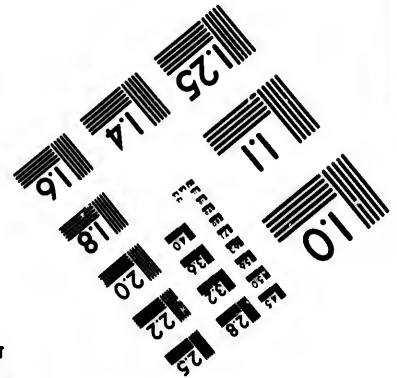
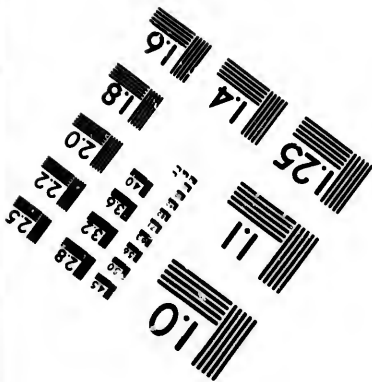
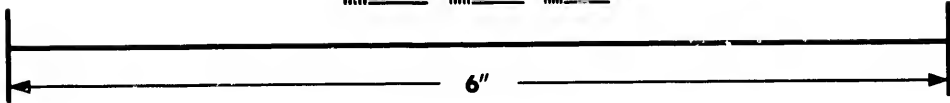
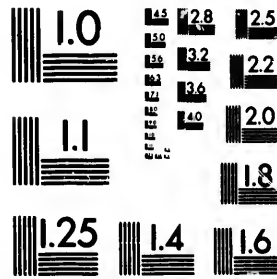


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

1.8  
2.0  
2.2  
2.5  
2.8  
3.2  
3.6  
4.0

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

01  
02  
03  
04  
05  
06  
07  
08  
09  
10

**© 1982**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
|     |     |     |     |     | ✓   |     |     |     |     |     |     |

The c  
to th

The i  
poss  
of th  
filmi

Origi  
begin  
the la  
sion,  
other  
first  
sion,  
or ill

The l  
shall  
TINU  
whic

Maps  
differ  
entire  
begin  
right  
requi  
meth

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

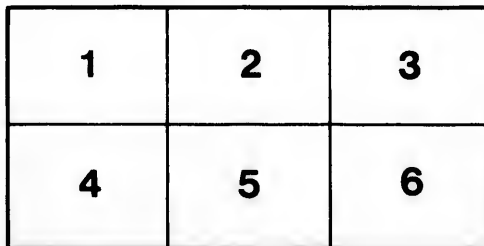
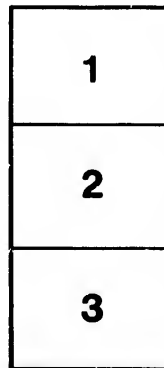
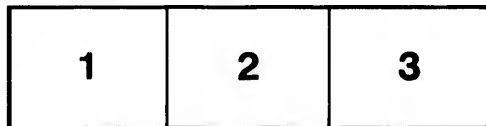
Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,  
University of Toronto Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,  
University of Toronto Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ire  
détails  
es du  
modifier  
er une  
filmage

es

e

errata  
d to

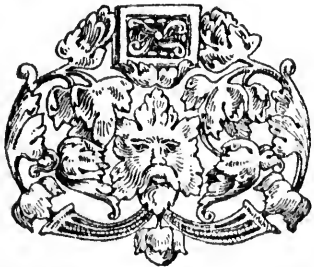
t  
e pelure,  
on à



# **Pauline;**

*AND OTHER POEMS.*

BY ARTHUR J.  
STRINGER . . .



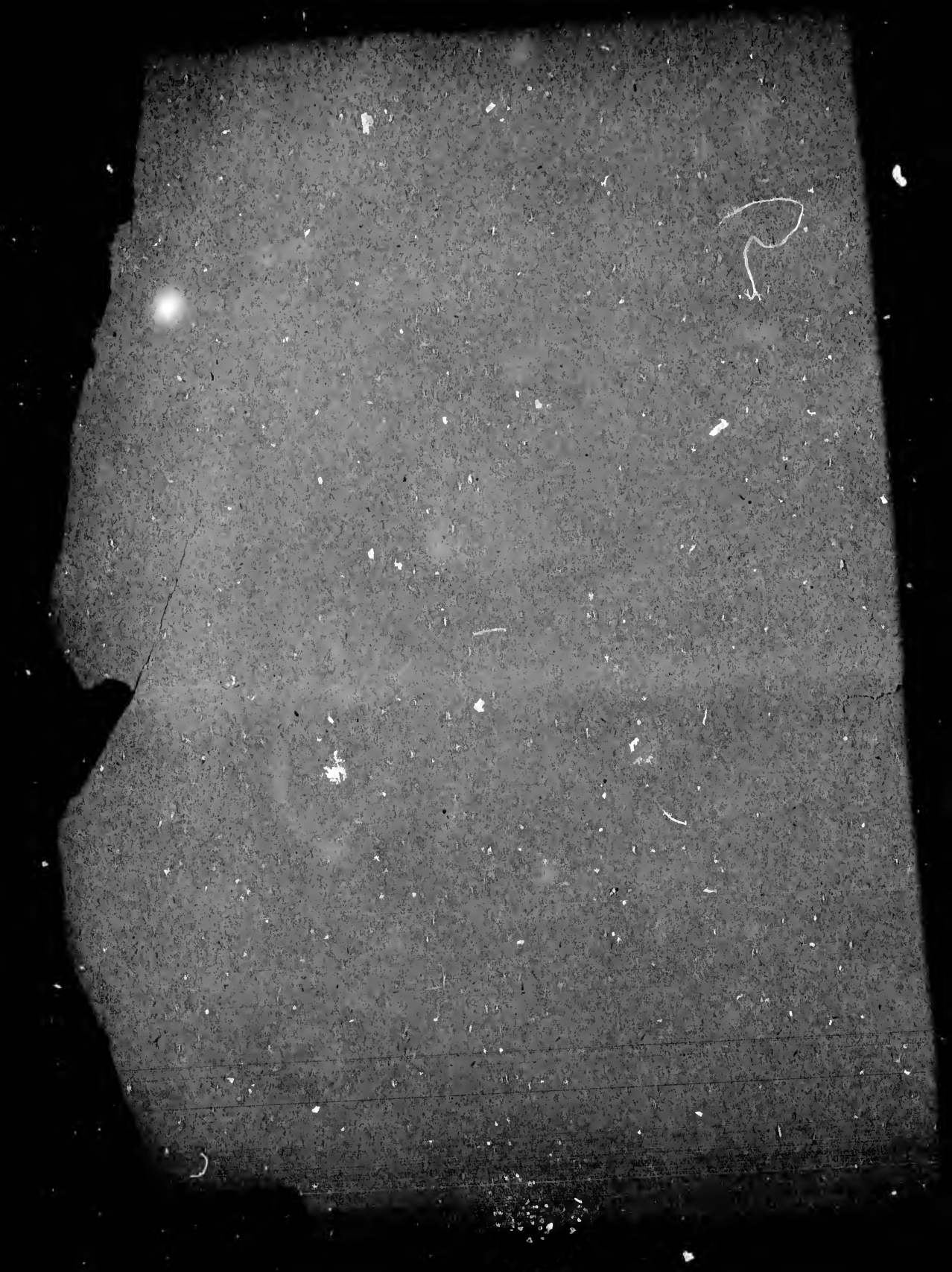
LONDON, ONT.  
T. H. WARREN, PRINTER.

1895.

