

### Technical Notes / Notes techniques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Physical features of this copy which may alter any of the images in the reproduction are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Certains défauts susceptibles de nuire à la qualité de la reproduction sont notés ci-dessous.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/<br>Couvertures de couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/<br>Pages de couleur     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates/<br>Planches en couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées   | <input type="checkbox"/> Show through/<br>Transparence           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding (may cause shadows or<br>distortion along interior margin)/<br>Reliure serré (peut causer de l'ombre ou<br>de la distortion le long de la marge<br>intérieure) | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/<br>Pages endommagées     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments/<br>Commentaires supplémentaires   |  |
- 

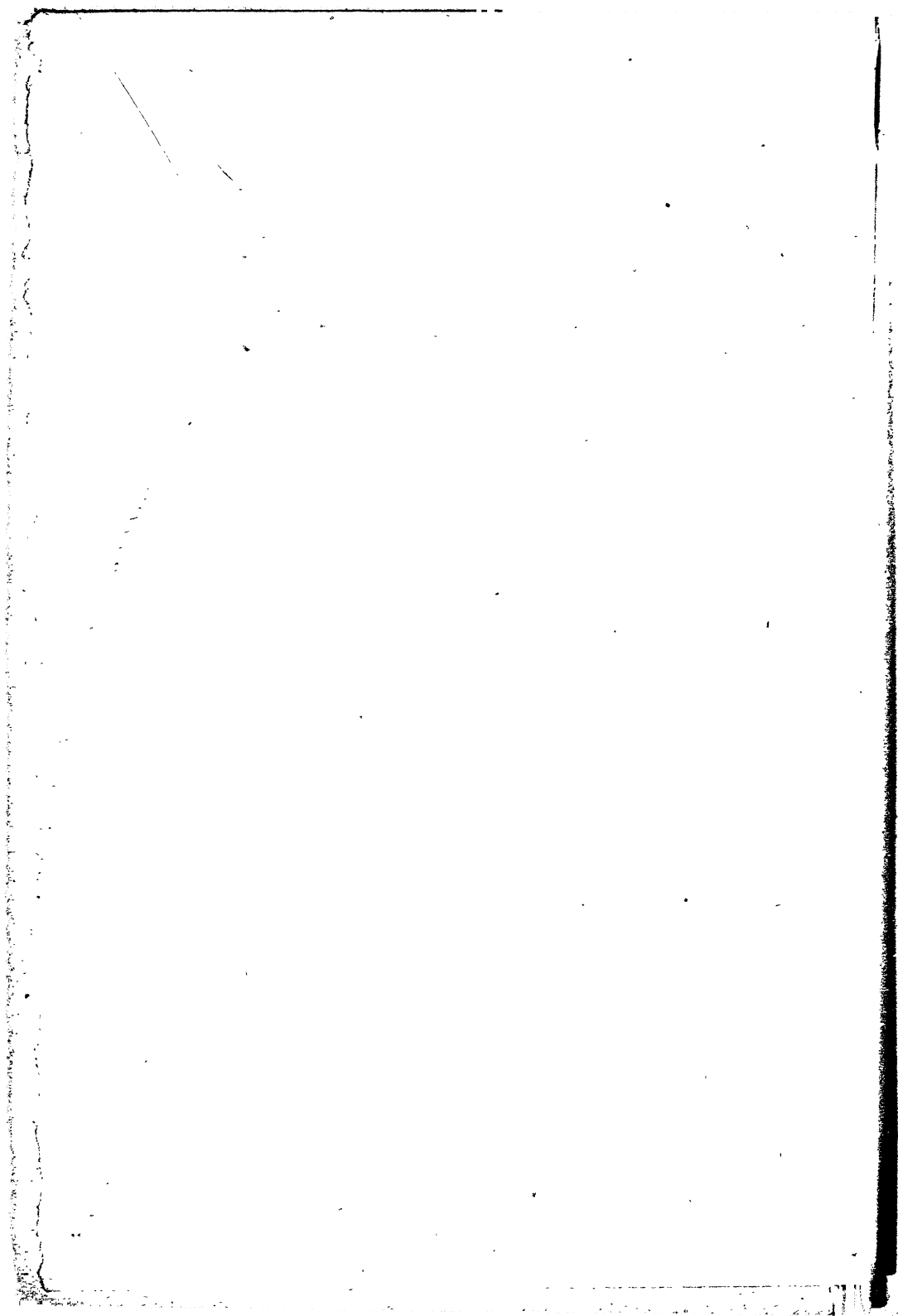
### Bibliographic Notes / Notes bibliographiques

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/<br>Seule édition disponible         | <input type="checkbox"/> Pagination incorrect/<br>Erreurs de pagination     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/<br>Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages missing/<br>Des pages manquent               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/<br>Le titre de couverture manque       | <input type="checkbox"/> Maps missing/<br>Des cartes géographiques manquent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plates missing/<br>Des planches manquent                    |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments/<br>Commentaires supplémentaires        |   |

1

1 (Contd.)

**MILESTONES**





7

# M I L E S T O N E S

A Collection of Verses

BY

*Mrs.* FRANCES BANNERMAN

LONDON

GRANT RICHARDS

9 HENRIETTA STREET

1899

PS8453  
A56M5

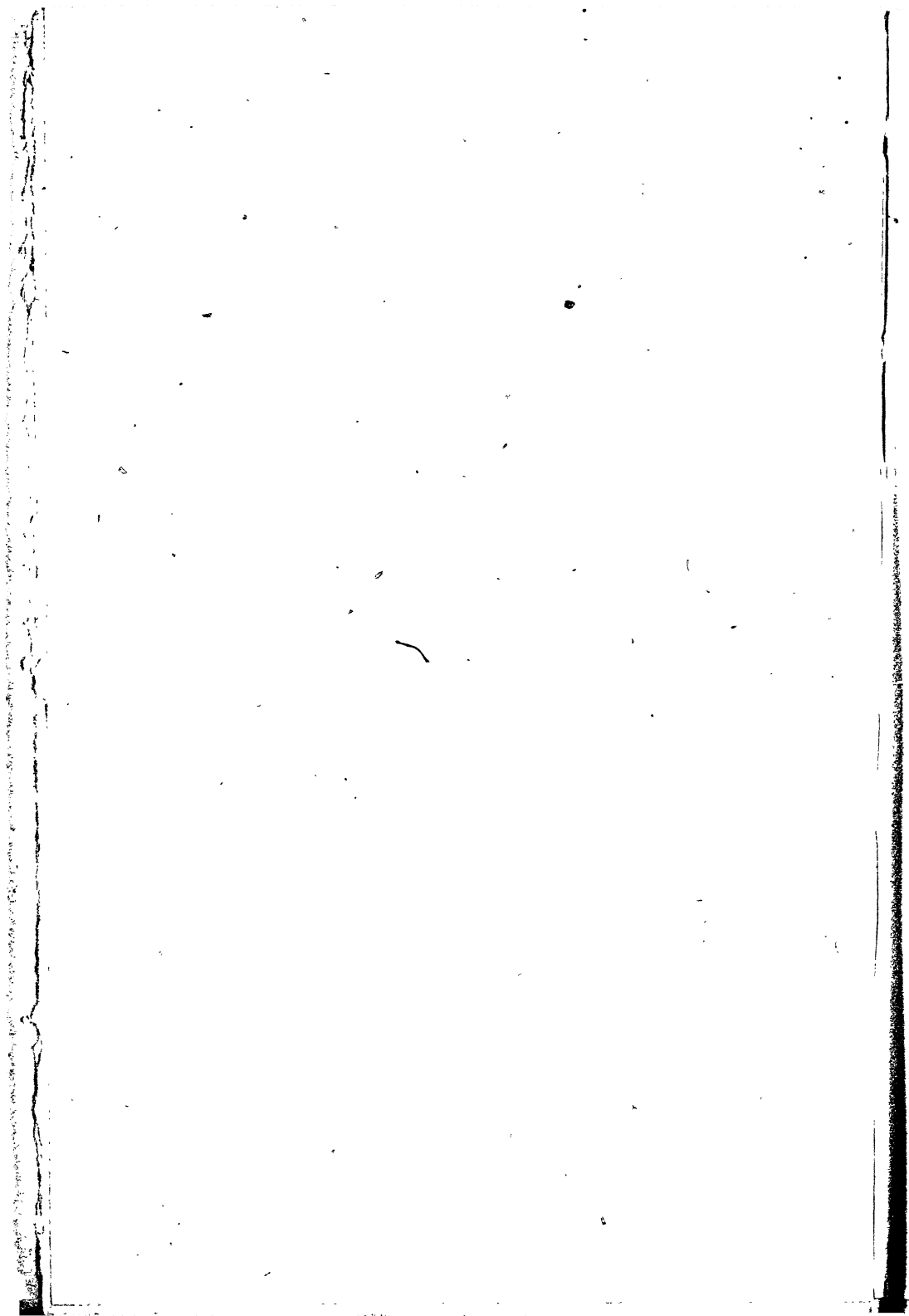
68751

Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty

## DEDICATION

*All, all was yours ; no word or thought  
Of best endeavour or of daily things,  
But had in you its deep and secret springs,  
Whence such intarissable flow was brought  
To feed my life-stream sparkling on its course,  
That it must mount high as a fountain flings  
Its spray to find the level of its source.*

*Fair stream from out life's very inmost heart,  
Now, where the carven channels overthrown  
In wasted lands from ways of men apart,  
Where once the rose to fullest joy had grown,  
In drifted sands choked and unfruitful sinks,  
Nor ever slakes the bitter galling smart  
Of desert-thirst that all its fulness drinks.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION . . . . .	V
MILESTONES :	
THE YEARS . . . . .	3
I KNOW THE PALE COMPANION . . . . .	5
COMPENSATIONS . . . . .	8
THE OTHERS . . . . .	11
THE CLIMBER . . . . .	14
THE BUILDING . . . . .	16
MARCH ! . . . . .	22
THE GOOD SAMARITAN . . . . .	25
YE SHALL POSSESS THE LAND . . . . .	28
A SUDDEN MOOD OF MENACE . . . . .	31
THE HALL OF MANY MEETINGS . . . . .	33
ONE WHO MAY NOT GRIEVE . . . . .	35
LIFE UNTO DEATH . . . . .	37

## CONTENTS

EXPRESSIONS :	PAGE
WOLF-HEAD . . . . .	41
TOUR D'IVOIRE . . . . .	45
IN THE TENT . . . . .	48
SPHINX OF THE WEST . . . . .	50
GALLIO . . . . .	54
THE ALRUNA . . . . .	56
GUILDRON . . . . .	59
— — IMPERATOR . . . . .	61
— — CAPRI . . . . .	63
THE OUTLANDER . . . . .	66
THE BRIDGE OF HELL . . . . .	73
THE SECTARY . . . . .	76
AN EXCURSION . . . . .	78
MISCELLANEOUS :	
THE FAIR ADVENTURE . . . . .	89
THE BOAT OF DREAMS . . . . .	93

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
GIFTS . . . . .	97
THE MAN FROM PORLOCK . . . . .	99 <sup>l</sup>
NIGHT IN THE NORTH . . . . .	101
NIGHT IN THE SOUTH . . . . .	103
VOICES . . . . .	105
TREES IN THE FOREST . . . . .	108
THE WOLF TOWER . . . . .	110
CHANTEY . . . . .	114
MIGHT THE DEEP WOODS . . . . .	119
QUIBERON . . . . .	121
THE JUGGLER . . . . .	126
THE NAVIGATORS . . . . .	128 <sup>o</sup>

### VOTIVE:

MIDSUMMER DAY IN THE GARDEN . . . . .	135
NOLI ME TANGERE . . . . .	139
I WOULD NOT, DEAR . . . . .	141
KNOWLEDGE . . . . .	143
OUT OF TUNE . . . . .	144

## CONTENTS

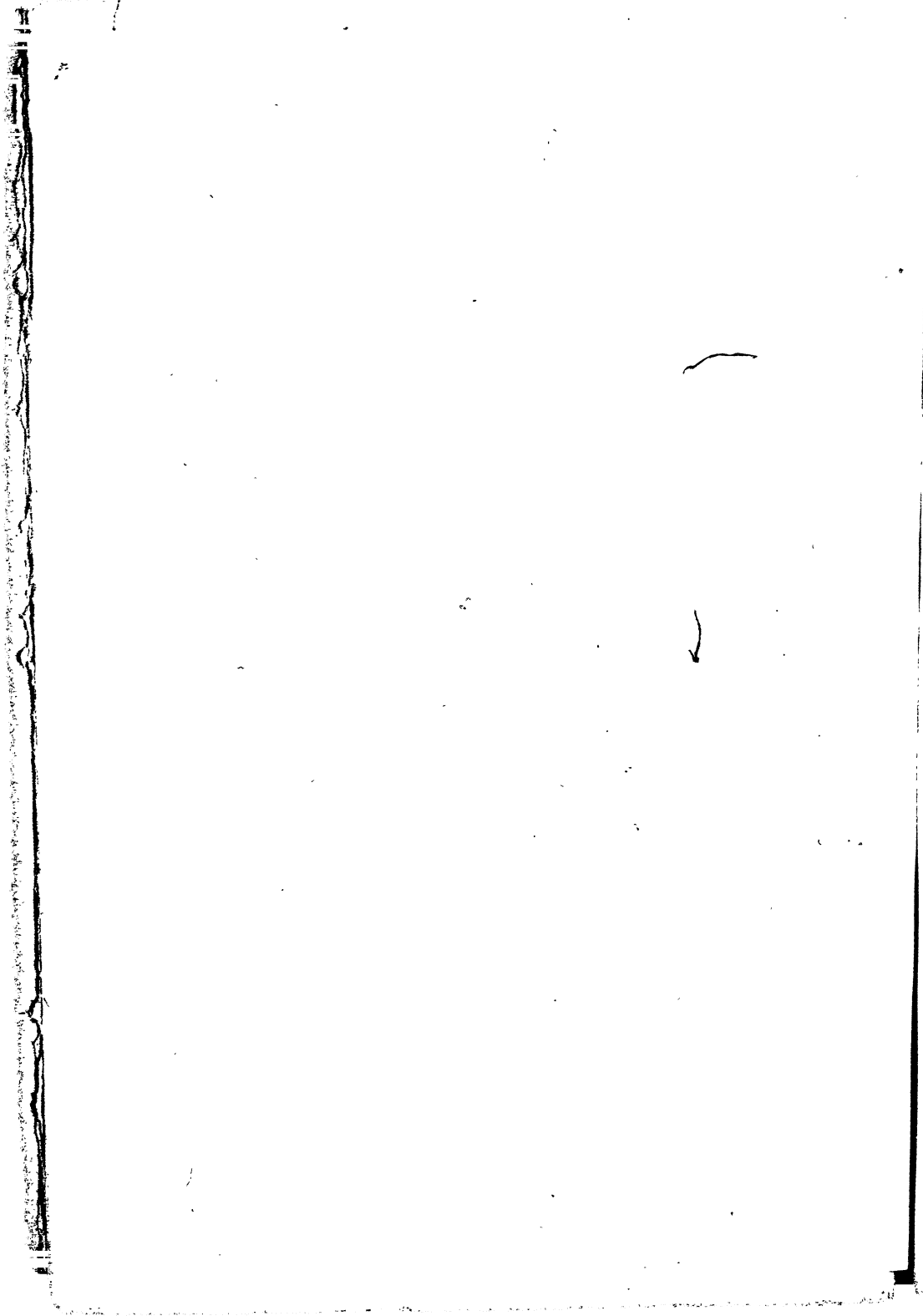
SOME ASPECTS :	PAGE
LOVE IN CHANGE . . . . .	149
LOVE IN TRUTH AND COURTESY . . . . .	151
LOVE UNTIMELY . . . . .	153
LOVE IN REASON . . . . .	155
LOVE IN MADNESS . . . . .	159
LOVE UNMATED . . . . .	162
LOVE UNAVAILING . . . . .	163
LOVE IN JUSTICE . . . . .	165
LOVE IN SECRECY . . . . .	167
LOVE UNTHRIFTY . . . . .	168
LOVE ENGAGED . . . . .	170
LOVE IN SURETY . . . . .	171
LOVE IN LONGING . . . . .	172
LOVE IN MOCKERY . . . . .	174
LOVE IN REVELATION . . . . .	175
LOVE BELATED . . . . .	179
LOVE UNKNOWING . . . . .	181
LOVE UNASKED . . . . .	183
LOVE UNCHANGED . . . . .	185



