

CAMBRIDGE POETS

1900-1913

AN ANTHOLOGY

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**CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1900—1913**



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# Cambridge Poets

1900—1913.

AN ANTHOLOGY

CHOSEN BY

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

CAMBRIDGE :

W. HEFFER & SONS Ltd.

1913



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25/8/15



To the memory of Dr. VERRALL;  
to Mrs. VERRALL;  
and to all my Cambridge Friends.



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## PREFACE.

MY thanks are due (1) to the authors, who have so generously placed their work at my disposal; (2) to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature, for his introduction; and to him, and to Mr. Frank W. Stokoe, scholar of Caius College, for very helpful criticism and advice; (3) to Miss Vere Cochran, Librarian of Girton College, who lent me a number of books that I should not otherwise have seen; (4) to the editors of the following papers for kind permission to reprint poems which have appeared in their pages:—*The Times (Women's Supplement)*, *Country Life*, *Poetry and Drama*, *The Poetry Review*, *The Equinox*, *The Nation*, *The New Age*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Eyewitness*, *The Cambridge Review*, *The Cambridge Magazine*, and *The Granta*; (5) to the following firms of publishers for allowing me to make use of copyright matter:—Mr. Heineman, for poems from "The Bird of Time," by Sarojini Naidu; Mr. Edward Arnold, for two extracts from "Week-day Poems," by Hugh Owen Meredith; Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, for poems by Rupert Brooke; Mr. Nutt, for part of a poem from "Songs of the Double Star," by G. Leathem; The Poetry Bookshop for "Grantchester" by Rupert Brooke; Mr. John Lane, for one poem from "The

Call of Dawn," by Esmé C. Wingfield-Stratford; Messrs. Lynwood and Co., for two poems from "Exodus" by Martin D. Armstrong; and Mr. Max-Goschen for two poems from "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" by J. Elroy Flecker.

My apologies are due to all poets, specimens of whose work ought to have been included in the anthology—there must be many such; and to any editors or publishers whose kindness I may have inadvertently omitted to acknowledge.

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

*Cambridge, June, 1913.*



## INTRODUCTION.

I SHALL take it to be conceded, at this time of day, not only that good poetry is worth writing, but that our language has a capacity and our nation a rather special aptitude for it: and these admissions—if the reader will be good enough to make them before starting upon the poems here collected—will excuse together the authors, the anthologist, and the contributor of this short ‘Introduction.’

For if good poetry be worth writing, the attempt to write it must be worth making: nor does it need a Socratic dialogue to prove that the more numerous they are who engage in the attempt the fairer will be the prospect of *somebody's* succeeding. Derision of minor verse, serio-comic terror of poetasters, prophesy of their multiplying and devouring us in a flood, disparagement of the poetic ambition in any stage short of acclaimed success—all these have ever belonged to the witling's stock-in-trade, and I know no part of it more cheaply come by. You will find it very nobly and disdainfully assigned its proper value in the opening page or two of Dryden's famous *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. In that little masterpiece, Dryden deliberately lays his scene, choosing an occasion which, more than any in his time, might seem to justify the vulgar contempt of poetry as a mere frill and accessory upon human affairs:—

‘It was that memorable day [he says], in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch: a day wherein the two most mighty and best

appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies moved against each other in parallel lines and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the City, so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him, and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.'

Dryden goes on to relate how in company with three gentlemen 'whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town'—they were Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Robert Howard, in the Essay disguised under the borrowed names of *Eugenius*, *Lisideius* and *Crites*—he took barge down through the crowded shipping to Greenwich; where the four listened in silence as the air broke about them in little indulations of sound 'like the noise of distant thunder or of swallows in a chimney,' until by little and little it fell away and at length *Eugenius*, lifting a hand, congratulated all on this certain omen of victory, adding the devout wish 'that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.' Thereupon (as the bravest will, when a long tension of the spirit is happily relaxed) Sir Robert Howard let the strain down with a flippant remark, that 'He could scarce have wished the

victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made upon it.'

Now so far as we can separate it from the literary skill let us particularly consider the courage of this opening—which may challenge anything in Plato. Dryden no more fears to introduce a high literary discussion straight upon the retreating Dutch cannon than did Boccaccio to oppose his merry tales against a background of plague-swept Florence: for Boccaccio and Dryden, as great men, saw and trusted that man's concern in what literature can do for him is actually more vital and assuredly more permanent than his agitation, sharper for the moment, over any national crisis or public calamity. It takes (I say) a great and a brave man to perceive this; a very brave man indeed to maintain it when every neighbour he meets will accuse him for a fool and worse. Dryden chooses to be bolder yet, and pays our admission to his high discourse with a foolish light coin that passes current wherever men and women have nothing more serious on hand than to dine and chat and make themselves agreeable.

For Howard's pleasantry (as old as Juvenal, and older) has in truth very little sense to commend it. I am writing this by a window which stands open above a two-mile beach, along which the tide has for some three hours been advancing. Parables, analogies, have usually a weak point somewhere; and so I dare say has this, which I take for an illustration only. But the seventh or ninth wave which hurls itself in on so proud a crest, to capture whole yards of territory, owes its impetus to the moving mass of water behind, though



its eminence come from that force in a happy moment of application. So it happens even with a Shakespeare. I do not say that he can be explained : but will maintain that no explanation is possible which leaves out of account the moving mass out of which he was projected. Despite all its towering crests he who would understand Elizabethan literature must lay his account with an ocean of mighty flat and dull reading.

In fine, we may reverence good poetry without wrapping a religious mystery about it. It is with poets as with bricklayers,—if you set a thousand to work you are likelier to discover genius than if you set a dozen ; and this in spite of all such sayings as *poeta nascitur non fit* and *solus rex vel poeta non quotannis nascitur*. For even as many youths have started with an impulse for poetry and failed to achieve it, so many others have dropped into it almost by hazard and discovered their genius by practice. Which is more likely—that Shakespeare came to London on the impulse to write such a play as Hamlet ? or that he avoided Stratford in some disgrace, that he sought the capital to pick up a livelihood, started by holding horses at the theatre door, became an actor, learned how plays should be written, and so steadily improved his genius upon successive chances ?

A vast deal of nonsense moreover is talked by those who, making a mystery of poesy, treat it as something too holy to be practised except by stealth. I have never heard it advanced that because in religion *omne exit in mysterium* we should abstain from practising religion in our daily life. For my part, I doubt if some discipline in verse-making be not as necessary to complete intellectual grace in a man as fencing or

swordsmanship to the complete grace of his body : and this doubt is strengthened in me by reflecting how certainly the final grace withholds itself from one who lacks understanding of poetry and how usefully the attempt to write it enlarges that understanding. In this efficacy Cambridge, at any rate, has always trusted ; and the following pages prove, and prove amply, that she remains loyal as ever to the belief. Critics—middle-aged critics especially—will find much amiss with them ; and the fault as usual will lie with Time at least as much as with Thyrsis, with the critic's years as with the singer's lack of them :—

Our feelings lose poetic flow  
 Soon after thirty years or so :  
 Professionising modern men  
 Thenceforth admire what pleased them then—

(I am writing far from books and quote the author of *Ionica* from treacherous memory). In the hey-day of the Elizabethan drama in the year that gave birth to *Hamlet*, middle-aged men were no less positive than they are to-day concerning poetry, that

the worst and worst  
 Times still succeed the former.

But if our eyes refuse to acknowledge the brilliance of the flame, they must at least recognise the ardour and number of the torch-bearers : for whatever old age may lose it retains (if only for the sake of avarice) the faculty of counting.

Now I do not propose to pick and choose for commendation among the numbers which Mrs. Graham has gathered together : because young men, while kindly

allowing that my enthusiasm keeps remarkably green for its age, grow apt to tell me that when it comes to particular poets—or at any rate, when it comes to *their* work, it discriminates less well than of yore: and I make no doubt they are right. Since, right or wrong, they are certain to scan this book more closely, not to say jealously, than the ordinary disinterested reader, I decline taking the risk of detailed praise.

A small word of protest will be safer. I note—and may summon almost every page of the book for evidence—that the lyrical form nowadays dominates all others; that even in Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*—yes, and even in Mr. Doughty's great epic—other forms are perpetually haunted and worried, if not actually tyrannised over, by the lyrical. Indeed a young poet gravely informed me, the other day, that the lyric held the whole future of poesy—every other form being dead; nor was he abashed on being reminded of the Scottish farmer's prayer—"O Lord, take everything from everybody else, and give it ALL to me!"

I note further that as a part of this tendency (or, at all events, concurrently) the Lyric goes on to remove itself more and more from the music of its origin, to ignore the accompaniment of song and instrument, to become reflective, 'subjective' and, when emotional, intent on its own emotions rather than on its auditors'.

Now this tendency seems to me, for several reasons, a mistaken one; but chiefly for this, that it leaves the poet's business half done. It is not enough that he is a man more sensitive than his fellows, that he guesses at universal secrets unguessed by them, that his gift pro-



vides him with exquisite sensations, or even that he makes an inventory of these in exquisite language. The old business of the poet did not end with his apprehending this or that of universal truth, or with his being acutely affected by it, or even with his coming back and informing folks that he had fallen in love or had lost a friend, and that it was a tremendous experience. On top of all this he had to realise his *self* by losing it, to purge the personal out of his discovery, to *re-clothe* it, and to bring the universal back in a new embodiment which all men could recognise. To this the fine *objective* forms of the Drama and the Epic not only invited but compelled him. However difficult the task, he had to build, and to build solidly. The gushing 'O, that 'twere possible!' had to be captured, grasped and held until it became an Orpheus or a Hamlet, as the young men held Proteus until from running water he turned into a man again.

To my thinking the common abnegation, in one day, of this most difficult part of the poet's business may well account for the public neglect into which poetry has fallen as a pretty occupation for sensitive souls. Until we take the trouble to re-clothe it in concrete forms—and the old forms lie ready to our hand, while new ones are well worth inventing—the *virtuose* may applaud, but we shall miss the catholic appeal of great art.

This small but sufficient volume of Cambridge verse, written between 1900 and 1913, proves at any rate that the poetic *impulse* abides and is strong in the University which, so justly proud of her poets, has really no excuse for resigning poetry as a lost glory.

Nor can she ever afford to do without it. Says Mr. Abercrombie, in his *Ceremonial Ode, intended for a University*—

This, then, is yours: to build exultingly  
High, and yet more high,  
The knowledgeable towers . . .  
That so Man's mind, not conquered by his clay,  
May sit above his fate,  
Inhabiting the purpose of the stars  
And trade with his Eternity.

Now, in historical fact, such traffic uplifted on knowledge has hitherto been mainly conducted for Man by poetry and philosophy; and in Man's experience of the two, the commerce of poetry has brought the more durable profit.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.



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*Poems marked with an asterisk have not hitherto  
appeared in any book or periodical.*

# JOHN ALFORD.

## THE SINGERS.

THERE'S a mist on the land, low flying  
O'er cottage and meadow and pen,  
And a wind in the eaves is crying  
From over the fen.

Fallen the treasure of beeches  
And naked the tangle of thorn,  
And the bare boughs make sad speeches  
And sighings forlorn.