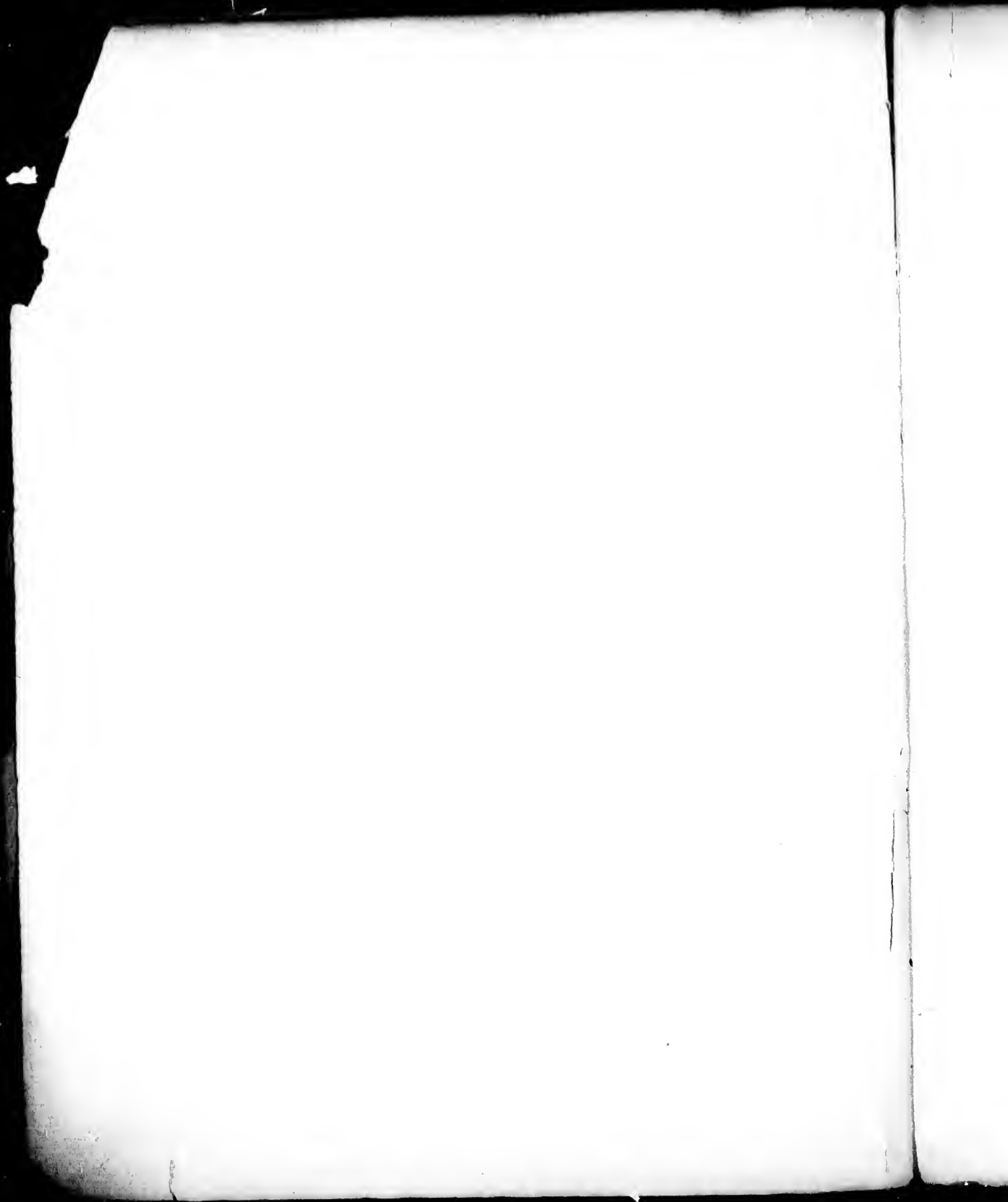
*AUTHOR'S EDITION.*

(No.     )

Price, One Dollar.

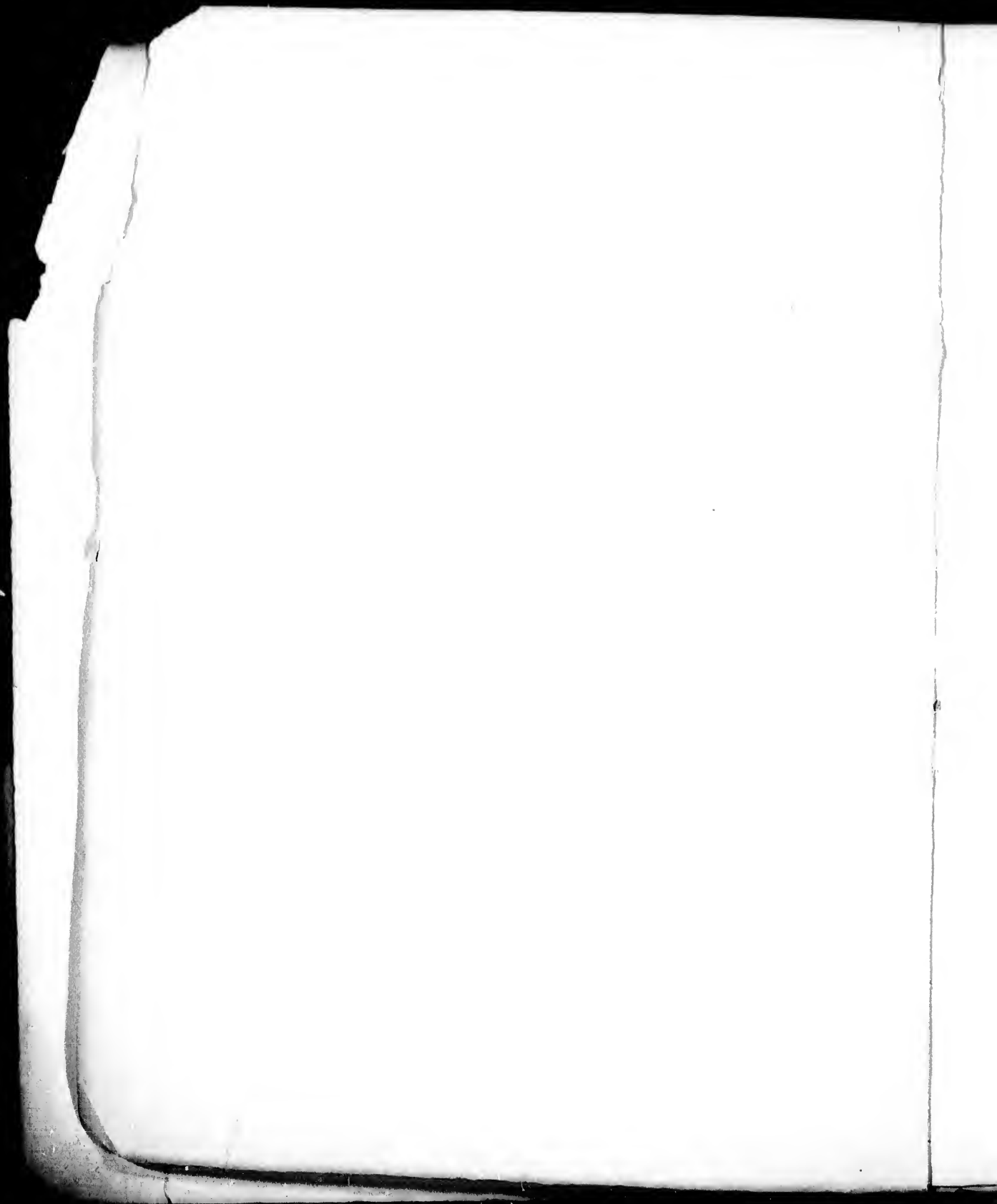


With the compliments of  
the author.





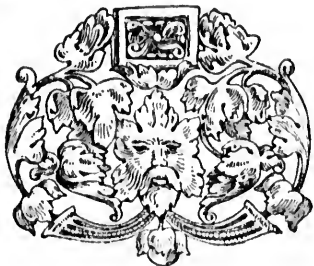




# Pauline;

*AND OTHER POEMS.*

BY ARTHUR J.  
STRINGER . . .



LONDON, ONT.  
T. H. WARREN, PRINTER.

1895.



