |
| Two and two may be four: but four and four are not eight:                  | Springs the rock from the plain, shoots the stream from the rock:  |
| Fate and God may be twain: but God is the same thing as fate.              | Cocks exist for the hen: but hens exist for the cock.              |
| Ask a man what he thinks, and get from a man what he feels:                | God, whom we see not, is: and God, who is not, we see:             |
| God, once caught in the fact, shews you a fair pair of heels.              | Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle, we take it, is dee.        |

## JOHN JONES.

## I.

## AT THE PIANO.

## I.

LOVE me and leave me: what love bids retrieve me? can June's fist grasp May?  
 Leave me and love me: hopes eyed once above me like spring's sprouts, decay:  
 Fall as the snow falls, when summer leaves grow false—cards packed for storm's play!

## II.

Nay, say Decay's self be but last May's elf, wing shifted, eye sheathed—  
 Changeling in April's crib rocked, who lets scape rills locked fast since frost breathed—

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Skin cast (think!) adder-like, now bloom bursts bladder-like,—bloom frost bequeathed?

## III.

Ah, how can fear sit and hear as love hears it grief's heart's cracked grate's screech?  
 Chance lets the gate sway that opens on hate's way and shews on shame's leach  
 Crouched like an imp sly change watch sweet love's shrimps lie, a toothful in each.

## IV.

Time feels his tooth slip on husks wet from Truth's lip, which drops them and grins—  
 Shells where no throb stirs of life left in lobsters since joy thrilled their tins—



Hues of the prawn's tail or comb that makes  
down stale,<sup>1</sup> so red for our sins!

## v.

Years blind and deaf use the soul's joys as  
refuse, heart's peace as manure,  
Reared where e, next June's rose shall bloom  
where our moons rose last year, just as  
pure:

Moons' ends match roses' ends; men by  
beasts' noses' ends mete sin's stink's cure.

## vi.

Leaves love last year smelt now feel dead  
love's tears melt—flies caught in time's  
mesh!

Salt are the dews in which new time breeds  
new sin, brews blood and stews flesh;

Next year may see dead more germs than this  
weeded and reared them afresh.

## vii.

Old times left perish, there's new time to  
cherish; life just shifts its tune;

As, when the day dies, earth, half afraid, eyes  
love the growth of the moon;

Love me and save me, take me or waive me;  
death takes one so soon!

## II.

## BY THE CLIFF.

## I.

Is it daytime (guess),  
You that feed my soul  
To excess  
With that light in those eyes  
And those curls drawn like a scroll  
In that round grave guise?  
No or yes?

## II.

Oh, the end, I'd say!  
Such a foolish thing  
(Pure girls' play!)  
As a mere mute heart,  
Was it worth a kiss, a ring,  
This? for two must part—  
Not to-day.

## III.

Look, the whole sand crawls,  
Hums, a heaving hive,  
Scrapes and scrawls—  
Such a buzz and burst!  
Here just one thing's not alive,  
One that was at first—  
But life palls.

## IV.

Yes, my heart, I know,  
Just my heart's stone dead—  
Yes, just so.  
Sick with heat, those worms  
Drop down scorched and overfed—  
No more need of germs!  
Let them go.

## v.

Yes, but you now, look,  
You, the rouged stage female  
With a crook,  
Chalked Arcadian sham,  
You that made my soul's sleep's dream ail—  
Your soul fit to damn?  
Shut the book.

## III.

## ON THE SANDS.

## I.

THERE was nothing at all in the case (con-  
ceive)  
But love; being love, it was not (under-  
stand)  
Such a thing as the years let fall (believe)  
Like the rope's coil dropt from a fisher-  
man's hand  
When the boat's hauled up— "by your leave!"

## II.

So—well! How that crab writhes—leg after  
leg  
Drawn, as a worm draws ring upon  
ring  
Gradually, not gladly! Nay, but, Meg,  
Is it more than the ransom (say) of a  
king  
(Take my meaning at least) that I beg?

<sup>1</sup> "Whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and in their state the morning."—SHAKESPEARE.

## III.

Not so! You were ready to learn, I think,  
 What the world said! 'He loves you too  
 well (suppose)  
 For such leanings! These poets, their love's  
 mere ink—  
 Like a flower, their flame flashes—a rose-  
 bud, blows—  
 Then it all drops down at a wink!

## IV.

'Ah, the instance! A curl of a blossomless  
 vine  
 The vinedresser passing it sickens to see  
 And mutters "Much hope (under God) of  
 His wine  
 From the branch and the bark of a barren  
 tree  
 Spring reared not, and winter lets pine—

## V.

'His wine that should glorify (saith He)  
 the cup  
 That a man behold'ng (not tasting) might  
 say  
 'Four out life at a draught, drain it dry,  
 drink it up,  
 Give this one thing, and huddle the rest  
 away—  
 Save the bitch, and who cares for the pup?'

## VI.

'“Let it rot then!” which saying, he leaves it  
 —we'll guess,  
 Feels (if the sap move at all) thus much—  
 Yearn, and would blossom, would quicken  
 no less,  
 Bud at an eye's glance, flower at a touch—  
 'Die, perhaps, would you not, for her?—  
 "Yes

## VII.

'Note the hitch there! That's piteous—so  
 much being done,  
 (He'll think some day, your lover) so little  
 to do!  
 Such infinite days to wear out, once begun!  
 Since the hand its glove holds, and the foot-  
 sole its shoe—  
 Overhead too there's always the sun!'

## VIII.

Oh, no doubt they had said so, your friends—  
 been profuse  
 Of good counsel, wise hints—'where the  
 trap lurks, walk warily—  
 Squeeze the fruit to the core ere you count on  
 the juice!  
 For the graft may fail, shift, wax, change  
 colour, wane, vary, lie—'  
 You were cautious, God knows—to what use?

## IX.

This crab's wiser, it strikes me—no twist but  
 implies life—  
 Not a curl but's so fit you could find none  
 fitter—  
 For the brute from its brutchood looks up  
 thus and eyes life—  
 Stoop your soul down and listen, you'll  
 hear it twitter,  
 Laughing lightly,—my crab's life's the wise  
 life!