## CONTENTS

### INFLUENCES:

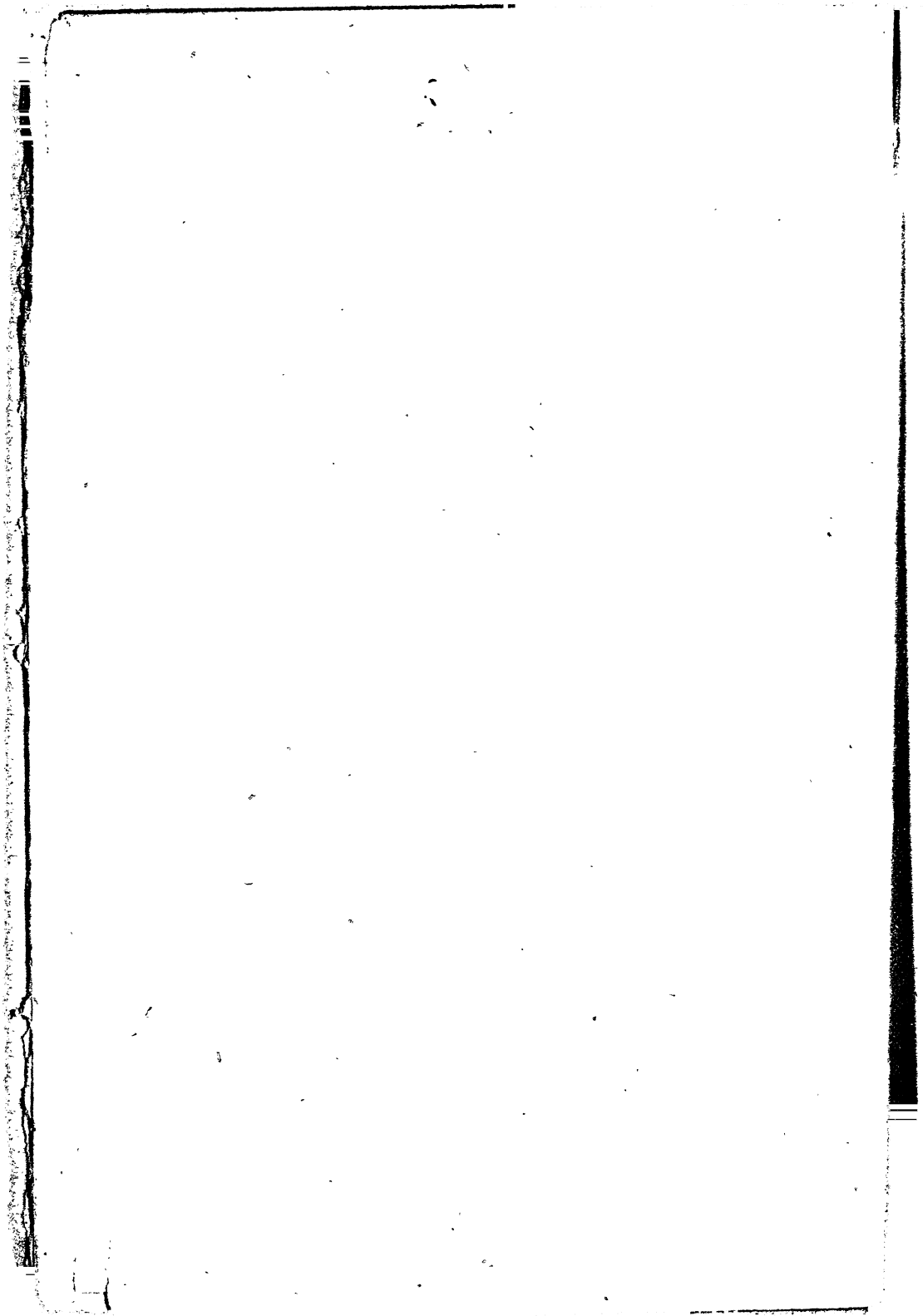
	PAGE
AZURE . . . . .	189
DUSK . . . . .	191
WHITE . . . . .	193
SCARLET . . . . .	194
RUSSET . . . . .	195
PURPLE AND GOLD . . . . .	196



MILESTONES

A

I



## THE YEARS

THEY are kind, the lofty crowned old years  
That have fought and hoped and slaved  
through the dust,  
Resting enthroned now, each with his peers,  
For they open their treasure-houses and trust  
Their garnered spoil to our hand to spend,  
Hailing us sons of their age and heirs  
To the grace that their pride of learning lends,  
To the glory of arms that aforetime was theirs.

But the years that are coming, the hurrying years,  
—Hark to the hoof-beats gathering loud!—  
They will ride us down with our hopes and fears,  
Trampled and crushed in the driven crowd ;

## MILESTONES

The victors they, who conquering ride  
As the Scourge of God and his hordes a-lust  
For the spoil that their swords with their swords  
divide;

The Way Triumphal has crimsoned dust !  
Not for us are they strong and grand,  
They will shut us out when the feast is spread;  
Though others sit honoured on their right hand  
They will trample our dust where we lie long  
dead.

## I KNOW THE PALE COMPANION

I know the pale companion  
Who for my coming stays,  
With pilgrim staff and sackcloth gown  
At crossing of the ways ;  
I know the cruel scourge he wields,  
I know the prayer he prays !

At close of this day's journeying—  
All slowly though I pace—  
I look to see him waiting there  
Low in the outcast's place,  
And mark how torn his bleeding feet,  
How scarred and wan his face ;

## MILESTONES

With what fierce zeal of penitence  
The self-wrought lashes score  
The back that bows, as though it long  
A grievous burden bore ;—  
I know him thus whom I had thrust  
A beggar from my door !

And I shall see him rising up  
My lagging steps to greet,  
The sinking sun behind him casts  
His shadow to my feet ;  
Though I delay, it seemeth he  
Hath haste that we should meet !

So turneth he of me unbid  
All in his mean array,  
To tread with looks disquieting  
Beside me on my way ;  
I may no longer thrust him back,  
Or ever say him nay.



I KNOW THE PALE COMPANION

Wild Flagellant! with me he fares

My penancer to be,

I needs must take the knotted scourge

And staff he gives to me, —

The hair-cloth garb, the bitter bread,

Till I am even as he!

## COMPENSATIONS

To stand

Aloft in the doorway of life

Looking over the land,

And the strife

Of the peoples, band against band ;

Horde upon horde

From the dust of their passage emerging,

That famine ever is urging,

Spread abroad

On their immemorial quest

From the East to the West.

To knock

At the guard of the hills,

And unlock

All the treasure that fills

## COMPENSATIONS

Earth's stores, since the shock  
Rolled the stone,  
And the fountains of healing were sealed,  
By watching and vigils revealed  
To the seeker alone.

### To kneel

Where in sepulchred state,  
In odorous chambers the long ages-seal,  
Lie the great,  
And with bowed heart to feel  
The soft rush  
Of unseen and intangible wings ;  
Through the hush,  
A far voice of mysteries sings ;

### To watch

For the glimmering spark  
When the need-fires catch—

## MILESTONES

Borne on between the dark and the dark,  
Sped from hand unto hand—  
So to snatch  
Light from the token's enkindling brand,  
That the glow  
Of the beacons may show,  
Hill to hill, land to land !

### To send

A thought searching forth as the ray  
Of a star that shall know of no end,  
Till the day  
When all in the culminant glory shall blend,  
Or in night irremissible merge ;  
Thus to purge  
Thus to free from all taint  
The soul groping faint.  
To the far starry verge !

## THE OTHERS

Who are they looking all so palely out  
From curtained windows closed against the  
day,  
To watch the passing of our merry rout  
Through the thronged streets, beyond the  
gates, away?

How cloister-wan they look upon our train,  
Which has no need that any say 'Be ware!'  
Borne onward eager-footed to the strain  
Of pipe and tabor or the trumpet's blare.

## MILESTONES

Brothers, turn not for those sick alien looks,  
Leave others to the cloister life they choose,  
Check not the steed that ill such curbing brooks—  
On! or the spring of morning-hours we lose!

---

Back through the dusk by one, by two they come,  
For whom—since morning passed with them—  
we watched,  
Stragglers outwearied within sight of home,  
With stumbling feet and hand that seeks the  
latch.

Be welcome, brothers! Pass not shamefacedly;  
It was not thus we marked you leading on,  
At morning prime, a goodly company,  
So high of mien to yield the prize to none.

## THE OTHERS

May't please you, brothers, here with us to rest ?

For rest is good, and if you would be gay,  
Hence may you see them brave it with the best  
—The others passing on their outward way !

## THE CLIMBER

UNTO what end have I climbed painfully the  
long, steep road ?

Stumbling so often to despairing halt,

Mist-dazzled and at fault

To find the path ; at prick of the old goad

Once more to rise, to shoulder the old load,

And saying, 'This once more,' between set teeth,

With strenuous breath inheld, to strain

Up where the wrestling winds work all in vain

To clear the summits of their cloudy wreath—

Up ! so I see the World and all its kingdoms  
spread beneath.

So close my eyes must scan the path I tread



## THE CLIMBER

Between the dangers set as in a snare,  
I have no backward look till on the mountain  
head

Outweariéd, sinking down no more to dare,  
I seek my recompense, to find instead  
The clouds lie folded at my feet and hide  
The kingdoms of the World spread fair and wide.  
—Even the path of my strong proving gone!  
When I would search for what lies hid below,  
Of wayside things—scarce noted—there is none,  
Nor any wind that brings the failing scent  
Of that small crouching heath that one day lent  
Its cheer upon my path to urge me on!

## THE BUILDING

WHAT do ye bear in your hands, naked hands  
to the world,

Ye who pass onward in silence, or banners  
unfurled;

Voice the wide-challenging trumpet the passage  
to dare,

Unto the building preordinate what one by one  
do ye bear ?

Have your hands found aught that is worthy,  
found or framed ?

Aught for its beauty or strength when the  
Building is named

## THE BUILDING

With the name of such might yet unspoken, that  
each fitted stone  
Shall be given voice to acclaim it in perfect  
atone.

Of each the tale of his labours; all of their  
travailing bring,  
What hands naked-born of the Having unappor-  
tioned may wring,  
Not one to be spared at the reckoning, unhelped  
if unhindered each  
With the same bare palms for the hewing that  
none know or teach.

Some in shame of their weakness have armed  
them with staves,  
With stone and with iron unpropitiate delver of  
) graves,

## MILESTONES

And gather the pride of the nations out of the  
dust where they fought.

And some counting strength to the weakest have  
cunningly wrought

Bonds by the strongest unbroken, spreading a  
net and a snare

To hold the striving of nations in hands unflinch-  
ing and bare,

Hold till the threat becomes guidance, and the  
snare of its meshes yields

Council and wisdom of elders and the strength  
that obedience yields.

Others—fewer the telling—secret have wrought  
and alone,

Delving deep for the treasure, the hidden and  
mystical stone,

Giver of gifts and such power once holden and  
proved,

## THE BUILDING

That the heart of the people attendant to the  
finder is moved,

And throbbing lies in the hollow of the hand  
that moulds and makes

Its lustings, its searchings, its terrors as dreams  
when it wakes.

From the image of Fear the Beginning—thunder-  
sent stone unhewn—

Shaping the Worship of heroes, carving the  
magical rune ;

From bludgeoning chance withholding the blow  
striking blindly and wide,

Pointing where Reason abideth with laws that  
for ever abide—

For desire of the eyes giving beauty of love that  
is sorrow's mate,

And peaceful pride that fears not to meet the  
enemy in the gate.

## MILESTONES

So come ye all to the building—empty hands are  
there none,

Even ye unwitting of good or ill done or  
undone,

No less than the great who have striven,  
agonised, died,

That their work be established for ever—not one  
is denied

Place for the work of their hands, be it rough-  
hewn or wrought

With the subtle craft that can make it instinct  
with the thought—

Be it marble fresh-quarried and virgin, or brick  
from the trodden clay,

Shaped and reshaped where the Cities have  
wanted each in its day :

Even such as would seemingly mar and deface

The plan in its perfect proportions, for all there  
is place ;

## THE BUILDING

And even those who in madness would have it  
wrecked, overthrown,

Unknowing have laboured to raise it, should ever  
it stand fully grown

To beauty supreme and perfected, from base to  
the loftiest span,

The Building—how named in completion?—the  
making of man!

## MARCH !

FALL in ! March, march !  
Hark to the ring  
Of the many feet as you lift to the swing  
Of the shouldering start all the column's length ;  
Though you choke and parch  
In the front-rank's dust,  
They are your fellows, there is your trust,  
There is your strength !  
March, march to the deep refrain  
Of the rolling tramp,  
The breathings about you, the rattle and stamp,  
Time the heart, fill the brain



## MARCH

Loud and near,  
Or heavy and soft in the rear  
Deadened in dust as the summer rain.

Fall out, and all's lost !

Lost is the fellowship strong as the tide  
To bear you onwards, once stand aside  
And you know the cost !

Cost of dull foot and the lowered beat  
Of the pulses ; you choked in the dust,  
Chafed in the heat,

And tramp of those who march that march must,  
But now you giddily reel for need  
Of the next man's shoulder-thrust,  
Of the feet that follow, the feet that lead :

Giddily reel, and are struck  
With a second sight,  
Drearily, wofully clear, spectrally bright,  
And you see them all go by as the ruck  
Of a seeming rout,

## MILESTONES

The column rank upon rank,  
Where and why, crawling ant-like and lank?  
If you should fall out!  
Light of head, leaden-footed you watch  
The far ranks close  
Till the faces that pass are of those  
You know not, no fellow-glance you may catch:  
'Eyes front,' so the long line goes;—  
    Goes, and you pray it may snatch  
Your nightmare self back to your place,  
Caught up in the dusty track  
That is human, though it stifle and parch,  
March, march,  
Free of your second-sight; your face as each other  
    face  
'Eyes front' on your fellow's back!

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

THOU Good Samaritan, Pity divine,  
Hast still of precious unguents a store ?  
Canst still with healing oil and generous wine  
Bind up the wound and salve the ulcered sore,  
Filling the ebbing veins with twofold life  
And strength to rise when worsted in the strife ?

‘What more thou spendest,’ sayest thou !  
Wilt thou indeed repay the grudging host  
Of him who, when all others disavow,  
Thou hast succoured, fainting by the wayside,  
lost,  
Fallen among thieves and used despitefully ;  
Wilt thou again come by in charity ?

## MILESTONES

For we have need of more, yea, bitter need,  
And still the surly host, thy largess spent,  
Hath us in thrall, and ever freshly bleed  
The wounds thou bindest with such wise intent ;  
Thy simples heal not evils such as ours,  
Thy oil soothes not, thy wine hath lost its  
powers !

Sweet human Pity, in thy tender ruth,  
Wouldst thou beguile us with the salving oil  
Of dear delusions in the guise of truth ;  
Hold out the recompense of steril toil  
And sad renunciation ; wouldst thou still  
Pour us such wine our empty cups to fill ?

To severed lives that o'er the grave's gulf yearn,  
How promised thou a triumph over time,—  
To tortured flesh, eternity to earn,  
Wilt thou still hold that torture not a crime ?

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

And through the clash of wars that may not  
cease

Wilt whisper still of brotherhood and peace ?

If we have need !—Ah, dear Samaritan,  
Come thou but swiftly to the prison inn,  
Pay the discharge—if so be any can—  
That from our bonds may our enlargement  
win,

If aught within thy scrip of coin remain ;  
Thy pence for such a reckoning were vain !

## YE SHALL POSSESS THE LAND

By right unclaimed we hold it without fee  
Or first-fruit feoff, from mountains to the sea,  
From sea to hill again we know no lord  
Or over-lord to serve in fealty.

And none may keep us from our heritage  
Once we are come unto our heirship age,  
And none may hold us unto tithe or teen,  
Or claim our weapons as base service-gage.

Our lands lie broad for none to have or bind,  
Not in vain walls is our pleasaunce confined,  
Wide is our range, the outer marches hold  
No less than city bounds the good we find.

YE SHALL POSSESS THE LAND

Masters by right of feet that go not back,  
Owners by right of hands that shall not lack,  
When from the dullards cumbering the ground  
A goodly heritage we may win back.

By right of eyes to see beyond all fail  
The glory, where the clouds are free to trail  
Their idle shadows on the hills, or light  
The sea with glimmer of the lost San Graile ;

Through drifting blossom of the apple garth,  
Or meadows heady with the aftermath,  
Through beechwoods twilight, or wherever  
leads  
The vagrom impulse of the burnside path.

No less than where, as from the seat of kings,  
The warring trumpet world-wide challenge  
flings,

## MILESTONES

Till wide the gate as to the master stands,  
When full and clear the answering echo rings.

Lords of ourselves and over-lords to be  
Of such dominion, spreading fair and free,  
That none may give in treaty or define  
The boundaries by river or by sea.



## A SUDDEN MOOD OF MENACE

A SUDDEN mood of menace in the sweep  
Of passing clouds that shadow some still place—  
A watchful air the brooding forests keep,  
And fateful waiting writ upon the face  
Of hills that sudden unfamiliar grow,  
Will give us pause as if unwittingly  
We trod with careless foot where low  
A grave untended in the grass may lie.  
Then, as divining where some snare is set,  
In haste to pass the hidden danger by,  
We question not for whom the unvoiced threat  
We read in presage of the earth and sky.

## MILESTONES

As those forwandered from the forest track,  
Turning bemazed in circles wide and vain  
Through wilderness unfeatured leading back  
So surely to the starting-point again,  
Stumble in sudden terror on the trace

Of last night's camp and scattered embers cold,  
And see revealed in that deserted place

Their own the tragedy its confines hold ;—  
So when the first intolerable sting

Of grief and pain has brought us face to face  
With our own fate, beyond all questioning

And all denial well we know the place,  
And know for whom the threat before divined  
Has found fulfilment, when aloof and cold  
The careless skies and hills and woods aligned  
Look on the anguish of themselves foretold.

## THE HALL OF MANY MEETINGS

'GOOD-BYE.' 'Good-bye. Shall we not meet  
again?'

Question too light to wait an answer save when  
pain

Whitens a woman's face perhaps; the question  
dies

Where veiling eyelids make the answer vain,  
And space already in the hand-clasp lies.

Then at the door to turn

Where lights remote in mirrored vistas burn,

A moment more to feel the rosy glow

Still hold you part of all the over-press

Of warm-breathed air, of roses drooping low,

## MILESTONES

Of stir of silk and satin's changing sheen,  
Of winking diamond sparks now large now  
less,

Where laughter-full a white throat turns to  
lean

Back where a man's eyes hazard more than  
guess.

But in the pause is warning not to stay—  
The outer dark is kindlier than the light—  
While the wine warms you still do not delay!  
The door has scarcely shut you out of sight,  
The crowd is just as close, the talk as gay,  
And none will follow you into the night.