There's death in the marshes reeking  
And death in the arm of the air,  
And our hearths to the mists are leaking  
And no warmth there.

Sweet ye bards was the singing  
Of magical numbers ye made  
When summer her bounty was flinging  
O'er forest and glade.

And we hearing forgot them after,  
When the mists lay still in the fen,  
Nor heeded nor needed, for laughter  
Was in us then.

But the bloom of the vale is vanished  
And wan is the winter's brow,  
O let not songs be banished  
From your lips now,

For we have need of your voices,  
Need of the fire of your lays,  
When none but the prophet rejoices  
Who counts not the days.

Arise ye bards, that ye quicken  
The pulse of our soul, that the strong  
In your music be stronger, the stricken  
Take heart in your song!

### HOAR FROST.

**F**AIRIES in the night have been,  
With the moon alone to see,  
And about the ivy's green  
Wrought a silver filigree;

Bound the jasmin to the wall  
With a flimsy, flashing wire;  
Turned the pampas grasses tall  
Into standing tongues of fire;



Then with nimble hands and quick,  
At the coming of the dawn,  
Generously have sprinkled thick  
Pearls and diamonds on the lawn.

### ODE ON NIGHT.

DO you know the soul of night?  
It is more unfathomable than the mind of a  
woman,  
It is more beautiful than her body.  
For night is as strong as a virgin in the prime of  
her womanhood,  
She is as tender as a mother with her babe at breast.

My soul was aflame for her love.  
I went out to her and reached up but was unworthy.  
I strove for her as a river that strives towards a  
wide ocean.  
I caught at the jewels in her hair, but they evaded me.  
The great diadem that is set in the midst of her  
forehead mocked me  
So that I was provoked and blasphemed against her,  
For my longing was greater than I could bear.  
But she took pity on me.  
She touched mine eyelids with her lips  
That I might know nothing in the time of her  
presence.

*John Alford.*

A short while ago I was sore stricken in the long  
and insistent battle.

But she in her mercy tended me.

She washed my wounds with the waters of evening,  
Tending them with touches as soft as the breath of  
the south wind.

She healed them with ointments distilled from the  
light of the stars.

And in the morning I returned to the battle,  
Glorifying night with praises of the magic of her  
healing.

Yesterday I was troubled with the words of men,  
For they had denied the beauty and the sanctity of  
all things.

They had broken the faith with the universal spirit,  
Saying that nothing is save themselves only, that are  
unworthy, more than I even, of the knowledge  
and love of night.

And, sore distressed, I listened for her in the time of  
the great stillness, and was not disappointed.

She came to me as a prophet to a stricken people,  
And her voice I heard vibrating from one wall of  
the darkness to the other,

Crying "I am, I am."



*John Alford.*

Lo, when it shall happen that I am like to die,  
I shall take me to the top of a mighty mountain at  
the time of the low sun,  
And I shall look across the valleys that I have  
known  
And shall see the hills that are against me bathed in  
gold light.  
And I shall be glad of life, and that the time has  
come when I may know her whom I have so  
long desired.  
And when the sun is no more, my body shall be  
blown to the four corners of the earth.  
But I shall be free to mingle with her whom I love.  
I shall be one for ever with the uttermost parts of  
the dim constellations.

## E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.

### \*THE VIOLIN.

**I**F there be soul in wood and strings  
To humour thus the quiet night,  
If matter dead so strives, and sings  
Such glory, with such transitory,  
Spontaneous, tremulous sounds attesting,  
With cadences like rose leaves shed  
When keen sweet winds disperse delight,  
Radiance revealing, rising, resting,  
Declining, drooping, dying, dead.

Impetuous to rise again  
Like fire, like wild fire's flaming flakes,  
Like high-hurled spray on moon-lit main,  
Like a fountain throwing liquid light,  
Bearing such joy to such a height,  
Scattering delight in such swift shakes,  
Lending desire such subtle wings—  
All this the simple wood and strings  
With human hand to guide it, makes.

What sounds should I, so complex more,  
Constructed with such artifice,  
So full of wonder and device,  
Surrounded with such happy store  
Of miracle to celebrate,  
New visions sprung with each new date,  
Of fields unknown, and paths untrod,  
What sounds should I then resonate  
Beneath the urgent hand of God?

## THE SWORD SONG.

OH fair and straight and like a naked sword  
A splendour at morning, a light of victories,  
Bright, beautiful, and glorious award  
To men of the creative deities  
Who forge up flesh with song, and singing fashion  
The fair long lines, and make it sharp with passion  
And send it down among us for a sword.

—A blade of steel with hilts of subtle gold,  
A sword between two lilies, a sword unsheathed  
Swung among snowflakes, sweet, hard, tender, cold.

Oh fair and straight, in a furnace of delight  
With naked love to blow the flames, they wrought  
Your beauty of dreams enored in summer night,  
Sharp flashes of song, and poets' molten thought,  
And golden ornaments of prodigal spring,  
And cool in tears they tempered the lovely thing,  
A cruelty, a wonder, a delight.

—A little cruel, for steel must needs be keen  
And cruel, but a blade of wonder, with spells en-  
wreathed,  
But a subtle delight of shape and strength and sheen.

A gleaming edge to sunder truth from lies,  
To cleave white love and wantonness apart,  
An edge against the banded infamies  
That throng the road, and powerful through the mart  
To pass unstained, a splendour through the dust,  
A sword to lay across the throat of lust,  
To make the liars fear to tell their lies.

—Oh, you are fair, my love, and keen your kiss,  
Who shall avail to make your glories his,  
Who wed with you, my sword-like *Thoralis*?

#### DIANA IN THE OPEN.

**A**S the strong sun that leaps upon the sea,  
She runs amid the waving grass. Beware!  
The flashing strands of her tumultuous hair  
Will bind you to her track eternally.  
Her young, smooth arms, her waist and bosom free,  
Her shining shoulders, beautiful and bare,  
Her dabbled ankles dazzle those who dare  
To gaze too long. They follow hastily.

A perilous quest! Oh, whosoever follow  
Swift, pure Diana's star, a harbinger  
By hill and heath, through stream and mossy hollow,  
Must too be pure. Swift torment fell on him  
Who, breaking on her bathing at the brim  
Of some cool streamlet, lusted after her.

STUDENTS' SONG.

FOR God's sake, let us laugh a little,—  
All our days we strive to seek  
Things the world calls worthy, brittle  
Bubbles breaking while we speak.  
Half believing old pretences,  
Fearing censure from the wise,  
Down we bow 'fore what our senses  
Tells us are inanities.

The sun's out: damn their teaching—  
The sun's out: damn all preaching—  
We are wise, but we will prove  
We are not too wise to love.

Teachers, when you've often said it,  
You believe much foolishness:  
Preachers, do you really credit  
All you tell of happiness?  
Poor old men, whose brains' abortions  
Seems such lovely children: fools!  
Twisters of the world's proportions,  
Bad old pedants of the schools.

The sun's out: skies are clearest—  
The year's young: kiss me, dearest—  
We are fools, but we will prove  
Not too foolish now to love.



\*FRAGMENT.

BECAUSE your face is with me in the dark  
Wrought out in fire and unattainable air,  
Because the past is with me and despair,  
Kindling the blackness bright with many a spark  
Of memory to make me writhe and weep:

Because I cannot sleep—  
For thorny to my side is all my bed,  
And all the night is stubble to my soul,  
And all my pillow nettles to my head—  
Because my mouth demands a spell to say,  
And misery demands her lawful toll  
Of inexpressive words, which I must pay,  
I set my hands towards you through the gloom,  
I set my painful love against the beat  
Of my blood's fountain, set aside the throng  
Of devils, bid your presence fill the room,  
I cry to you, and call your shadow sweet,  
I make your name the tenour of my song,  
Thoralis, Thoralis, Thoralis —

# MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG.

## COWARDICE.

THE king cried "Bring me colour, the heart's wine :  
Open my treasures," he cried, "and heap  
Autumnal rubies, emeralds that shine  
Like sunlit seas, and sapphires dark and deep

As nights of summer, and the shattered glow  
Of irised opals. Bring me sanguine grapes  
And tawny-hearted peaches, figs that show  
The purpled pulp, and nectarous plums whose  
shapes

Hang down like drops of amber. Fill the urns  
And crystal flagons with clear essences  
And glutinous syrups ; scatter soft-plumed ferns  
And flowers with crimson throats or cavities

Cupped with sea-blue, and sunset dahlias,  
And sun-flowers round whose fulgent discs are curled  
Tongues of gold flame, like an ethereal blaze  
That forged the substance of the teeming world."

They brought him jewels from the treasures  
And poured them forth before him,—sapphires blue  
As southern nights, rubies, chalcedonies,  
And fiery opals. Slaves in order due

*Martin D. Armstrong.*

Bore pyramids of fruit in golden bowls,  
Or, heaped on shining salvers; others poured  
Rich wines and syrops; others set on poles  
Torches of frankincense that shed abroad

A curling fragrance down the corridors.  
Flowers wreathed the beams and porches, showering  
From marble balconies, until the floors  
Were drifted deep with petals. And the King

Sat in the midst and let the jewels stream  
Between his fingers, till, in that domain  
Utopian, Truth and Fear became a dream,  
And he took comfort to his heart again.

## EXODUS.

**W**E served him with the sweat of many years,  
Squandered our youth in labour in his fields,  
Our backs were bowed beneath the heavy yields  
That swelled his coffers, and our wage was tears.

Then was it that I learnt to hate the sun,  
And that the golden fountains of the East  
Became a sign of servitude increased.  
Each morn I felt their flaming glory run



Through all my pulsing veins. So had I died  
In slavery. But last year he rode away  
To court, in Paris; and the self-same day,  
When noon had mellowed into eventide,

A thought leapt in my brain, and I took down  
A rusty axe and ground it on the wheel,  
And shaped the edge until the sharpened steel  
Shone like a minnow. Then I climbed the crown

Of that broad slope, where girt with massy oaks  
His hall looks out upon the timbered lands,  
And heaving up the weapon in my hands  
Hewed at a bole. Birds scattered at the strokes.

Oh, it was good to feel the singing axe  
Bite deep and deeper; good to feel the sting  
Nettle my palms; to see at every swing  
Wedges of living wood fly, as the hacks

Clove through its toughness. It was good to use  
My muscles for my pleasure; make my strength  
Obey my will. Now first through all the length  
Of labouring years I felt delight suffuse

My glowing limbs. The sunset waxed apace  
Till all the tree-trunks ranged along the hill  
Stood black against the splendour, like the grille  
Before a torture chamber; and my face

*Martin D. Armstrong.*

And hands and axe grew bloody in the glare,  
And gleaming sap oozed from the wounded tree,  
But still my body glowed exultingly  
Like iron in the forge, as if some rare

Immortal essence from the setting sun  
Had made me godlike. Lonely on the hill  
I knew myself transfigured, and my will,  
Responsible to no man, urged me on

While all the hosts of darkness mustered round.  
But when the west had smouldered into ash,  
The first tree swayed and snapped, and with a  
crash  
Hurled down its leafy mass and strewed the ground

With splintered boughs. Seven feudal centuries  
Fell in that ruin; and, it seemed, the power,  
Vanquished and driven from its ancestral bower,  
Took root in me, for to the other trees

Strong and refreshed I turned. And now the gap  
Of lurid sky which I had opened there  
Grew cold and star-sown, and the keen night air  
Was sweet with leafage bruised and living sap.