## X.

Ah, now, look you—tail foremost, the beast  
 sets seaward—  
 The sea draws it, sand sucks it—he's wise,  
 my crab!  
 From the napkin out jumps his one talent—  
 good steward,  
 Just judge! So a man shirks the smile or  
 the stab,  
 And sets his sail duly to leeward!

## XI.

Trust me? Hardly! I bid you not lean (re-  
 mark)  
 On my spirit, your spirit—my flesh, your  
 flesh—  
 Hold my hand, and tread safe through the  
 horrible dark—  
 Quench my soul as with sprinklings of  
 snow, then refresh  
 With some blast of new bellows the spark!

## XII.

By no means! This were easy (men tell me)  
 to say—  
 'Give her all, throw your chance up, fall  
 back on her heart!'

(Say my friends) 'She must change! after  
night follows day—'

No such fool! I am safe set in hell, for my  
part  
So let heaven do the worst now he may!

## XIII.

What they bid me? Well, this, nothing more  
—'Tell her this—'

"You are mine, I yours, though the whole  
world fail—  
Though things are not, I know there is one  
thing which is—"

'Though the curs break, there's hope for us  
yet—hoist the sail!

Oh, your heart! what's the heart? but—our  
kiss!"

## XIV.

'Then she breaks, she drops down, she lies  
flat at your feet

'Take her then!' Well, I knew it—what  
fools are men!

Take the bee by her horns, will you—honey  
prove sweet?

Sweet is grass—will you pasture your cows  
in a fen?

Oh, if contraries could but once meet!

## XV.

Love you call it? Some twitch in the moon's  
face (observe)

Wet blink of her eyelid, tear dropt about  
dewfall,

Check flushed or obscured—does it make the  
sky swerve?

Fetch the test, work the question to rags,  
bring—o proof all—

Find what souls want and bodies deserve!

## XVI.

Ah, we know you! Your soul works to infinite  
ends,

Frets, uses life up for death's sake, takes  
pains,

Flings down love's self—'but you, bear me  
witness, my friends!

Have I lost spring? count up (see) the  
winter's fresh gains!

Is the shrub spoilt? the pine's hair impends!"

## XVII.

What, you'd say—'Mark how God works!  
Years crowd, time wears thin,

Earth keeps good yet, the sun goes on,  
stars hold their own,

And you'll change, climb past sight of the  
world, shift your skin,

—'over heeding how life moans—more flesh  
—'low, less bone!"

For that cheek's worn waste outline (death's  
grin)

## XVIII.

Pleads with time still—"what good if I lose  
this? but see—"

(There's the crab gone!) "'I said, 'Though  
earth sinks!' " (you perceive?

Ah, true, back there!) your soul now—"yet  
some vein might be—"

(Could one find it alive in the heart's core's  
pulse, cleave

Through the life-springs where 'you' melts in  
'me')—

## XIX.

"Some true vein of the absolute soul, which  
survives

All that flesh runs to waste through'—and  
lo, this fails!

Here's death close on us! One life? a million  
of lives!

Why choose one sail to watch of these in-  
finite sails?

Time's a tennis-play! thank you, no, fives!

## XX.

"Stop life's ball then!" Such folly! melt  
earth down for that.

'Till the pure ore eludes you and leaves you  
raw scorie?

Pish, the vein's wrong! But you, friends—  
come, what were you at

When God spat you out suddenly? what  
was the story He

Cut short thus, the growth He laid flat?

## XXI.

Wait! the crab's twice alive, mark! Oh,  
worthy, your soul.

Of strange ends, great results, novel la-  
bours! Take note.

I reject this for one! (ay, now, straight to the hole!

Safe in sand there—your skirts smooth out all as they float!)

I, shirk drinking through w's in the bowl?

## XXII.

Or suppose now that rock's cleft—grim, scored to the quick,

As a man's face kept fighting all life through gets scored,

Mossed and marked with grey purulent leprosy, sick,

Flat and foul as man's life here (be swift with your sword—

Cut the soul out, stuck fast where thorns prick!)

## XXIII.

—Say it let the rock's heart out, its meaning, the thing

All was made for, devised, reeled out gradually, planned—

Ah, that sea-shell, perhaps—since it lies, such a ring

Of pure colour, a cup full of sunbeams, to stand

(Say, in Lent) at the priest's hand—(no king!)

## XXIV.

Blame the cleft then? Praise rather! So—just a chance gone!

Had you said—'Save the seed and secure souls in flower'—

Ah, how time laughs, years palpitate, pro grapples con,

Till one day you shrug shoulders—'Well, gone, the good hour!

Till one night—'Is God off now? or on?

## IV.

## UP THE SPOUT.

## I.

Hi! Just you drop that! Stop, I say!

Shirk work, think slink off, twist friend's wrist?

Where that spined sand's lined band's the bay—

Lined blind with true sea's blue, as due—

Promising—not to pay?

## II.

For the sea's debt leaves wet the sand;

Burst worst fate's weights in one burst gun?

A man's own yacht, blown—What? off land?

Tack back, or veer round here, then—queer!

Reef points, though—understand?

## III.

I'm blest if I do. Sigh? be blowed!

Love's doves make break life's ropes, eh?

Tropes!

Faith's brig, baulked, sides caulked, rides at road;

Hope's ropes befogged, storm-dogged and bogged—

Clogged, water-logged, her load!

## IV.

Stowed, by Jove, right and tight, away!

No show now how best plough sea's brow,

Wrinkling—breeze quick, tease thick, ere day,

Clear sheer wave's sheen of green, I mean,

With twinkling wrinkles—eh?

## V.

Sea sprinkles winkles, tinkles light

Shells' bells—boy's joys that hap to snap!

It's just sea's fun, breeze done, to spite

God's rods that scourge her surge, I'd urge—

Not proper, is it—quite?

## VI.

See, fore and aft, life's craft undone!

Creak plank, split spritsail—mark, sea's lark!

That grey cold sea's old speers, begun

When men lay dark i' the ark, no spark,

All water—just 'God's fun!

## VII.

Not bright, at best, his jest to these

Seemed—screamed, shrieked, wreaked on kin for sin!