## ONE WHO MAY NOT GRIEVE

I MAY not grieve when prone, trampled in mire,  
All her young graces turned to mockery,  
The Past lies stricken—an ill thing to see ;  
No hope is there in Purgatorial fire,  
Nor may I see from smoke of funeral pyre—  
Rich with the savour of dear priceless things—  
A future rising up on Phœnix wings,  
Less frightening than the stranger who attends  
My daily faring : bare of all desire,  
Unlovely, reft of the last veil that lends  
The hope to find her still in something fair,  
With stony eyes and writhen Gorgon hair.

## MILESTONES

I may not linger when the iron gate  
Of the harsh Present closes on my heel ;  
Stern janitress is she, beyond appeal,  
Who in her windy porch may not await  
The feet of those who would return again ;  
For ever set between her sisters twain,  
Bars from the Past and thrusts me forth to meet  
The loathed Future, whose unwelcome feet  
Shall tread by mine in many a thorny way ;  
Until I know, in one, the sisters three  
Who all implacate rule, a loveless trinity,  
And see in that worn shadow chill and grey  
My yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day !

## LIFE UNTO DEATH

LIFE unto Death made answer, 'Nay, not so,'  
When his low summons whispered at the door,  
Bidding her yield the house to him and go—  
'Nay,' answered Life, 'depart and come no  
more;

The house is mine, and dear to me each room,  
Where eager guests unto the feasting throng,  
Where ev'ry morn Love's garlands freshly bloom,  
And where the nights for joy are none too  
long.'

Death unto Life made answer when she cried  
So urgently his passing feet to stay  
And enter where she would no more abide  
In desolation—then Death answered, 'Nay,

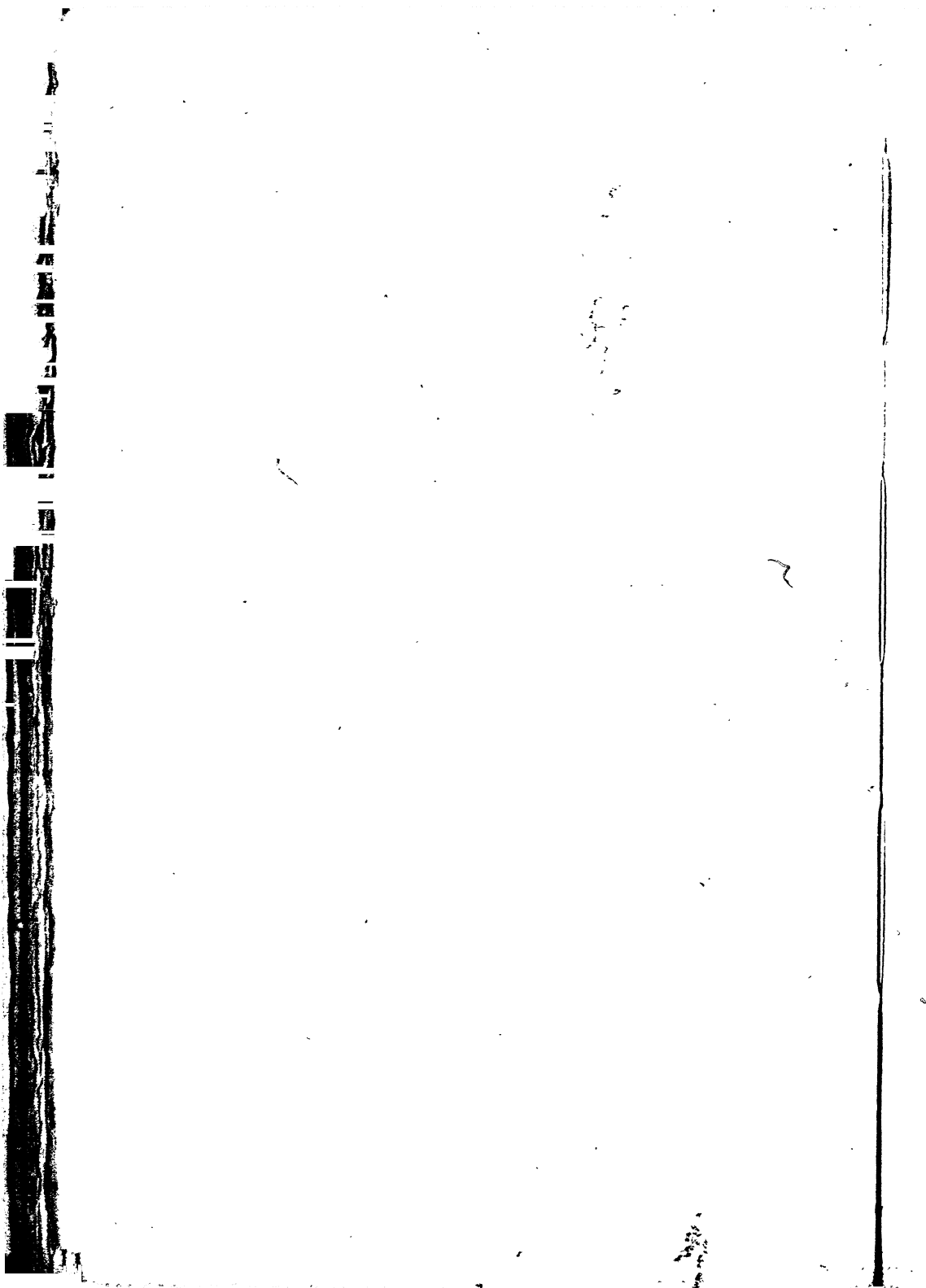
## MILESTONES

It may not be, for that you drove me forth  
When I would crave the house, that now so  
chill,  
Empty, and desolate is nothing worth—  
I come but at my time,—content you still!



W

EXPRESSIONS



WOLF-HEAD

I saw them halt at fall of night,  
I, crouching low  
Where the reek of the river-mists hung white  
Over the beds of bending rush,  
In the shallow flow  
Of the rippling ford,  
Where I saw the thirsting horses push  
Their nostrils spreading broad.

And I saw how rode the enemy  
Hot on my track,  
So hot he had not eyes to see  
The thing he hunted glaring back,

## EXPRESSIONS

From the osier-bed  
Where the green slime floats,  
With eyes with famine-fury red,  
As the hunters slaked their dusty throats !

Then through the shadows I could mark  
The leader pass  
Onward first from the moment's rest,  
And to the lingering riders hark  
As they roughly jest  
On a lad with his lass,  
In the closing dark  
Ere the steep of the farther bank they breast.

So the town is closed to me now !  
To me whom men hunt ;  
And the pious monks their sanctified vow,  
To succour the needy and wayfaring poor,

## WOLF-HEAD

Must break, or they bear the brunt  
Of the wrath of the King  
For such harbouring,  
—Closed is the Sanctuary door!

Closed also the gates of the sea ;  
As I starved in the cave  
Of the runagate slave—  
Whom the price of the Wolf-head would  
free—  
Timely warning he brought,  
Each shipper was held in the port,  
None might brave  
The word of the King were he balked of his  
sport!

Remain to me now but the hills!  
Will the gaunt grey beast

## EXPRESSIONS

Know his fellow whom man hunts and kills  
Without law,  
For the priced head and paw,  
Or shall the pack feast  
On the starved bones that lie  
On some lonely peak in the gaze of the sky?

## TOUR D'IVOIRE

At the casement aloft there by the street's  
sudden turning,  
In the pure upper-air all a-throb with the chimes,  
There's a face looking out—like a pale taper  
burning  
In sunlight—aloof from men's sorrows and  
crimes.

‘Ave Maria!’

'Tis a face to whose oval the gold hair in framing  
Lends a halo celestial; the flesh but a veil  
For the spirit's perfection—all your carven saints  
shaming  
In their canopied niche—shows as ivory pale.

‘Rosa Mystica!’

## EXPRESSIONS

On the street she looks down, on the town's  
sordid sinning,

On the rough men-at-arms swarming out at the  
gate,

Mutely craving her prayers for a soul haply  
winning

The Heaven she's sure of, for them all too  
strait.

‘Plena Gracia!’

Greatly daring even that in the hot haste of  
sallying;

But, returning, who dare show hands stained  
with blood,

Or lift eyes clouded by wine-cup or dallying  
To a presence as sad as the Christ on the  
Rood?

‘Purissima!’



## TOUR D'IVOIRE

That brow pure and virginal, unstained by the  
flushing  
Of passion's hot flow, to the shame-stricken  
heart—  
Rebuking the weakness sin's burden is crushing—  
Beams remote as a star from Earth's soilure  
apart.

'Immaculata!'

All know her thus to their souls' better saving;  
All? Is there one in the throng passing by  
Who knows of a heart life's meed ever craving,  
Who could tell of a star that may stoop from on  
high?

'Tour d'Ivoire!'

## IN THE TENT

WHAT does the Sun give, Mother, little Mother ?

Manhood's strength the great Sun gives

Unto everything that lives,

Daughter, little daughter,

So thy pride be not fordone

Beware the Sun !

What does the Moon give, Mother, little Mother ?

The pale moon gives evil thought,

Lest thou be a maid distraught,

Daughter, little daughter,

More than the burning noon

Beware the Moon !

IN THE TENT

What do the Stars give, Mother, little Mother?

The bright stars give magic powers

Of good or evil hours,

Daughter, little daughter,

So that thy life no witch-wife mars

Beware the Stars!

## SPHINX OF THE WEST

Is it blood that has sealed your lips, O Sphinx of  
the West?

Cruel delicate lips for ever at rest  
Closed on the riddle unspoken, unsought, and  
unsolved,

On the secret passed beyond hearing as the years  
have revolved

Slow, while the death-feeding forest reclaiming  
its own

Hides and enfolds your cold altars and gods over-  
thrown.

So unseen we divine you, fair as your sister  
who gave

Grace to the Aztec nation, child of the Sun and  
the Wave,

## SPHINX OF THE WEST

Mystic as past without future, fair with the  
stricken grace

Of those who perish unfruitful, last of an out-  
worn race ;

Feeding your fated beauty with the blood-  
drenched altar's reek

As driven by death within you for life in death  
to seek.

Well for the world that you found there death  
—so your riddle to read,

And passed to make room for the nations given  
the world in its need,

Passed in silence unbroken, leaving no story, no  
gift,

No treasure the seeking nations from the dust  
of the desert may sift.

Fair face of inscrutable maiden—not as the  
Sphinx of the East

## EXPRESSIONS

Lion-bodied—we guess not the form of the  
triple beast

Crouched on the walls cyclopean as heavy still  
from the feast,

When last the tall death-temples smoked to the  
scourging sun,

And down the glutted altars no more could the  
red streams run.

Was it this of the beast within you driving  
you here to bide

Death in a hidden fastness foreknown as the  
stricken hide?

Was it that of human in you, on your passive lips  
a scorn

Of life, the prize of the struggling strenuous  
peoples unborn?

What in life was there wanting that you bowed  
to exalted death,

## SPHINX OF THE WEST

Holding as naught the last heart-beat, the  
passing of breath?—

Would you answer now if the question might  
rouse you from rest?

‘Death will for ever prevail—exalting the  
strongest is best.’

## GALLIO

‘And Gallio cared for none of those things.’

DRIVE out the brawlers, pit them Jew for Jew,  
If ye are minded, in the outer court ;  
So that ye rid us of the noisy crew  
That blocks our justice-seat, take ye your  
sport,  
The match were somewhat new !  
But I may not unto such quibbles lend  
The time of weightier matters—Go,  
Ye wranglers, pray your gods may send  
The light ye need, or in the courts below  
Have at each other’s throats to make an end !



## GALLIO

For to your questions of this name or that

I have no answer, may not arbitrate ;

In Cæsar's name I have not vainly sat

In judgment, on your Law to hear ye prate,

Ye Jews who idly one another rate !

I care naught for such things, so get ye gone.

—The noisy slaves ! And yet a proper man

They haled so ruffian-like before us—one

Maker of tents, with look of one to fan

A people's spark to flame.—Enough ! Who

next, so we be done ?

## THE ALRUNA

THERE we shall find her,  
The white-wife, the Alruna  
In the wood of young fir-trees  
Close knit for binding  
The grey hills together ;  
Where the fir branches, stirred  
By the breath of the North' wind  
Ring as the harp  
In the hand of the Minstrel.

No treasure close guarded  
By Dragons that sleep not  
Keepeth she hidden ;  
No spoil of the Workers  
In caves of the mountain,

## THE ALRUNA

Gold harness and sword-hilt  
Embossed, and the wonder-wrought  
Cup for the guerdon  
Of Heroes who quail not.

Of her hands she will make us  
—Held seemly and cup-wise—  
A goblet for drinking  
The water that ever  
Wells up at her feet  
From the springs of the hill-tops.

Of her hair she will give us  
Long tresses and golden  
For the plaiting of bow-strings  
That shall not betray us  
In the meeting of heroes.

She hath curiously carven  
The Rune of All-healing,  
On the stone she hath carved it  
Enduring for ever ;

## EXPRESSIONS

She will give us the Gift,  
But awaiting our coming  
Ofttime she hideth  
Her face in the twilight  
Beholden of no man !

## GUILDRON

Guildron hangs up his sword in the Lady Chapel ;  
on the blade is graven :

I HAVE asked what I had not  
As no beggar whining,  
But as claiming my birthright ;  
Have been metted what I would not,  
Cringing not as the base-born  
Serf to the scourge of the master.  
I have given unasked and unstinted,  
Filling the measure of justice,  
So the gift were worthy the giver  
Sought not for praise or contentment.  
I have taken what lay for the taking,  
Fallen from the weakling

## EXPRESSIONS

Or wrenched from the stronger unworthy,  
So the Jew and the Infidel furnish  
Gifts for Our Lady victorious.

Now I take rest!



## IMPERATOR

THIN-LIPPED, loose-throated,  
In heavy-lidded eyes that gloated  
On sights to shudder from and sicken,  
Blood-lust alone had power the light to quicken.  
The profile more of vulture than of eagle ;  
Though the brow's arch still lends an aspect  
regal  
To the broad mask, in life impassive  
As now you see it in the marble massive.  
Blood scenting, ever sneering,  
The look that passed as a hot iron searing  
O'er many a doomed wretch shrinking  
In all his tortured flesh,—as even in thinking

## EXPRESSIONS

Such things had been, your flesh but now pro-  
tested

Against so vile a thing in a like form invested,  
And glad to draw a full free breath in knowing  
That in the world—save for this marble's show-  
ing—

No look meets yours so coldly, cruelly daunting  
As that you leave all the chill palace haunting.



## CAPRI

THEY died here by the hundred, overdriven  
In galling chains that held till death unriven ;  
All those slaves, just so much strength for goading  
As strength of beasts to bear the cruel loading.  
From busy harbour, from rich galley freighted,  
Up this steep roadway climbing heavy-  
weighted,  
Have passed the gangs of toilers unrequited,  
Between these walls by fires of noonday  
whited,  
Till the dazed brain and throat in anguish  
choking  
Had thought nor cry for any gods evoking.

## EXPRESSIONS

As beasts were those who had poured rich libations

And called in fight on gods of many nations.

Fair skins and dark, of noble birth or lowly,

Burdened alike, lashed onwards, mounting slowly

Past town and vineyard, where the mocking vision

Of palace marbles marked their fate's derision,  
With carven splendours and the world-sought treasure

Their toil had gathered for the Master's pleasure,

Whose face flashed on them from the guarded litter

Bloated and fierce amid the jewels' glitter.

So toiled they, hopeless, with scarce daily pittance

## CAPRI

To feed their toil till death gave tardy quit-  
tance.

Worn out and useless did one fail and falter,  
There was the cliff-side, and no whit would  
alter

In its fixed smile the blue sea closing over  
The broken thing its dancing ripples cover !

## THE OUTLANDER

Ay! wag your heads and grin and stare,  
Because the dented arms I bear  
And garb is other than your own,  
Nor chide the boy who picks a stone  
To take me unaware!

Mimic my speech with gibe and joke,  
With all the zest of timid folk  
When safe on their own midden-heap;  
Be bold—beyond my sword-arm's sweep—  
To mock my tattered cloak:

And bid your women—as they glance  
From shelter of their doors askance—

## THE OUTLANDER

Mark the strange forms and runic line  
That round my knotted arms entwine  
With scar of sword and lance.

Though naught of battle-joys you reck,  
Mark how that thrust there on the neck  
Nigh sped me to Valhalla's hall  
To feast among the Heroes all  
Straight from the stricken deck.

For what to you, stall-fatted kine,  
Is joy of sword-blade tempered fine  
From blood of heroes drinking strength?  
Keen as the lightning's leaping length  
Played this good blade of mine

Through the hot battle-mists that rise  
Blood-red before the reeling eyes ;

## EXPRESSIONS

Thor's thunder ! but it deeply smote,  
The shamble-decks were half afloat  
Ere we had gained the prize ;

When foemen reeled in deadly grip,  
What time our dreaded Dragon-ship  
Had cloven straight her south'ard path  
Over the Wild Swan's misty Bath,  
And, strong to crush and rip,

Had sunk their galleys in the port ;  
Though long the stubborn foe had fought,  
Laid low by famine, plague, and drought,  
The golden city of the South  
For useless quarter sought.

What know you of such cities ? Old  
O'erfilled with treasures manifold,

## THE OUTLANDER

Temple and palace carven fair,  
And gems, and gauds, and spices rare  
And ivory and gold !

Golden even the fruits that glow,  
Bending where pearly fountains flow,  
In gardens odorous and cool,  
Where magic dreams the senses fool  
With music breathing low.