But when at last not light enough was left  
To labour by, I kindled logs of oak  
With crackling furze, and glare of flame and smoke  
Illumined my midnight smithy. So I cleft

*Martin D. Armstrong.*

The living timber, and the night wore on,  
But still my strength increased as each great tree  
Fell prone; and to the next with quenchless glee  
I turned. Therefore I vanquished one by one

The hearts that centuries could not decay.  
Night-long I toiled, but when the East grew fawn  
I ceased, and there amid the waste at dawn  
Rested, like God upon the seventh day.

Then, shouldering the shining axe, I strode  
Across the sunrise; and the life-long hate  
Flowered into joy. Scarce heard, his iron gate  
Clanged-to behind me as I took the road.

\*FLAME.

ONLY the fire of love can fuse and burn  
This solid world to spirit. But we two  
Have caught love back by the escaping wing,  
Therefore shall life be perfect, for our eyes  
Are opened and our stooping souls stand up  
Full-statured under the roofless heaven of love.

*Martin D. Armstrong.*

Open the doors of Infinity; bring forth  
The golden cups and pour the kindling wine.  
So shall we drink and see, with hearts made wise,  
Dead rocks and metals tense with whirling life;  
Rivers and seas and meres and the streaming winds  
Sure, ceremonial, move to the pulse of change:  
Yea, Spirit shall see how from the teeming earth  
Waving trees and the beautiful lives of flowers  
Flicker like tongues of flame;  
Shall see how man, the bright untameable spirit,  
Leaps and aspires and burns upward for ever,  
A quivering flame, beyond the flaming stars.

## FRANCIS BÉKÁSSY

### \*A BOAT FOR LOVE.

GIVE me but the boat, I say,  
Sorrow never follows;  
Fare you well! I shall not stay:  
Winter's in the hollows.

Where the wastes stretch far away,  
Blurred with rain, and blending,  
Or to-morrow or to-day  
Love shall have an ending.

There the swans dash through the wave,  
On the water swinging;  
I shall make my scallop rave  
With the tempest springing.

I shall come before the snow;  
I shall come a-courting  
To the hazy depths below,  
Shadows at their sporting.

When the snow before the rout  
Drifts against my sail,  
I shall turn my boat about  
Straight across the gale!



Over endless waters wind,  
Chase the fast stream faster;  
All but love is left behind:  
Death shall prove the master!

Now the sparrows cease their cry;  
Silence stands appalling.—  
Still and far and deep I'll lie,  
Where the snow is falling.

## FRAGMENTARY VIEWS.

### *1. Waters.*

**L**ARCHES all green and chestnuts hardly white,  
Rough grass, and clumpy marigolds I see  
Within the water: but how changed quite!  
A world begins, where tree doth grow from tree.

What dusky Earths, what Fires at all compare  
With thee, what Air, what Shadows lightly wrought,  
Thou living Water! Settled softly there,  
Proud with the proud reality of Thought.

2. *Clouds.*

YEA, very swiftly do they veer, and fly ;  
Their shadow dapples the abundant vale,  
And in a while no cloud is on the sky.  
Their forms are fanciful, of texture frail :

And now like hounds in great pursuit they seem !  
—Their prey will vanish in the opening morn.  
Only a little while the trappings gleam,  
And for a little space doth sound a horn.

3. *Winds.*

A-TIPTOE up and down and all about  
What folly prompts you, wind, from room to  
room ?

Leave now the creaking staircases ; go out ;  
Make sturdy movement all across the broom

And in the heather-bells ; or in a mead  
Stiffen the hairs upon a horse's mane ;  
And, unreluctant as the moments speed  
Soar to destruction in the slanting rain.



## J. d'AUBRAY BELL.

### SPRING IN MONTPARNASSE.

**T**HROUGH the more limpid air the live trams clash  
And pitch, with more impetuous speed imbued :  
Black trees that all the winter seemed to brood  
Thought-swathed start up with sudden emerald flash  
And stretchings out of myriad crumpled hands :  
Huge ship-like corner-houses that till now  
Lay listless and becalmed shake from their prow  
Pennons that thrill towards unknown spring-lands :  
The cafés spread their awning-leaves above  
An early crop of pert habitués ;  
The teeming boulevard flickers and sways  
With snap of life grown tenser ; half-beasts rove  
About the sky : even your coldness thaws  
To eagerness beneath the hot sun's laws.

# RUPERT BROOKE.

## IN EXAMINATION.

L O! From quiet skies  
In through the window my Lord the Sun!  
And my eyes  
Were dazzled and drunk with the misty gold,  
The golden glory that drowned and crowned me  
Eddied and swayed through the room . . .  
Around me,

To left and to right,  
Hunched figures and old,  
Dull blear-eyed scribbling fools, grew fair,  
Ringed round and haloed with holy light.  
Flame lit on their hair,  
And their burning eyes grew young and wise,  
Each as a God, or King of Kings,  
White robed and bright  
(Still scribbling all);  
And a full tumultuous murmur of wings,  
Grew through the hall;  
And I knew the white undying Fire,  
And, through open portals,  
Gyre on gyre,  
Archangels and angels, adoring, bowing,  
And a Face unshaded . . .  
Till the light faded;  
And they were but fools again, fools unknowing,  
Still scribbling, blear-eyed and stolid immortals.

DAY THAT I HAVE LOVED.

TENDERLY, day that I have loved, I close your  
eyes,

And smooth your quiet brow, and fold your thin,  
dead hands.

The grey veils of the half-light deepen; colour dies.

I bear you, a light burden, to the shrouded sands,

Where lies your waiting boat, by wreaths of the seas  
making

Mist-garlanded, with all grey weeds of the water  
crowned.

There you'll be laid, past fear of sleep or hope of  
waking;

And over the unmoving sea, without a sound,

Faint hands will row you outward, out beyond our  
sight,

Us with stretched arms and empty eyes on the far-  
gleaming

And marble sand . . .

Beyond the shifting cold twilight,

Further than laughter goes, or tears, further than  
dreaming,

There'll be no port, no dawn-lit islands! But the drear  
Waste darkening, and, at length, flame ultimate on  
the deep.

Oh, the last fire—and you, unloved, unfriended there!  
Oh, the lone way's red ending, and we not there  
to weep!

(We found you pale and quiet, and strangely crowned  
with flowers,

Lovely and secret as a child. You came with us,  
Came happily, hand in hand with the young dancing  
hours,

High on the downs at dawn!) Void now and  
tenebrous,

The grey sands curve before me . . .

From the inland meadows,  
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark, and fills  
The hollow sea's dead face with little creeping  
shadows,

And the white silence brims the hollow of the hills.

Close in the nest is folded every weary wing,

Hushed all the joyful voices; and we, who hold  
you dear,

Eastward we turn, and homeward, alone, remem-  
bering . . .

Day that I loved, day that I loved, the Night is  
here!

KINDLINESS.

WHEN love has changed to kindness—  
Oh, love, our hungry lips, that press  
So tight that Time's an old god's dream  
Nodding in heaven, and whisper stuff  
Seven million years were not enough  
To think on after, make it seem  
Less than the breath of children playing,  
A blasphemy scarce worth the saying,  
A sorry jest, "When love has grown  
To kindness—to kindness!" . . .  
And yet—the best that either's known  
Will change, and wither, and be less,  
At last, than comfort, or its own  
Remembrance. And when some caress  
Tendered in habit (once a flame  
All heaven sang out to) wakes the shame  
Unworded, in the steady eyes  
We'll have—*that* day, what shall we do?  
Being so noble, kill the two  
Who've reached their second-best? Being wise  
Break cleanly off, and get away,  
Follow down other windier skies  
New lures, alone? Or shall we stay,  
Since this is all we've known, content  
In the lean twilight of such day,  
And not remember, not lament?  
That time when all is over, and  
Hand never flinches, brushing hand;



And blood lies quiet, for all you're near;  
And it's but spoken words we hear,  
Where trumpets sang; when the mere skies  
Are stranger and nobler than your eyes;  
And flesh is flesh, was flame before;  
And infinite hungers leap no more  
In the chance swaying of your dress;  
And love has changed to kindliness.

THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER.

*Café des Westens, Berlin,*

*May, 1912.*

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,  
All before my little room;  
And in my flower-beds, I think,  
Smile the carnation and the pink;  
And down the borders, well I know,  
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .  
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
Beside the river make for you  
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
Deeply above; and green and deep  
The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
Green as a dream and deep as death.  
—Oh, damn! I know it! And I know  
How the May fields all golden show,



And, when the day is young and sweet,  
Gild gloriously the bare feet  
That run to bathe . . .

*Du Lieber Gott!*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
And there the shadowed waters fresh  
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
Drink beer around; and *there* the dews  
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
Here tulips bloom as they are told;  
Unkempt about those hedges blows  
An English unofficial rose;  
And there the unregulated sun  
Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
A slippered Hesper; and there are  
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton,  
Where *das Betreten* 's not *verboten*!  
*εἴθε γένοιμην* . . . would I were  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—  
Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie

Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx;  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill;  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whispers through the grass all night;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go,  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;  
And oft betwixt the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
The falling house that never falls.

\* \* \* \* \*

God! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again!

For England's the one land I know,  
Where Men with Splendid Hearts may go;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand;  
And of *that* district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet, Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;  
And Royston men in the far south  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington;  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,  
And things are done you'd not believe,  
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.  
Strong men have run for miles and miles,  
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;  
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,  
Rather than send them to St. Ives;  
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,  
To hear what happened at Babraham.  
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,

Little children lovelier than a dream,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white;  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night.  
The women there do all they ought;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
They love the Good; they worship Truth;  
They laugh uproariously in youth;  
(And when they get to feeling old,  
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told.) . . .

Ah, God! To see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester!  
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River-smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.  
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
Still guardians of that holy land?  
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
The yet unacademic stream?  
Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
Anadyomene, silver-gold?  
And sunset still a golden sea  
From Haslingfield to Madingley?  
And after, ere the night is born,  
Do hares come out about the corn?  
Oh, is the water sweet and cool

*Rupert Brooke.*

Gentle and brown, above the pool?  
And laughs the immortal river still  
Under the mill, under the mill?  
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?  
And Certainty? And Quiet kind?  
Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet  
Stands the Church clock at ten-to-three?  
And is there honey still for tea?



# RICHARD BUXTON.

## SONNET.

O DEAREST, if the touch of common things  
Can taint our love or wither, let it die.  
The fre'est hearted lark that soars and sings  
Soon after dawn amid a dew-brushed sky  
Takes song from love and knows well where love lies,  
Hid in the grass, the dear domestic nest,  
The secret, splendid, common paradise.  
The strangest joys are not the loveliest:  
Passion far-sought is dead when it is found,  
But love that's born of intimate common things  
Cries with a voice of splendour, with a sound  
That over stranger feeling shakes and rings.  
The better love, the higher ecstasy  
Lie in the intimate touch of you and me.