When for mirth's yell earth's knell seemed please

Some dumb new grim great whim in him

Made Jews take chaik for cheese.

## VIII.

Could God's rods bruise God's Jews? Their  
jowls  
Bobbed, sobbed, gaped, aped the plaice in  
face:  
None heard, 'tis odds, his God's—folk's  
howls.  
Now, how must I apply, to try  
This hookiest beak of owls?

## IX.

Well, I suppose God knows—I don't.  
Time's crimes mark dark men's types, in  
stripes  
Broad as fen's lands men's hands were wout  
Leave grieve unploughed, though proud  
and loud  
With birds' words—Nol' he won't!

## X.

Oh, never should think good impossible.  
Eh? say I'd hide this Jew's oil's cruse—  
His shop might hold bright gold, engrossible  
By spy—spring's air takes there no care  
To wave the heath-flower's glossy bell!

## XI.

But gold bells chime in time there, coined—  
Gold! Old Sphinx winks there—Read  
my screed!  
Doctrine Jews learn, use, burn for, joined  
(Through new craft's stealth) with health  
and wealth—  
At once all three purjoined!

## XII.

I rose with dawn, to pawn, no doubt,  
(Miss this chance, glance untried aside?)  
John's shirt, my—no! Ay, so—the lout!  
Let yet the door gape, store on floor  
And not a soul about?

## XIII.

Such men lay traps, perhaps—and I'm  
Weak—meek—mild—child of woe, you  
know!  
But theft, I doubt, my lout calls crime.  
Shrink? Think! Love's dawn in pawn—  
you spawn  
Of Jewry! Just in time!

## V.

## OFF THE PIEP

## I.

ONE last glance at these sands and stones!  
Time goes past men, and lives to his liking,  
Steals, and ruins, and sometimes atones.  
Why should he be king, though, and why  
not I king?  
There now, that wind, like a swarm of sick  
ones!

## II.

aven or mere earth (come!) that moves  
so and moans?  
Oh, I knew, when you loved me, my soul  
was in flowerage—  
Now the frost comes; from prime, though, I  
watched through to nones,  
Read love's litanies over—his age was not  
our age!  
No more flutes in this for me now, dear!  
trombones.

## III.

All that youth once denied and made mouths  
at, age owns,  
Facts put fangs out and bite us; life stings  
and grows viperous;  
And times fugues are a hubbub of meaning-  
less tones.  
Once we followed the piper; now why not  
the piper us?  
Love, grown grey, plays mere solos; we want  
antiphones.

## IV.

And we sharpen our wits up with passions for  
bones,  
Melt down loadstars for magnets, use  
women for whetstones,  
Learn to bear with dead calms by remember-  
ing cyclones,  
Snap strings short with sharp thumbnails,  
till silence begets tones,  
Burn our souls out, shift spirits, turn skins  
and change zones;

## V.

Then the heart, when all's done with, wakes,  
whimpers, intones  
Some lost fragment of tune it thought sweet  
ere it grew sick:

(Is it life that disclaims this, or death that disowns?)

Mere dead metal, scrawled bars—th, one touch, you make music!  
Love's worth saving, youth doubts, but experience depones.

VI.

Think, what use, when youth's saddle galls lay's back or roan's,  
To seek chords on love's keys to strike, other than his chords?  
There's an error joy winks at and grief half condones,  
Or life's counterpoint grates the C major of discords—  
'Tis man's choice 'twixt sluts rose-crowned and queens age dethrones.

<sup>1</sup> First edition:—

And my face bear his brand—mine, that once bore Love's badge elate!

VII.

I for instance might groan as a bag-pipe groans,  
Give the flesh of my heart for sharp sorrows to flagellate,  
Grief might grind my cheeks down, age make sticks of my bones,  
(Though a queen drowned in tears must be worth more than Madge elate)<sup>1</sup>  
Rose might turn burdock, and pine-apples cones;

VIII.

My skin might change to a pitiful croak's,  
My lips to a lizard's, my hair to weed,  
My features, in fact, to a series of loans;  
Thus much is conceded; now, you, concede  
You would hardly salute me by choice, John Jones?

THE POET AND THE WOODLOUSE.

SAID a poet to a woodlouse—'Thou art certainly my brother;

I discern in thee the markings of the fingers of the Whole;

And I recognize, in spite of all the terrene smut and smother,

the colours shaded off thee, the suggestions of a soul.

the poet said, 'I smell thee by some passive divination,

I am satisfied with insight of the measure of thine house;

What had happened I conjecture, in a blank and rhythmic passion,

Had the æons thought of making thee a man, and me a louse.

'The broad lives of upper planets, their absorption and digestion,

Food and famine, health and sickness, I can scrutinize and test;

Through a shiver of the senses comes a resonance of question,

And by proof of balanced answer I decide that I am best.

'Man the fleshly marvel, always feels a certain kind of awe stick

To the skirts of contemplation, cramped with nympholeptic weight;

Feels his faint sense charred and branded by the touch of solar caustic,

On the forehead of his spirit feels the footprint of a Fate.'

'Notwithstanding which, O poet,' spake the woodlouse, very blandly,

'I am likewise the created,—I the equipoise of thee;

I the particle, the atom, I behold on either hand lie

The inane of measured ages that were embryos of me.

'I am fed with intimations, I am clothed with consequences,

And the air I breathe is coloured with apocalyptic blush:

Ripest-budded odours blossom out of dim chaotic stench,

And the Soul plants spirit-lilies in sick leagues of human slush.