And I could wager that you deem  
This hole of yours must wondrous seem  
To a rough rover of the sea !  
I, who know well the lands that be  
To you a fabled dream.

Nor ever dreamt you of such maids ;  
Nor got you on your border raids

## EXPRESSIONS

Such slaves, so fair of face and limb,  
To fill your goblet to the brim  
When the soft evening fades,

With wine in draughts as long and deep  
As when the Gods their wassail keep.  
Ay, better Gods, I trow than they,  
Those pallid ivory Gods whose day  
Passed in a perfumed sleep,

In the dim temples, flower-hung,  
Lulled by the hymns their vestals sung  
—Those maids we took to serve our feasts ;  
Nor stirred they, when their craven priests  
Dead at their feet we flung.

Many the lands of Gods or King  
Were darkened by the Raven's wing ;



## THE OUTLANDER

Strange lands where burning rivers flow,  
And mountains flaming through the snow  
Aloft their fires fling.

On tideless seas from fairy isles  
Comes the soft singing that beguiles  
The sea-worn wanderer, where beck  
To sunken rock and sudden wreck  
The sea-maids' luring wiles.

But I to fools all idly prate !  
—Give back there from your River-gate.  
Take heed, or you too closely press,  
Of yelping curs there be some less  
The old Sea-Wolf to bait.

And fare I forth ! The world is mine,  
Even where strange stars ye know not shine :

## EXPRESSIONS

And shall be held my people's trust.

When all your lands are driven dust

In days that I divine.

For though you mock at it, my tongue

Is that in which the Skalds have sung,

In Sagas old and noble lays,

The mighty deeds of ancient days

When the great Gods were young!

## THE BRIDGE OF HELL

THE Signor shall see, though she turns her face  
    Aside from us as we cross and meet  
At the corner there, where the fine new street  
    Opens out of the Market-place,  
Where the fruit-stalls crowd at the statue's feet ;

You might say she was blind as the little owls  
    The country-folk on their shoulders bear  
With the strings of the little birds they snare,  
    She has just their blind fierce look as she  
    ↓ scowls  
At the haggling gossips who turn to stare.

## EXPRESSIONS

And scarce for a proper bargain will stay ;  
Her basket filled, she will silent pass  
The girls with their plats of esparto-grass,  
Nor even pause on a festa-day  
By the showmen's booths all gilt and glass.

And never a glance for the lads who lean  
By the fountain's edge, though truth to say  
They had rather she did not look their way,  
Or they think of a knife-blade cold and  
keen—  
She has done with their smiles this many a day !

Why?—As I said, it is plain to see  
She bears the sign of the Bridge of Hell,  
Where her eyebrows meet you may mark it well ;  
It has bridged the way for the souls of three  
If all is true that the gossips tell—

## THE BRIDGE OF HELL

For Juan held she was his alone,  
While the other came at her smile and beck,  
Oh, she went gay while he risked his neck,  
Till Juan's knife made full atone  
For the gold he thought should her beauty deck.

One in his mortal sin to die—  
The Saints defend us from aught of ill!—  
And one to slave in the Galleys still;  
Oh, more than the dead on his soul must lie  
The thought of her whom he could not kill!

And she? The Signor has seen how she goes  
Lonely to work and lonely to dwell;  
The Signor would paint her portrait? Well,  
We can see what she says, but every one  
knows

'Twere wise to keep clear of the Bridge of Hell!

## THE SECTARY

I KNOW not how or whence or why  
These things must be,  
I only know that thou and I  
Must cross the sea,  
Unto a far and wintry land  
Of wilds untrod,  
To join the covenanted band  
Elect of God.

Leave idle joys and silken gauds,  
Leave song and lute ;  
The crowd that still thy beauty lauds  
May e'en be mute,

## THE SECTARY

For unto me it is revealed—

The burning and the shining light,  
That may not rightly be concealed,  
Will show more bright  
In that far land of forests dim  
Where we must fare,  
Sheltered in God in serving him  
Where few would dare.

Gird up thy loins, in haste to go,  
In sober weed,  
And flee the wrath to come, for so  
It is decreed!

## AN EXCURSION

(Rainy weather in the Midlands)

'THAT way madness lies.'

So well he knew how dangerous the flight  
Into the chill of skies' still beyond skies,  
Our sage so truly human that his sight  
Turned from the soulless void to read aright  
The human page in all its grandeur, all its  
vanities.

When should we look for such another age  
As that which mothered him mundane and  
sage,  
Robust and calm beyond our fretted hopes,  
That stimulate faint blood with mimic rage  
And borrow all, from creeds to faith in horoscopes!



## AN EXCURSION

A patchwork age is ours, for I find  
Such phrase as 'little knowledge is a dangerous  
thing'

Comes glibly to the purpose of my mind ;  
All's said, and we can but the clamorous  
changes ring,

And strut to hide the emptiness behind !

Not new the very discontent of us,  
For have not toga'd men, and men in mail,  
Builders of pyramids, lamented thus ?  
No doubt the self-same sorrows to bewail  
Met in their caves the men in skins and woad,  
Who felt the same inexorable goad,  
That time stays not for who may wince or  
rail !

Still would we trip up one another's heels,  
And scour the very void for some new thing—  
Athenian azure heard the same appeals  
For what new fortune any wind might bring !

## EXPRESSIONS

As well I think to be

Our grumbling gardener there, with rain-  
wise eye,

Straightening bent back and stiff rheumatic  
knee

Beside his tulip-beds; space does not daunt  
him, it is but his sky

To bring him rain, or may be 'blight and fly.'

It domes, he will admit,

Perhaps as far as to the parish bounds,

—For those beyond small share of benefit!

A personal small sky it is that rounds

The earth so neatly that 'tis not in vain

In drought or flood, when Parson shall think fit,

The parish prays for sunshine as for rain.

Our same good Parson, who just now

Bustling and cheery by the hedge went by

—Unsaddened he by weight of priestly vow,—

Has too, good man, his lien on the sky,

## AN EXCURSION

A claim established none may disallow.  
Close pressed, however, he will not deny  
To others such discreetly portioned share  
As may not wrong his own especial care,  
Of benefits he formulates as grace ;  
But shows a most uncompromising face  
If on a closer questioning we dare,  
We rash frequenters of the outer space !  
    So centred, so secure,  
We well might envy his sufficiency  
When of the callow lustings of the eye  
There is not one which we would have endure,  
Not one we claim as a world-sickness cure !  
He leaves us unenlightened to suppose  
His sky to be the crystal-paven floor  
Of golden cities that the hymns expose  
Ecstatically, where the saved souls close  
Their blissful wearied wings at Heaven's door.  
    He will not traffic since we dared expound

## EXPRESSIONS

Our theory we announced as newly-found,  
That Christianity is built and based  
On the great human principal of Self alone ;  
However much the meaning be defaced,  
We proved it graven on the corner-stone,  
And through its age-long chance and changes  
traced

The ceaseless working of the only salt  
That never loses savour—here again  
A borrowed phrase,—that stirs to life the maim  
and halt,

Moulding, 'tis true, with blood and tears and  
pain

The Christian freeman from the pagan slave.

Grant the importance of a soul to save,  
At once you rise above the millions bowed  
Voiceless to Fate, and find the man to brave  
All for this self new-nobled and uncowed.  
What ! with all the hosts of Heaven arrayed

## AN EXCURSION

To prosper its concerns triumphantly,  
With nature's forces for its furtherance stayed,  
Should not this soul-self changeling of the sky  
Strut in its inward greatness gloriously?

What but such self-importance could con-  
vince

Man of his right to Heaven's thunderbolts?  
A soul at stake! a brother might not wince  
From deeds of which the very thought revolts  
Our nervous age, which seeks no more to turn  
All in one mould, though mother-flesh must  
burn!

Though done with such ill things, mark you  
the glance

Our chapel-faring grocer casts askance  
To blast our simple 'sabbath-breaking' mirth!  
*His* sky—to run my fancying to earth—  
Concerns itself with no such earthy chance  
As simple harvesting or rain or dearth,

## EXPRESSIONS

But is as low and grey and mercy-proof  
As his own Chapel's low grey-sloped roof ;  
For foolish virgins of the feast and dance  
We see hell-fire plain in his reproof!

A child's night-terrors! but we may be sure  
The scourging spirit that is with us still  
Lacks, happily, the power but not the will.  
Such antitheses side by side endure  
In this world's wide duality to cure  
What in its working each may work of ill.

Is it this same duality that proves  
Earth's failing force beneath the chill of age?  
Grown cold towards old hates as to old loves,  
No more her inward fires to assuage  
To icy rest slow and more slow she moves,

—Here's space again, but much more sure  
To bring, for all the fret that cannot mend  
The ages' contradictions, certain cure,  
When earth's cold shell swings slowly to the end

## AN EXCURSION

Of its own exhalations purged and pure !

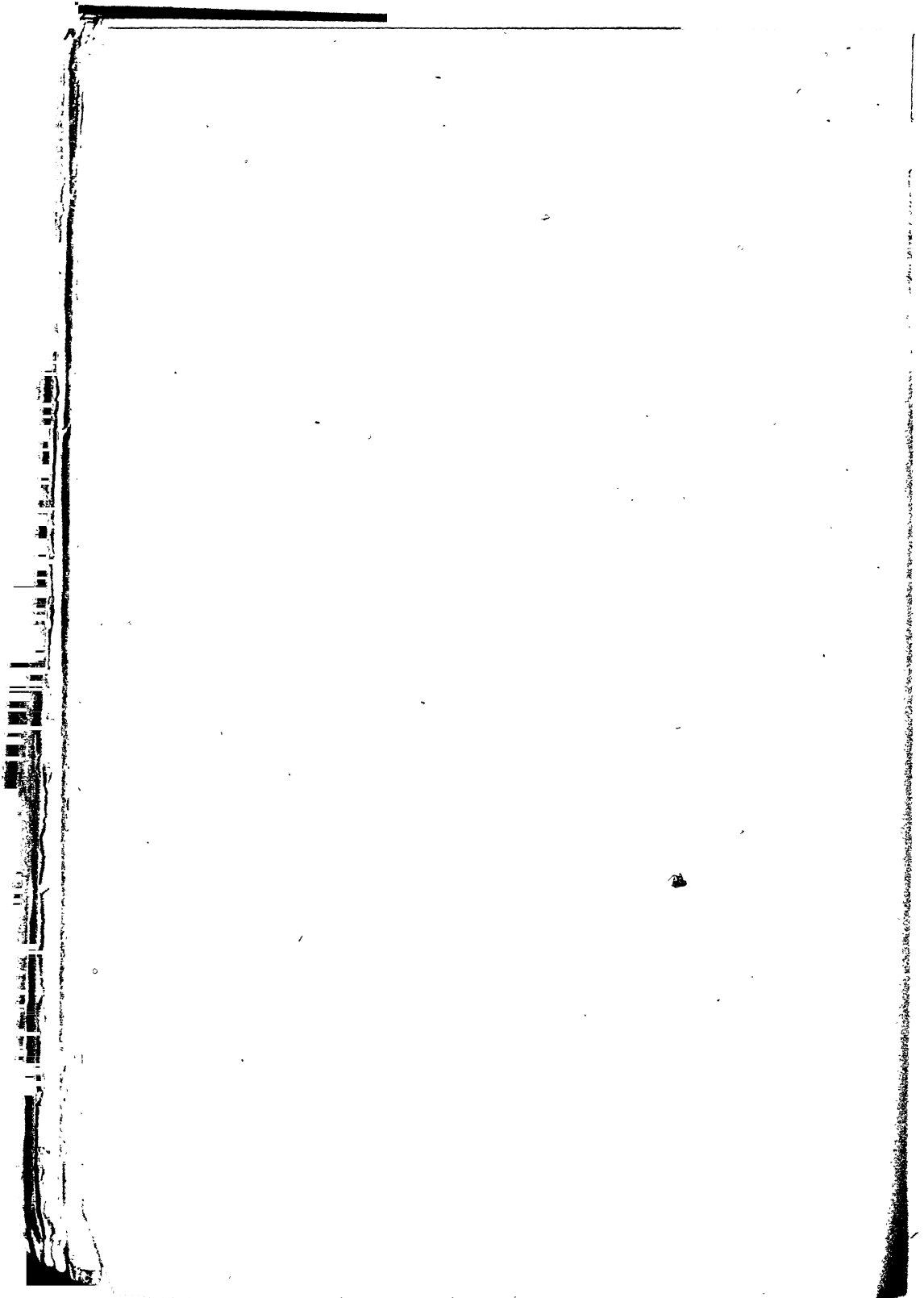
—And purged therewith of life ?

True ; but what loss when thousand other  
spheres

Repeat no doubt the like long tale of strife,  
Glory and baseness, splendour, toil and tears,  
Made and unmade through the uncounted years ?

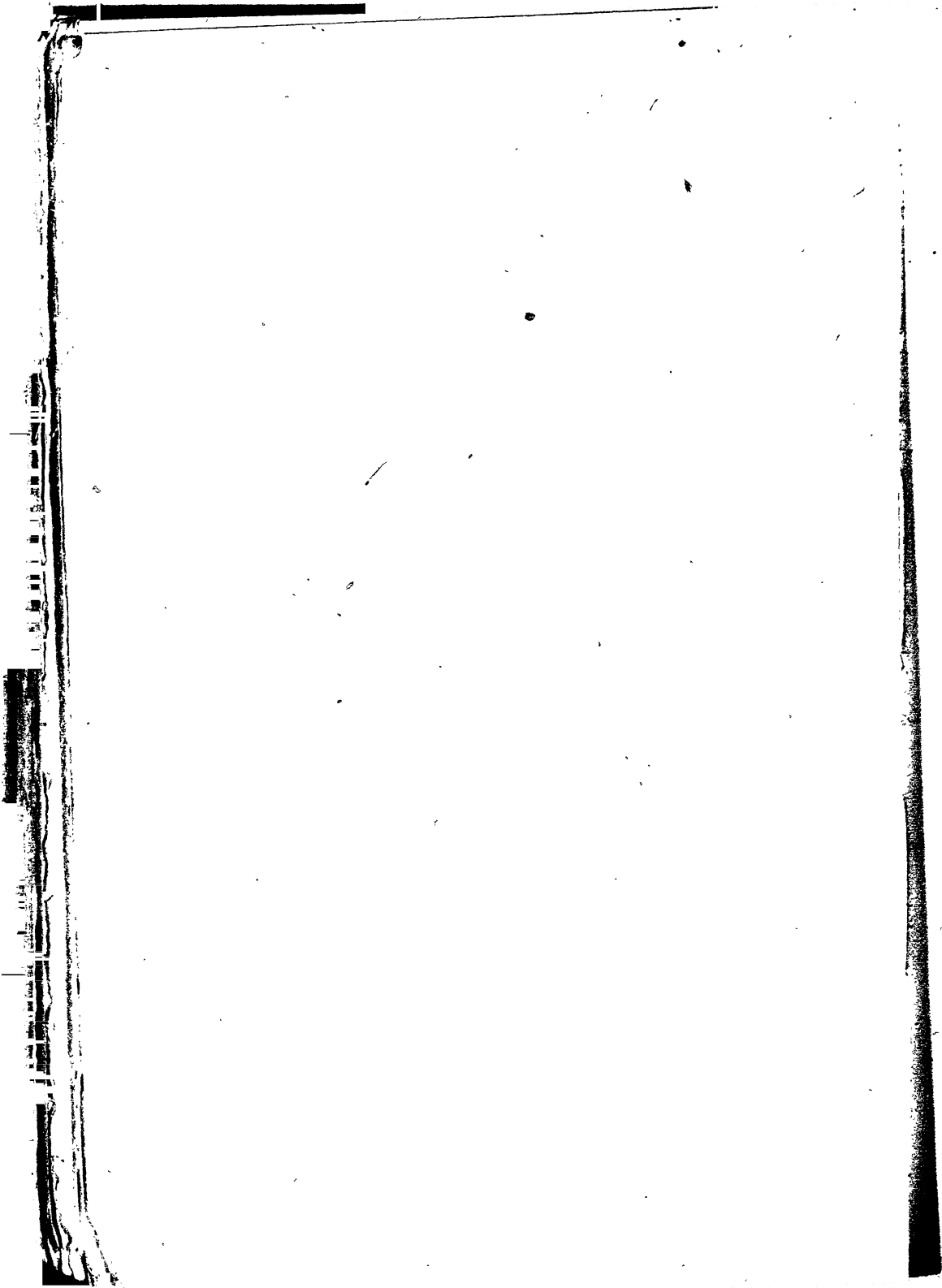
—Meantime the world's a comfortable place  
From which to make excursions into space,  
And always something real when one comes  
down

To steady one into a working pace ;  
And Kelvin's demonstrations coming on, I'm off  
to town.





MISCELLANEOUS



## THE FAIR ADVENTURE

I HAVE a thought of one seeming a Nor'land  
rover,

Who on such morn as this—midnight and storm  
gone over—

Upon this shore had seen a dizzy world returning  
To its fixed course, saved by the sea's fierce  
spurning,

Alone of all the horde of armed companions  
banded

For rapine, lost with the wrecked Long-ship  
stranded

Far out there on the reefs and ranks of guardian  
breakers ;

—Crouch here among the whins to spy the  
inland acres

## MISCELLANEOUS

From shifting sands and moss reclaimed by  
monkish tillage,  
With all their fatness marked by him long since  
for pillage.

—Turn him at last sore spent and famine-driven  
To Minster gates that, rather, flamed and riven,  
He looked to see for him rent wide asunder,  
And the shrine's riches fall his Bareserks'  
plunder.