## \*SONG.

MY heart is like a meadow  
Where clouds go over,  
Dappling the mingled grass and clover  
With mingled sun and shadow,  
With light that will not stay  
And shade that sails away.

Your heart is like an orchard  
That has the sun forever in its leaves;  
Where on the grass beneath the trees  
There falls the shadow of the fruit  
That ripen there for me.

### AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

**R**OSES and kisses alike we've known and enjoyed  
to the fullest:

Yesterday's roses are dead, those of next year are  
not born.

Autumn comes on apace. O take my head on your  
bosom;

Let us reason awhile between a kiss and a kiss.  
All my body and soul are bent and bowed to your  
service,

Take my body and soul, give me your body and soul:  
Trusty and anxious servants bound the one to the other,  
Seek not to set them apart, each has station in love.  
Love me and understand me, sympathy give me and  
passion,

Give me a place in your mind, give me a place in  
your heart.

Long life lies before us, years of living together;  
Reason is not enough. Kiss me, beloved, again.

## THE GREY LAND.

THERE was a man who loved a wood so well,  
Each separate tree, each flower and climbing  
weed,

That at the last he thither went to dwell  
And mix himself with all those quiet things.  
Then gradually left him thought and deed  
Till dead were all his soul's imaginings.

So, day by day,  
All his own being gently flowed away  
And left him mixed indeed  
With flower and climbing weed  
With them in summer green, in autumn grey.

So the grey country draws me till I go  
And make surrender of myself again;  
The misty hill, the leaden stream below  
Are waiting to accept me when I will,  
And if my stubborn heart and hands complain  
A slow wind moves upon the misty hill  
And whispers to me here of peace and rest,  
Of union with stone and grass and tree,  
Where being sleeps and is not cursed or blessed,  
Where hands can never feel and eyes not see,  
Where life and death alike are grey,  
In this grey land that sucks my life away.

A MEMORY.

**G**ORSE and the curving grass and the sun-heavy  
air were around us:

All the world was asleep; you and I were awake.  
Slowly the children crept to rest in the shadowy bushes,  
Slowly still the sun rose in the vacuous sky.

Earth and air and our souls were faint in the heat of  
the noonday;

Slower and yet more slow moved your hand in my  
hair.

Time stood still and the sun had paused his path in  
the heavens,

Not a breath in the air ruffled the leaves of the  
bush.

Even our hearts were still and the restless swarm of  
our kisses

Paused and abandoned their flight resting yet on  
our lips.

Yet, as a man in a swoon sees heaven and earth laid  
before him,

Clearly I saw our love binding and making us one.

SONG.

AS some hot traveller  
Going through stones and sands,  
Who sees clear water stir  
Amid the weary lands,  
Takes in his hollowed hands  
The clean and lively water  
That trickles down his throat  
Like laughter, like laughter,

So, when you come to me  
Across these parchèd places  
And all the waste I see  
Flowered with your graces,  
I take between my hands  
Your face like a rare cup  
Where kisses mix with laughter  
And drink and drink them up  
Like laughter, like laughter.



# ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL.

## INVITATION AU VOYAGE.

*(From Four Poems for Children.)*

PUT on your coat and come to my boat,  
And I'll row you away with me  
Till the land and the day are both far away  
And the night looks over the sea;  
And the dim moonlight will show you a sight  
That only at night can be—  
The lights that glow and glitter below  
When the dark is over the sea.  
And I shall row where the moonbeams throw  
A streak across the sea,  
And we'll follow the streak on the waters bleak  
To see what the end may be;  
For it may be the home where the dreams come from,  
Or it may be a dead city,  
Or a great rock wall, or nothing at all  
But a streak across the sea.

ANIMULA VAGULA.

NIGHT stirs but wakens not, her breathings climb  
To one slow sigh; the strokes of many twelves  
From unseen spires mechanically chime,  
Mingling like echoes, to frustrate themselves;  
My soul, remember Time.

The tones like smoke into the stillness curl,  
The slippered hours their placid business ply,  
And in thy hand there lies occasion's pearl;  
But thou art playing with it absently,  
And dreaming, like a girl.

## AMY K. CLARKE.

### \*THE "VENUS DE MILO."

THE SCULPTOR SPEAKS.

NOTHING of strange, or exquisite, or rare,  
No tortured limbs, or godlike pose, for me.  
Doubtless their work was good; I found it fair  
But knew my masters—and I let them be.  
I wrought unbidden, without hope of fame,  
Such simple work as our plain fathers knew,  
Content with little honour, and a name  
Unlauded. Thus my patience reaps its due;  
A woman, weary from the vineyard, rests  
Her laden basket on the plinth, and now  
Before my Aphrodite stays and sighs,  
Something of Woman finding in the breasts  
I made adoring—on the eternal brow  
Strong contemplation, as of seaward eyes.

### \*"VISION OF HIM."

THROUGH the Uncreated,  
Unfelt, Untrod,  
Breathed for a moment  
Sorrow of God.

And lo! it fell starlike—  
Trembling to cease  
In His Infinite gladness  
Infinite peace.

Out of that tremor  
Time was made,  
Worlds crept into being  
Young and afraid.

Slowly, by beauty,  
His creatures grew wise,  
Slow dawned its wonder  
On opening eyes.

Men watched adoring  
His waters roll,  
Deep flowed His colours  
Through sense and soul.

Moan of creation—  
Rapture that stirs—  
Blindly they learned it,  
Years upon years.

Till clearly one spirit  
Cried on His Name  
From all her lovely  
And earthly frame.

*Amy K. Clarke.*

Light could not veil it,  
Nor darkness dim,  
Flesh but receive it—  
Vision of Him.

Deep sunk His answer,  
The Word that sufficed—  
Out of her Body  
Cometh His Christ.



## FRANCES CORNFORD.

### AUTUMN EVENING.

THE shadows flickering, the daylight dying,  
And I upon the old red sofa lying,  
The great brown shadows leaping up the wall,  
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

I thought to send my soul to far-off lands,  
Where fairies scamper on the wind-swept sands,  
Or where the autumn rain comes drumming down  
On huddled roofs in an enchanted town.

But, O my sleepy soul, it will not roam,  
It is too happy and too warm at home;  
With just the shadows leaping up the wall,  
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

### THE MOUNTAINS IN WINTER.

UNUTTERABLY far, and still, and high,  
The mountains stand against the sunset sky,  
O little angry heart, against your will,  
You must grow quiet here, and wise, and still.

YOUTH.

A YOUNG Apollo, golden-haired,  
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,  
Magnificently unprepared  
For the long littleness of life.

THE CERTAIN KNOT OF PEACE.

SO, my proud soul, so you, whose shining force  
Had galloped with me to eternity,  
Stand now, appealing like a tired horse :  
Unharness me.

O passionate world ; O faces of my friends !  
O half-grasped meanings, intricate and deep !  
Sudden, as with a child, the tumult ends,  
Silenced by sleep.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

I LAID me down upon the shore  
And dreamed a little space ;  
I heard the great waves break and roar,  
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown  
    Played with the pebbles grey;  
The waves came up, the waves went down,  
    Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles they were smooth and round  
    And warm upon my hands,  
Like little people I had found  
    Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sand so shining-small,  
    Soft through my fingers ran;  
The sun shone down upon it all,  
    And so my dream began.

How all of this had been before,  
    How ages far away  
I lay on some forgotten shore  
    As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,  
    As here to-day they shine;  
And in my pre-Pelasgian hands  
    The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,  
    Or what my home might be,  
Or by what strange and savage name  
    I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down  
As still it shines to-day,  
And in my fingers long and brown  
The little pebbles lay.

IN DORSET.

FROM muddy road to muddy lane  
I plodded through the falling rain:  
For miles and miles was nothing there  
But mist and mud, and hedges bare.

At length approaching I espied  
Two gypsy women side by side,  
They turned their faces hard and bold  
And brown and freshened by the cold,  
And stared at me in gypsy wise  
With shrewd, unfriendly, savage eyes.

No word they said, no more dared I,  
And so we passed each other by—  
The only living things that met  
In all those miles of mist and wet.

A HANS ANDERSEN SONG.

"COME away, you fools, you fools,  
From your scented wine and meat,  
Now the elves with splashing feet  
Dance among the reedy pools."

Thus across the terraced lawn,  
Sang a streak of sunset sky,  
And a lord and lady high  
Listened, till the blinds were drawn.

"Only children dream of elves,"  
Tinkled then the chandelier:  
"With maturer wisdom here  
Sit and over eat yourselves."



# ALEISTER CROWLEY.

IN NEVILLE'S COURT,  
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I THINK the souls of many men are here  
Among these cloisters, underneath the spire  
That the moon silvers with magnetic fire;  
But not a moon-ray is it, that so clear  
Shines on the pavement; for a voice of fear  
It hath, unless it be the breeze that mocks  
My ear, and waves his old majestic locks  
About his head. There fell upon my ear;

"O soul contemplative of distant things,  
Who hast a poet's heart, even if thy pen  
Be dry and barren, who dost hold love dear,  
Speed forth this message on the fiery wings  
Of stinging song to all the race of men;  
That they have hope; for we are happy here."

ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE.

HERE in the evening curl white mists and wreathe  
in their vapour

All the gray spires of stone, all the immobile towers ;  
Here in the twilight gloom dim trees and sleepier rivers,  
Here where the bridge is thrown over the amber  
stream.

Chill is the ray that steals from the moon to the  
stream that whispers

Secret tales of its source, songs of its fountain-head.  
Here do I stand in the dusk ; like spectres mournfully  
moving

Wisps of the cloud-wreaths form, dissipate into the  
mist,  
Wrap me in shrouds of gray, chill me and make me  
shiver,

Not with the Night alone, not with the sound of  
her wing,  
Yet with a sense of something vague and unearthly  
stalking

(Step after step as I move) me, to annul me, quell  
Hope and desire and life, bid light die under my  
eyelids,

Bid the strong heart despair, quench the desire of  
Heaven.

So I shudder a little ; and my heart goes out to the  
mountains,

Rock upon rock for a crown, snow like an ermine  
robe ;

Thunder and lightning free fashioned for speech and  
seeing,

Pinnacles royal and steep, queen of the arduous  
breast!

Ye on whose icy bosom, passionate, at the sunrise,  
Ye in whose wind-swept hollows, lulled in the  
noonrise clear,

Often and oft I struggled, a child with an angry  
mother

Often and oft I slept, maid in a lover's arms.

Back to ye, back, wild towers, from this flat and  
desolate fenland,

Back to ye yet will I flee, swallow on wing to  
the south;

Move in your purple cloud-banks and leap your far-  
swelling torrents,

Bathe in the pools below, laugh with the winds  
above,

Battle and strive and climb in the teeth of the glad  
wild weather,

Flash on the slopes of ice, dance on the spires of rock,  
Run like a glad young panther over the stony high-  
lands,

Shout with the joy of living, race to the rugged cairn,  
Feel the breath of your freedom burn in my veins,  
and Freedom!