- 'I am thinned but not really through  
 cryptophantic riddles;  
 Till the rhythmic music near silent through  
 a spongy as kind of idee;  
 And earth's soul yawns disembowelled of  
 her pancreatic organs;  
 Like a mad epileptic mesmerized, in rapt  
 catalepsy.
- 'And I sacrifice, a Levite—and I palpitate, a  
 poet.  
 Can I close dead ears against the rich and  
 resonance of things?  
 Symbols in me breathe and flicker up the  
 heights of the heroic;  
 Earth's worst spawn, you said, and cursed  
 me? look! approve me! I have wings.
- 'Ah, men's poets! men's conventions crust  
 you round and swathe you—just life,  
 And the world's wheels grind your spirits  
 down the dust ye overtrod;  
 We stand sinlessly stark-naked in indulgence  
 of the Christlight,  
 And our polecat chokes not cherubs; and  
 our skunk smells sweet to God.
- 'For He grasps the pale Created by some  
 thousand vital handles,  
 Till a Godshine, blueely winnowed through  
 the sieve of thunder-storms,
- Summers up the non-existent round the  
 murmuring feet of angels;  
 And the atoms of that glory may be seraphs,  
 being worms.
- 'Friends, your nature underlies us and your  
 pulses overlay us,  
 Ye, with social sores unbandaged, can ye  
 sing right and steer wrong?  
 For the transient cosmic, rooted in im-erish-  
 able chaos,  
 Must be kneaded into drastics as material  
 for a song.
- 'Eyes once purged from homebred vapours  
 through humanitarian passion  
 See that monochrome a despot through a  
 democratic prism;  
 Hands that rip the soul up, reeking from  
 divine evisceration,  
 Not with priestlike oil anoint him, but a  
 stronger-smelling chrism.
- 'Pass, O poet, —transfigured! God, the  
 psychometric rhapsode,  
 Fills with fiery rhythms the silence, stings  
 the dark with stars that blink;  
 All eternities hang round him like an old  
 man's clothes collapsed,  
 While he makes his mundane music —AND  
 HE WILL NOT STOP, I THINK.'

## THE PERSON OF THE HOUSE.

## IDYL CCLXVI.

## THE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

1. THE MONTHLY NURSE.
2. THE CAUDLE.
3. THE SENTENCES.

## THE KID.

## 1. THE MONTHLY NURSE.

THE sickly airs had died of damp;  
 Through huddling leaves the holy chime  
 Flagged; I, expecting Mrs. Gamp,  
 'Thought—'Will the woman come in time?'

Upstairs I knew the matron bed  
 Held her whose name confirms all joy  
 To me; and tremblingly I said  
 'Ah! will it be a girl or boy?'  
 And, soothed, my fluttering doubts began  
 To suit the pleasantness of things;  
 Developing the unshapen man,  
 An eagle baffled of his wings;  
 Considering, next, how fair the state  
 And large the license that sublimes  
 A nineteenth-century female fate—  
 Sweet cause that thralls my liberal rhymes!  
 And Chastities and colder Shames,  
 Decorums mute and marvellous,  
 And fair Behaviour that reclaims  
 All fancies grown erroneous.

Moved round me music, till my choice  
 Altered. A female in a wig  
 Stood by me, and a courtly voice  
 Announced her—Mrs. Betsy Prig.

## 2. THE CRADLE.

SWIFT Love that sways the ceding years,  
 The crown and chief of certitudes,  
 For whose calm eyes and modest ears  
 Thee writes the tale and text of Prudes—  
 That, surprised, stoops a nuptial head  
 Nor chooses to live blindly free,  
 But, with all pulses quieted,  
 Plays tunes of domesticity—  
 That Love I sing of, and have sung  
 As I mean to sing till Death yawn sheer,  
 Rules the music of my tongue,  
 Still it or quills it here or here,  
 I sing but this—as we went up  
 I heard the Monthly give a sniff  
 And *by* the big dog makes the pup—  
 She murmured—then repeated 'if?  
 The cradle on a slab was placed;  
 She sniffed it, snorting loud and long;  
 I fled—I would not stop to taste—  
 And dreamed all night of things gone wrong.

## 3. THE SENTENCES.

## I.

ABORTIVE Love is half a sin;  
 But Love's abortions dearer far  
 Than wheels without an axle-pin  
 Or life without a married star.

## II.

My rules are hard to understand  
 For him whom sensual rules depress;  
 A handbox in a midwife's hand  
 May hold a costlier bridal dress.

## III.

'I like her not: in fact I loathe;  
 Bugs hath she brought from London beds,  
 Friend! wouldst thou rather bear her growth  
 Or have a baby with two heads?

## IDYL CCLXVI.

## THE KID.

My spirit, in the doorway's pause,  
 Fluttered with fancies in my breast;  
 Obscure to all decent laws,  
 I felt awfully distressed.

I know it ought to enter there  
 With Mrs. A. in such a state;  
 And, 'neath a magisterial air,  
 I felt awfully delicate.  
 I knew the nurse began to grin;  
 I turned to greet my Love. Said she—  
 'Come and your modesty, come in!  
 What shall we call the darling, A.?'  
 ('There are so many charming names!  
 Guls'—Peg, Moll, Doll, Fan, Kate,  
 Blanche, Bab,  
 Boys'—Thershalah-Jashbaz, James,  
 Kit, Nick, Dick, Mark, Aminalab.)  
 Lo, as the acorn to the oak,  
 As well heads to the river's height,  
 As to the chicken the moist yolk,  
 As to high noon the day's first white—  
 Such is the baby to the man.  
 There, straddling one red arm and leg,  
 Lay my last work, in length a span,  
 Half hatched, and tedious of the egg.  
 A credible child, I hoped;  
 And half a score of joys to be  
 Through sunny lengths of prospects opened  
 Smooth to the bland futurity.  
 O, fate surpassing other dooms,  
 O, hope above all wrecks of time!  
 O, light that fills all vanquished glooms,  
 O, silent song o'er-mastering rhyme!  
 I covered either little foot,  
 I drew the strings about its waist;  
 Pink as the unshell'd inner fruit,  
 But barely decent, hardly chaste,  
 Its nudity had startled me;  
 But when the petticoats were on,  
 'I know,' I said; 'its name shall be  
 Paul Cyril Athanasius John.'  
 'Why,' said my wife, 'the child's a girl.'  
 My brain swooned, sick with failing sense;  
 With all perception in a whirl,  
 How could I tell the difference?  
 'Nay,' smiled the nurse, 'the child's a  
 boy.'  
 And all my soul was soothed to hear  
 That so it was; then startled Joy  
 Mocked Sorrow with a doubtful tear,  
 And I was glad as one who sees  
 For sensual optics things unmeet—  
 As purity makes passion freeze,  
 So faith warns science off her beat.  
 Blessed are they that have not seen,  
 And yet, not seeing, have believed:  
 To walk by faith, as preached the Dean,  
 And not by sight, have I achieved.