No need to parley, scorning mine and leaguer,  
When at their name fly the pale monks and  
meagre,

And all the store be theirs of treasure olden,  
Strange magic books in jewelled clasp, and  
golden

Lamps that hold still the incense' heavy savour,  
Rich broidered gear, gold cups, flagon and laver.  
Grasp all, just given pause where some mild face  
angelic

## THE FAIR ADVENTURE

Watches enshrined o'er Holy Rood or relic,  
With half a doubt lest gods of monkish fable  
To smite as his own Thunderer be able.

Not so he comes, of sack and feasting cheated;  
Faint, comradeless, at Hospice doors entreated  
As best may seem them of their charity  
Whom he had thought to smite ; their serf to be  
Whom he had fettered ; branded and yoked to  
turn

The galling water-wheel and slavish quorn,  
Till he forget in round of daily drudging  
—A chattel fed by alien hands and grudging—  
How he had sailed long since the north seas over  
On spoil intent, a conquering free-born rover.

So I, storm-cast from night of deadly peril,  
Alien upon life's shores wreck-strewn and steril,

## MISCELLANEOUS

Alone must turn for succour, humbly craving  
At Hospice doors for my bare body's saving ;  
To toil, if so above my fellows serving,  
Such better dole be judged to my deserving,  
That I may still sometimes have heart for  
dreaming

Of how youth's Fair Adventure, goodly seeming,  
Launched forth, when banded comrades all  
equipped

Loosed the full sail, the straining cable slipped ;  
So that I have some scanty toil-wrung leisure  
To cheat my fate with gleams of olden treasure  
That we had word of, still so closely guarded  
In the inviolate Sanctuary warded.

This much I crave, though with the knowledge  
bitter,

That, though they yield unto some other, fitter,  
Never for me shall the great gates stand riven,  
Never their glories to my hand be given !

## THE BOAT OF DREAMS

WHERE the faint sea-fires ring the sands  
A sudden fitful spark  
Is struck by a silent keel that lands,  
Unsteered, unsped by rowers' hands,  
When the waning moon is dark.

And a boat rocks there of ancient build,  
With an empty deck and an idle sail,  
That far off-midnight airs had filled,  
When the landward breezes sink and fail  
And the little waves are stilled.

MISCELLANEOUS

On the night floats out from the laden hold  
A scent of the spicy East,  
Of treasures from many a land of old,  
And western isles where the fabled beast  
Keeps guard o'er the apples-gold.

Light on the brimming tide she sways,  
And the silvered ropes are thrilled—  
As the elfin harp of olden days  
That ever its magic music plays  
Untouched by a minstrel skilled.

And a voice with an untold message fraught  
Sings on and will not rest;  
The sails with changeful hues entwrought  
Swell on the calm as a surcharged breast,  
And yearning strain on the world-wide quest  
Of the boon the Heroes sought.



## THE BOAT OF DREAMS

Or ever the magic of that song  
Can win to a listing ear,  
It wakes, with a luring spell and strong,  
The heart of youth, till one draws near,  
Where the boat has waited long ;

Straightly led down the starlit strand  
Comes a foot to dare the deck,  
The helm yields to the eager hand  
To steer—with never a thought of wreck,  
On the track of the hero-band.

Far on the stream of the tide's recall,  
To those isles of mystery,  
Sails the ship with steady topmasts tall,  
Led by the jewelled mockery  
Of the Ignis Fatuus of the sea,  
On the slumberous rise and fall.

MISCELLANEOUS

Oh, sinks or sails the fairy bark,  
That waits by the midnight shore,  
Who to the magic song should hark  
Has dreamed his dream and returns no more,  
When the waning moon is dark !

## GIFTS

'GIVE, give,' and ever 'give,' goes up the cry  
Where at her gates sits Life with open hand  
To all who daily throng and clamouring stand  
About her almoner ; none doth she quite deny  
Some dole from her immeasurable store,  
Though some bewail that, deaf to their demand,  
She turns to give unto another more.

And some would violate her house and wrest  
By force of arms a prize beyond their share ;  
And in the press are those who do but dare  
Snatch from the weak their portion, and divest  
Their neighbour of his all when none shall  
heed ;

## MISCELLANEOUS

And some, not knowing, cast aside the best  
That should have stayed them in their bitter  
need—

And still the beggar's whine, that is half threat,  
Goes up from those who tread each other down,  
The shameless 'give!' importunate to drown  
Another's plaint who should more bounty get,  
And in blind greed would utterly forbid  
The few who, asking nothing, yet  
Come with their talent in a napkin hid.

And these are they alone of all the press  
Who, scorned of beggars, would their tribute  
bring

Unto the feet of Life as offering,  
So she may have more grace of her largess—  
And failing, have for their reward the sight  
Of the great few who high above the stress  
Have reached to crown her with the crown of  
light.

r  
l,  
t,  
te  
of

## THE MAN FROM PORLOCK

PERSON from Porlock, nameless man,  
If it were known, how execrate your name !  
Who to our endless loss of 'Kubla Khan'  
Upon your dull and trivial business came,  
And scattered all the golden store of dreams  
Lent by the poet's visions of the night,  
That now as Tantalus' own torment gleams  
Elusive, but a fragment of delight ;  
Nor may we hear the Abyssinian maid  
Sing to her dulcimer that unknown song,  
That on the poet's sleep such glamour laid  
With spells that to the circling spheres  
belong,

MISCELLANEOUS

To bear us with him where for ever runs  
The sacred river of tumultuous streams,  
Lit by no changeful moons, no changeless suns,  
Through all the land of witchery and dreams.

Though long in kirkyard rest is laid  
The man from Porlock, whose gross ear  
Heard not the Abyssinian maid,—  
Though he is dead this many a year—  
He leaves behind an endless brood  
Dull as himself, importunate—  
Always too soon do they intrude,  
And always go too late !

## NIGHT IN THE NORTH

BEATEN and burnished bright  
The sonorous snows spread white  
A pathway untrod from the far ice-realm,  
For the Valkyrs ride to-night ;  
With twanging of bows in the air,  
And flash of their shining hair  
As Brynhild's bound by the brazen helm,  
Come the war-maids fierce and fair.

From far in the sleeping North  
Their mailed bands ride forth,  
Greeting the victor, driving the craven  
Far as the fret and the froth

## MISCELLANEOUS

Blown from the breath of the steed,  
Winged with the north wind's speed,  
On the Way of the Gods with star-shine paven  
Fleetest of Hymer's breed.

Keen as the darts of the frost  
Are the countless spear-points tost,  
Keen is the sword-thrust to darkness speeding  
Those, who the fight have lost ;  
For heroes the splendour glows  
Afar on the crimsoned snows,  
To the feast of the gods in Valhalla leading  
Where Woden his children knows.



## NIGHT IN THE SOUTH

    - FARE forth, O my song,  
To the land that breathes  
A cloud of incense the whole night long,  
Crushed from the dancers' jasmine wreaths,  
Flooding the senses, heady and strong ;  
From the petals bruised by the cadenced feet,  
When one spins out from the swaying rank  
Of the wild-eyed music-tranced girls,  
Wafting the rose-scent as she twirls,  
Swayed to the soft insistent beat  
Of the music timing the silver clank  
Heard when her anklets meet.

MISCELLANEOUS

Blend softly, my song,  
With the wild refrain  
Rising and falling the whole night long ;  
Throbbing to madness, now low again,  
Only sunk to a languorous hush  
When the warning clang of the temple gong  
Chides to rest ere the dawn-fires flush  
And the daylight hours throng.

## VOICES

As whispering voices that pass  
By the cliff through the fringes of grass,  
Secret things the wind discovers,  
And the vibrant hills are as glass ;  
You think to hear them ring  
To the touch of the circling wing  
As the hawk on the edge of the chasm hovers  
Where never a foot may cling.

The wash of the tideless air  
Beats up with the sea's despair,  
Beats, and sinks back with its burden weighted  
As the voice of unanswered prayer ;

MISCELLANEOUS

Forbid by the hills frowning high,  
To the cold inaccessible sky  
In a tongue with their common anguish freighted  
The Ages disconsolate cry.

Since first to the winds that complain  
—Flung out in a protest as vain—  
Was blent with the storms that with storms had  
striven,  
The voice of strong crying and pain,  
And the inarticulate earth  
In her own unappeasable dearth  
Knew the gift of the Gods to her lastborn given,  
In the pang of passing and birth.

Out of oppression and wrong,  
The weak overborne by the strong,  
To the heedless gods of their own conceiving  
Crying, Lord, how long, how long?

## VOICES

When the sword, two-edged, smote,  
The prayer from the dripping throat  
Sped with the rush of the spirit's cleaving  
Endless in space to float.

Should they break to a clamorous shout,  
The stars in a stricken rout,  
From their fixed guard at the gate of Heaven,  
Should fail and be driven out ;  
And the planets that ceaseless wheel,  
From their courses break and reel,  
Scattered as dust of a dead world riven  
At the sound of that clarion peal !

✓

## TREES IN THE FOREST

TREES in the forest straight and tall,  
    Claiming the upward way to the light,  
Gay with song and the nesting-call,  
    Spreading wide in the Sun's full sight,  
Crowned with the fulness of life they court  
The lusty stir of the wind's wild sport.

Trees in the forest all awry,  
    Stunted and pale at the others' feet,  
Deep from the sun, the dew, and the sky  
    In the twilight green where the branches  
    meet,  
In the silent strife crushed out of the press  
Of stems to suffer the life of the Less.

## TREES IN THE FOREST

Trees in the forest dead and dry,  
Leafless, sapless, for nothing good  
But to rot into mould where they broken lie,  
To feed the victors that crown the wood,  
—While Springs shall come and the Summers go,  
Thus do the trees in the forest grow.



## THE WOLF TOWER

FROM their lair among the rocks,  
Whence long they harried herds and flocks,

The Grey Wolf and his mate are driven,  
And their tawny whelps to the hounds are given ;

For the King hath builded a hunting-tower,  
Of the stone rough-hewn—no ladies' bower—

In the forest shades for his kingly sport,  
For he wearies of the silken court.

But the court to the forest soon must follow ;  
O'er Grey Wolf's lair and wild boar's wallow



## THE WOLF TOWER

Rise roof and turret and stately hall,  
And frowning gates in the circling wall,

Guarding close the garnered treasure  
In fair abodes of lordly pleasure.

From distant marts the merchants throng,  
And sweet is the note of the trouvère's song :

Nobles and dames at the feast are set,  
And famed knights at the jousts are met ;

Anointed kings at the altars bend.  
Of the holy faith, that their arms defend

With the strength of their hosts for war arrayed,  
By Paynim leaguer undismayed.

O'er all the land the sovereign liege,  
Strong against secret foe or siege,

MISCELLANEOUS

—Though the passing bell from the Minster-fane  
Foretelleth that all life is vain—

The royal city in its pride  
Seems it should evermore abide !

---

The Grey Wolf wakes as he scents afar  
The fresh-spilled blood and the reek of war ;

Ravished and torn by brother's hate,  
By plague and famine desolate,

The city lies, the gates are riven,  
Bower and hall to the flames are given ;

The world-famed shrine, that was ever decked  
With lordly gifts, lies bare and wrecked,

## THE WOLF TOWER

Naught there stands in the crumbling wall  
But the blackened Wolf Tower grim and tall ;

And soon, the ruins all o'erthrown,  
With thorns and tangled thickets grown,

—All save its name by men forgot—  
In the forest shades of that desert spot,

The ancient Wolf Tower stands alone,  
With the Grey Wolf's lair on the cold hearth-  
stone !

## CHANTEY

*Give the wind time to blow a man home,*

*O—ho! O—ho! ee—O!*

*Give the wind time to blow a man home!*

Is it time that the wind wants, time!

Sure we have given enough,

For our spars are crusted with rime,

And our keels drag fouled and rough;

While we wait the wind's good time trim and  
tauten the slack,

And ready all when the wind shall haul at last  
on the homeward tack!

## CHANTEY

Give the wind time of the years,  
That drive with us round and round,  
From the port our lading clears  
To the port where we last are bound ;  
Must it still have time, while we lighten and load,  
again to come  
With pratique free of every sea ere it minds to  
blow us home ?

We have given it time wind-bound,  
Under a shifty lea,  
Time when we could not sight nor sound  
In a berg-encumbered sea,  
Time when the trailing smoke of a hull-down  
liner mocked  
Our jack reversed, when the deals had burst our  
decks and the pumps were blocked.

MISCELLANEOUS

We signed for the round when we shipped  
—Shanghai'd never a man—  
And we knew, when the signals dipped  
And the pilot shoreward ran,  
That the wind had the word, we must sing to  
reefing or crowding on,  
Or, yards a-dip, all hands to strip ere ever the  
masts had gone.

'Tis we cry 'time!' when it shifts  
Aback against the sun,  
Dog-dancing through the tattered drifts,  
Time to reef and run,  
Ere the squall shall break and the scuppers  
fill,  
For 'tis sea-room then for the sailor-men and the  
wind may have its will!

## CHANTEY

Has it no mind of how it drove  
The racing outward-bound—  
Oh, those were the days of treasure-trove  
And pearl-isles newly found !—  
That strained and bilged and battered it leaves  
us here forgot,  
In the parallel that tastes of Hell to roll and  
rust and rot !

We have only the wind to trust  
—Sailing the world around,—  
If our thirsty anchor, dry with rust,  
Shall ever again hold ground,  
Where it held—too long for our fancy—what  
time the harbour mouth  
Was the gate set wide to a world untried clean  
new from North to South !

MISCELLANEOUS

But for all that its ways are long,  
It will not have us forget,  
And pipes an unforgotten song  
Sometimes when the watch is set,  
And no one aft but the steersman: steady and  
free it blows ;  
There is naught to do but keep her true on the  
course that the wind best knows !

*Then give the wind time to blow a man home,  
O—ho! O—ho! ee—O!  
Give the wind time to blow a man home!*



## MIGHT THE DEEP WOODS

MIGHT the deep woods ever hold me  
In their cool embrace,  
And the grasses droop to fold me  
Hiding my still face  
Far from all that has controlled me  
In some long-forgotten place!

Might the sea's compassion take me  
On its farthest tide,  
In some primal form remake me  
Where I might abide,  
And no resurrection wake me  
From the depths where I would hide.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Best if so be I might loose me  
In the trancing snows,  
Might some fatal snow-maid choose me  
Where all things repose,  
Nor the endless night refuse me  
Sepulchre where no man knows !

All the fair free things that made me  
One with their deep heart,  
As a friend's hand have betrayed me,  
Leaving me no part  
In the strength that long has stayed me  
Through life's fret and smart.

In my helplessness to leave me  
To the hands I dread,  
Of my birthright to bereave me,  
Stone at foot and head  
In the close-walled vault to leave me  
With the sordid dead !

## QUIBERON

(La Vendée)

FAINT and far the sounds that come  
Upon the salt wind fleeting,  
From the chill void of the sea-fog where the  
shrouded beaches end,  
Bugle-call and roll of drum  
And hiss of swords in meeting,  
Charging shout and choking death-cry with the  
call of sea-birds blend.

From what hosts set rank to rank,  
In curling fog-drift hidden,  
Comes the clamour of the onset; whence the  
stress of flying feet

## MISCELLANEOUS

Of those smitten front and flank,  
Borne backwards, over-ridden  
Through the trampling of the breakers in pursuit  
and retreat ?

What retreat from closing snare  
Can be beyond the seething  
Of the foam-fret down the pebbles drawn sharply  
sucking back,  
When through the vapour-deadened air  
—All the sea and shore enwreathing—  
Sounds the quick impatient drum-roll urging the  
attack ?

Silence with grim menace filled,  
Ere down the wind there follows,  
Blent with the rush of unseen waves, the distant  
musket-roll,

## QUIBERON

And all the vacant cloud-world thrilled  
Through changing capes and hollows  
With the chill breath of fate-laden ball sped  
blindly to its goal.

Is that the waft of battle-cloud,  
Whence the fusillade had blasted  
The last despairing rally to a pallid stricken  
rout ?

Is that the tread with terror loud  
Of wounded steed unmastered ?  
Is that the liliated banner, shot-riddled, streaming  
out ?

You look to see the fog-walls part  
To the peasant flock, man-hunted,  
Who to the boats that wait them not, still vainly  
strive to flee,

## MISCELLANEOUS

And the little band of higher heart,  
With faces all foe-fronted,  
If die they must, die self-avenged beside the  
trait'rous sea.

But ever as the shrill sea-wind  
Rolls back the shredded curtain,  
From all the ragged sand-dunes where the reeds  
grow dry and few,  
The driven fog-wreaths torn and thinned  
To your doubting eye uncertain,  
Show a lonely shore untrodden that the tides  
have swept anew.

By tumult of the headlong flight  
The silence hangs unbroken,  
No useless arms, no wreckage of the fight, bestrew  
the sand,

## QUIBERON

To fãrthest foam-fringe gleaming white  
There is no sign nor token  
Of those who met their fate betrayed between  
the sea and land.

As on that day of whetted sword,  
That smote and gave no quarter,  
The shrouding fog had hid a sight whereon no  
sun had shone ;  
On all the sand spread fair and broad  
There is no stain of slaughter,  
No trace of blood that once had fouled the beach  
of Quiberon.

## THE JUGGLER

THE Juggler, prince of the Fair  
By his skill, plays with his golden balls—  
    Rainbow-like, red, blue, and green—  
    With a knife thrown up between ;  
Never one of them breaks or falls  
    As he keeps them playing high in air.

Merrily—they never stop,  
Like a fountain's sparkle up and up  
    To the sunshine flung.  
    'Twould seem they hung  
Just a moment, then, as to a cup  
    True to his hand they drop.