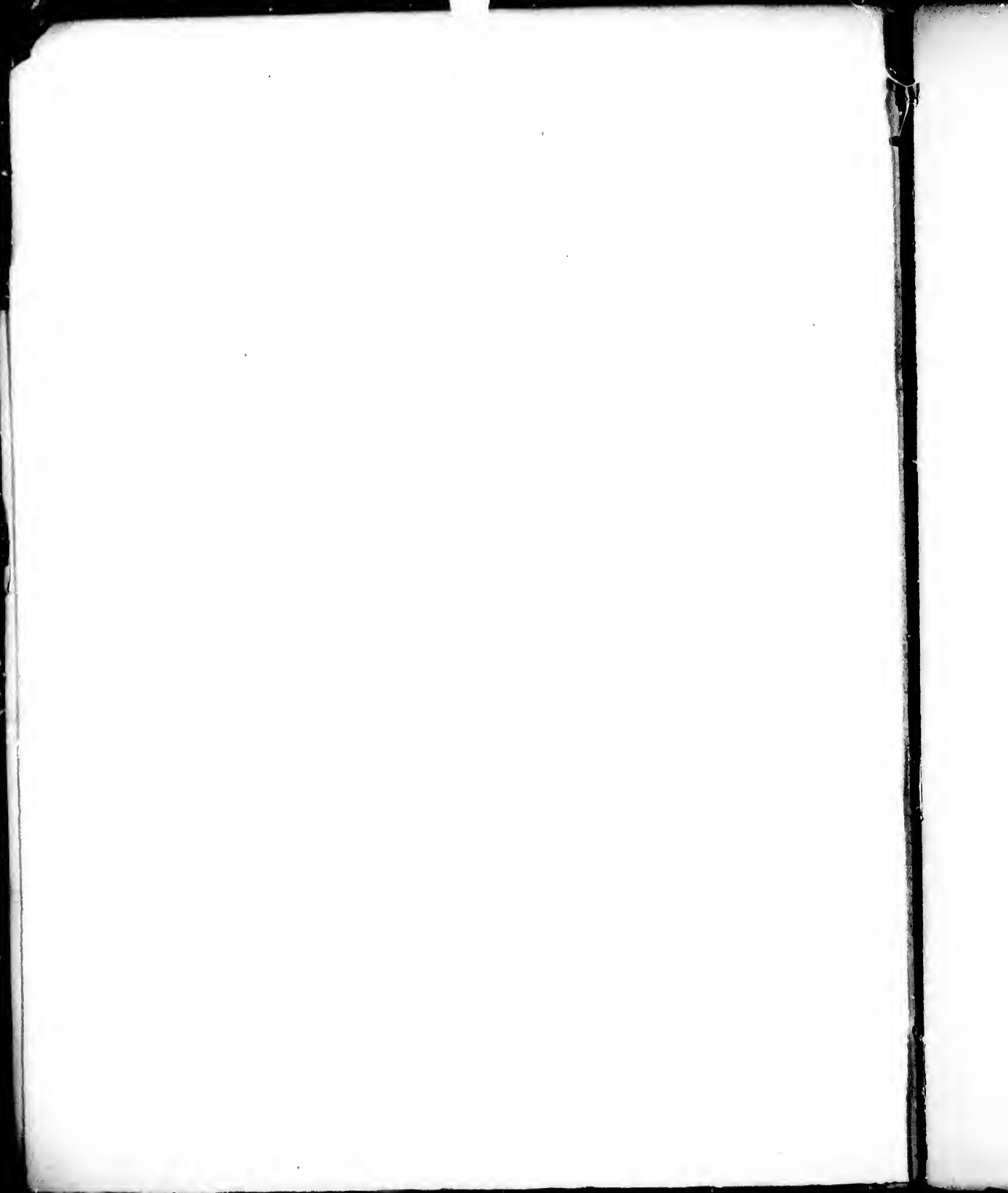
---

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, by ARTHUR J. STRINGER, London, Ontario, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

---

## CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE. |
|--|-------|
| Pauline .....                            | 5     |
| Golden-Rod .....                         | 7     |
| A Prelude .....                          | 8     |
| To Frances Perce, On the Return of Songs | 9     |
| The Birth of Music (An Epilogue) .....   | 14    |
| The Queen and The Slave .....            | 15    |
| Theology .....                           | 16    |
| Beethoven .....                          | 17    |
| Shakespeare and The Moderns .....        | 18    |
| To William Watson.....                   | 19    |
| A Sailor who Died at Sea .....           | 19    |
| Shelley .....                            | 20    |
| Lovers .....                             | 21    |
| By Lake Ontario in February .....        | 22    |
| Worship .....                            | 22    |
| By Lake Michigan .....                   | 23    |
| On Lake St. Clair .....                  | 24    |
| In the Art Gallery .....                 | 25    |
| Awakening .....                          | 26    |
| Changed Nature .....                     | 27    |
| The Song-Swallow .....                   | 28    |
| Art's Futilities .....                   | 28    |
| On the Sea Dunes .....                   | 29    |
| Art .....                                | 31    |
| A June Song .....                        | 32    |
| To One Who Sorrowed at Transient Silence | 33    |
| To One Who Wrote Verse .....             | 37    |
| The Poet .....                           | 38    |
| On a Fly-Leaf of Shelley's Poems.....    | 39    |
| On Reading Sordello .....                | 40    |
| The Old Garden .....                     | 41    |
| Fulfilment .....                         | 44    |
| A Song .....                             | 45    |
| The Memory of a Woman .....              | 46    |
| Under-Songs .....                        | 48    |
| The Rhymist .....                        | 49    |
| A Song Overseas .....                    | 50    |
| Summer Grown Strange .....               | 51    |
| The Rose and The Rock .....              | 52    |
| Concerning Death and a Child .....       | 53    |
| A Song for Certain Reformers .....       | 55    |
| The Woman Who Loved a Sailor .....       | 56    |
| Twilight-Time .....                      | 57    |
| At the End of the Wooing.....            | 58    |
| Keats .....                              | 59    |
| Christ .....                             | 60    |
| The House of Ruins .....                 | 61    |
| Snow-Bound.....                          | 64    |



## PAULINE.

O the smell of the coming Spring!  
And O the blue of the sky!  
As we wandered through the meadow-lands,  
Pauline and I.

The golden curls on her girlish brow  
Blew wild in the April breeze,  
As she picked from the slopes that faced the south  
The early anemones.

And her little hand was in my hand,  
And her spring-time, childish words,  
Seemed more the voice of the coming Spring  
Than the vernal song of birds.

Yet O the note of the hermit-thrush,  
And the whistle of the quail!  
And O the flute of the robin's throat,  
That swelled from a lowland vale!

And a blue-bird flitted across our path,  
And sang from a swinging vine;  
But never a voice, O child of Spring,  
As sweet to me as thine;

And never the sound of a liltng stream,  
And never a waterfall,  
So light and soft as your childhood laugh,  
Where the quail and the robin call.

For the golden air was dim with dreams,  
And the world grew young with love,  
And your childish heart felt the subtle touch  
Of the blue, blue sky above.

Ah! child, I love; as I love the Spring;  
Though lightly I laughed with you,  
I felt the wedge of the fleeting years  
Cleave deep between us two,—

A tinge of the autumn-time, I knew,—  
The prescience of its rime;  
But your own child-lips were still untouched  
By the withering lip of Time.

Far off, it seemed, were the singing birds,  
As I felt your hand's caress,  
Till the spring awoke in my troubled breast  
The old child-heartedness.

Then O the song of the hermit-thrush,  
And the flute from the robin's throat!  
And O the wind on the meadow grass,  
And the blue-bird's distant note!



## GOLDEN-ROD.

A haze came in the autumn skies,  
The sere fields greyed beneath the sun,  
And silent grew earth's woodland cries,  
    When Summer's reign was done.

But from a road-side corner gleamed  
The wild-grown, vagrant golden-rod,  
In ways where once sweet Summer dreamed,—  
    Where once her fair feet trod.

And now it seems the queenless crown  
That passing Summer left behind,  
When she with Autumn wandered down  
    Dim ways that southward wind.

## A PRELUDE.

## I.

Within the fluted hollow of the shell,  
Faint echoes of the ocean's murmur dwell.

## II.

Upon the yellow sheaf of grain still gleams  
The lingering gold of all the summer's dreams.

## III.

And centered in earth's fruitage, mellow-cored,  
The sweetness of the sunbeam still is stored.

## IV.

And gleaming on a blue-bird's aimless wings,  
The memory of a sky's old azure clings.

## V.

Still in the cell of one autumnal bee  
I find lost Summer in epitome.

## VI.

And all the purer life I strove to lead,  
Within thy simple girlish face I read.

## TO FRANCES PERCE, ON THE RETURN OF SONGS.

On vernal hill and vale and lawn,  
A million throats, through all the dawn  
And golden day, sing back the Spring ;  
A million throats, loud carolling,  
Fill all the April world again  
With their continual vernal strain.  
Those tawny-throated melodists  
Lure far away the lingering mists  
That wintered once the slumbering earth,  
And shrouded even Summer's birth.  
Each woodland bird, remembering  
The old-time touch that makes him sing,  
Throws out from his delirious throat  
The annual spring-time lyric note.

But thou, who wast one time so long  
The leader of their vernal song,  
Whose vanished carol used to be  
Their music in epitome,—  
Thou, thou alone, art silent still,  
And all the tunes that used to trill  
So careless from thy joyous throat,  
Out-sing no more the woodland note.

Yet in thy troubled eyes still gleams  
A vocal pathos of thy dreams ;  
And I who look this silent space  
Still wistful in thy brooding face,  
Find there the songs that we await,  
Thine harmonies grown incarnate.

Yet how can we but mourn thee mute,  
Unsatisfied with hollow flute  
And reed-like pipe of lighter throats,  
With merely wanton wild-bird notes.  
We miss the human chord, the soul  
That once through all thy singing stole ;  
And I, who know and love full well  
The faultless strain that used to swell  
From thine old-time untroubled breast,  
Before it knew this strange unrest,—  
I look still lingeringly to hear  
Some prelude low, to end the fear  
That we shall never know again  
Thine old familiar lyric strain.