Let love, that does not believe,  
 Let knowledge, that believes not, look,  
 Truth pass her trust, in the good's sleeve,  
 While reason blunders by the book.

I—Mrs. Pigg address I love this;  
 if it'll be advised by me,  
 You'll like it, the blessed babe to us,  
 It may bellet ac wants his tea.'

### LAST WORDS OF A SEVENTH RATE POET.

BILL, I feel far from quite right—if not  
 further; already the poet  
 Seems, if I may say so, to cribble inside me.  
 A poet's heart, Bill,  
 Is a sort of a thing that is made of the tender-  
 est young boy on a fruit.  
 You may pass me to mixture at once, if you  
 please—and I'll thank you to boot.  
 For that poem, and then for the julep. This  
 really is damnable stuff!  
 (Not the poem, of course—Do you snivel,  
 old friend? well, it's easy enough,  
 But I think I can stand it—I think so—say,  
 Bill, and I could were it worse,  
 But I'll tell you a thing that I can't and I  
 won't. 'Tis the old, old curse—  
 The gall of the gold-fruited Eden, the lure  
 of the angels that fell.  
 'Tis the core of the fruit snake spotted in the  
 hush of the shadows of hell,  
 Where a lost man sits with his head drawn  
 down, and a weight on his eyes.  
 You know what I mean, Bill—the tender and  
 delicate mother of lies.  
 Woman, the devil's first cousin—no doubt by  
 the female side.  
 The breath of her mouth still moves in my  
 hair, and I know that she lied,  
 And I feel her, Bill, sir, inside me—she oper-  
 ates here like a drug.  
 Were it better to live like a leetle, to wear the  
 cast clothes of a slug,  
 Be the louse in the locks of the hangman, the  
 wote in the eye of the bat,  
 Than to live and believe in a woman, who  
 must one day grow aged and fat?  
 You must see it's preposteretes, Bill, sir,  
 And yet, how the thong of it clings!  
 I have lived out my time—I have prigged lots  
 of verse—I have kissed (ah, that stings!)  
 Lips that swore I had cribbled every line that  
 I wrote on them—cribbled—honour  
 bright!  
 Then I loathed her; but now I forgive her;  
 perhaps after all she was right.

Yet I swear it was shameful—unwomanly,  
 Bill, sir—to say that I cribbled.  
 Why, the poems were in me, for I bought them,  
 by jimm. Cribbled? of course they were  
 cribbled.  
 Yet I wouldn't say, cribbled from the French  
 Lady Bathsheba thought it was  
 vulgar—  
 But picked up on the banks of the Don, from  
 the lips of a highly intelligent Bulgar.  
 I'm aware, Bill, that's out of all metre—I  
 can't help it—I'm none of your sort  
 Who set metres, by Jove, above morals—not  
 exactly. They don't go to Court.  
 As I mentioned one night to that cow-slip-  
 faced pct, Lady Rahab Redrabblit  
 (Whom the Marquis calls Drabby for short).  
 Well, I say, if you want a thing, grab it—  
 That's what I did, at least, when I took that  
*dansuse* to a swell *cabaret*,  
 Where expense was no consideration. A  
 poet, you see, now and then must be  
 gay.  
 (I declined to give more, I remember, than  
 fifty centimes to the waiter;  
 For I asked him if that was enough; and the  
 jacksonapes answered—*Petit être*.  
 Ah, it isn't in you to draw up a *menu* such as  
 ours was, though humble:  
 When I told Lady Shoreditch, she thought it  
 a regular *grand tout ensemble*.)  
 She danced the heart out of my body—I can  
 see in the glare of the lights,  
 I can see her again as I saw her that evening,  
 in spangles and tights.  
 When I spoke to her first, her eye flashed so,  
 I heard—as I fancied—the spark whizz  
 from her eyelid—I said so next day to that  
 jealous old fool of a Marquis.  
 She reminded me, Bill, of a lovely volcano,  
 whose entrails are lava—  
 Or (you know my *penchant* for original  
 types) of the upas in Java.  
 In the curve of her sensitive nose was a  
 singular species of dimple,

Where the flush was the mark of an ingre-  
 creased kiss—if it wasn't a pimple.  
 Now I'm none of your bashful John Bulls  
 who don't know a pilau from a pug-  
 garee  
 Nor a chin, by George, from a chopstick. So,  
 sir, I marched into her snugery,  
 And proposed a light supper by way of a  
 finish. I treated her, Bill,  
 To six *entrées* of ortolans, sprats, maraschino,  
 and oysters. It made her quite ill.  
 Of which moment of sickness I took some  
 advantage—I held her like this,  
 And availed myself, sir, of her sneezing, to  
 shut up her lips with a kiss.  
 The waiters, I saw, were quite struck; and  
 I felt, I may say, *entre nous*  
 Like Don Juan, Lauzon, Almaviva, Lord  
 Byron, and old P'ch ien.  
 (You'll observe, Bill, that rhyme's quite  
 Parisian; a Londoner, sir, would have  
 cited of F Q.)  
 These are moments that thrill the whole spirit  
 with spasms that excite and exalt.  
 I stood more than the peer of the great Casa-  
 nova—you know—le Seingalt.  
 She was worth, sir, I say it without hesitation,  
 two brace of her sisters.  
 Ah, why should all honey turn rhubarb—all  
 cherries grow onions—all kisses leave  
 blisters?  
 Oh, and why should I ask myself questions?  
 I've heard such before—once or twice.  
 Ah, I can't understand it—but, O, I imagine  
 it strikes me as nice.  
 There's a deity shapes us our ends, sir, rough-  
 hew them, my boy, how we will—  
 As I stated myself in a poem I published last  
 year, you know, Bill—  
 Where I mentioned that that was the ques-  
 tion—to be, or, by Jove, not to be.  
 Ah, it's something—you'll think so hereafter  
 —to wait on a poet like me.  
 Had I written no more than those verses on  
 that Countess I used to call Pussy—  
 Yes, Minette or Manon—and—you'll hardly  
 believe it—she said they were all out of  
 Musset.  
 Now I don't say they weren't—but what then?  
 and I don't say they were—I'll bet  
 pounds against pennies on  
 The subject—I wish I may never die Lau-  
 reate, if some of them weren't out of  
 Tennyson.