## THE JUGGLER

While we watch them all agape—  
To the big drums and squeal of fife—  
    Wonder will he let them down,  
    He is such a skilful clown  
'Twould seem he had come to give them life  
    In his motley suit and cape.

It was never known that any fell  
While the Juggler, prince of all the Fair,  
    Plays with the balls of rainbow hue,  
    Red and gold and blue.  
And he will keep them high in air  
    Just as long as he thinks well!

## THE NAVIGATORS

IN ebb and flood from East to West  
The swinging tides that know no rest  
Call, call, call,  
And deep sea-streams from West to  
East,  
'Up, leave your warring, mart or feast.'  
The winds that blow from North to  
South  
By harbour bar and river mouth  
Call, call, call—  
With answering voice from South to  
North,  
'Unto the great new world come forth!'

## THE NAVIGATORS

And they who heard had in their blood  
Such springs of roving hardihood  
From Sea-bride and from Viking sire,  
That answering leap to fullest flood  
In pulses of their own desire.

Drawn Westward still and ever West,  
Where fabled Islands of the Blest  
Ever below the sea-line lay,  
Strange portents cheered them on the quest  
Of Eldorado and Cathay,

And to the sea's low message gave  
The voice of every westering wave,  
The longing of their soul to urge,  
And bid them follow on to brave  
The hidden things of ocean's verge—

## MISCELLANEOUS

The hidden, strange, and desperate things,  
Of which the sea-voice message brings  
From shores of far mysterious lands,  
Reached only by the sea-birds' wings,  
Known but to ocean's roving bands ;—

To follow far and free as these,  
The masters of unsounded seas,  
Where ' the great Whales and Dragons ' go,  
Where plunging breakers fall and freeze  
In phantasms of ice and snow,

On phantom palaces agleam  
Through mists upon the ocean-stream,  
Guarding the secrets of the shore,—  
If it be but a fabled dream  
In shadows wrapped for evermore,

## THE NAVIGATORS

Or show as to their inward sight

The future they could read aright,  
The savage beauty caught and tamed  
Grown mighty in the mother's might,  
The lands they sought and named.

The rivers that from East to West

Had borne them forth upon their quest,  
Call, call, call

To the great streams from West to East,  
'Father of Rivers,' or the least

That flowed to slake their bitter drouth,  
Storm-beaten, driven North and South—

Call, call, call ;

And might they hear them now as then,

Far from accepted ways of men,

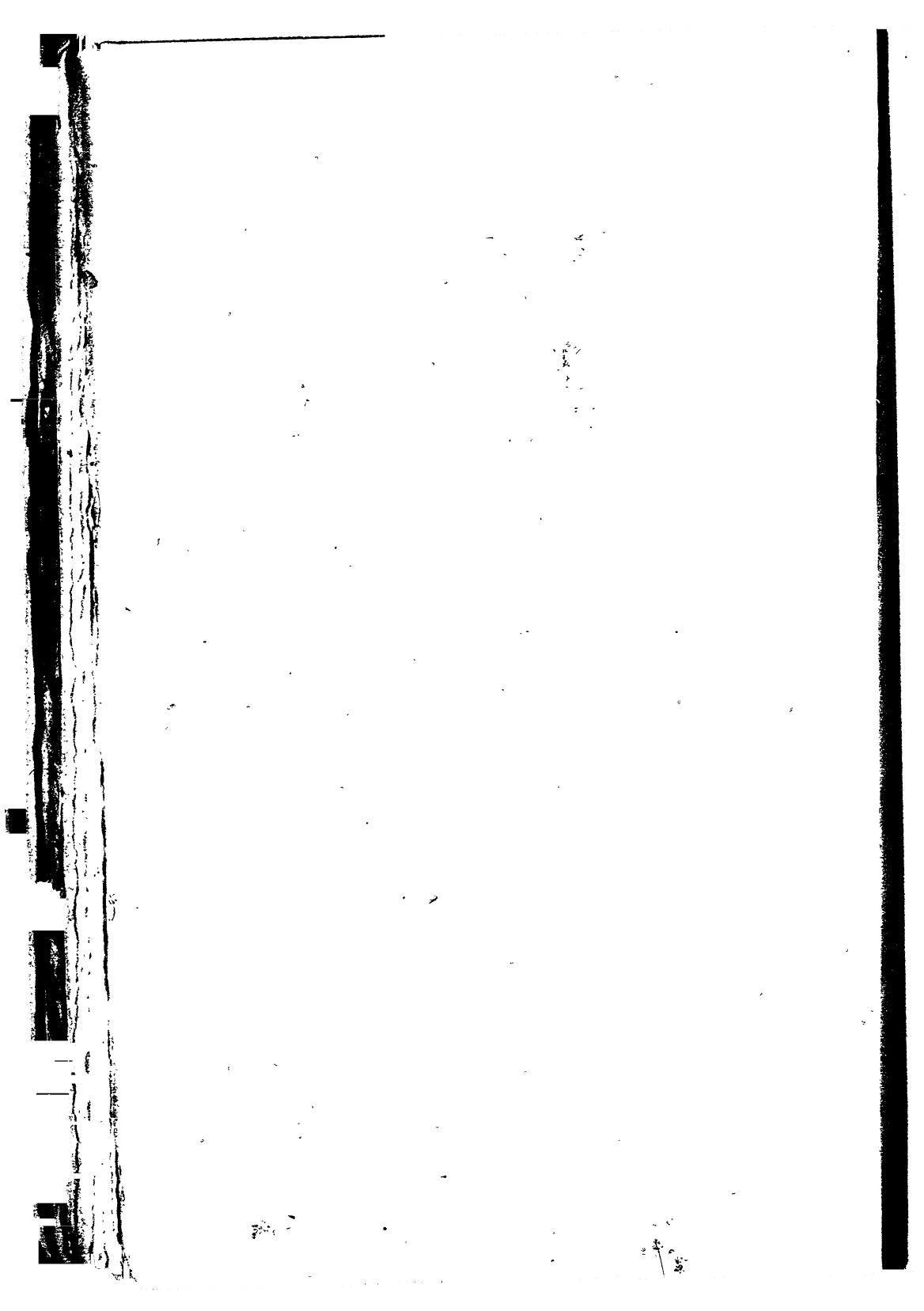
Call, call, call,

It should be given them to know

MISCELLANEOUS

That these long centuries moving slow  
Had wrought their endless fame,  
Where the great fleets of ocean go  
Call their undying name !

VOTIVE





## MIDSUMMER DAY IN THE GARDEN

I could rend them all, and crush  
The red heart of every rose,  
Where the love-life's fullest flush  
In each taunting blossom glows!  
Cruel, cruel seems to me  
All the Summer's bravery!

Such a wanton waste of life!  
All the strength that riots here  
Hath an outrage—even as strife—  
That I would not come anear  
To the dim room where he lies,  
Still, enwrapped with close-sealed eyes!

## VOTIVE

Flowers like these can have no part  
In the calm of that low bed ;  
Where is stilled love's very heart,  
Love's' own flowers may not shed  
Their bright petals just unfurled  
To the joyous summer world !

Scorching even the boon of tears,  
Harsh upon my eyelids burns  
All the splendour that the years  
Deck the earth with, as she turns  
With her full heart brimming over  
To the Sun as loved to lover.

They will give me thus to know  
How a maimed and alien thing  
I for evermore must go  
Through the harvest-joys and spring,  
Where no part nor lot have I  
Under all the smiling sky !

## MIDSUMMER DAY IN THE GARDEN

O garden of the Earth, that was  
My Eden wheresoe'er we twain  
Might through the flush of morning pass,  
And watch across the fields of grain  
The dancing ripples break and run  
Before the wind that backs the sun ;

Or feel the evening calm-exhale  
Our soul's true essence to the stars,  
In love-plaint of the nightingale  
Caged in the moonbeam's silver bars,  
In cypress alley lingering late  
To hear him still entreat his mate ;

Or clinging lean along the edge  
Of walls that keep a mighty name  
Alive, where from the mountain's ledge  
The voice of winds still trumpets fame,  
And long for deeds of high emprise  
To crown us in each other's eyes !

VOTIVE

Fair pleasaunce that was his and mine !

No Angel with the flaming sword

Doth shut me from your dear confine

To wander desolate abroad,

But the chill sentinel of doom

Who watches in that silent room !

NOLI ME TANGERE

Is it that still so thinly veiled I go  
That they may see my face  
—So changed beyond all that they used to know—  
Doth but grimace ?

When it would keep the trick aforetime learned  
Of answering smile to smile,  
And pay the courtesy its patience earned  
So long a while ?

Is it because the life within them shrinks,  
Guessing from scars I would not have them see,  
The maiming stroke, the loss that ever links  
Two worlds in me,

VOTIVE

That I can see the gulf between us set  
    When I would tread their ways,  
And feel the chill when hand to hand is met  
    As in old days ?

So through the busy world of fret and mirth  
    I follow spirit feet,  
As through a show—how vain!—where Death  
    and Birth  
    For ever meet.

And part to meet again, nor ever cease  
    The while I closely hold  
The hand whose clasp I never may release  
    That is so cold !

I WOULD NOT, DEAR

I WOULD not, dear, you might return  
To this changed world so grey and bld,  
Where no more from the headlands burn  
The beacons now for ever cold.

I would not have you know the weight  
Of ventureless long days I know,—  
Ah, love, where once we used to freight  
The hours as ships that come and go

On all the tides the world around,  
To wide new lands and kingdoms old,  
With treasure no more to be found,  
And goods no longer bought or sold.

## VOTIVE

Dearest, when first I saw the Spring  
Send the sea-swallow by your grave,  
It had an added pang to wring  
Anguish from lips that could but rave

Against all nature, you being gone  
From the bright world we loved so well ;  
I knew not then you were the one  
—Not I—who should be left to dwell

For ever on the enchanted shore,  
Where youth and love had made our home,  
Where on your dear face never more  
The change of the grey years may come ;

While I should see unmeaning things  
Drift by through all the heavy years,  
Till to strange shores the spent tide brings  
The ship that by no beacon steers.



## KNOWLEDGE

WE knew you then as one beyond

The fretful round of petty minds,  
As one whose word is as his bond,

Whom duty's sudden summons finds  
Full-nerved unquestioning to respond,

In high simplicity that takes

No thought of self to strive and thrust,  
But moves in quiet strength that makes  
The code of manhood's highest trust  
Which never true man breaks.

Too great the cost that shows us now

How the high purpose of your will  
In unrevolted strength could bow  
Gently in patient pain and still  
Meet death with such unclouded brow!

## OUT OF TUNE

SPRING has no message for me this year !

Never a note of the blackbird's song,  
From the swaying elm-tops shaken clear,  
Has aught of meaning now to my ear ;  
The lengthening days—how long !

'An oft-told tale,' so it vexes me

The stir of building each foolish nest  
As the first that were built, when plain to see  
Hang last year's shreds in the very tree !  
Do they take last year's bequest ?

Buds on the branches just the same,

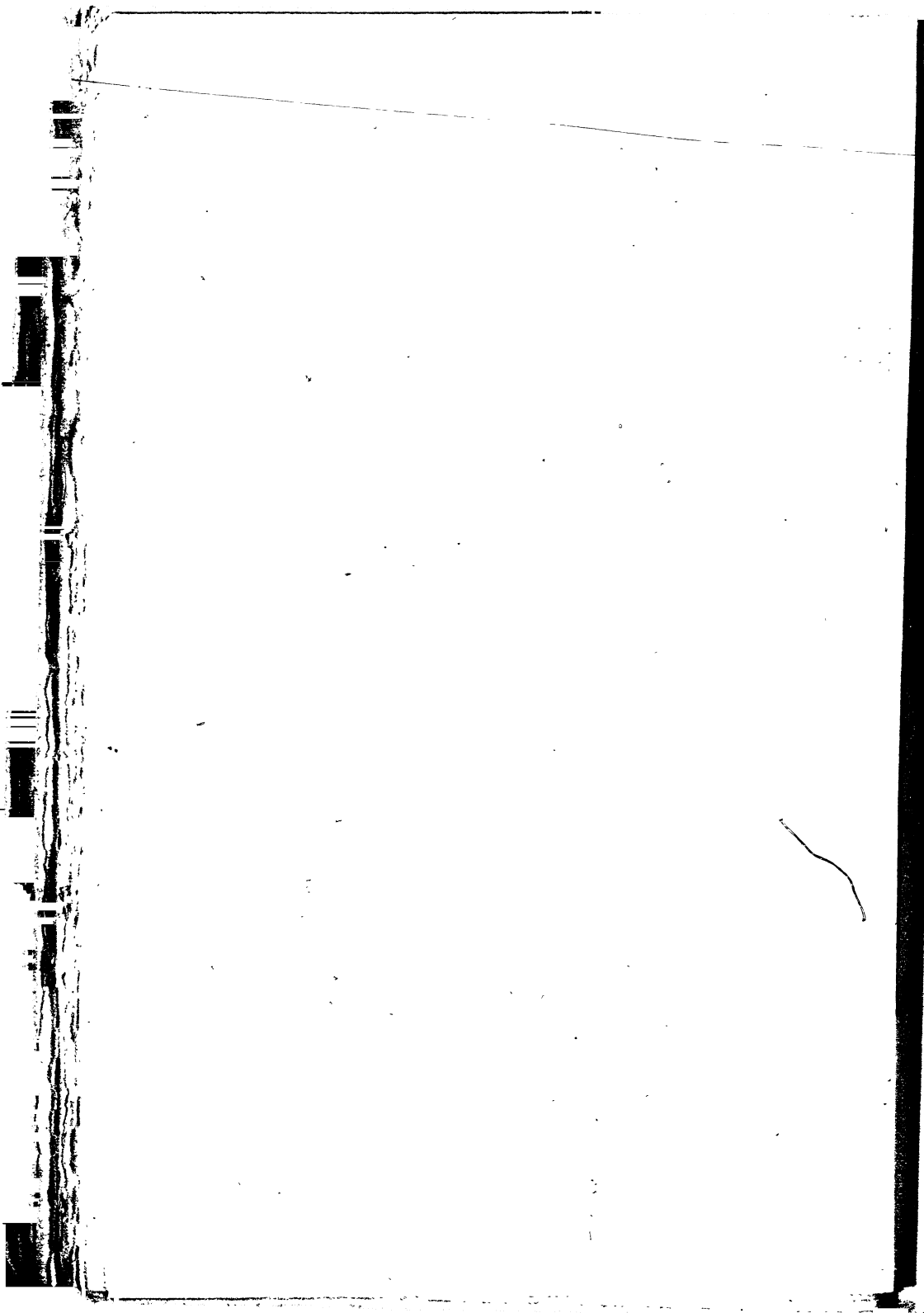
With an inch of growth to make good the fall

## OUT OF TUNE

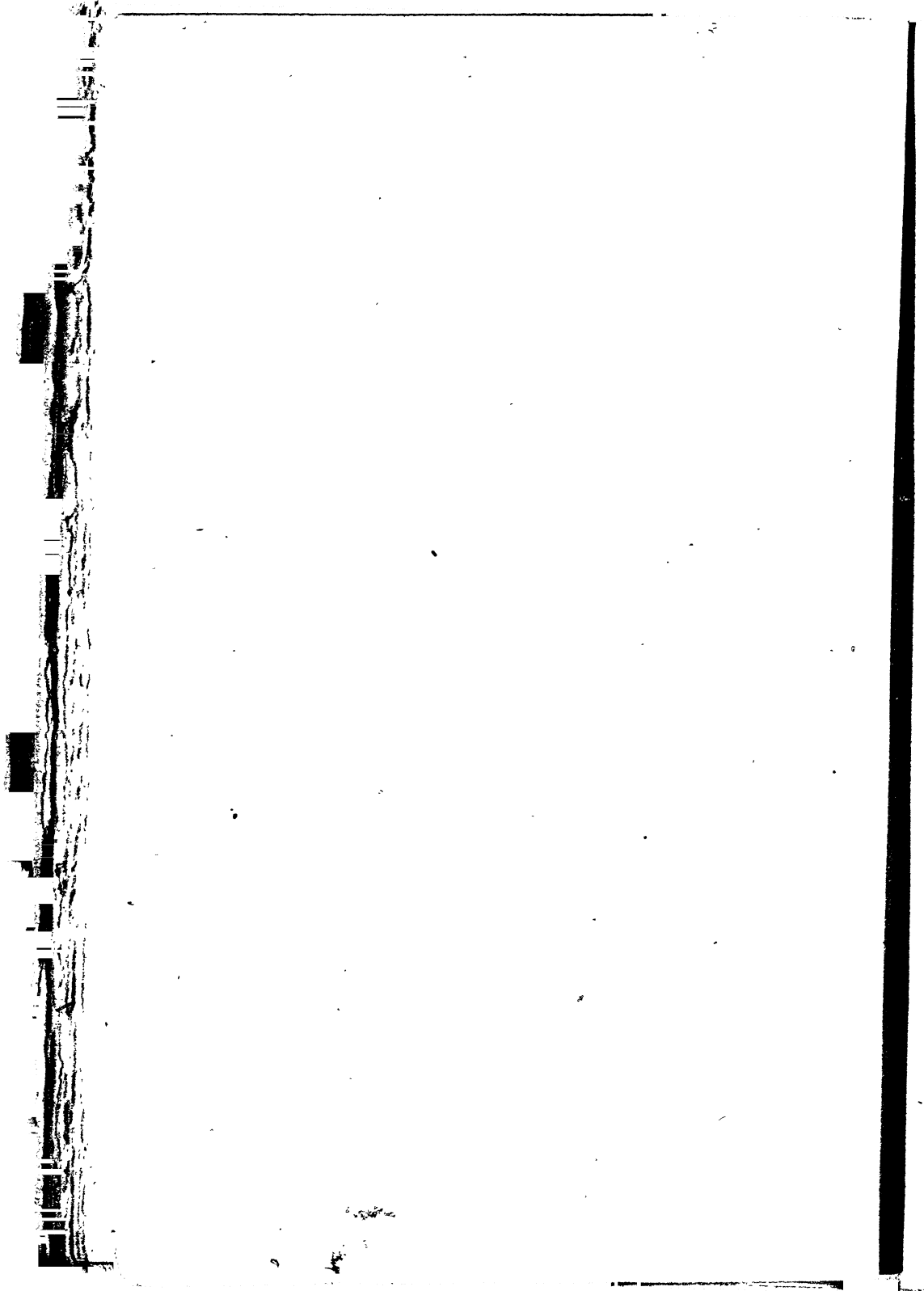
Of those that furnished the Winter's flame !  
Perhaps when the fiery moment came  
Glad to be done with it once and for all !

