

## THE MASTER OF THE ISLES.

There is rumor in Dark Harbor,  
And the to' are all a-tar;  
For a stranger in the offing  
Draws them down to gaze at her,  
In the gray of early morning,  
Black against the orange streak,  
Making in below the ledges,  
With no colors at her peak.  
Something makes their hearts uneasy  
As they watch the long black hull,  
For she brings the storm behind her  
While before her there is lull.  
With pilot and unspoken,  
Where the dancing breakers are,  
Presently she veers and races  
In across the roaring bar,—  
Rounds and luffs and comes to anchor,  
While the wharf begins to throng.  
Silence falls upon the women,  
And misgiving stirs the strong.  
Then with some obscure foreboding,  
As a grayhaired watcher smiles,  
They perceive the fearless captain  
Is the Master of the Isles.  
They recall the bleak December  
Many streaming yea's ago,  
When the stranger had been sighted  
Driving shoreward with the snow;  
When the Master came among them  
With his calm and courtly pride,  
And had sailed away at sundown  
With pale Dora for his bride;  
How again he came one summer  
When the herring schools were late  
And had cleared before the morning  
With old Alec's son for mate.  
There was glamour with the Master:  
He had tales of far-off seas;  
But his habit and demeanor  
Were of other lands than these.  
He had never made the Harbor  
But there sailed away with him  
Wife or child or friend or lover,  
Leaving eyes to strain and swim,—  
Strain and wait for their returning:  
Yet they never had come back;  
For the pale wake of the Master  
Is a wandering fading track.  
Just beyond our utmost fathom  
Is the anchorage we crave,  
But the Master knows the soundings  
By the reach of every wave.  
Just beyond the last horizon,  
Vague upon the weather-gleam,  
Loom the Faroff Isles forever,  
The tradition of a dream.  
There a white and brooding summer  
Haunts upon the gray sea plain,  
Where the gray sea winds are quiet  
At the sources of the rain.  
There where all world-weary dreamers  
Get them forth to their release,  
Lie the colonies of the kindred  
In the provinces of peace.  
Thither in the stormy sunset  
Will the Master sail to-night;  
And the village will be silent  
When he drops below the light.  
Not a soul on all the hillside  
But will watch her when she clears,  
Dreaming of the Port o' Strangers  
In the roadstead of the years.  
"Port o' Strangers, Port o' Strangers!"  
"Where away?" "On the weather bow."  
"Drive her down the closing distance!"  
"That's to-morrow, but not now."  
What imperial adventure  
Some wide morning it will be,  
Sweeping in to Lonely Haven  
From the chartless round of sea!  
How imposing a departure,  
While this little harbor smiles,  
Steering for the outer searim  
With the Master of the Isles!

## AN AFTERWORD.

BROTHER, the world above you  
Is very fair to-day,  
And all things seem to love you  
The old accustomed way.  
Here in the heavenly weather  
In June's white arms you sleep,  
Where once on the hills together  
Your haunts you used to keep.  
The idling sun that lazies  
Along the open field  
And gossips to the daisies  
Of secrets unrevealed;  
The wind that stirs the grasses  
A moment, and then stills  
Their trouble as he passes  
Up to the darkling hills,—  
And to the breezy clover  
Has many things to say  
Of that unwearyd rover  
Who once went by this way;  
The miles of elm-treed meadows;  
The clouds that voyage on,  
Strutting their noiseless shadows  
From the countries of the sun;

The tranquil river reaches  
And the pale stars of dawn;  
The thrushes in their beeches  
For reverie withdrawn;  
With all your forest fellows  
In whom the blind heart calls,  
For whom the green leaf yellows,  
On whom the red leaf falls;

The dumb and tiny creatures  
Of flower and blade and sod,  
That dimly wear the features  
And attributes of God;

The airy migrant homers  
On gauzy wings of fire,  
Those wanderers and roamers  
Of infinite desire;

The reinbirds and all dwellers  
In solitude and peace,  
Those lingerers and fore-tellers  
Of infinite release;

Yes, all the dear things living  
That rove or bask or swim,  
Remembering and misgiving,  
Have felt the day grow dim.

Even the glad things growing,  
Blossom and fruit and stem,  
Are poorer for your going  
Because you were of them.

Yet since you loved to cherish  
Their pleading beauty here  
Your heart shall not quite perish  
In all the golden year;

But God's great dream above them  
Must be a tinge less pale  
Because you lived to love them  
And make their joy prevail.

HAWTHORN HILL,  
MIDSUMMER E. 4, 1922.

## A ROBIN SONG.

"O lover, be loyal, lover, be loyal,  
Lover, be loyal while life is new!"  
A robin sang from the April bough:  
And her mate sang, "Love, be true!"

For the burden of morrow is more than now,  
And the rain must follow the gridding plow.

"O lover, be loyal, lover, be loyal,  
The year is going, the days are few!  
Red was the morning, gray is the rain."  
And her mate sang, "Love, be true!"

For the griefs of morrow are more than now,  
And the gulls may follow the gridding plow.

"O lover, be loyal, lover, be loyal,  
Lover, be loyal thy whole life through!  
Red is the rain where the sun goes down."  
And her mate sang, "Love, be true!"

For the joys of morrow are more than now,  
As harvest follows the gridding plow.

## THE TRAGEDY OF WILLOW.

"Water, Water of the wood."  
Said the lissome willow tree,  
"Take me with you, tawny Water,  
Down the summer to the sea!"  
"Willow, Willow," said the water.  
"It is weary far to sea;  
But if you will love me, Willow,  
You shall learn to run with me."

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

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

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

"Hurry, hurry," said the water,  
"Let us wander, let us go;  
For I hear the hush of summer,  
And the cawing of the snow."

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

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

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

## THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

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

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

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

## THE FAITHFUL LOVE.

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

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

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

MENSHAM,  
11, SEPTEMBER, 1922.

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

BLISS CARRAN.

NEW YORK CITY,  
SEPTEMBER, 1922.