And I think—I don't like to be certain, with  
 Death, so to speak, by me, Browning—  
 But I think there were some—say a dozen,  
 perhaps, or a score—out of Browning,  
 As for poets who go on a contrary tack to  
 what I go and you go—  
 You remember my lyrics *translated*—like  
 'sweet bully Bottom'—from Hugo?  
 Though I will say it's curious that simply on  
 just that account there should be  
 Men so bold as to say that not one of my  
 poems was written by me.  
 It would stir the political bile or the  
 spleen of a drab or a Tory  
 To hear critics assign to his hand  
 fessional, Bill, and the Laborat  
 Yes, it's singular—nay, I can't think of a  
 parallel (ain't it a high lark?)  
 As that Countess would say)—there are few  
 men believe it was I wrote the Ode to a  
 Skylark.  
 And it often has given myself and Lord Al-  
 bert no end of diversion  
 To hear fellows maintain to my face it was  
 Wordsworth who wrote the Excursion.  
 When they know that whole reams of the  
 verses recur in my authorized works  
 Here and there, up and down! Why such  
 readers are infidels—heretics—Torks.  
 And the pitiful critics who think in their paltry  
 presumption to pay me a  
 Pretty compliment, pairing me off, sir, with  
 Keats—*as he could write Lamia!*  
 While I never published a more characteristic  
 and exquisite book,  
 One that gave me more real satisfaction, than  
 did, at the whole, Lalla Rookh.  
 Was it there that I called on all debtors,  
 and pestered myself by a creditor,  
 (Isn't paid yet) to rise, by the proud appella-  
 tion of bondsmen—hereditary?  
 Yes—I think so. And yet, on my word, I  
 can't think why I think it was so.  
 It more probably was in the poem I made a  
 few seasons ago  
 On that Duchess—her name now? ah, thus  
 one outlives a whole cycle of joys!  
 Fair supplants black as brown succeeds  
 golden. The poem made rather a noise.  
 And indeed I have seen worse verses; but  
 as for the woman, my friend—  
 Though his neck had been never so stiff, she'd  
 have made a philosopher bend.

As the broken heart of a sunset that bleeds  
 pure purple and gold  
 In the shudder and swoon of the sickness of  
 colour, the agonies old  
 That engirdle the brows of the day when he  
 sinks with a spasm into rest  
 And the splash of his kingly blood is dashed  
 on the skirts of the west,  
 Even such was my own, when I felt how  
 much sharper than any snake's tooth  
 Was the passion that made me mistake Lady  
 Eve for her niece Lady Ruth,  
 The whole world, colourless, lapsed, Earth  
 fled from my feet like a dream,  
 And the whirl of the walls of Space was about  
 me, and moved as a stream  
 Flowing and ebbing and flowing all night to  
 a weary tune  
 ('Such as that of my verses'? Get out!) in  
 the face of a sick-souled moon.  
 The keen stars kindled and faded and fled,  
 and the wind in my ears  
 Was the wail of a poet for failure—you  
 needn't come snivelling tears  
 And spoiling the mixture, confound you, with  
 dropping your tears into that!  
 I know I'm pathetic—I must be—and you  
 soft-hearted and fat,  
 And I'm grateful of course for your kind-  
 ness—there, don't come hugging me,  
 now—  
 But because a fellow's pathetic, you needn't  
 low like a cow.

I should like—on my soul, I should like—  
 to remember—but somehow I can't—  
 If the lady whose love has reduced me to this  
 was the niece or the aunt.  
 But whichever it was, I feel sure, when I  
 published my lays of last year  
 (You remember their title—The Tramp—  
 only seven-and-sixpence—not dear),  
 I sent her a copy (perhaps her tears fell on  
 the title-page—yes—  
 I should like to imagine she wept)—and the  
 Bride of Bulgaria (MS.)  
 I forwarded with it. The lyrics, no doubt,  
 she found bitter—and sweet;  
 But the Bride she rejected, you know, with  
 expressions I will not repeat.  
 Well—she did no more than all publishers  
 did. Though my prospects were marred,  
 I can pity and pardon them. Blindness, mere  
 blindness! And yet it was hard.

For a poet, Bill, is a blossom—a bird—a  
 willow—a breeze—  
 A kind of creature that moves among men as  
 a wind among trees.  
 I with the heat of my heart still burning  
 against all bars  
 As the fire of the dawn, so to speak, in the  
 blanched blank brows of the stars—  
 I with my tremulous lips made pale by musi-  
 cal breath—  
 I with the shade in my eyes that was left by  
 the kisses of death—  
 (For Death came near me in youth, and  
 touched my face with his face,  
 And put in my lips the songs that belong to  
 a desolate place—  
 Desolate truly, my heart and my life, till her  
 kiss filled them up!)  
 I with my soul like wine poured out with my  
 flesh for the cup—  
 It was hard for me—it was hard—Bill, Bill,  
 you great owl, was it not?  
 For the day creeps in like a Fate: and I  
 think my grand passion is rot:  
 And I dreamily seem to perceive, by the light  
 of a life's dream done,  
 The lotion at six, and the mixture at ten, and  
 the draught before one.