But oh ! the lilies springing to greet  
The sun just where last year's blossoms did !  
Will they have the same perfume — God  
forbid !—

As those with all last year's essence sweet,  
That died in a room of death, and hid  
The dear folded hands, the dear still feet ?



SOME ASPECTS



## LOVE IN CHANGE

OUR love against the world ! we said,  
    Counting so full, so wide of scope,  
The love of untried lad and maid,  
    True sisterling of Faith and Hope ;  
Counting so strong, so free of range,  
    The callow love we sought to prove  
Beyond all chance of Time and Change,  
    For naught, we said, can change our love.

Sweetheart ! to-day have you a smile,  
    Have you a thought for what must seem  
The palest phantom to beguile  
    The yearning of a lad's sick dream,

SOME ASPECTS

Beside the love that holds us now  
Strong as itself, in no way kin  
To Faith in need of any vow,  
To Hope for sake of aught to win?

The very Change we so defied  
Has wrought more surely for our good,  
Though stern of hand and reaching wide  
Beyond the simple arts we wooed ;  
And had it not to us revealed  
All we had missed, O true heart mine,  
What had we known of love so sealed  
By Time and Change, deathless, divine !



## LOVE IN TRUTH AND COURTESY

SWEET, I have lived to see you go!  
And had I in those stricken moments prayed,  
It had been for myself—that so,  
Since all my anguish had in nowise stayed  
Your going, might one mortal pang suffice  
To speed me with you undelayed :  
I had prayed thus, so that I die not twice.  
O Love ! But I live still,  
And to the living must my strength apply  
—Since flesh and spirit may not part at will—  
As your unshaken soul gentle and steadfastly  
Has taught me so to live and so to die.

### SOME ASPECTS

This have I to my comforting and cheer,  
That though the world stops not for such as I,  
And gives to each but one true life—a year,  
Perhaps a score !—it gave me that most dear,  
Most courteous love, if holden worthily,  
The 'perfect love that casteth out all fear.'

## LOVE UNTIMELY

DEAR, we were too soon met and too soon parted,  
Time was not ripe that our love should endure,  
We did not know love left us still whole-hearted  
With but such gentle hurt as time might cure.

Dear, it was very sweet the while it lasted,  
The wonder of it will not come again,  
Though we can smile to-day to think we fasted,  
And could from such a feasting still abstain!

Yet glad that we can still look back to cherish  
The sober charm half sad of all young things  
Untimely blossomed, which, untimely perished,  
We'd fondly grace with wafting angel-wings!

SOME ASPECTS

Whose very frailness makes us over tender

Of weaklings that we only hold more dear ;

And I, for one, could never be offender

Of such young-hallowed things dead many a  
year !

## LOVE IN REASON

THEN you would let me go without a word,  
Without one look from those changed eyes  
averted

The while in silence you have heard  
From me the tale that others had perverted?  
So, hug your woman's justice to your heart,  
But blame me not when you shall feel the smart!

Believe me, you are hard, armoured in youth :  
More years had helped you udge in other  
fashion,  
Though I did wrong, perhaps, such draughts of  
truth  
To pour for one who at life's wells of passion

### SOME ASPECTS

To merest surface-froth had scarce set lip ;  
Where I so deep have drunk, you lightly sip .

Would you then rather I had made a mock  
Of simple truth, my manhood's birthright  
selling ;

Would rather, than that aught your taste should  
shock,

Have such a death's-head ever with us dwell-  
ing ?

Though truly, to a woman, out of sight  
Is out of mind—who knows but they are right !

But I know well I am too much a man,

As such you think inclined to hold too lightly  
What you call manly failings and so ban—

But grant me to hold truth and honour rightly!  
And love, the love that I would have you under-  
stand,

With truth and honour must go hand in hand !

## LOVE IN REASON

But you will none of it in your young scorn ;

To me the fault now lies in the confession,  
So deep my love within my soul is born

It would have urged me to make full con-  
cession

To all the prejudice that you inherit,  
And of the base surrender make a merit.

Had I not judged it baser to degrade

The finer attributes that you discover,  
And hoped you were for higher usage made

Than to hold dear a man less man than lover !  
But since of such high hopes disaster came  
To cause you grief, dear child, mine be the  
blame !

And mine the loss and bitterness to know

That it were better far for us and safer  
To venture where the angels pause, and so  
To swallow whole Love's consecrated wafer,

## SOME ASPECTS

In firm belief that in its form may dwell  
His very substance, so that all were well!

Forgive me!—But acknowledge it must make  
Parting on this wise not a little bitter  
To think, as is most natural, you will take  
Into your heart some other you deem fitter,  
Or who may pass as such to your contentment,  
While I for ever bear your just resentment.

Now to make end! As from your life I go,  
Of all the sorrow that my haste is earning  
Much is for you, though you'll not have it so—  
You might have, had I left to ripe discerning  
The love that I have dared to price too high  
For your acceptance as it seems—good-bye!



## LOVE IN MADNESS

. . . Love still were mine,  
Were Love not dead, poor little helpless Love,  
Whose blood is red and sweet—ah! sweet as wine,  
Staining pale lips and golden curls above  
Among the scattered feasting where we sat ;  
—Say, was the wine too rich, too red,  
And over-heady, friends, for your fine taste,  
That so untimely from the feast you fled  
Shrieking on justice in such pallid haste?  
No need for justice, once I had seen *that*,  
—The look between them when eyes woo and  
wed—

## SOME ASPECTS

Justice lay in this small dagger-point—ay, and  
to spare

For him who lies so stiffly huddled there!

You call me, then, an over-lavish host,  
And yet you come not where still waits the  
cheer

I spread you of my best—I would not boast!—  
Good friends, why draw you back, why peep and  
flee

In at the doorway garlanded for joy  
And honour of Love's coming? Friends, a toast!  
Drink with me of the wine that cannot cloy.

Fools! you do not know this vintage rare,  
You do not know the suns that poured their  
heat

Into the living sap of vines that bear  
Such fruit for crushing—so—beneath the feet,  
Through tender hours you know not grown so  
sweet

LOVE IN MADNESS

To yield this joy! Out, slaves, nor ever think  
To your base usage would I so defile  
The wine that I will pour—a godlike drink—  
For Love alone—and Love lies dead the while  
With pale lips that have got so strange a smile!

## LOVE UNMATED

You to your joys as I found you unsated,  
I to the will of the world again!  
The love that could hold us for ever unmated  
Is love unworthy, steril, and vain.

Should we have given our all unstinted—  
All that we had of ourselves to give,  
Still would the whispering doubt have hinted  
Love must have more for its need to live.

Give if you will, but is not receiving  
Blessed as giving from heart to heart?  
Else is it all beyond mending or grieving,  
Loving unmated, we love apart!

## LOVE UNAVAILING

HEAR me, beloved, if you may  
Still through the sounding vaults of space,  
Where day from night and night from day  
Robs something of your lingering grace :

Hear me, beloved, speak your name  
As I was used to breathe it low  
When by the twilight path I came  
Unto the door we used to know.

We ! where now alone I stand,  
And call your name for none to hear,  
The roses droop on either hand  
As they have done since that dead year

SOME ASPECTS

When on the threshold overgrown  
With grass now rank as churchyard sod,  
I drew the latch so long well known  
And took the path so often trod,

Unthinking I should ever call  
Your name unanswered low and fond.—  
Ungathered roses fade and fall  
By the closed door, space lies beyond !

## LOVE IN JUSTICE

The low grey wood that cringes from the sea,  
The low grey rocks still stubborn to its  
scourge,  
The shivering pale sands that break and flee  
As the long lashes of the sea-wind urge ;—  
All is the same, and we,  
As when we saw them first, have come to stand  
Once more together, and here face to face  
Set Love between us, as we still should place  
A docile hand each in his claspng hand.  
To-day no blindfold band  
Hides the changed eyes of Love between us set,  
The changed cold eyes wherein we shrinking  
read—

SOME ASPECTS

As we before him were for judgment met—  
The sentence of the years he has decreed.

Never again to lead  
Our feet in pleasant places will Love turn ;  
Who joined us, sunders now and bids us go,  
As justicer between us high and stern,  
Our separate ways, waste for all winds to blow,  
All waves to spurn.



## LOVE IN SECRECY

‘Your servant, Madam.’—‘Sir, give you good-day.’

And each along the formal terrace-walk  
Rustling and stately take their separate way,  
Where buzzing courtiers pausing in their talk  
Ogle and spy, the while they bowing sway  
To favour’s breeze as poppies on the stalk.

‘Lord of my life!’—‘Thou very heart of love!’  
Close-meeting lips breathe through the folding  
dusk,  
In that long-awaited moment, when above  
Only the stars where roses shed their musk  
May spy the pair, who through their Eden move  
—This is life’s fruit, all else were but the husk!

## LOVE UNTHRIFTY

OH! the cup of life brimmed high  
When we drained it, you and I,  
Drained, nor ever thought to find it  
Empty in our hands and dry.

Lip to lip upon the edge,  
So we answered, pledge for pledge,  
Through the rose-wreaths now so withered,  
Dead and dry as autumn's sedge.

Shall we no more thirsting drink  
Where the breaking bubbles wink  
On the rim, no more our fingers  
Round the stem together link ?

LOVE UNTHRIFTY

Did you think to wreath again  
Garlands that in dust had lain?

Did you think to fill the goblet  
To appease your longing vain?

Nay, sweet friend, it may not be;  
Never more for you and me

Shall be poured the wine we wasted,  
Brimming, sparkling, full and free.

## LOVE ENCAGED

O LOVE! if it be Love may set me free  
From bars and bolts of iron circumstance,  
That, wide or narrow as the cage may be,  
Is strong to hold us as in evil chance!

But Love fears not with snowy plumes and breast  
To bring forgetfulness of close-clipped wing—  
So there be room to preen and brood and nest,  
Love is content behind the bars to sing!

## LOVE IN SURETY

I KNOW one may in nowise question Love;  
Or at the word he will take quick offence,  
If we should ask for miracles to prove  
His saving grace for which we are too dense ;

But, dearest, let us keep with daily care  
Gentle observances as we are used,  
So we have not to ask 'Is Love still here ?'  
And seeking signs and wonders be refused.

Let us from dulling usage save and tend  
Such suite and courtesies as years go by,  
For Love's contentment, so that in the end  
We lose him not for very surety !

LOVE IN LONGING.

THROUGH the long cool meadow grasses,  
By the hillside thrilled with song,  
Where the full-flushed morning passes,  
And the drowsy noon sleeps long—

Where the wistful evening lingers  
As the ebb to flow repines,  
And the night with dewy fingers  
Sweeps the chords of murmuring pines :

There am I, beloved, throwing  
All my heart, my soul to these,  
So you may not stand unknowing  
By the shore of alien seas—

LOVE IN LONGING

All that we so loved together,  
Harbouring days that we have blessed,  
Truant noons among the heather,  
Nights that held our hearts at rest—

So they may but reach you, dearest,  
Through the chance of far-off skies,  
Telling you my love lies nearest  
Where your own love nestling lies.

## LOVE IN MOCKERY

WE crown you queen, and of that crown make  
light,

And claim you newly risen Aphrodite  
From out the wastrel of the sea and shore,  
Where dripping weeds and pebbles jewel-bright  
Deck forth the shining limbs that gleam the  
more,

And bow we to the thing our hands have raised ;  
A jest grown sudden tragic when we find,  
Among the attributes such homage praised,  
One in which Love himself—whom they call  
blind !—

Through our light mockery such grace has found  
To teach—for better worth of human kind—  
That what you are may still by Love be crowned.



## LOVE IN REVELATION

No breath throughout the night, no stir of air  
In all the olive-orchard tented roof,  
Woven of shadows for their safe repair,  
Whence night's innumerable small musicians  
trilled

Their best a moment since, now sudden stilled ;  
Even our nightingale to brood aloof  
Forgoes his melody of sweet despair,  
And silence hangs between the two great darks  
Of earth and sky, as each drawn through the  
dewy damp

In force unknown, primal and vast and musingly  
Awaits the other. Is it this moment marks

## SOME ASPECTS

A pause, as it were, in the long steady tramp  
Of legioned hours marching ever by?  
Just made for us, as silent you and I  
On terrace wall together leaning wait  
What through the hushed expectancy draws nigh.

Ah, love! in shelter of my arms enfolded strait  
To meet such moment manifest you did not  
fear!

Bowed to the hand compelling to its will,  
We veil our faces, knowing love is here  
In the soft breathing that enfolds us still;  
Though your flushed cheek felt no cool touch of  
breeze

Between that unifying kiss and these,  
Throughout their fruited branches interlaced  
A long sigh shivered all the olive-trees;  
It seemed each gnarled old trunk was braced,  
Made sturdier in every ancient twist,

## LOVE IN REVELATION

As pillars of night's precincts to resist  
The grip of some blind Samson's strength de-  
based,  
And to uphold the portal of the shrine  
Touched by the passing visitant divine.

This little moment, love, our very own,  
So great, so charged with destiny was grown  
Above its fellows, an especial birth  
Fitting it were some portent should make known ;  
Too rare for loud acclaim or simple mirth,  
That Earth herself must stand at, gaze, and yield  
With sudden tremors her acknowledgment  
Of the resistless forces it could wield,  
Welding two lives indissolubly blent.

Listen ! one small musician tunes to make  
Trial of what the shaken silence willed,  
Until night's orchestra takes heart to break

SOME ASPECTS

To fullest jubilation piped and shrilled,  
Each of his fellow's powers emulant,  
Launching the nightingale our celebrant  
Upon his triumph-song of love fulfilled!

## LOVE BELATED

I would have you sit as you used to do  
In the window-seat to look  
Down on the square, where two and two  
Pass the students with gown and book,  
And see the light touch as it used  
On the curve of your cheek and neck,  
Catching a careless curl unloosed  
With a sudden golden fleck.

And I would that the harsh old lock might yield  
To my hand with its protest vain,  
That you would not hear if the Carillon pealed  
Like a burst of golden rain

## SOME ASPECTS

From the ancient belfry you so loved,  
For the chimes that ward all harms,—  
I might reach your side ere you had moved  
And turned with a cry to my arms.

And I would—oh, I would that the heart of youth  
Might be mine again for a space,  
That I might annul in very sooth  
The years that blur your face  
When I try to recall your smile, your eyes,  
As they were, for now I know  
That my pride had lost me so rare a prize  
In the days of long ago!

## LOVE UNKNOWNING

WHEN from the meadow-side where lapped we  
lay

In ample vesture of the lavish Spring,  
We glimpsed one passing by the woodland way  
As through his own, where soft the whirl of wing,  
And amorous song acclaimed him very king :  
Strange was the look he cast, as who might say  
With regal gesture, 'Take the good I fling,  
Lose not your day!'

Had I but known him, caught his meaning so  
—As now I know and of the knowledge weep—  
That Spring, of all to come, of all that go,  
Had been our own to have, to hold, and keep,  
To fill our lives with the undying glow  
Of glories that through all the woodland sweep ;

### SOME ASPECTS

Had I but gathered when one passing by  
Strewed goodly gifts that turn to ill from good,  
As gathered wind-flowers fall and withered lie  
To sadden all the festal-keeping wood,  
— Ah! that, of all the endless Springs that  
    brood  
The years to quicken yet when life beats high,  
Had been our own, ere yet the wind-flowers die,  
Had we but known 'twas Love who meant our  
    good!



## LOVE UNASKED

His look would shame me should he but divine—  
Though he may think it makes too brave a  
show—

How great the cost in answering look of mine  
To beat the hot blood down, keep pulses slow.

In me all womanhood were surely shamed  
Did he once feel through all the seeming calm  
The storm sweep through me when his name is  
named,  
The thrill when hands meet lightly palm to  
palm

### SOME ASPECTS

And even love through me were made a mock,  
For who is there would hold it not a jest  
To see as to a stone, a very stock,  
Such precious offerings in vain addressed!

If he himself were shamed it were not well;  
If I have read his courtesy aright,  
An idle tale that careless gossips tell  
Were shame to him if working pain or slight.

Of shame my strength!—ah, weakness were  
more sweet!—

To have him see in me but one aloof  
From all his ways, to part still as we meet,  
Of such a strength makes daily bitter proof.