Freedom! echoes adown cliff and precipitous ghyll.  
Down by the cold grey lake the sun descends from  
his hunting,

Shadow and silence steals over the frozen fells.

Oh, to be there, my heart! And the vesper bells  
awaken;

Colleges call their children; Lakeland fades from  
the sight.

Only the sad slow Cam like a sire with age grown  
heavy

Wearily moves to the sea, to quicken to life at  
last.

Blithelier I depart, to a sea of sunnier kindness;

Hours of waiting are past; I re-quicken to love.

THE GOAD.

AMSTERDAM, *December 23rd, 1897.*

LET me pass out beyond the city gate.  
All day I loitered in the little streets  
Of black worn houses tottering, like the fate  
That hangs above my head even now, and meets  
Prayer and defiance as not hearing it.  
They lean, these old black streets! a little sky  
Peeps through the gap, the rough stone path is lit  
Just for a little by the sun, and I  
Watch his red face pass over, fade away  
To other streets, and other passengers,  
See him take pleasure where the heathen pray,  
See him relieve the hunter of his furs,  
All the wide world awaiting him, all folk  
Glad at his coming, only I must weep;  
Rest he or sink, my weary eyes invoke  
Only the respite of a little sleep;  
Sleep, just a little space of sleep, to rest  
The fevered head and cool the aching eyes;  
Sleep for a space, to fall upon the breast  
Of the dear God, that He may sympathize.  
Long has the day drawn out; a bitter frost  
Sparkles along the streets; the shipping heaves  
With the slow murmur of the sea, half lost  
In the last rustle of forgotten leaves.  
Over the bridges pass the throngs; the sound,  
Deep and insistent, penetrates the mist—



I hear it not; I contemplate the wound  
    Stabbed in the flanks of my dear silver Christ.  
He hangs in anguish there; the crown of thorns  
    Pierces that palest brow; the nails drip blood;  
There is the wound; no Mary by Him mourns,  
    There is no John beside the cruel wood.  
I am alone to kiss the silver lips;  
    I rend my clothing for the temple's veil;  
My heart's black night must act the sun's eclipse;  
    My groans must play the earthquake, till I quail  
At my own dark imagining. And now  
    The wind is bitterer; the air breeds snow;  
I put my Christ away; I turn my brow  
    Towards the south steadfastly: my feet must go  
Some journey of despair. I dare not turn  
    To meet the sun; I will not follow him;  
Better to pass where sand and sulphur burn,  
    And days are hazed with heat, and nights are dim  
With some malarial poison. Better lie  
    Far and forgotten on some desert isle  
Where I may watch the silent ships go by,  
    And let them share my burden for awhile.  
Let me pass out beyond the city gate  
    Where I may wander by the water still,  
And see the faint few stars immaculate  
    Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill  
Their own desire within its icy stream.  
    Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one  
Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,  
    Move and move on, and never see the sun

Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,  
Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,  
And stir the chill canal with manifold  
Rays of clear morning; never grow afraid  
When he dips down beyond the far, flat land,  
Know never more the day and night apart,  
Know not where frost has laid his iron hand  
Save only that it fastens on my heart;  
Save only that it grips with icy fire  
These veins no fire of hell could satiate;  
Save only that it quenches this desire.  
Let me pass out beyond the city gate.

## THE ROSICRUCIAN.

I SEE the centuries wax and wane,  
I know their mysteries of pain,  
The secrets of the living fire,  
The key of life: I live: I reign:  
For I am master of desire.

Silent, I pass amid the folk  
Caught in its mesh, slaves to its yoke.  
Silent, unknown, I work and will  
Redemption, godhead's master-stroke,  
And breaking of the wands of ill.

No man hath seen beneath my brows  
Eternity's exultant house ;

No man hath noted in my brain  
The knowledge of my mystic spouse.  
I watch the centuries wax and wane.

Poor, in the kingdom of strong gold,  
My power is swift and uncontrolled.

Simple, amid the maze of lies ;  
A child, among the cruel old,  
I plot their stealthy destinies.

So patient, in the breathless strife ;  
So silent, under scourge and knife ;  
So tranquil, in the surge of things ;  
I bring them, from the well of Life,  
Love, from celestial water-springs.

From the shrill fountain-head of God  
I draw out water with the rod  
Made luminous with light of power.  
I seal each aeon's period,  
And wait the moment and the hour.

Aloof, alone, unloved, I stand  
With love and worship in my hand.  
I commune with the Gods ; I wait  
Their summons, and I fire the brand.  
I speak their Word ; and there is Fate.

I know no happiness, no pain,  
No swift emotion, no disdain,  
No pity; but the boundless light  
Of the Eternal Love, unslain,  
Flows through me to redeem the night.

Mine is a sad slow life; but I,  
I would not gain release and die  
A moment ere my task be done.  
To falter now were treachery—  
I should not dare to greet the sun!

Yet in one hour I dare not hope,  
The mighty gate of Life may ope,  
And call me upwards to unite  
(Even my soul within the scope)  
With That Unutterable Light.

Steady of purpose, girt with Truth,  
I pass, in my eternal youth,  
And watch the centuries wax and wane;  
Untouched by Time's corroding tooth,  
Silent, immortal, unprofane!

My empire changes not with time.  
Men's kingdoms cadent as a rime  
Move me as waves that rise and fall.  
They are the parts, that crash or climb;  
I only comprehend the All.



I sit as God must sit; I reign.  
Redemption from the threads of pain  
I weave, until the veil be drawn.  
I burn the chaff, I glean the grain;  
In silence I await the dawn.

SONG.

TO sea! To sea! The ship is trim;  
The breezes bend the sails.  
They chant the necromantic hymn,  
Arouse Arabian tales.

To sea! Before us leap the waves;  
The wild white combers follow.  
Invoke, ye melancholy slaves,  
The morning of Apollo!

There's phosphorescence in the wake,  
And starlight o'er the prow.  
One comet, like an angry snake,  
Lifts up its hooded brow.

The black grows grey towards the East:  
A hint of silver glows.  
Gods gather to the mystic feast  
On interlunar snows.



The moon is up full-orbed: she glides  
Striking a snaky ray  
Across the black resounding tides,  
The sepulchre of day.

The moon is up: upon the prow  
We stand and watch the moon.  
A star is lusted on your brow;  
Your lips begin a tune,

A long, low tune of love that swells  
Little by little, and lights  
The overarching miracles  
Of Love's desire, and Night's.

It swells, it rolls to triumph-song  
Through luminous black skies:  
Thrills into silence sharp and strong,  
Assumes its peace, and dies.

There is the night: it covers close  
The lilies folded fair  
Of all your beauty, and the rose  
Half hidden in your hair.

There is the night: unseen I stand  
And look to seaward still:  
We would not look upon the land  
Again, had I my will.

The ship is trim: to sea! to sea!  
Take life in either hand,  
Crush out its wine for you and me,  
And drink, and understand.

IN MEMORIAM A. J. B.

THE life by angels' touch divinely lifted  
From our dim space-bounds to a vaster sphere,  
The spirit, through the vision of clouds rifted,  
Soars quick and clear.

We know the dance that hails the golden pinions  
The sun waves over an awakening earth;  
We know the joy that floods the heart's dominions  
At true love's birth.

Even so, the mists that roll o'er earth are riven,  
The spirit flashes forth from mortal sight,  
And, flaming through the viewless space, is given  
A robe of light.

As when the conqueror Christ burst forth of prison  
And triumph woke the thunder of the spheres,  
So broke the soul, as newly re-arisen  
Beyond the years.

Far above Space and Time that earth environ  
With bands and bars we strive against in vain,  
Far o'er the world, and all its triple iron  
And brazen chain ;

Far from the change that men call life ; fled higher  
Into the world immutable of sleep,  
We see our loved one, and vain eyes desire  
In vain to weep.

Woeful our gaze, if on lone Earth descendent,  
To view the absence of yon flame afar—  
Yet in the Heavens, anew, divine, resplendent,  
Behold a star !

One light the less, that steady flamed and even  
Amid the dusk of Earth's uncertain shore ;  
One light the less, but in Jehovah's Heaven  
One star the more !

### THE CHALLENGE.

NOW your grey eyes are filled with tears ;  
Your hands are trembling in my own ;  
The low voice falls upon my own ears,  
An undulating monotone.  
Your lips are gathered up to mine ;  
Your bosom heaves with fearful breath ;

Your scent is keen as floral wine,  
Inviting me—and love—to death.  
You, whom I kept a sacred shrine,  
Will fling the portals to the day;  
Where shone the moon the sun shall shine,  
Silver in scarlet melt away.  
There is yet a pang; they gave me this  
Who can; and you who could have failed?  
Is it too late to extend the kiss?  
Too late the goddess be unveiled?  
O but the generous flower that gives  
Her kisses to the violent sun,  
Yet none the less in ardour lives  
An hour, and then her day is done.  
Back from my lips, back from my breast!  
I hold you as I always will,  
You unprofaned and uncaressed,  
Silent, majestic, and still.  
Back! for I love you. Even yet  
Do you not see my deepest fire  
Burn through the veils and coverings set  
By fatuous phantoms of desire?  
Back! O I love you evermore.  
But, be our bed the bridal sky!  
I love you, love you. Hither, shore  
Of far unstained eternity!  
There will we rest. Beware! Beware!  
For I am young, and you are fair.  
Nay! I am old in this, you know!  
Ah! heart of God! I love you so!

TWO HYMNS ON THE FEAST OF THE  
NATIVITY.

I.

THE cool December breezes  
Appease the glowing sun.  
The agonies and eases  
Of all the year are done;  
When eastward through the lampless night  
There shone a strange and splendid sight.

The noise of pomp and battle  
Of Israel died away.  
Amid the lowing cattle  
The Holy Mother lay,  
While at her breast the Child Divine  
Drank in the starry milk and wine.

Three magicians Chaldean  
Have bowed their royal knees  
Before the Galilean,  
The God of stars and seas,  
And tasted all the fervent grace  
That shone from Mary's maiden face.

That star of resurrection  
Still stands above the night;  
Its portent of perfection  
Shall bring us all to light;  
And by the peace of Mary's prayers  
Our rapture stands, exceeding theirs.



II.

The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.  
    (Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh !)  
The root of David shoots a stem.  
    (O Holy Spirit, shadow Her !)

She lies alone amid the kine.  
    (Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh !)  
The straw is fragrant as with wine.  
    (O Holy Spirit, shadow Her !)

There are three kings upon the road.  
    (Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh !)  
She hath thrice blessed the Name of God.  
    (O Holy Spirit, shadow Her !)

There stands her star above the sky.  
    (Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh !)  
She hath thrice blessed the Trinity.  
    (O Holy Spirit, shadow Her !)

Her joyful ardour hath sufficed.  
    (Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh !)  
She is delivered of the Christ.  
    (The angels come to worship Her !)

AMEN.