Leave not thy slumbering melodies  
To dream too long within thine eyes ;  
Let not too long thy bosom hold  
Thy songs within its fragrant fold,  
Lest thou a tardy gleaner prove,  
And thy reluctant hand but move  
The over-goldened sheaf, to find  
Thy tenderest touch can never bind

Those melodies unharvested ;  
And on the gleanless earth be shed  
Thy dreaming soul's ungarnered grain,  
Which thou canst never reap again.

One twilight time I saw thee mark  
A songless bird fade down the dark,  
Then turn away thy musing eyes  
One moment toward the evening skies ;  
I saw thy bosom swell beneath  
Its too confining girlhood sheath,  
And then a low familiar note  
Burst, at last, from out thy throat,  
And gathering power, the sound grew strong,  
And turned one glorious roll of song .

How strange that silence ever dwelt  
On thy full lips, while yet thou felt  
The breath of songs' low whisperings  
Among thy soul's æolian strings,  
(Still felt that faint mysterious flow,  
Which they alone who sing may know),  
When thou whose merely spoken words  
Ousang a thousand tuneful birds.  
But thy too silent lips, it seems,  
Were like a twilight flower that dreams  
Half-closed amid the evening gloom,—  
A rose with all its rich perfume  
That filled the golden noonday air,  
Denied the dusk with flower-like care.

Blame not the flower that fostered thus  
 Its odourous soul by night for us ;  
 Blame not a singer's lips grown dumb,  
 When round the singer shadows come.  
 What lip, however passionate,  
 But for the song is forced to wait,—  
 And, after all, is but the nest  
 That holds a transient song-bird's breast ?

At last, at last, thy silence long  
 Ends in a vernal flood of song ;  
 And they who lingered round to hear  
 The first unwintered throbbing clear,  
 Heard harmony out-harmonied ;  
 The very dream out-done by deed ;  
 The silent gleaning-time surpassed  
 By what that silence had amassed.  
 No longer now the girlish note  
 That once so careless used to float  
 From thy young lips, so idly wild ;  
 You sing no longer as the child,  
 For with the dawn of womanhood,  
 A grander strain you understood.  
 As some late bee's full cell betrays  
 His wanderings on flowery ways,  
 Thy new-found note reveals to me  
 The depths of thy soliloquy.

They often pray who never kneel ;  
 They too have sung who simply feel,—  
 Who watch the ebb of tidal rhyme,  
 Who hold unstrung a little time

The over-tensioned lyric bow.  
 By day, one light alone we know ;  
 But when the lingering daylight dies,  
 A million swarm the widened skies.  
 In song, we know those thoughts alone  
 Which lightly into sound were thrown ;  
 Thy deeper dreams were still unheard,—  
 Eluded still the futile word ;  
 But on thy silent lips I found  
 The songs that never turned to sound,—  
 The pathless wilderness of thought,  
 Whose bourne mere language never sought.

At last I know what light illumed  
 Thy musing eyes, whilst thou replumed  
 The ruffled wings of melody,—  
 Those ruffled wings that wearily  
 Drooped down along our lower world,  
 Where they a resting-time were furled.  
 Through azurn alien ways once more  
 To heights ethereal they soar,  
 Until 'gainst heaven's very gates  
 Their sweet persistent flutter freights  
 The happy air with harmonies  
 That star-like wander through the skies ;  
 While we who look, yet never leave  
 Our worldly ways, like thee, to cleave  
 The astral bars that hold us down,—  
 We gaze to where those wings have flown ;  
 And, looking wistfully, we see  
 The listening gods, half mournfully,  
 Bar out the bird—but, after all,  
 Songs' wings still lightly leap the wall !

## THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.

*(AN EPILOGUE.)*

Was it Loneliness spoke to Love, who had sorrowed  
in silence too long ?  
Was it Loneliness spoke to Love, while a flush on her  
hollow face  
Crept tremblingly down to her troubled lips, till a  
note outburst,  
As a sleeping rose in a sunbeam breaks in the sum-  
mer dawn ?  
For a sound swelled forth from her pale full throat, and  
the sound grew song,  
And her whole being thrilled with a lyric joy, and  
her wakened heart  
Grew strong with the passionate pulse of song, till  
Loneliness stole  
From the twilight valley where Love still lingered  
and carolled alone,—  
Where Love still carolled a song, while her rapturous  
heart grew glad,  
Till her note, as the dawnlight, fell on the birds, and  
their silent throats  
Thrilled loud with a million strains, and the vernal  
woodlands rang  
With a flood of delirious sound, and the world was  
filled with song.



## THE QUEEN AND THE SLAVE.

She was the Queen of that garden of flowers,  
 And he was a slave from the north.  
 Long had he loved her in silence ; at last  
 His passion one day burst forth.

“ Futile your love ; for I am the Queen,  
 And you—you are only a child !  
 No, no, poor boy ; not even a kiss ! ”  
 And the Queen leaned back and smiled,—

Leaned back in the grass till her jewelled arm  
 On the scales of a coiled snake press'd ;  
 Quick as a flash the forked fangs smote  
 Right into her queenly breast.

The slave bent over his Queen and said :  
 “ Now, I thank the gods for this ;  
 For only my lips on your wounded breast  
 Can save you, by one long kiss.”

Then close to the passionate youth she crept,  
 And tenderly gazed in his eyes :  
 “ Ah ! never, poor boy, for you surely know  
 Who tastes of the poison dies.

Put not your mouth to the venom'd wound ;  
But quick, ere the last life slips  
From the woman you love—since you love me so—  
Kiss close all my queenly lips.”

And her tender face she turned to the slave,  
And his lip to her dying lip press'd ;  
With her royal arms she drew him down  
Till he leaned on her wounded breast.

Then she fell at his feet in the tangled grass ;  
And what could he do but place  
To her poisoned breast the lips she had kissed,  
And die near her queenly face.

#### THEOLOGY.

The gods dwelt nearer men in olden days,  
And through the world ethereal feet once trod ;  
Since now they tread their more secluded ways,  
Men struggle nearer each exalted god.

## BEETHOVEN.

He wandered down, an Orpheus wilder-souled,  
 From some melodious world of love and song,  
 And through our earthly vales strange music rolled.  
 Who heard that alien note could only long,  
 As pale Eurydice once longed, to know again  
 The happier ways, the more harmonious air  
 Where once they heard that half-remembered strain,—  
 Where once their exiled feet were wont to fare.  
 A gleam of some strange golden life now gone,  
 A sad remembrance of celestial things,  
 Some old-time glory, like the gods', outshone  
 From men's rapt souls, wherein a memory clings  
 Of that diviner day, from them withdrawn.  
 For all the dreams that smouldered in man's breast,  
 And all the clearer ways he yearned to reach,—  
 The fugitive ideal, the old unrest,—  
 Found utterance in song, that slept in speech.

And like a minstrel in an alien land,  
 Who sings his native strains while men crowd round  
 And hearken long, but cannot understand,  
 He sang to us, and through the unknown sound  
 We caught a passing glimmer of the soul  
 Those foreign runes concealed, and strove to glean  
 From out the uninterpretable whole  
 Some earthlier harmony.

It must have been  
 He heard far-off that low uranian strain  
 That only maddens him who vainly hears ;  
 For they, the gods, soon saw the god-like pain  
 That mocked a man, and closed his listening ears.

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERNS.

In from the tumult of the boundless sea, at times  
 I turn away, and leave the deep's loud thundering;  
 Though far, far off, the long blue sea-line swells and  
 climbs,  
 Till sky and sea, together bending, close and cling.

With lighter feet I sometime follow inland streams,  
 That all the live-long day melodious babble on  
 Among the meadows and the drowsy summer fields,  
 And tinkle little songs to every wayside lawn;  
 For then, within those woodland realms of sounds and  
 dreams,  
 Across the outer hills the sea's salt odour steals.

And Shakespeare—how with thee? From thee, too,  
 have I turned,—  
 From thy full strain of lyric joy, thy deeper note  
 Of passion's war; yet still about me seemed to  
 blow  
 A far-off echo of thy voice, half-heard, remote;  
 And listening to the newer strains, I still discerned  
 The ocean's pulse break through the river's liquid  
 flow.

TO WILLIAM WATSON.

[1893.]

I.

Too avid of those earthly crumbs of praise,  
He strove, with youth's mad will, to make the gods  
Fling down some loaf from their Olympian ways,  
To glut his greed, between the Muse's nods.

II.

They gave the gift divine, and yielded him  
The madness of the gods, half-pitying,  
Yet heartless, damned with god-like blessing grim.  
What would we not the gods a ransom fling?

A SAILOR WHO DIED AT SEA.

He knew no home except the changing deep,  
Where he a vagrant homeling used to roam ;  
We felt that he who wooed unrest, would sleep  
The better if we left him still at home.