Yes—I feel rather better. Man's life is a  
 mull, at the best;  
 And the patent perturbator pills are like  
 bullets of lead in my chest.  
 When a man's whole spirit is like the lost  
 Pleiad, a blown-out star,  
 Is there comfort in Holloway, Bill? is there  
 hope of salvation in Parr?  
 True, most things work to their end—and an  
 end that the shroud overlaps.  
 Under lace, under silk, under gold, sir, the  
 skirt of a winding-sheet flaps—  
 Which explains, if you think of it, Bill,  
 why I can't, though my soul thereon  
 broodeth,  
 Quite make out if I loved Lady Tamar as  
 much as I loved Lady Judith.  
 Yet her dress was of violet velvet, her hair was  
 hyacinth-hued,  
 And her ankles—no matter. A face where  
 the music of every mood  
 Was touched by the tremulous fingers of pas-  
 sionate feeling, and made  
 Strange melodies, scornful, but sweeter than  
 strings whereon sorrow has played

To enrapture the hearing of mirth when his  
 garland of blossom and green  
 Turns to lead on the anguished forehead—  
 'you don't understand what I mean'?  
 Well, of course I knew you were stupid—  
 you always were stupid at school—  
 Now don't say you weren't—but I'm hanged  
 if I thought you were quite such a  
 fool!

You don't see the point of all this? I was  
 talking of sickness and death—  
 In that poem I made years ago, I said this—  
 'Love, the flower-time whose breath  
 Smells sweet through a summer of kisses and  
 perfumes an autumn of tears  
 Is sadder at root than a winter—its hopes  
 heavy-hearted like fears.  
 Though I love your Grace more than I love  
 little Letty, the maid of the mill,  
 Yet the heat of your lips when I kiss them'  
 (you see we were intimate, Bill)  
 'And the beat of the delicate blood in your  
 eyelids of azure and white  
 Leave the taste of the grave in my mouth  
 and the shadow of death on my sight.  
 Fill the cup—twine the chaplet—come into  
 the garden—get out of the house—  
 Drink to me with your eyes—there's a ban-  
 quet behind, where worms only carouse!  
 As I said to sweet Katie, who lived by the  
 brook on the land Philip farmed—  
 Worms shall graze where my kisses found  
 pasture!' The Duchess, I may say, was  
 charmed.

It was read to the Duke, and he cried like a  
 child. If you'll give me a pill,  
 I'll go on till past midnight. That poem was  
 said to be—Somebody's, Bill.

But you see you can always be sure of my  
 hand as the mother that bore me  
 By the fact that I never write verse which  
 has never been written before me.

Other poets—I blush for them, Bill—may  
 adore and repudiate in turn a  
 Libitina, perhaps, or Pandemos; my Venus,  
 you know, is Laverna.

Nay, that epic of mine which begins from  
 foundations the Bible is built on—  
 'Of man's first disobedience'—I've heard it  
 attributed, dammy, to Milton.

Well, it's lucky for them that it's not worth  
 my while, as I may say, to break spears  
 With the hirelings, forsooth, of the press who  
 assert that Othello was Shakespeare's.

When he that can run, sir, may read—if he  
 borrows the book, or goes on tick—  
 In my poems the bit that described how  
 the Hellespont joins the Propontic.  
 There are men, I believe, who will tell you  
 that Gray wrote the whole of 'The  
 Bard—  
 Or that I didn't write half the Elegy, Bill, in  
 a Country Churchyard.

When you know that my poem, 'The Poet,  
 begins—'Ruin seize thee!' and ends  
 With recapitulations of horrors the poet in-  
 vokes on his friends.

And I'll swear, if you look at the dirge on my  
 relatives under the turf, you  
 Will perceive it winds up with some lines on  
 myself—and begins with the curfew.

Now you'll grant it's more probable, Bill—as  
 a man of the world, if you please—  
 That all these should have prigged from  
 myself than that I should have prigged  
 from all these.

I could cry when I think of it, friend, if such  
 tears would comport with my dignity,  
 That the author of Christabel ever should  
 smart from such vulgar malignity.  
 (You remember perhaps that was one of the  
 first little things that I carolled  
 After finishing Marmion, the Princess, the  
 Song of the Shirt, and Childe Harold.)  
 Oh, doubtless it always has been so—Ah,  
 doubtless it always will be—

There are men who would say that myself is  
 a different person from me.

Better the porridge of patience a poor man  
 snuffs in his plate  
 Than the water of poisonous laurels distilled  
 by the fingers of hate.

'Tis a dark-purple sort of a moonlighted  
 kind of a midnight, I know;  
 You remember those verses I wrote on Irene,  
 from Edgar A. Poe?  
 It was Lady Aholibah Levison, daughter of  
 old Lord St. Giles,  
 Who inspired those delectable strains, and  
 rewarded her bard with her smiles  
 I recited her charms, in conjunction with  
 those of a girl at the *café*,  
 In a poem I published in collaboration with  
 Templeton (Taffy).

There are prudes in a world full of envy—  
 and some of them thought it too  
 strong

To compare an earl's daughter by name with  
a girl at a French *restaurant*.

I regarded her, though, with the chivalrous  
eyes of a knight-errant on quest;

I may say I don't know that I ever felt  
prouder, old friend, of a conquest.

And when I've been made happy, I never  
have cared a brass farthing who knew  
it; I

Thank my stars I'm as free from mock-  
modesty, friend, as from vulgar fatuity.

You may see by my shortness of speech  
that my time's almost up: I perceive  
That my new-fangled brevity strikes you: but  
don't—though the public will—grieve.

As it's sometimes my whim to be vulgar, it's  
sometimes my whim to be brief;

As when once I observed, after Heine, that  
'she was a harlot, and I' (which is true)  
'was a thief.'

(Though you hardly should cite this particu-  
lar line, by the way, as an instance of  
absolute brevity:

I'm aware, man, of that; so you needn't dis-  
grace yourself, sir, by such grossly mis-  
timed and impertinent levity.)

I don't like to break off, any more than you  
wish me to stop: but my fate is

Not to write half a million such rhymes with-  
out blockheads exclaiming—

JAM SATIS.

### SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

THAT nose is out of drawing. With a gasp,  
She pants upon the passionate lips that ache  
With the red drain of her own mouth,  
and make

A monochord of colour. Like an asp,  
One lithe lock wriggles in his rutilant grasp.

Her bosom is an oven of myrrh, to bake  
Love's white warm shewbread to a browner  
cake.

The lock his fingers clench has burst its  
hasp.

The legs are absolutely abominable.

Ah! what keen overgust of wild-eyed woes  
Flags in that bosom, flushes in that nose?

Nay! Death sets riddles for desire to spell,  
Responsive. What red hem earth's passion  
sews,

But may be ravenously unripped in hell?