THE PALACE OF THE WORLD.†

THE fragrant gateways of the Dawn  
Teem with the scent of flowers.  
The Mother, Midnight, has withdrawn  
Her slumberous kissing hours;  
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,  
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn  
In highest heaven is set.  
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn  
Light, with her lips is met:  
My lips, that murmur in the morn,  
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will;  
My purpose as a sword  
Flames through the adamant, to fill  
The gardens of the Lord  
With music, that the air be still,  
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time  
And elemental strife:  
My figure stands above, sublime,  
Shadowing the Key of Life;  
And the passion of my mighty rime  
Divides me as a knife.

For secret symbols on my brow,  
And secret thoughts within,  
Compel eternity to Now,  
Draw the Infinite within.  
Light is extended. I and Thou  
Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,  
Unity manifest;  
A star more splendid than the sun  
Burns, for my crownèd crest:  
Burns as the murmuring orison  
Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate  
Flames to my fierier face?  
What angel, as I contemplate  
The unsubstantial space,  
Move with my lips the laws of Fate  
That bind earth's carapace?

No angel, but the very light  
And fire and spirit of Her,  
Unmitigated, eremite,  
The unmanifested myrrh,  
Ocean, and night that is not night,  
The mother-mediator.

*Aleister Crowley.*

O sacred spirit of the Gods!  
O triple tongue! descend;  
Lapping the answering flame that nods,  
Kissing the brows that bend,  
Uniting all earth's periods  
To one exalted end!

Still on the mystic Tree of Life  
My soul is crucified;  
Still strikes the sacrificial knife  
Where lurks some serpent-eyed  
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife  
Desire, the suicide!

Before me dwells the Holy One  
Anointed Beauty's King;  
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,  
To whom the cherubs sing,  
A strong archangel, known of none,  
Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand  
With strength of ocean's wrath;  
Upon my left the fiery brand,  
Charioted fire, smites forth;  
Four great archangels to withstand  
The furies of the path.

Flames on my front the fiery star,  
About me and around.  
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,  
Six symphonies of sound;  
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are:  
Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder! So  
Rings out the lordlier cry,  
Vibrating through the streams that flow  
In ether to the sky,  
The moving archipelago,  
Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom! Thine the power!  
The glory triply thine!  
Thine through Eternity's swift hour,  
Eternity, thy shrine—  
Yea, by the holy lotos-flower,  
Even mine!

---

† This poem describes what happens when the student of ceremonial magic performs the 'lesser ritual of the pentagram.'



PERDURABO.

**E**XILE from humankind! The snow's fresh flakes  
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is  
wrought

Into dark shapes of solitary thought  
That loves and sympathizes, but awakes  
No answering love or pity. What a pang  
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate  
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!  
No snake of hell hath so severe a fang!

I am not lower than all men—I feel  
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above;  
Though I have this—unalterable Love  
In every fibre. I am crucified  
Apart on a lone burning crag of steel.  
Tortured, cast out; and yet—I shall abide.

# NORMAN DAVEY.

## THE SARGASSO SEA.

VAGUE, unascertained, untravelled, lies an ocean  
sea-weed ravelled—

No charts hold—or ever have held—where that  
deadly sea may lie;

But each day the sad wind sighs on ships, with men  
and merchandise on,

Fading from the far horizon, drifting, drifting  
down to die.

Ever drifting, fleeter, faster — drifting to untold  
disaster—

Bearing man and mate and master to irrevocable  
doom;

Far beyond the farthest traces left of men, to  
haunted places

Helpless in the cold embraces of the drift-weed's  
trailing bloom.

Far from where the dark Atlantic flings her rollers,  
corybantic,

Breaking in on some romantic, reef-ringed, royal,  
island home:

Far away from where terrific rolls the restless pale  
Pacific

Chiselling the hieroglyphic cliffs that front the  
Western foam.

Far from life and land, unnumbered ships—enmeshed  
while sailors slumbered—

Glide in dripping weed encumbered to that magic,  
tragic main :

While from out the sunset sheening, sounds a song  
of bitter meaning,

Waking all the intervening oceans with its sad  
refrain.

\* \* \* \* \*

As your gallant ships go sailing—blocks acreaking,  
log atrailing,

Can't you hear us wailing, wailing? Will you  
never, never heed

Us, who lie with mate and man dead—sailless,  
rudderless and stranded—

Ever firmly, foully banded, bound with bleak  
Sargasso weed?

“Flound'ring in a foetid ocean—windless, tideless,  
'reft of motion;—

Nightly—while a ghostly glow shone round the  
drift-weeds filigree :

Daily—while the sun shone sickly through the mists,  
that shrouded thickly

All those vessels rotting quickly in the foul,  
Sargasso Sea.

*Norman Davey.*

“Oh! the putrid, poison-stenches from the blistered,  
blood-stained benches,  
As the sun-ray warps and wrenches where the  
rotting planks recede;  
And, where gaping wide each notch is, swiftly  
through the silent watches  
In unsightly purple blotches creeps the cold  
Sargasso weed.

“Oh! the everlasting screaming of the carrion sea-  
birds teeming  
Round about the wreckage—gleaming in the sunset  
galaxy;  
Wheeling out in noisy batches from the crazy,  
gaping hatches  
Over all the seed-weed patches staining the Sargasso  
Sea.

“Through the night the moonbeams flash on forms  
that rise in ghostly fashion,  
Praying with unearthly passion to the Gods to  
intercede:  
Raising in the moonlight glory faces, hideous and  
hoary;  
Wailing the unchanging story over the Sargasso  
weed.

“Crying—‘Oh! that we might spend less time in  
this grey ocean friendless,  
Suffering in torment endless—doomed by a divine  
decree:

Damned, discredited and daunted—fever-ridden, devil-  
haunted—

By the screeching seagull taunted down the sad  
Sargasso Sea.

“Muttering and moaning ever dismal tales of lost  
endeavour,

Corpses we may not dissever all our shattered  
decks impede—

Staring skulls that shine and shimmer: ghastly  
skeletons that glimmer,

As the western sun sinks dimmer in the rank  
Sargasso weed.

“Lying in a grave unlettered, wailing what ye have  
not yet heard;

Wrecked and rotting, foul and fettered; we who  
once were fair and free;

Hope was long ago discarded: all our crews and  
captains are dead—

Sepulchred and sea-weed guarded in the dark  
Sargasso Sea.



*Norman Davey.*

“As to port your ships are hieing—sails aflapping  
flags aflies—

Can't you hear us crying, crying? Will you never,  
never heed

Us, who lie in dim, enchanted oceans, still with  
hopes ungranted—

Everlastingly implanted in the dense Sargasso weed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far from where the coral island raises its palm-crested  
highland,

Gilded in the sunset's smile and silvered by the  
laughing stars :

Countless leagues beyond the graven, granite wharves  
of any haven—

Leagues beyond the careless, craven clamour of  
the gay bazaars.

Far beyond the sunset's lustre, where the clouds  
their legions muster—

In the slimy sea-weed cluster lie those vessels  
gaunt and grey :

Far from human touch or token : over songless seas  
unbroken—

Shattered wrecks with all their oaken bulwarks  
crumbling in decay.

*Norman Davey.*

And through all the Empyrean—over all the sapphire  
sea—an

Echo of that tearful paeon wails its everlasting  
plea—

Ever calling, ever crying of those countless vessels  
lying,

Burdened with their dead and dying—prisoned in a  
pallid sea.

# JAMES ELROY FLECKER

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS  
HENCE.

I WHO am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my words for messengers  
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve, our fancies blow,  
And old Maeonides the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

### TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTEM.

A LINNET who had lost her way  
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,  
Till all the ghosts remembered well  
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died  
When they heard music in that land,  
And someone there stole forth a hand  
To draw a brother to his side.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

## THE BALLAD OF CAMDEN TOWN.

I WALKED with Maisie long years back  
The streets of Camden Town,  
I splendid in my suit of black  
And she divine in brown.

Hers was a proud and noble face,  
A secret heart, and eyes  
Like water in a lonely place  
Beneath unclouded skies.

A bed, a chest, a faded mat  
And broken chairs a few,  
Were all we had to grace our flat  
In Hazel Avenue.

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath  
And crown her head with daisies,  
And watch the streaming world beneath  
And men with other Maisies.

When I was ill and she was pale  
And empty stood our store,  
She left the latchkey on its nail  
And saw me never more.



*James Elroy Flecker.*

Perhaps she cast herself away  
Lest both of us should drown:  
Perhaps she feared to die, as they  
Who die in Camden Town.

What came of her? The bitter nights  
Destroy the rose and lily,  
And souls are lost among the lights  
Of painted Piccadilly.

What came of her? The river flows  
So deep and wide and stilly,  
And waits to catch the fallen rose,  
And clasp the broken lily.

I dream she dwells in London still  
And breathes the evening air,  
And often walk to Primrose Hill  
And hope to meet her there.

Once more together will we live,  
For I will find her yet:  
I have so little to forgive;  
So much, I can't forget.

MARY MAGDALEN.

O EYES that strip the souls of men!  
There came to me the Magdalen:  
Her blue robe with a cord was bound,  
Her hair with knotted ivy crowned.  
"Arise," she said, "God calls for thee,  
Turned to new paths thy feet must be.  
Leave the fever and the feast,  
Leave the friend thou lovest best;  
For thou must walk in barefoot ways,  
On hills, where God is near to praise.

Then answered I, "Sweet Magdalen,  
God's servant, once beloved of men,  
Why didst thou change old ways for new,  
Thy trailing red for corded blue,  
Roses for ivy on thy brow,  
That splendour for this barren vow?"

Gentle of speech she answered me:—  
"Sir, I was sick with revelry.  
True, I have scarred the night with sin,  
A pale and tawdry heroine;  
But once I heard a voice that said  
'Who lives in sin is like one dead,  
But follow: thy dark eyes shall see  
The towns of immortality!'"

*James Elroy Flecker.*

"O Mary, not for this," I cried,  
"Didst thou renounce thy scented pride.  
Not for the roll of endless years  
Or fields of Joy undewed by tears  
Didst thou desert the courts of men.  
Tell me thy truth, grave Magdalen!"

She trembled, and her eyes grew dim:—  
"For love of Him, for love of Him."

## I ROSE FROM DREAMLESS HOURS.

I ROSE from dreamless hours and sought the morn  
That beat upon my window: from the sill  
I watched sweet lands, where Autumn light new-born  
Swayed through the trees and lingered on the hill.  
If things so lovely are, why labour still  
To dream of something more than this I see?  
Do I remember tales of Galilee,  
I who have slain my faith, and freed my will?  
Let me forget dead faith, dead mystery,  
Dead thoughts of things I cannot comprehend.  
Enough the light mysterious in the tree,  
Enough the friendship of my chosen friend.

YASMIN.

HOW splendid in the morning glows the lily : with  
what grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose : do roses nod the head,  
Yasmin ?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little  
flower of friends  
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I  
have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold : I dare not in  
that light behold  
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed,  
Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the  
lone highway  
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy  
bed, Yasmin ;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like  
a soul asworn,  
And harping Planets talk love's tune with milky  
wings outspread, Yasmin ;

Give me thy love, O burning bright ! For one night  
or the other night  
Will come the Gardener in White and gathered  
flowers are dead, Yasmin !