## SHELLEY.

He saw alone the star that lured him on,  
And with his rapt eyes turned from earthly ways,  
He followed where that astral wanderer shone,  
Illumined, yet illusioned, by its rays.

Blame not his errant feet, that idly fell  
On more than one poor flower in passing by :  
Enough to know those wandering feet as well  
Smote stone and flower alike unconsciously ;—

Enough that we, who dream amid the dust,  
Were wakened by his momentary flight,  
When down our calmer ways was blown a gust  
Of song that woke reverberating Night.

Ah! happier treaders of earth's lower ways,  
Who pace smooth paths with less impetuous beat ;  
Since he would climb where ye can only gaze,  
One moment pity his impatient feet !

~~LOVERS~~

The soul of a man, like a wind-blown leaf,  
Was wafted up to the brink of heaven ;  
It shrivelled and greyed in its abject grief,  
Where the golden bars were seven.

“ Poor soul,” said the Angel of Life, “ why weep?—  
Why prone by the golden bars?  
Glide in through the gate to the Land of Sleep,  
Be lulled by the song of the stars.”

The soul of the man laughed bitterly,  
And turned to his old-time earth:  
“ No land of eternal dreams for me,  
Nor the vale of eternal mirth ;

But give me that grey-eyed girl again,  
That I loved on my ancient earth ;  
Then cast us down to the great Inane,  
And exact what the love is worth.”

“ Strange ! ” said the Angel of Life, aloud,  
As she counted a century’s span,  
And two souls sank through a far-off cloud ;—  
“ But such are the ways of man.”

## BY LAKE ONTARIO IN FEBRUARY.

## I.

Along the lonely shore stray snowflakes fall,  
The waves crash on the shattered ice, and crush  
The surging floes against a long wide wall,  
Tinged gold and saffron with the sunset's flush.

## II.

The sun falls blood-red on a watery breast,  
One cold star glitters through the pallid light,  
And all the after-glow has left the west,—  
And the lake will freeze to-night!

## WORSHIP.

Our dream-gods wane, and strange gods come ;  
We bend, perhaps where gods once dwelt,  
Our puzzled knee, and find them dumb.  
Enough ! We know that we have knelt.



## BY LAKE MICHIGAN.

The rain blows in from the lake to-day,  
And the wind sweeps down from the north ;  
And a line of smoke drifts through the grey,  
Where the out-bound ships go forth.

Away to the north the great ships go,  
And a sail sinks over the verge ;  
And to-day it seems that I scarcely know  
The sound of the thundering surge.

And the mists come down from the north-land lake,  
And the rains fall over the land ;  
But never again shall I wait to take  
Her hand in my open hand.

And never again through the driving mist  
Will she come with rain on her hair ;  
With the rain on the wet cold cheek I kiss'd,  
In the wind and the misty air.

Only rain, rain, on the gloomy lake,  
And rain on the lonely shore ;  
And the sound of the thundering waves that break  
Where she comes through the mist no more.

## ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

The twilight gathers on the grey lake's breast,  
And silence deepens on the reed-grown plains ;  
While far across the waves, from out the west,  
Fly slowly in two solitary cranes.

And softly through the reeds the night-wind strays,  
Half faint with odours of the marsh-land's musk ;  
And somewhere deep within the inland haze,  
A whip-poor-will cries loud across the dusk.

A stray sail drifts within the evening shade,  
And all the weary swallows landward soar ;  
Far, far away, the purple headlands fade  
Where waves wash lazily along the shore.

And through the silence, where the grey waste dreams,  
The sounds of far-off voices swell and fall ;  
And off the shadowy point one pale star gleams,  
And slowly dies the whip-poor-will's last call.

O waste of flowing waters, soft with sleep,  
O passionless tranquility, unknown  
To us who pace beside the dreaming deep ;  
Will not, some day, some day, be idly blown  
Across thy ways the secret of thy sleep?

## IN THE ART GALLERY.

The shadows deepen on the gallery's walls ;  
I turn half-idly down the silent rooms,  
Where old familiar faces, looking down,  
Grow dim amid the twilight's falling glooms.

Here glows still white a Greek girl's rounded limb!  
I know that shadow there, the cloak and lace  
That wrapt some old-time prince ; this touch of white,  
An alien slave-girl in a market-place !

But here, within a dusky corner, stands  
A cast of sea-born Aphrodite's form,  
So white and perfect that my finger touched  
Her tender breast, and thought to find it warm.

He dreamed, this sculptor, then, for years and years,  
Then made his dream in marble.—What remains ?  
This shadow captured by his groping hands!  
Forgotten sculptor, was it worth the pains?—

For down the halls a waft of laughter comes ;  
A sketching-class of happy girls stray past.  
I turn—who would not turn?—and then I see,  
Not Aphrodite, but a paltry cast.

## AWAKENING.

## I.

We two were happy lovers then,  
We walked, yet mingled not, with men ;  
Enough for me, enough for you,  
To live and know our skies were blue.

## II.

We asked not heaven, whence? or why?  
But stretched our hands unto a sky  
That bent so low, it seemed that we  
Could clutch its blue infinity.

## III.

And Summer leaned so close, you said :  
" I could not dream of Summer dead ;  
So strange 'twould be to look upon  
This sky with Sun and Summer gone."

## IV.

But twilight fell, and earth grew grey,  
Our skies had dreamed their blue away ;  
And then your troubled eyes were turned  
To where the fading sunset burned ;

And still the gloom crept tremulous,  
Dusk wave on wave, and shadowed us ;  
And then we saw we only wooed  
The fringes of Infinitude.

For lo! before our wakened eyes  
A million worlds swam through the skies,  
Where we who slept beneath the sun,  
Had thought the skies held only one.

CHANGED NATURE.

The deep-toned disconsolate sound of the ocean  
Seemed filled with a sorrow too full to be told ;  
But, Love, when you stood by the waves with me,  
The sorrow went forth from the sound, and the motion  
Grew soft, and the earth seemed to clasp in its fold  
The breast of the ocean—as I clasp'd thee.

## THE SONG-SWALLOW.

Ah! happy White-throat, unto thee  
Was heaven doubly generous ;  
For heaven half reluctantly  
Yields but the gift of song to us ;

While unto thee it gives the wing  
To roam the vast empyrean :  
No wonder, Swallow, thou canst sing  
A lighter melody than man ;

Since thou hast never known the pain,—  
The old-time discord, teasing us  
Who know the too ethereal strain,  
The life still ignominious.

## ART'S FUTILITIES.

In youth we have the soul, but not the art :  
When patient age has learned all art's demands,  
No youthful dream within the old-grown heart  
Remains to busy our perfected hands.

## ON THE SEA DUNES.

While we dreamed on the sands of the dim sea-dunes,  
Where the wash of the waves, and the song of the sea,  
Had a sound of the joy of those old-time Junes  
When you were a child on the downs with me,—  
Did never a thought of the wave-worn beam,  
Where we leaned as we looked to the sea-line long,  
Steal into the ways of your reverie?  
And sadden a moment your noon-day dream,  
Or touch with a sorrow the sea's glad song?

It was only a spar, cast up by the deep,  
That lay in the sand, at the edge of the sea,  
Where a stray wave over its end might creep;  
Yet I wonder if ever a memory  
Through the old beam stole, at the well-known touch  
Of the seas that it swept ere it fell asleep,  
And the sands closed round with a deeper clutch.

As we walked by the sea, as we sat on the sand,  
 Did you dream of the doom of that sand-fast spar?  
 Ah, Love! could we know,—could we half understand  
 The call of the sea as it broke on the bar?

But think of the seas that it once has cross'd,  
 And the ways that it roamed in the long ago;  
 But a life is a life, and the ship was lost,  
 And the old beam dreams where the dune-sands blow.

As it sleeps on the fringe of familiar seas,  
 Does it long to be out on the deep once more?  
 When it feels the touch of the old sea-breeze,  
 Does it yearn to be free on the ocean floor?

And to you, did the beam bring never a thought,  
 As we laughingly guessed at its runic past,  
 That we, as the beam, were as strangely caught  
 At the edge of a Sea, in the sand-dunes fast?

Ah, Love! as you dreamed on the dunes with me,  
 Did we learn not then of the bars that bind?  
 Felt you not we were fast at the fringe of a sea,  
 Where of old we were free as the waves and the wind?

For we, who have loved, know the hidden bar  
 No love can elude, no mortal break through;  
 How we only lean out where the wild waves are,  
 Where a strange sail floats through the far-off blue,—  
 We only lean out and long to be free,—  
 To be free, as of old, on the ways of the sea.