### NEPHELIDIA.

FROM the depth of the dreamy decline of the  
dawn through a notable nimbus of nebu-  
lous noonshine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-  
flower that flickers with fear of the flies  
as they float,

Are they looks of our lovers that lustroously  
lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous  
moonshine,

These that we feel in the blood of our  
blushes that thicken and threaten with  
throbs through the throat?

Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at  
appeal of an actor's appalled agitation,  
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future  
than pale with the promise of pride in the  
past;

Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever  
that reddens with radiance of rather rec-  
reation,

Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that  
gleam through the gloom of the gloam-  
ing when ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is  
a tremulous touch on the temples of  
terror,

Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with  
strife of the dead who is dumb as the  
dust-heaps of death:

Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of  
erotic emotional exquisite error,

Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss,  
beatific itself by beatitude's breath.

Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that was  
soft to the spirit and soul of our senses

Sweetens the stress of suspiring suspicion  
that sobs in the semblance and sound of  
a sigh;

Only this oracle opens Olympian, in mystical  
moods and triangular tenses—

'Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.'  
 Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be,  
 While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;  
 Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,  
 As they grope through the grave-yard of creeds, under skies growing green at a groan for the grinness of God.

Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old, and its binding is blacker than blue:

Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dews are the wine of the bloodshed of things;  
 Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that pursue her,  
 Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the kennel of kings.

## DISGUST.

## A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

A woman and her husband, having been converted from free thought to Calvinism, and being utterly miserable in consequence, resolve to end themselves by poison. The man dies, but the woman is rescued by application of the stomach-pump.

## I.

PILLS? talk to me of your pills? Well, that, I must say, is cool.  
 Can't bring my old man round? he was always a stubborn old fool.  
 If I hadn't taken precautions—a warning to all that wive—  
 He might not have been dead, and I might not have been alive.

## II.

You would like to know, if I please, how it was that our troubles began?  
 You see, we were brought up Agnostics, I and my poor old man.  
 And we got some idea of selection and evolution, you know—  
 Professor Huxley's doing—where does he expect to go!

## III.

Well, then came trouble on trouble on trouble—  
 —I may say, a peck—  
 And his cousin was wanted one day on the charge of forging a cheque—  
 And his puppy died of the mange—my parrot choked on its perch.  
 This was the consequence, was it, of not going weekly to church?

## IV.

So we felt that the best if not only thing that remained to be done  
 On an earth everlastingly moving about a perpetual sun,  
 Where worms breed worms to be eaten of worms that have eaten their betters—  
 And reviewers are barely civil—and people get spiteful letters—  
 And a famous man is forgot ere the minute hand can tick nine—  
 Was to send in our P. P. C., and purchase a package of strychnine.

## V.

Nay—but first we thought it was rational—only fair—  
 To give both parties a hearing—and went to the meeting-house there,  
 At the curve of the street that runs from the Stag to the old Blue Lion.  
 "Little Zion" they call it—a deal more "little" than "Zion."

## VI.

And the preacher preached from the text, "Come out of her." Hadn't we come?  
 And we thought of the Shepherd in Pickwick—and fancied a flavour of rum  
 Balmily borne on the wind of his words—and my man said, "Well,  
 Let's get out of this, my dear—for his text has a brimstone smell."

## VII.

So we went, O God, out of chapel—and gazed,  
 ah God, at the sea.  
 And I said nothing to him. And he said  
 nothing to me.

## VIII.

And there, you see, was an end of it all. It  
 was obvious, in fact,  
 That, whether or not you believe in the doc-  
 trine taught in a tract,  
 Life was not in the least worth living. Be-  
 cause, don't you see?  
 Nothing that can't be, can, and what must be,  
 must. Q. E. D.  
 And the infinitesimal sources of Infinite Un-  
 ideality  
 Curve in to the central abyss of a sort of a  
 queer Personality  
 Whose refraction is felt in the nebulae strewn  
 in the pathway of Mars  
 Like the parings of nails Æonian—clippings  
 and snippings of stars—  
 Shavings of suns that revolve and evolve and  
 involve—and at times  
 Give a sweet astronomical twang to remark-  
 ably hobbling rhymes.

## IX.

And the sea curved in with a moan—and we  
 thought how once—before  
 We fell out with those atheist lecturers—once,  
 ah, once and no more,  
 We read together, while midnight blazed like  
 the Yankee flag,  
 A reverend gentleman's work—the Conver-  
 sion of Colonel Quagg.  
 And out of its pages we gathered this lesson  
 of doctrine pure—  
 Zephaniah Stockdologer's gospel—a word  
 that deserves to endure  
 Infinite millions on millions of infinite Æons  
 to come—  
 "Vocation," says he, "is vocation, and duty  
 duty. Some."

## X.

And duty, said I, distinctly points out—and  
 vocation, said he,  
 Demands as distinctly—that I should kill you,  
 and that you should kill me.  
 The reason is obvious—we cannot exist with-  
 out creeds—who can?  
 So we went to the chemist's—a highly re-  
 spectable church-going man—  
 And bought two packets of poison. You  
 wouldn't have done so Wait.  
 It's evident, Providence is not with you,  
 ma'am, the same thing as Fate.  
 Unconscious cerebration educes God from a  
 fog,  
 But spell God back wards, what then? Give it  
 up? the answer is, dog.  
 (I don't exactly see how this last verse is to  
 scan,  
 But that's a consideration I leave to the secu-  
 lar man.)

## XI.

I meant of course to go with him—as far as  
 I pleased—but first  
 To see how my old man liked it—I thought  
 perhaps he might burst.  
 I didn't wish it—but still it's a blessed release  
 for a wife—  
 And he saw that I thought so—and grinned  
 in derision—and threatened my life  
 If I made wry faces—and so I took just a sip  
 —and he—  
 Well—you know how it ended—he didn't  
 get over me.

## XII.

Terrible, isn't it? Still, on reflection, it might  
 have been worse.  
 He might have been the unhappy survivor,  
 and followed my hearse.  
 "Never do it again"? Why, certainly not.  
 You don't  
 Suppose I should think of it, surely? But  
 anyhow—there—I won't.

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