*James Elroy Flecker.*

## THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND.

*At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden time.*

### THE MERCHANTS (together)

AWAY, for we are ready to a man!  
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.  
Lead on, O master of the Caravan:  
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

### THE CHIEF DRAPER

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,  
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,  
And broideries of intricate design,  
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

### THE CHIEF GROCER

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,  
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,  
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred  
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

### THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles  
By Ali of Damascus; we have swords  
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,  
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.



*James Elroy Flecker.*

#### THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

#### THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

#### THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,  
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

#### THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go  
Always a little further: it may be  
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,  
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,

White on a throne or guarded in a cave  
There lives a prophet who can understand  
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,  
Who make the golden journey to Samarkand.

#### THE CHIEF MERCHANT

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

ONE OF THE WOMEN

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.  
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

THE MERCHANTS (in chorus)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

AN OLD MAN

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,  
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?  
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

THE MERCHANTS (in chorus)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

A PILGRIM WITH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells  
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,  
And softly through the silence beat the bells  
Along the golden road to Samarkand.

A MERCHANT

We travel not for trafficking alone:  
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:  
For lust of knowing what should not be known  
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land  
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS (with a shout)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

*[The Caravan passes through the gate.]*

THE WATCHMAN (consoling the women)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.  
Men are unwise and curiously planned.

A WOMAN

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN (in the distance, singing)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

OAK AND OLIVE.

I.

THOUGH I was born a Londoner,  
And bred in Gloucestershire,  
I walked in Hellas years ago  
With friends in white attire:  
And I remember how my soul  
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross  
I can forget to hear  
The crash of all the smoking wheels,  
When those cold flutes and clear  
Pipe with such fury down the street,  
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury  
No more I dare to tread,  
For all the stone men shout at me,  
And swear they are not dead;  
And once I touched a broken girl  
And knew that marble bled.

II.

But when I walk in Athens town  
That swims in dust and sun  
Perverse, I think of London then  
Where God's brave work is done,  
And with what sweep at Westminster  
The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed  
There grew an English tree,  
How Byron like his heroes fell,  
Fighting a country free,  
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips  
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our Poets chanted Pan  
Back to his pipes and power,  
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,  
And searching hour on hour  
Found out old gardens, where the wise  
May find a Spartan flower.

III.

When I go down the Gloucester lanes  
My friends are deaf and blind:  
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes  
The Mænads leap behind,  
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,  
They only hear the wind.



Have I not chased the fluting Pan  
Through Cranham's sober trees?  
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill  
With a nymph upon my knees,  
And she as rosy as the dawn,  
And naked as the breeze?

IV.

But when I lie in Grecian fields,  
Smothered in asphodel  
Or climb the blue and barren hills,  
Or sing in woods that smell  
With such hot spices of the South  
As mariners might sell—

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,  
To lands of glittering rain,  
To fields beneath low-clouded skies  
New-widowed of their grain,  
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold  
That strew a Gloucester lane.

V.

Oh well I know sweet Hellas now,  
And well I knew it then,  
When I with starry lads walked out—  
But ah, for home again!  
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,  
One of the Englishmen!

# DERMOT FREYER.

## LOVE VIRGINAL.

*Lines for Félicien Rops' "Le Bout du Sillon."*

THE labour of the fields is hard :  
Who would subdue the stubborn earth  
Must first subdue himself ; from birth  
Of day till dark without reward

He must endure. Even as one  
Of his own beasts he must become—  
Dull-eyed, dark-featured, patient, dumb ;  
Strong simple servant of the sun.

For him the music of the wood  
In May on heedless ears must fall ;  
On sightless eyes the carnival  
Of summer over field and flood.

But when love comes ! Ah, when love comes,  
For him no fetters bid him stay,  
No thorns of thought counsel delay  
When pulses beat like battle drums.

For him it is the cry, the call  
Of the great mother, merciless ;  
O Love ! untamèd arbitress,  
Full-blooded, pulsing, virginal !

CHRYSANTHEMUMS AT NIGHT.

LIKE balls of snow,  
In the dark of the year  
The white chrysanthemums  
Appear.

Like balls of snow,  
When the earth 's a-cold  
The white chrysanthemums  
Unfold.

Like balls of snow,  
In a winter's morn  
The white chrysanthemums  
Are born.

Like balls of snow,  
In the garden gloom  
The white chysanthemums  
Out-loom.

Like balls of snow,  
From dusk till dawn,  
Still as tapers they glow,  
Flooding light on the lawn.

Like balls of snow  
That in mid air hover,  
The white chrysanthemums  
Sway and recover.

Like balls of snow  
Splashed on a wall,  
The winds blow  
And the white flake-petals fall.

Like balls of snow,  
When the moon is out,  
Dew-kissed, the white petals  
Fling pale fires about.

All through the wild nights,  
Like balls of snow,  
The white chrysanthemums  
Toss to and fro.

\*THE BUCCANEER.

GIVE me the nectar of your lips,  
The bales of splendour in your eyes,  
And I will leave the deep-sea ships  
Their meaner merchandise.

Give me the red gold of your hair,  
The ivory of your white hands,  
And I will sign a truce and swear  
To pillage no man's lands.

Give me the tempests of your love,  
The love-dark lightning of your smile,  
And I will seek no treasure-trove  
Buried in South Sea isle.

The high seas of your heart shall be  
A new, more splendid Spanish Main;  
Thereon will I set sail: for me  
Not gold, but greater gain.



\*WAR IN THE BALKANS.

ERE the snows lie sleek  
On the moorland grasses  
Grey guns shall speak  
In the mountain passes.

Grey guns shall bay,  
Grey clouds come over  
Wild wood and way  
Where the vultures hover.

And down in the plain,  
Where the earth lies under  
Vineyard and grain,  
Grey guns shall thunder.

And many a lad—  
Streets gay with bunting—  
Shall go forth glad,  
As a hound to the hunting.

Shall leave the land  
And the plough-team's labour,  
And take to his hand  
White lance and sabre.

*Dermot Freyer.*

By the lonely lake,  
By the slopes of timber,  
Rough roads shall quake  
To the guns in limber.

Ere the leaf shall fall,  
Ere the dark woods lighten,  
At the red earth's call  
Brave bones shall whiten.

And many a lass  
Shall wait her lover,  
Cold in the grass  
Where the vultures hover.

# ARTHUR GRIMBLE.

## \*ATLANTIS.

**I**N dreams, my soul was backward drawn  
A thousand thousand years to-night,  
Back to the world's impulsive dawn  
When first Atlantis knew the light.  
Great Cities of the men of old,  
I saw them all in fire of gold.

There, many a climbing minaret  
Lay mirrored in the dreaming sea  
With strangely precious carvings set  
In chrysoprase and ebony,  
And metals, wrought in fashions fair  
Of filagree as light as air.

The streets were full of cheerful noise;  
Princes and burghers passed me by,  
And grave philosophers, and boys,  
And maidens with reluctant eye.  
And every robe was brightly kissed  
With green, and gold, and amethyst.

Around the cities sacred groves,  
Fulfilled of sunny pleasure, lay,  
Soft with the rumour of the doves;  
While sounds of singing far away  
Told how the priests in ancient wise  
Led heifers to the sacrifice.

It seemed there was no room for strife,  
For all the world was glad with peace,  
And beauty was at one with life  
In harmony which could not cease.  
So instant did contentment seem  
I could not think it all a dream.

But ah, the joy my spirit won  
Fled as the golden vision passed.  
The children of my dream are gone :  
A thousand ages hold them fast.  
The continent that used to be  
Is hidden in the purple sea.

\*BIRTH.

**S**HE who gives birth in woe  
Forgets her pain at morn,  
Joyful to know  
A man is born.

And all her senses sing  
That from her blood and bone  
New life should spring,  
New, yet her own.

*Arthur Grimble.*

The poet, whose soul's unrest  
Kills all his spirit's ease,  
But yet is blest  
With sweet increase.

Lifts up his voice, elate,  
And carols blithe and free;  
For to create  
Is ecstasy.

Pain has but little worth  
For those who travail long  
To bring to birth  
A son, a song.



## H. L. HUBBARD.

\*QUUM ESSEM INFANS, UT INFANS  
LOQUEBAR.

I FOUND a childish letter in a drawer,  
Laid up with care, and fading now with age.  
I drew it out and read it through with awe,  
That unformed scribble on a yellow page.

It seemed so quaint to keep this letter there,  
Amongst those others in that treasure chest;  
On childish sentences such tender care  
To lavish and bestow—it seemed a jest.

At length I turned the page, and then I saw  
The reason why 'twas kept till sad old age,  
What made it seem a sacrament,—nay more,  
—A row of crosses drawn across the page.

## ROBERT KEABLE.

### \*BENEDICTION.

LIKE the white shining of the Host  
When held in folds of blue,  
God lifts to-night the moon's pale ghost  
To make old blessings new.

A thousand fire-flies star His way—  
A thousand candle-lights;  
Earth lit by other every day  
Can light her Lord at nights.

Tall palms rear stately heads to grace  
The coming of the King,  
Incense to smoke before his face  
A thousand flowers bring.

And all the world, as Eden was,  
Is hushed in holy fear,  
Only small creatures shrill because  
God holds them very dear.

For earth's an altar; Golgotha  
Forbids to flee the name;  
And sad man wandering very far  
Finds still the Cross the same.

\*ST. PETER SPEAKS TO A LAD WHO  
VISITS HIM ON THE EVE  
OF MARTYRDOM.

AYE, lad! He crossed the court, and in His eyes  
I read the certain knowledge of a man  
Who looks on death and counts its agonies,  
Yet garners slow and sure as for a prize.

I looked—belike you scarcely can believe!—  
And saw the bound and blood-stained hands, the Face  
Part bruised, all shamed by that it did receive,  
And yet, so fierce was I, forebore to grieve.

I did expect a King (I saw a slave!)  
A kingdom ushered with the trump of God;  
And this the thronement that His subjects gave—  
A brutal hustling to a certain grave!

I looked, and looking could have cursed the more,  
But in a moment, lad, He looked on me;  
And I was stricken; sought half-blind the door;  
Sobb'd that I had not seen the half before . . .

Whose curses, think you, had He heard that day?  
Whose hands had beaten in upon His Face?  
The Romans? Jews? Dull, blind, and ignorant they!  
He saw no traitor till He looked my way.

*Robert Keable.*

But in the dark harsh night beyond the gate  
Wherein He went alone and dumb to doom,  
My soul went down to hell and read its fate,  
And rose again to serve Him, and to wait.

I knew His weakness called me to be strong;  
I knew that I must travel where He trod;  
And that, although the path be hard and long,  
His eyes would pierce me yet, alive with song.

It has been so: and never did I doubt  
His word that lakeside morning by the fire;  
First battle; then the song of them that shout!

Go quickly, lad; they come to lead me out.

\*I HAVE A HOPE.

I HAVE a hope of deep-set woods  
Where brown curled beech leaves strew the  
ground,  
And silk-haired primrose leaves around  
Make way for buds in fair green hoods;  
And where the small dog-violets try  
To hide ashamed from passers by.