And we dream on the sands of the dim sea-dunes,  
Where the song of the waves and the sound of the sea  
Has a touch of the joy of our old-time Junes ;  
But a loneliness comes in the sky-line long,  
And the twilight has fallen on you and me,  
And a sadness has crept in the sea's low song ;  
For we know not if love lives on, at the last,  
Through the ways of a sea without shore to roam,  
Or sinks, in the end, on a sand-dune cast.—  
Ah, Love ! will the Sea or the Land be our home ?

## ART.

“ On this great steamer's deck, how tranquilly we float ;  
Seafaring seems so easy now,—our thanks to coal,—  
I'd like to join this merry crew who man the boat.”  
Poor dreamer, stand one moment in the stoker's hole !

## A JUNE SONG.

## I.

Whisper it under the rose,  
 And sing it among the clover ;  
 Or join in the June-time chorus,  
 And carol it over and over :

Though we dream life away,  
 Should we love but a day,  
 The illusion alone  
 Consummation is grown.

## II.

Make love while we may, and laugh,  
 Down deep in the lap of June ;  
 Make love and carol a song,  
 For summer goes all too soon :

Though a dream, as they say,  
 Should we love for a day,  
 The illusion alone  
 Consummation is grown.

## III.

Then fling all your soul in a song,  
 And sing it among the clover ;  
 And join in the joy of the birds,  
 For summer will soon be over :

Though life is a dream,—  
 In the end, it would seem,  
 Should we love thro' a June,  
 We have cyphered the rune.

## TO ONE WHO SORROWED AT TRANSIENT SILENCE.

Would Paradise be still the same,  
 If back some wandering spirit came,  
 And held before our earthlier gaze  
 The scroll of all its mystic ways?  
 If once tellurian feet had trod  
 The hallowed realm that harbours God,  
 'Twere Heaven half undeified.  
 Cast not the mystic shroud aside,  
 Lest Heaven turn too common ground,  
 And all our gods be left uncrowned.  
 Remain without the wondrous gate,  
 Still happily insatiate.  
 It is the land no mortal walked ;  
 It is the chamber ne'er unlocked,—  
 The stranger things we never see,  
 That charm us by their mystery,  
 And lure our unrewarded eyes ;  
 And all the old enchantment dies,  
 When once the veil is cast aside,  
 And we are left unsatisfied.

Should Beauty not be fugitive?  
 For mere timidity may give  
 More lustre than all ornament ;—  
 'Tis sanctity with Beauty blent.

The stone that gleams beneath the sea,  
 Takes on a two-fold brilliancy ;  
 Till held within two curious hands,  
 The gazer never understands  
 How much the green translucent wave  
 Unto the sea-stone beauty gave.  
 There is a light illumines not ;  
 And better to remain untaught,  
 Than barter for some idle lore  
 The old enchantment held of yore.  
 Cast back that pebble in the sea  
 You gathered up too hastily,  
 And in its watery depths afar,  
~~Still~~ make the stone once more a star.

Ah ! let this be thy simple ruse ;  
 For lips once over-kissed must lose  
 Their old unravished loveliness ;  
 Some charm at each too close caress  
 Falls from the lip too wanton turned ;  
 'Twere better had the wooer yearned,  
 A wooer still, before the shrine,  
 Once mystical, and dreamed divine.

And thou, who art so dulcet-voiced,  
 Should not have sorrowed, but rejoiced  
 This transient silence fell on thee,  
 To beautify thy melody.  
 Ah ! lean not from thine hallowed height,  
 Bare not thy bosom's tender white

To those unschooled in sanctitude,  
 Lest its secluded charms we wooed  
 Lose all their old-time tenderness,  
 While open to the wind's caress.  
 'Tis the unconscious gleam we prize,  
 That holds our unconsidered eyes;  
 The careless strain, the candid word,  
 The singer dreamed not overheard.  
 All melody is sweet, and yet  
 Its very sweetness we forget  
 When lavished unreservedly.  
 Allure us still with secrecy.  
 When silent all the night has grown,  
 Then sings the nightingale alone.  
 Ah! subtle bird; full well it knows  
 The mystic charm that midnight throws  
 About that rapturous melody,  
 When we the singer never see.

Let thy too pregnant spirit lie  
 A time beneath the dreaming sky;  
 Let once thy bosom fallow be.  
 This happy curse that fell on thee  
 Shall sweeten thy returning strains,—  
 A flower refreshed by passing rains;  
 An azure sky, in gleaming through  
 The rifted clouds, made deeper blue;  
 The long-sought little sea-girt isle,  
 Engoldened by each dreary mile  
 Some wanderer roamed to find its shore.  
 Ah! muser,—sorrow now no more,

But from a temporal silence gain  
 This added sweetness for thy strain,  
 That vagrant rose is twice a rose,  
 Which blooms beyond a summer's close ;  
 A perfect flower, and yet to me  
 It gains a charm from rarity.

Why, therefore, sorrow now that thou  
 Must bear thy songs upon thy brow ?  
 And nurse within thy troubled breast  
 The voiceless singer's wild unrest ?—  
 Thy silent heart-throbs have for rhyme ?  
 Out-season not our summer-time ;  
 But let autumnal silence dwell  
 Where songs in summer used to swell ;  
 Let them be wintered with the flowers,  
 Till April suns and April showers  
 Bring forth the lyric golden Spring,  
 And then thine own awakening.

\* \* \*

Some love thy songs ; but I, who know  
 The happier touch of lips whence flow  
 Those notes that all men stop to praise,  
 Have loved the singer all my days :  
 And longing, listening, loving, I  
 Have waited till the song should die,—  
 Till thou, the singer, cam'st to bless  
 My lips with thine own lips' caress.

No wonder, then, I plead so long  
 'Gainst thy too fervid chase of song ;

Who would not reason, likewise blest,  
That silence, after all, is best ?  
Ah, Love ! turn melody to life ;  
Enough of merely lyric strife ;  
Make songs no more, remembering this :  
They only sing who cannot kiss ;  
And while some vocal groundling sings  
The dreamed-of ecstasies of wings,  
We two shall cleave those golden beams,  
Of which the groundling only dreams.

TO ONE WHO WROTE VERSE.

Sweep not the skies for some ethereal theme,  
Lest near the sun thou singe the wings of song ;  
But while the skies' high idlers merely dream,  
Beat down with rhythmic wings some earthly wrong.

## THE POET.

## I.

Sang he, bird-like, only when the world had grown  
A vale with lyric song in every little breath?  
Or, boy-like, trilled he in his youth alone?  
Or sang he, swan-like, sweetly only at his death?

## II.

Ah! rather was his youth half sad with songs unsung;  
Yet, when a note of sorrow made his music wrong,  
He merely smiled and said: "Although the heart be  
wrung,  
Lips, lightly sing; the rough world needs the softer  
song."

## III.

And when his life drew toward its grey autumnal  
close,  
He said: "To-day still sing the old-time happy  
strain;  
Should no' September save one last memorial rose,  
Since Spring is gone—since June can never come  
again?"



## ON A FLY-LEAF OF SHELLEY'S POEMS.

## I.

Spring cannot fail us!  
One stray bird twittered from a tree to-day,  
And though the snows still wrap the silent earth,  
Some sun will tinge with gold the wintry grey,  
The world will quiver with a vernal birth,  
And Summer cannot fail us!

## II.

O how can Summer fail us?  
One from a more ethereal clime than ours  
Foretold the dawn that bard and bird divine,  
And sang of light in unilluminated hours;  
And, Shelley, with this vernal song of thine,  
Our Summer cannot fail us!

## ON READING SORDELLO.

## I.

Too late the leaguered portals broken down,  
When no defender walks the silent town ;

## II.

A life-long lover, drawing to his breast  
The passive dead he ne'er before caress'd ;

## III.

Some home-bound sailor, drowning in the storm,  
Where gleamed the home-lights from his cottage warm ;—

## IV.

Such things, Sordello, shadow forth for me  
Thy battling soul's belated victory.

## THE OLD GARDEN.

Song and golden summer dwelled  
Once within this garden old,  
And a strain of music swelled  
From the casements tinged with gold,

Where a Lady used to sing  
In the old forgotten Junes,  
When the bird-songs ceased to ring  
Through the sleeping afternoons.

And the roses climbed and bloomed,  
Wild around her window-beams,  
Till her chamber was perfumed  
With the breathings of their dreams.

And, when song and sun were gone,  
With her cheek upon her hand,  
She would gaze across the lawn,  
Down a dim-grown valley-land,

Where the twining roadway curled  
Through the hills that fringed the west,  
Where the unknown outer world  
Filled her with a strange unrest.

Once above the waving grass,  
 Daisies spangled all the lawn,  
 Where the Lady used to pass,  
 In the summers that are gone.

Over-blooming lilacs leaned  
 On the dawn-hour's wakening breeze,  
 Till their showering petals screened  
 All the late anemonies.

