

THE GRAVE-TREE.

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

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

Scarlet when the April vanguard
Bugles up the laggard spring,
Scarlet when the bannered autumn
Marches by unwavering.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WIND AND THE TREE.

THE lover wind is away, away,
Leaving a sigh for the lady tree;
But his heart is out in the golden bay
Trampling the perilous floors of sea.

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

O lover wind and lady tree,
How the old sun must laugh at you,
Seeing all foolish things must be
Till this round earth is made anew.

SEVEN WIND SONGS.

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

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

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

I.

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

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

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

II.

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

V.

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

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

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

VI.

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

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

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

VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

20, AUGUST, 1922.

OVERLORD.

πνεύμα κυρίου ἐστὶν ἰσχύς.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As these verses are printed for private circulation only, it is requested that you will guard against their appearance in the public press.

BLISS CARMAN.

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