## LOVE UNCHANGED

SHE sang of Love and of Love's sorrows seven,  
Sighing the while that he

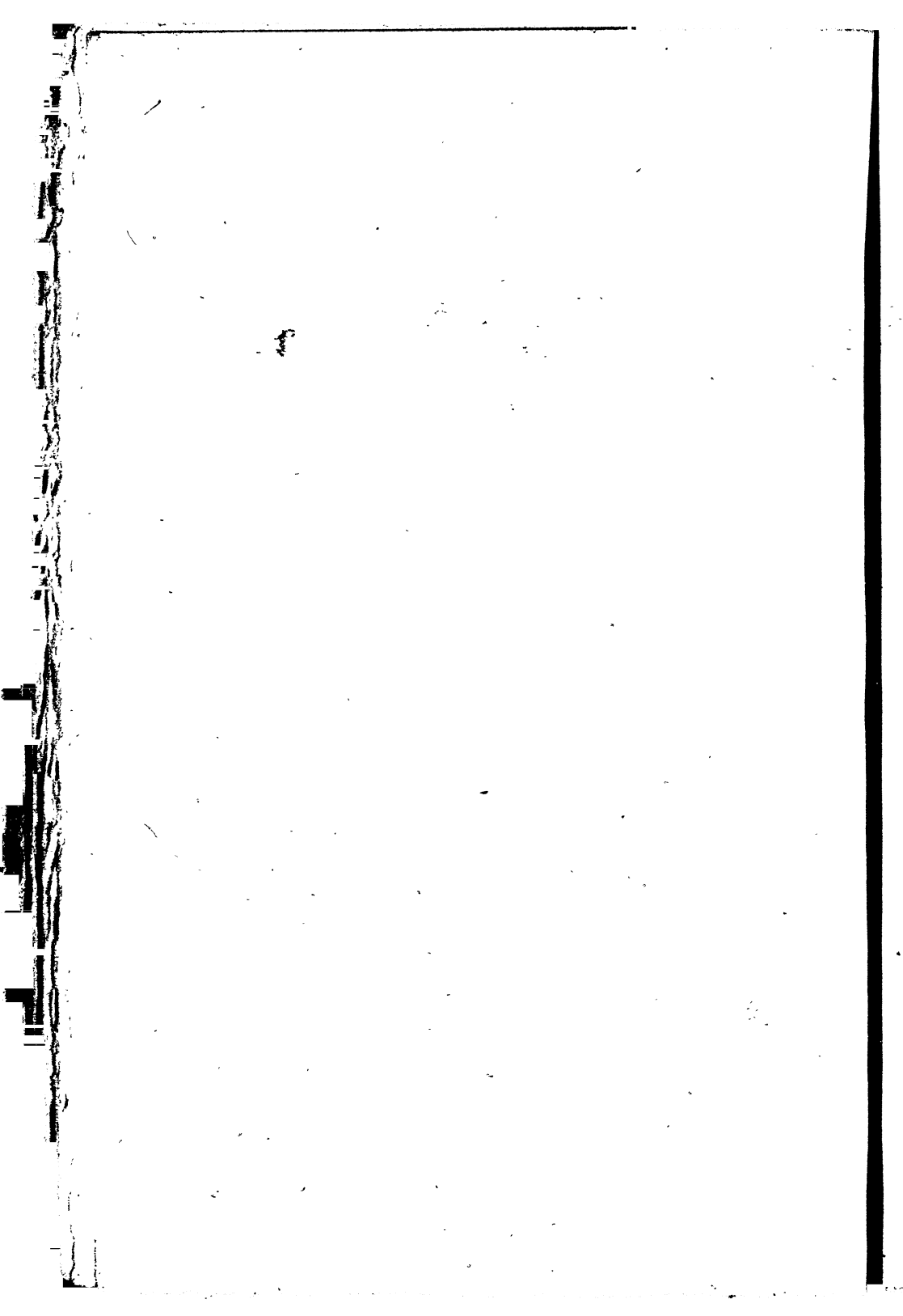
In answer sang of Love the Gate of Heaven,  
The Crown of Life, the joyful mystery—

'Such love,' he sang, 'as I shall give to thee.'

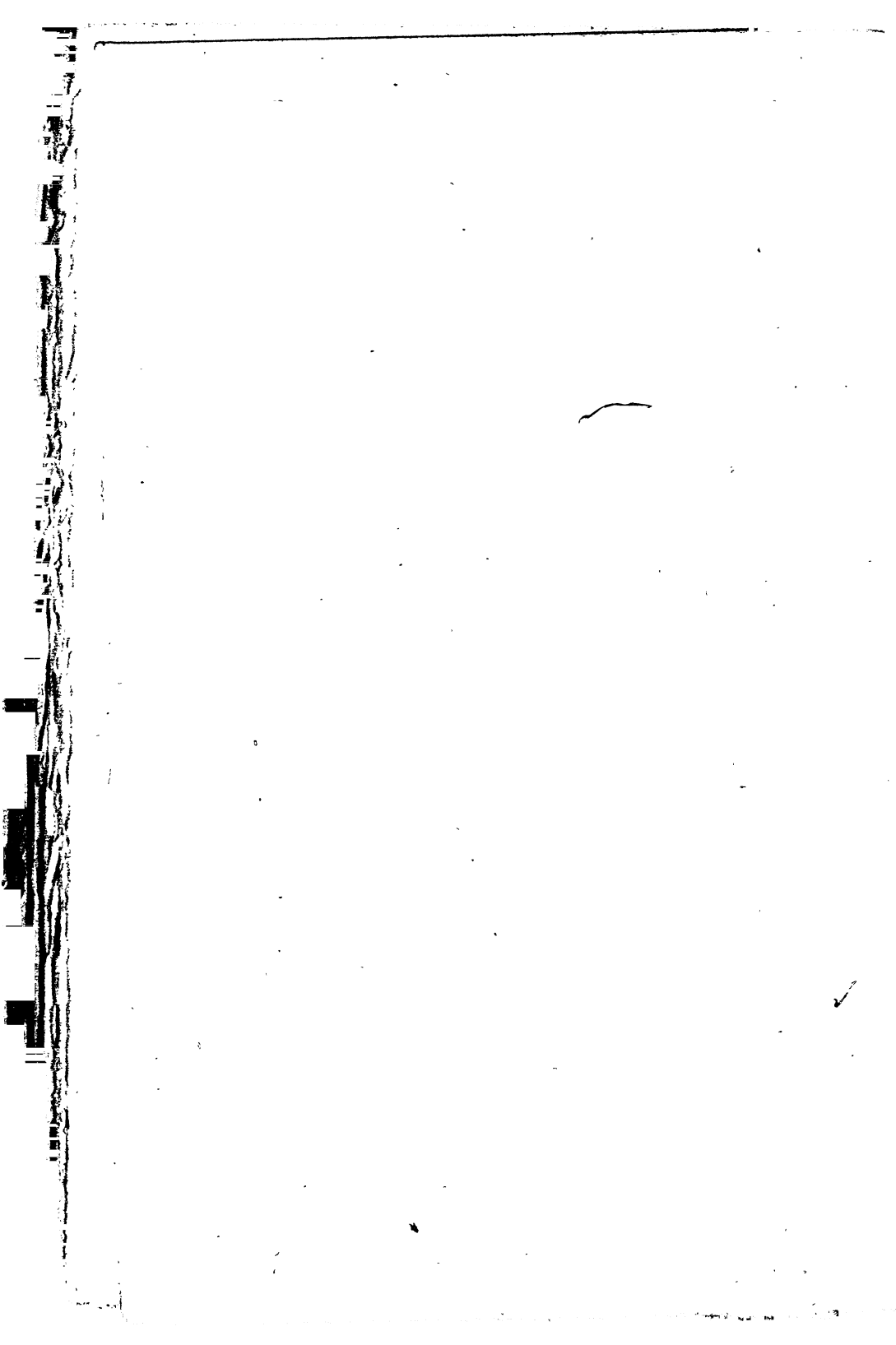
But she her lute unto her sad song blending  
—Whiles he sang joyously—

Ere of Love's canticle they had made ending,  
Sang, smiling now, of Love's sad mystery—

'Such love, dear love, as thou hast given to me.'



INFLUENCES



## INFLUENCES

### AZURE

UPON the sheer cliff's edge, as newly lit  
From tireless migrant flight, I see you stand,  
Where swallows in their sharp-winged circles fit  
Come back with you to wake this northern  
land  
From winter dreams with flash of your gold hair  
Blown out upon the deep absorbing blue,  
Where the eye seeks your track through parted  
air  
From lands for ever old, for ever new ;—

## INFLUENCES

Might I but touch your vesture golden-starred,  
And clasp you, fresh from other lands and skies,  
Though life henceforth be blind and prison-  
barred,  
I shall have known the secret of your eyes!



## INFLUENCES

### DUSK

THE low-swathed corn is laid about your feet,  
The low hot harvest-moon behind your head  
Sheds a faint aureole, and about you meet  
Wafts of faint sleepy airs from poppies bled  
By shearing sickle in the noontide heat ;

And sleep, which can forget all weary things,  
Weighs down your heavy eyelids as the dew  
Weighs down the velvet of the night-moth's wings  
—Sleep that will make the morning world anew  
With glamour of its half-remembered things.

## INFLUENCES

Oh, might you lean above me as I sink

Down at your knee, while of the sleepy breath  
Of poppies all my failing senses drink,

It should be well with me, come sléep, come  
death,

No more to strive, no more to hope, to think !

## INFLUENCES

### WHITE

Your veiling wimple folded maidenly  
Is white as the tall lily-buds that sway  
Enclosed and scentless yet about your knee,  
As slow you pace your shaded garden-way.

From slender shoulders to the hidden feet  
In long straight folds your shrouding mantle  
falls;

So still you pass I think I only meet  
Your gliding shadow on the cloister walls,

But for a waft of other airs than these,  
So gross of earth ; I know them for your gift  
Pure beyond joy, and exquisite to ease  
The heavy burden that no hand may lift.

## INFLUENCES

### SCARLET

YOUR windows all with scarlet are alight,  
From scarlet lips your immemorial song  
Draws phantom faces from the waste of night  
Out of the depths where they have slumbered  
long.

A thousand lights awake the sleeping gleam  
Of living jewel in the jewelled cup,  
And in your eyes awakes a long-dreamt dream  
Above the countless faces gazing up.

All covetous and pale hot-eyed they gaze—  
And should you signal me from out the throng,  
The cup, the kiss from lips that blind and craze,  
Were guerdon for irreparable wrong !

## INFLUENCES

RUSSET

RED hung the apple from the bough,  
The first-fruit of the Autumn's yield,  
Along the hill behind the plough  
The flashing starlings turned and wheeled;  
And you, where the low sunshine barred  
Your cheek as with a golden stripe,  
Offered a fruit unflecked, unmarred,  
As Eve's own apple rosy-ripe,  
—'Twas mine to leave or mine to taste,  
And had I tasted, would my toil  
Have garnered for the years of waste  
Some fruit with you beyond despoil?

## INFLUENCES

### PURPLE AND GOLD

BACK roll the brazen gates, the trumpet rings  
To listening heaven above the prostrate crowd;  
Where the long stair leads up between the  
wings  
Of great man-headed bulls, you stand when all  
are bowed.

Priestess and Queen from out the inmost shrine  
Armed and unveiled to all who dare to gaze  
Upon your face beneath the helmet's shine,  
On your mailed breast where mystic jewels  
blaze.

There is no blood upon your virgin spear,  
Though high your chariot wheels were splashed  
with red ;

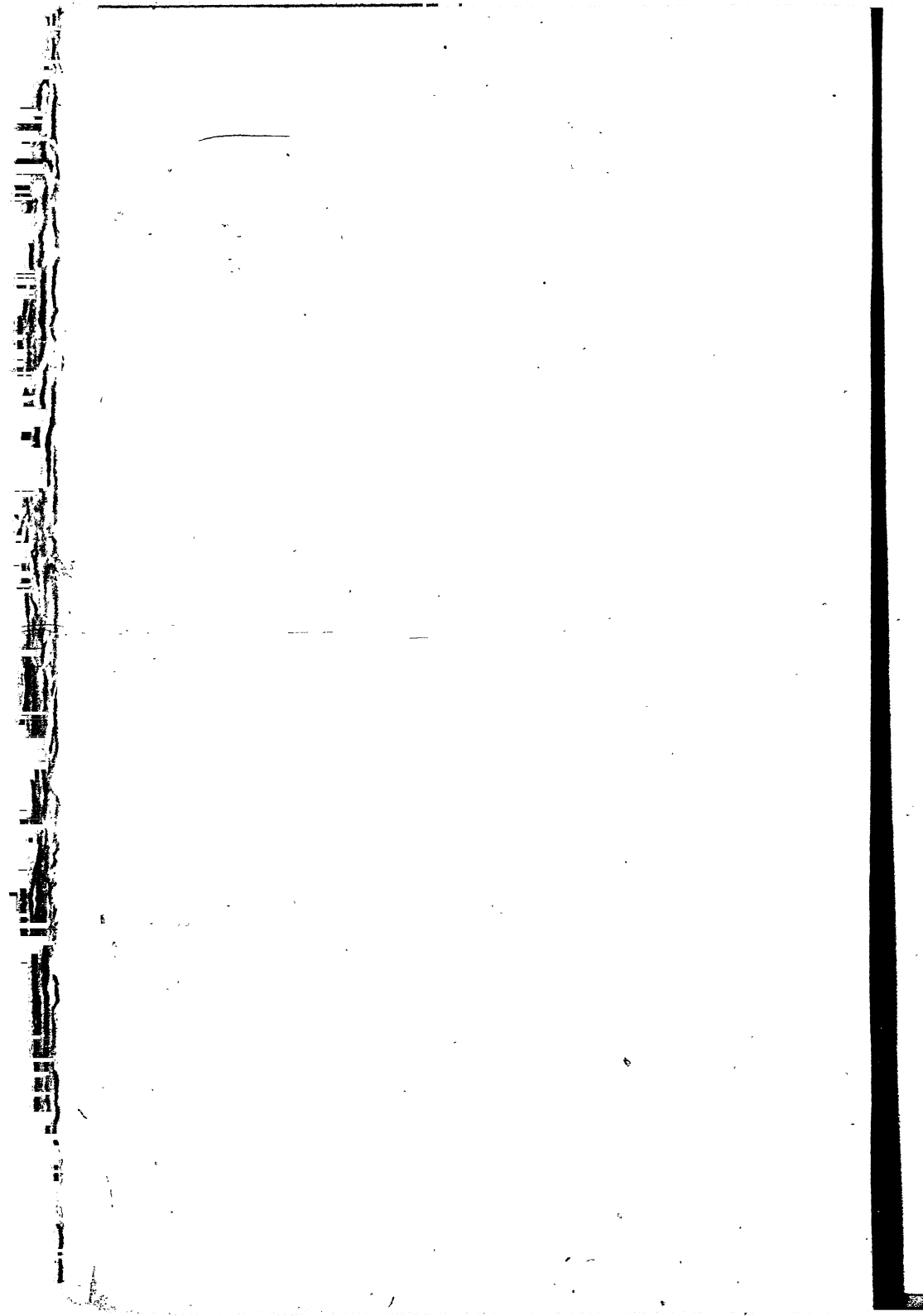
## INFLUENCES

From your high throne you do not bend to hear  
The death-cry of the hosts which you have  
led.

Ah! choose me but to follow, though your ways  
May never lead me back as when you came,  
Led by the Singers of the ancient days  
Unto the temple of the Flying Fame!

---

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty  
at the Edinburgh University Press





**SELECTED LIST OF**  
**MR. GRANT RICHARDS'S PUBLICATIONS**  
**IN BELLES-LETTRES**

---

**HOUSMAN (A. E.).** *A Shropshire Lad.* Fcap. 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d. net.

**TYNAN (KATHERINE) (MRS. HINKSON).** *The Wind in the Trees: A Book of Country Verse.* Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

**GUINEY (LOUISE IMOGEN).** *'England and Yesterday': A Book of Short Poems.* Royal 16mo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

**HOUSMAN (LAURENCE).** *Spikenard: A Book of Devotional Love Poems.* With Cover designed by the Author. Small 4to, boards, 3s. 6d. net.

**BINYON (LAURENCE).** *Porphyry, and Other Poems.* Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

**HAFIZ: Versions from the Divan of.** By WALTER LEAF, LL.D. Post 4to, 5s. net.

**OMAR KHAYYÁM, RUBÁIYÁT OF: A Paraphrase.** By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Long fcap. 8vo, parchment cover, 5s. net.

\* \* A 'Breviary' Edition, limited to 1000 copies for sale, is also issued. 18mo, green calf, 3s. net.

**ALMA-TADEMA (LAURENCE).** *Realms of Unknown Kings.* Fcap. 8vo, buckram, 3s. net. Paper covers, 2s. net.

**MAETERLINCK (MAURICE).** *Aglavaine and Selysette*: A Drama in Five Acts. Translated by ALFRED SUTRO. With an Introduction by W. J. MACKAIL, and Title-page designed by W. H. MARGETSON. Globe 8vo, half buckram, 2s. 6d. net.

**DANTE.** *The Inferno*. Translated into English Verse by EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. Fcap. 8vo, half parchment, 3s. net.

**SHAW (G. BERNARD).** *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*. With a portrait of the Author in photogravure. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo, 10s.

**LUCAS (EDWARD VERRALL).** *A Book of Verses for Children*. With Cover, Title-page, and End-papers designed in colours by F. D. BEDFORD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

**MEYNELL (ALICE).** *The Flower of the Mind*. A Choice among the best Poems. With Cover designed by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

\* \* 250 copies have also been bound in Japanese parchment, with silk ties, 7s. 6d. net.

**LEE (VERNON).** *Limbo, and Other Essays*. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, buckram, 5s. net.

**WHITTEN (WILFRED).** *London in Song: An Anthology of Prose and Poetry inspired by London*. With an Introduction. With Cover, Title-page, and End-papers designed in colours by WILLIAM HYDE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LONDON

GRANT RICHARDS

9 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