And along the garden wall  
 Flamed a row of hollyhocks,  
 And a line of lilies tall  
 Swayed beside the gravel walks.

And a carol used to swell,  
 Even through the fall-time air,  
 Till the mellow twilight fell  
 On the Lady singing there.

\* \* \*

But her sweet face never gleams  
 Now among those lonely bowers;  
 Yet a sound of music seems  
 Still to steal among the flowers.

Still the roses cling and bloom  
 All around her window-square;  
 Still the sunlight fills the room,  
 Still the roses scent the air;

And the evening shadows dream  
In the garden grey and old,  
While the waning sunbeams stream  
On the casements tinged with gold,—

On the old brown crumbling walls  
And the wild-grown garden ways,  
Where a footstep seldom falls  
Through the long still lonely days.

And a low voice never sings,  
Where, of old, songs used to swell ;  
Yet a wordless charm still clings  
Where the singer used to dwell.

Still a strange remembrance cleaves  
Where a vagrant rose still rocks,  
Where a few autumnal leaves  
Lie along the silent walks.

And the children sometimes creep  
Through the broken, crumbling wall,  
Where the shadows seem to sleep,  
And the bird-throats seldom call ;—

Lingering in that lonely place,  
Weaving strange and olden dreams ;  
But a sweet and tender face  
Never from the casement gleams.

## FULFILMENT.

I.

Golden June—

June, dreaming under brooding depths of blue,  
And all the days alive with woodland song,  
And dawn still sweet with clover scents and dew,  
While bob-o-links alight and warble long  
Among the daisied meadows and the wheat :  
And yet the summer seems still incomplete.

II.

Now grey December—

With flying snows and wintry winds awail,  
And field and vale forlorn of bird and flower.  
No longer azure gleams, but storm and gale  
Sweep low across the skies that always lower :  
Yet all the joy of June here dwells apart ;  
For love has wandered in a June's void heart.

## A SONG.

Shall we not remember, Love,  
 When the golden days are gone,  
 When in life's December, Love,  
 I and thou are closer drawn,—  
 Shall we not remember still  
 How we loved and laughed of old,  
 When the dew was on the hill,  
 Till the west grew red and gold ?

Then we two alone shall stand,  
 Gazing through our evening's grey ;  
 And my hand shall seek your hand,  
 And a mist may blind the way,  
 Where of old we loved and dreamed  
 In the half-forgotten days,  
 When a golden splendour gleamed  
 From our world's untrodden ways ;

*But we still shall feel, my own,  
 Though the glebe be grey with rime,  
 We have lived, since we have known  
 Love, untouched of Death and Time!*

## THE MEMORY OF A WOMAN.

God took a moonbeam dreaming on a sea,  
And carved her limbs that dimmed His plenilune.

He paced His heavens for His mildest stars,  
And wreathed them in the blue of brooding June,

And gave to her those mild and wistful eyes,  
Wherein still dwelled an astral tenderness.

He plucked a crimson poppy for her mouth,—  
The flower of dreams and dim forgetfulness.

He clove a sunbeam in a thousand shreds,  
And twined it ripplingly above her brow :

And moulded from the summer's downy clouds  
That billowed purity, her bosom's snow.

Yet something more than this He gave to her,  
From neither sun nor earth nor star nor sea,—

A something unto which her body was  
The hollow pipe, and it the harmony ;



The strain that dies not when the song grows still,  
The heart you find not in the heart's own core ;—

The thing unborn of birth, untouched of death.  
'Twas not the borrowed attributes she wore

The little time she walked our earthly ways,  
For still I find in sky and star and flower

Those beauties, migrantly immutable ;  
It was, indeed, some paradisaal dower,—

A transcendental something, lent to her,  
That God Himself was all the poorer for ;

Till Death, with less ingenuous hands,  
Flung back the gift to God once more.

## UNDER - SONGS.

In summer have you ever dreamed alone,  
Beside an inland stream that fell o'er stone  
And tumbled tree, in tinkling water-falls,  
While from a meadow came the distant calls  
Of piping birds across the wind-blown flowers,  
Where deep-toned bees buzzed thro' the lazy hours?  
There, buried 'neath the daisies' waving heads,  
Down in the clover's spangled whites and reds,  
Did you e'er read a book you loved full well,  
That told of golden dreams the poets tell,  
Until the woodland sounds and tinkling brook  
Mixed with the music of the poet's book?  
And have you turned to that same page again  
When earth had lost the old familiar strain,  
The mingled sound of stream and bee and bird?  
Then, was there not in undersong still heard  
The mellow pipe and flute of woodland notes,  
In lingering echoes, from those silent throats?  
And did you not still hear the tinkling stream  
Sound through the music of the poet's dream?

## THE RHYMER.

## I.

These flakes of sea-spume, thrown along the sands,  
Alone reveal the storm that raged by night,  
Where, in the solitude, resurgent hands  
Wrung from the seething deep the sea-foam white.

## II.

How light, you said, the lines this rhymer penned.  
Ah! light, indeed, to you who run and read;  
But what of all the power it takes to blend  
The thought of melody with lips that bleed?

## A SONG OVERSEAS.

A bird of passage on the wing  
Was all you were to me ;  
Ah! whither on their wandering  
Did thy light pinions flee ?

You came, and filled the land with song  
For one too happy day ;  
Then overseas, where you belong,  
You winged your careless way.

Yet how was I to know you stayed  
A momentary guest,  
Whose sweet, but fleeting presence made  
These arms one day their rest ?

Ah! Bird of Passage, once again  
Bring Summer back to us,  
Whose year by thy mere transient strain  
Is made melodious.

## SUMMER GROWN STRANGE.

This is the weather that of old she loved,  
And many a day like this, we, side by side,  
The music-haunted fields of summer roved :  
How strange 'twas in the summer-time she died !

For field and lane are filled with soft perfumes,  
And round the clover-heads the June bees cling,  
Or buzz through fields where many a wild-flower blooms,  
And loud the strains of woodland song-birds ring.

As on a furrowed face the sunlight gleams,  
Till field and lane and woodland glade turn green ;  
And earth again in June's enchantment dreams,  
While down full tenderly the low skies lean.

How strange !—'Tis more than I can understand ;  
The old June weather seems so out of place  
Without the touch of her remembered hand,—  
Without the sunlight of her laughing face.

This is the weather that of old she loved,  
And many a day like this, we, side by side,  
The music-haunted fields of summer roved :  
How strange 'twas in the summer-time she died !

## THE ROSE AND THE ROCK.

*(Written for Music.)*

A rose, with its lush leaves bright  
With the dawn-light dew,  
Faded down with the dying light  
Of the day it blew.

For only a day it bloomed,  
And at eve lay dead ;  
Through the dusk that its breath perfumed,  
Its spirit fled.

Yet a rock, by the rose's side,  
Through the long years lay ;  
While the rose was worshipped, but died  
In a single day.

Ah ! loved was the fleeting rose,  
But the crumbling stone,  
When its life had drawn to a close,  
No love had known.

## CONCERNING DEATH AND A CHILD.

To me, who watched thine early ways,  
And knew too well thy childish days,  
It seems full strange that Death should turn  
That gloomy visage, gauntly stern,  
Askant to thine, where still outshone  
The lingerings of thy life's soft dawn.  
It seems full strange,—thou wert so young,  
And to thy childhood language clung  
A reminiscence of the tongue  
God's angels talk in Paradise,—  
Some softer language of the skies.  
We never dreamed that Death would come  
To strike thy babbling childhood dumb;  
Such merely idle talk as thine  
Could never lead us to divine  
That Death should hearken to each word  
Thy brooding mother scarcely heard.  
Did he grow envious that we  
Should half-forget his majesty?  
Ah! great the blow to make us feel  
He still expected we should kneel.  
And yet when Death stole near for you,  
How could he force a passage through  
The wall of watching angels' wings  
That guarded all thy slumberings?

Was it thy mother's wistful gaze  
First drew him from his wonted ways?  
Where he, half tired of coquetry  
With those who knelt too readily,  
No longer in mere dalliance smiled,  
But showed his power, *and took a child?*

Thy little hand has clutched his hand,  
And we no longer understand  
How we once deemed Death so austere;  
The old-time face we used to fear  
Has lost its ancient terror now,  
Since that inexorable brow  
Once smiled and bended over thee,  
And took you off, half childishly—  
Irreparable Persephone!



## A SONG FOR CERTAIN REFORMERS.

Hate wrong, as a bull hates red!  
Fight long, till the wrong is dead!  
For to him God gives the fight,  
Who fights for the sake of the right!

Crush wrong, though it falls to you  
To strike at a right or two!  
Fight blind, and for you be it not  
To decide till the battle's fought!

So, strike in the just, grand fight!  
So, smite what you think not right!  
Hate wrong, as a bull hates red!  
And fight till the wrong lies dead!

## THE WOMAN WHO LOVED A SAILOR.

Did your old grey sails, as they roamed the seas,  
Did your torn sails know they had homeward turned,  
As they bellied and veered to the keen fresh breeze,  
And the west behind in a long line burned?

Knew they not full well they were coming home,  
When the old boat bounded along the deep,  
Through the green waves streaked with a fringe of foam,  
Like a sea-bird's wings on their landward sweep?

When the boy who looked from the bow cried, "Land!"  
When you crossed the bar, did your sea-worn boat  
Feel the bay like the touch of an old-time hand,  
And remember the ways where it used to float?

And was it the same with yourself, O Heart?  
Did you feel but half what the old boat felt,  
When I stood with my two poor arms apart,  
And my very soul at your own soul knelt?

As I watched for you at the sea-fringe sand,  
Did you feel the love that I could not speak,  
When you held my hand in your man's rough hand,  
And the idle tears ran down my cheek?

For a woman must love, if she will or no,  
And her heart is a little thing at best  
To the man she loves, but though even so,—  
Ah! kiss me, and help me to say the rest!

## TWILIGHT-TIME.

The grey-houred evening falls ;  
The reminiscent waning-time of day,  
When long-forgotten voices of the past  
Float back, and fill the twilight's haunted grey  
With strange low lingering sounds, until at last  
Some louder bird-pipe sing them all to sleep ;  
And through the gathering dusk the after-glow,  
Down slowly in the west, begins to creep,  
Where still one twilight robin, clear and low,  
Across the silence calls.

I, too, O twilight bird—I, too, have felt  
That unknown touch of sorrow troubling thee,  
Who fills the vales where erewhile daylight dwelt,  
With plaintive strains of evening melody ;—  
I, too, have watched the dim far golden west,  
And felt the wordless charm, but I  
Could never throw, as thou, the strange unrest  
In one impassioned outburst to the sky.

Miles and miles and miles  
 Of dreaming waves, and slowly waning hills ;  
 And in the skies, the gathering night enisles  
 One astral glimmer, till the star-glow fills  
 The brooding dark, and falls along the lake ;  
 And in the murmuring pines the night-winds wake ;  
 But still the wild-bird sings some old despair,  
 And still its echoing cadence swells and creeps,  
 And falls along the dusk, and all the air  
 Grows lightless, to the last long golden bars ;  
 And lulled by twilight sounds, the old world sleeps  
 Beneath the silent stars.

AT THE END OF THE WOOING.

" Ah! tear not from the stem the flower," you said,  
 " Lest in your unrewarded hand you hold  
 Some withered semblance of the broken rose ;  
 So, plead no more." (You bowed your troubled head.)  
 " For how can we, who loved so well of old,  
 Be still the self-same lovers, once we wed ?  
 Ah, no! You reach the altar, but you lose  
 The happier worship held so long before."  
 Enough! I take you, though I lose you too ;—  
 Lean back your woman's face, and give to me  
 Those mournful eyes, those wistful lips, once more  
 And let the old smile steal still sadly through ;  
 For here I let the ancient love go free,—  
 The happier life ; but you—ah! never you!

## KEATS.

You hold my dog-eared volume in your hand,  
And idly ask me what I think of Keats.  
Now, let me likewise idly question you :—  
In summer-time, well toward the close of June,  
Have you once walked down dusty meadow-paths  
That face the sun, and quiver in the heat,  
And, as you brushed through grass and daisies' heads,  
Found glowing on some sunburnt little knoll,  
A deep red over-ripe wild strawberry ?—  
The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies  
(In all that withered field the only touch  
Of lustrous color to redeem the Spring)?  
And have you ever taken in your hand  
That swollen globe of soft deliciousness ?—  
You notice first the colour, richly red ;  
And then the odour, strangely sweet and sharp ;  
And last of all, you crush its ruddy core  
Against your lips, till colour, taste, and scent,  
Might make your stained lip stop to murmur: "This,  
The very heart of Summer that I crush,"—  
So poignant, through its lusciousness, it seems !  
Ah ! then no further need of idle words ;  
I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.

## CHRIST.

Along the hillside path the dusty travellers wound,  
Until a sudden turn ; and then they paused and gazed  
With aching eyes across the sun-bleached hills below ;  
And on their ears there smote a far-off murmuring  
    sound,  
For Lo! along her thousand walls and towers, outblazed  
From grey Jerusalem, the noonday sunlight's glow.

One dust-stained man, with troubled eyes, stood long,  
And gazed on walls and towers, and heard the wafted  
    cries  
Among the swarming streets, where brute and mortal  
    worked ;  
And, gazing long on all that great pulsating throng,  
A strange compassion stole within his tearful eyes,  
And on his face, inscrutable, a sorrow lurked.

There blindly writhed the world of men he yearned to  
    lead  
From their old darkened ways ; but they, in worship  
    grim  
Had crushed a god's crown on his brow, where trickled  
    through  
The human blood alone, where heart and brow both  
    bleed.  
Why to a God, he groaned, had they degraded him?—  
    And in the dust Christ dropped a human tear or two!

## THE HOUSE OF RUINS.

Half down the lonely vale, where sunbeams creep,  
Along the wild-grown grass one noonday hour,  
The old house stands, enwrapt in dreams and sleep;  
And through the gloom the ancient gables tower  
Above the ivy clinging on its walls;  
And on the mouldering eaves the martens sit  
Through all the day, and when the twilight falls,  
Out from the casements dark the black bats flit.

Upon the strangled path, should strange feet press,  
And should a strange hand knock upon the door,  
That creaks and whines in plaintive-toned distress,  
A sound of feet might pass along the floor,  
And ghostly voices fill the vacant halls;  
Unwonted things might stare from out the gloom,  
And murmurs creep along the sunken walls,  
Bowed down beneath some long-forgotten doom.

Along the flowerless and the wild-grown lawns,  
The thistle and the long-leaved mullein bloom;  
And no bird carols while the morning dawns,  
No vagrant flower gleams in the sunless gloom,  
And no fruit flushes on the gnarled old trees,  
Whose grey briarian branches now are grown  
A brushwood tangle, where the sunset breeze  
Forever wails its mournful monotone.

The little stream that creeps between the hills  
Has eaten deep beneath the house's wall,  
Where fallen stones choke back the shrunken rills  
That gurgle down their sides in many a fall ;  
And truant boys that venture up the creek  
Steal past the silent house with wondering eye,  
And never cross that darkened door to seek  
For swallows' eggs among the chimneys high.

And through the mellow golden summer gloom  
One lonely reed-voiced robin pipes aloud,  
Until the day's last lights his wings illumine ;  
And then the song is ceased, and shadows crowd  
Across the songless valley's solitude,  
That seems a land within whose twilight bourn  
No human foot would venture to intrude ;—  
Bereft of summers, and of springs forlorn.

And yet, beyond the years now passed away,  
Some time within the summer days now gone,  
A thousand birds sang all the ringing day,  
A thousand flowers gleamed on the summer lawn,  
And golden fruit grew mellow in the sun,  
And laughter swelled along the joyous vale,  
As twilight birds flew homeward, one by one,  
And in the west the golden lights grew pale.



And long among the daisies and the grass  
A man and woman idly wandered on,  
And saw the faint gleams from the far west pass,  
Until the day and after-glow were gone ;  
And, plucking one among the many flowers,  
He said: "Though this poor flower must pass away,  
There is no end, no end, to love like ours:  
Our love is of all time—these live a day."

They paced their little paths ; and daisies blow  
Above the graves where now the lovers sleep ;  
The years have come and gone, the years still go,  
But no sound breaks upon the silence deep,  
And only the old gloomy house remains,  
Within whose silent walls no footsteps stray,  
And drearily the cold autumnal rains  
Beat down in gusts upon its gables grey.

## SNOW-BOUND

The frost creeps on my window-pane,  
The snows drift through the broken floor;  
And in the night I wake and feel  
The winter deepen round my door.

I hear the wind moan round the eaves,  
And on the pane the driving sleet;  
Then in a lull, between the winds,  
I catch the tread of passing feet.

And feel one silent foot-fall pause  
A moment by my lonely door,  
And wonder if the Stranger comes  
To lead me through the night once more?

To take me out amid the storm,  
And lead me from the little room,  
Where all the night I stood and heard  
Strange voices echo through the gloom?

'Twas but the snows against my roof;  
And low once more about the eaves,  
Through all the night, the restless wind  
Forever whines and wails and grieves.

Then from my frosted pane I look,  
And all the endless snowfields seem  
But empty shadows of a sleep,  
And life a half-forgotten dream.