I have a hope of free wide braes  
Swept keenly by sea-scented winds,  
Where, brave and tossed, one often finds  
Sea pinks; where gulls upon their ways  
Go crying in the vault above  
That there's no quest like that of Love.

I have a hope that I may sit  
Some distant June, where, slow and clear,  
Wide-bosomed waters steal between  
The pollen'd rushes, sunshine lit;  
And down the air beneath the trees  
Comes fragrantly the hum of bees.

But most I look these tropic days,  
For flickering flames on ruddy walls,  
On books in ancient oaken stalls,  
And those few prints I fain would praise;  
Where cushioned low before the fire  
Perhaps may be my heart's desire.



## G. LEATHEN.

### A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S ON THE BEAUTY OF MATHEMATICS.

*(From the "Don").*

"CAMBRIDGE indeed is beautiful," he said,  
"And only those who live here all their lives  
Passing their days in quiet harmony  
With the old walls, can know its charm to the full.  
And is it chance that mathematics here  
Has found its chiefest home? From Newton down,  
Our greatest have preferred old  $x$  and  $y$   
To the haunting music of Euripedes.  
Who live mid beauty, still must beauty seek.  
And Mathematics just for beauty's sake  
We follow."

"Come, you surely jest!" I cried.

"A humble aid to physics perhaps, it is,  
A help to many, a great discovery  
That gives material blessings to mankind"—

"Bother mankind!" he interrupted me.

"Art for art's sake! and if it's useful too  
So much the worse! The sculptor shows his soul  
In marble; the musician uses sound;  
The poet soars in rhythmic line, and I  
In Mathematics—beauties votaries all

Each art has its tongue,

A tongue no human words can teach, but which

The inner soul may learn. I cannot put  
The beauty of my art into mere words;  
In picture or in music set it forth;  
I may suggest and lighten—that is all.  
Before the poet's eye there ever floats  
A vision of a Land of Heart's Desire—  
Utopia, Atlantis, Tir-nam-Og,  
Call it what name you will—where one escapes  
The ugliness and sordidness of life.  
In mathematics I have found a land  
Which jealousy and meanness cannot reach;  
A land of ample sweep and vast expanse;  
Lifeless and cold indeed, but beautiful  
With the calm beauty of the Buddhist's heaven.”  
And then he spoke of strength,  
Of the keen sense of power in Rodin's work  
Which furnished half the greatness of his art.  
And of the strength the mathematician had;  
How with those subtle arms *dx*, *dy*  
He reached the hidden citadels of truth.  
And how he went exploring in his world  
Of space and number, groping in the dark,  
Finding the pathways blocked on every side,  
Till some great thought arising as a sun,  
Would drive the mists away and show in front  
The radiant living mountains of new truth.  
I know not if I understood aright  
His meaning, but I saw upon his face  
The rapture of a visionary inspired.  
And as I went from out the ancient gate,

*G. Leathem.*

Beneath the Tudor roses, those old words,  
"Beauty is truth, and truth beauty," all at once  
Came with a fuller meaning to my mind,  
"Truly," I thought, "These dons who follow truth  
In desolate regions, lifeless, rugged, bare,  
All follow beauty too—the only prize  
Worth questing in this sorry world of ours."

## G. H. LUCE.

### THE SUMMER CLOUD.

CLIMB, cloud, and pencil all the blue  
With your miraculous stockade;  
The earth will have her joy of you  
And limn your beauty till it fade.

Puzzle the cattle at the grass  
And paint your pleasure on their flanks;  
Shoot, as the ripe cornfield you pass,  
A shudder down those golden ranks.

On wall and window slant your hand  
And sidle up the garden stair;  
Cherish each flower in all the land  
With soft encroachments of cool air.

Lay your long fingers on the sea  
And shake your shadow at the sun,  
Darkly reminding him that he  
Relieve you when your work is done.

Rally your wizardries, and wake  
A noonday panic cold and rude,  
Till 'neath the ferns the drowsy snake  
Is conscious of his solitude.

Then as your sorcery declines  
Elaborate your pomp the more,  
So shall your gorgeous new designs  
Crown your beneficence before.

Your silver hinges now revolve,  
Your snowy citadels unfold,  
And, lest their pride too soon dissolve,  
Buckle them with a belt of gold.

O sprawling domes, O tottering towers,  
O frail steel tissue of the sun—  
What! Have ye numbered all your hours  
And is your empire all foredone?

ON AN AMORPHOUS BLUE VASE, WITH  
FLOWERS, ETC., ON IT.

A PORCELAIN sky—  
And even the winds are blue with thunder;  
And the high shadows nerve themselves in wonder  
Whether they float or fly.

What sea-swept star,  
What planet, torn but insolent,  
Has built those moonlight sunflowers dominant  
O'er waste worlds wide and far?



A Polar plain

Doleful with crisp encrusted snows,

Where if a morsel melt, a twinkle shows

It straight is ice again.

Those hoops of steel

That gird and grapple mackerel skies,

Which, as the outer impulse heaves and sighs,

Swell and recoil and reel,—

Those gorgeous bars

Have warped at last their brittle skein;

And from the rifted estuaries of rain

And threshold of the stars,

Deathless and stark

And riveted with trenchant dew,

Blossoms the flowery armour of the blue

Beleaguering the dark.

## H. O. MEREDITH.

### THE MOTOR BUS.

HOW did we meet, my love and I,  
We two so bound together,  
Blent as are blended moor and sky,  
Blue mist and purple heather?

Of thousand thousand women one,  
One of a million men,  
We nothing did till all was done;  
It happened there and then!

The plunging motor-bus along  
The worn macadam rocked,  
Top-hampered by the weary throng  
That home to dulness flocked.

Wet waterproof, rain-beaded fur,  
Soaked leather, steam and drip!  
And under us the swishing whirr  
Of wheels that hardly grip.

The stem, the leaf, the flower of love  
Grew swift about our seat,  
And we forgot the cloud above;  
The coldness of our feet.

But who it was had sowed the seed,  
Who made it blossom, who  
Taught each of us the other's need—  
I know no more than you.

### THE AGES OF MAN.

**W**E children in our crowded home  
Had little food to eat,  
Our breeding was the right to roam  
And scavenge in the street;  
My brothers died, my sister died,  
And I grew all accurst,  
With pigeon breast, with surly pride,  
With hunger and with thirst.

When I was twenty years of age  
I earned my pound a week,  
I ate and drank the princely wage  
And almost I grew sleek:  
And then I married me a wife  
Who made ten shillings more;  
So rich we were we thought that life  
Was easy for the poor.

It couldn't last: I loved the girl  
And madly she loved me—  
We hardly heard the current swirl  
That bore us out to sea.  
Eight bouncing children tumbled in,  
And though we overlaid  
One, and another died of gin,  
Too many with us stayed.

I've often thought that it would beat  
The man who tried to tell  
(Even if he had felt) the heat  
And hungriness of hell:  
But even in hell there is no pain  
Such as is known on earth,  
To parents who a child have slain  
Before or after birth.

The devil doesn't know the cramp  
That settles round the heart,  
When yesterday was a hopeless tramp  
For work, and it's time to start;  
In morning fog, or morning sun,  
You wake the silent street,  
And a crust of bread or stony bun  
Is all you have to eat.

We lived and watched the children grow  
With vermin in their hair,  
With hollow cheeks, with foreheads low,  
With eyes that looked despair;  
One after one they learned at school  
That honesty will pay;  
One after one they found the rule  
Broken upon life's way.

And now they brought their shillings back,  
Their shillings five or seven,  
And hope once more had found a crack  
To shine on us from Heaven.  
Our spending grew and counted up  
To two pounds ten a week;  
Each body had daily bite and sup,  
And each grew almost sleek.

It couldn't last, the children moved  
And made their scattered beds,  
Their mother died and I had proved  
Too hard my vigour's threads.  
With hair gone grey and muscle stiff,  
Eye dim and hearing slow,  
I stand at fifty on the cliff  
And feel the surf below.



I haven't what would buy a meal  
To feed a starving louse;  
And I must beg, or I must steal,  
Or moulder in the House.  
Will any kindly clergyman  
Explain the reason why  
God set me here to mar His plan  
Of earth and sea and sky?

\*"THERE IS A CHAOS THRONED ABOVE  
THE THRONE."

I.

LAST night the God of bitter dread  
Who shadowed my forgotten years,  
The God I struck and left for dead  
When hate had grown above my fears,

Came drifting back from farthest space,  
From ghosts of gods and ghosts of men,  
And found me in the haunted place  
Where he and I were lonely then.

So small and weak he looked to me  
I said: "Is this the God I knew?  
Is this the ancient enemy  
Whose car the imps of horror drew?"

The eyes are dim that were so keen  
And sunken pale are cheek and brow;  
How should such difference grow between  
The God of then, the ghost of now?"

And straight his shrunken lips began  
To pipe shrill words he might not speak  
"Oh master, oh my master, man,  
Thou art so strong: I am so weak!

I wander naked, cold, and blind;  
Leave me no longer in the night:  
Pity the creature of thy mind:  
Give back the warmth, give back the light.

A thousand, thousand years of time  
I drank men's blood, I drew their thought:  
Dwelt in an ecstasy sublime,  
And what I would superbly wrought.

And man that made me, weeting not  
The thing he fashioned did believe  
Himself the creature, his the lot  
And mine the power his lot to give.

Give back the genial warmth once more  
Of living blood from living veins,  
The incomparable light restore  
The living thought of living brains."

I took the dead god by the hand,  
I filled his nostrils with my breath,  
I watched the sunken face expand,  
I watched the life creep back from death,

I made him lord of earth and men  
And ruler over sea and air,  
Within my heart I loosed again  
The faint and frozen springs of prayer.

II.

Now as God waxed so I did wane,  
For through the dim millennial years  
Back to the utter source of pain  
He bore me surfeited with tears.

Swift from the present, back through time,  
Swifter than spears the keen sun throws,  
He bore and set me in the slime  
Where our first father-man arose.

A hairy beast, with furtive eye,  
And hunger for a sense of good,  
Fulfilled of lust and terror, I  
Crept from the sea towards the wood,

First man creating his first God  
In his own image dimly known,  
More treacherous than the quaking sod,  
And harder hearted than the stone!

Tiger and snake who hunted me,  
The thunder crash, the swollen stream,  
I worshipped—wanton cruelty,  
Mad perils of a maniac dream.

I peopled earth a new found hell  
With the new devil of my soul,  
That thought might find a place to dwell  
And the dire chaos seem a whole.

For strange I saw my first sun rise  
And felt his warmth upon my flesh  
And screaming, with distorted eyes  
Fled from the dancing shadow-mesh;

And strange the spinning river whirled  
Past stone and tree which had no feet,  
And in my misbegotten world  
A Devil-god was good to meet.

I found a stone my limbs to wound,  
'Twas joy to watch the gushing blood,  
To know God drink it in the ground  
And thunder forth his thanks for food.

And God, the creature of my brain,  
Still went before me sowing seed  
Of unimagined lust and pain,  
The thought before the accomplished deed.

III.

But the dim process of the years,  
Hidden behind my impulses,  
Distilled an antidote for fears  
Sweeter than honey of upland bees.

The sun that went yet still returned  
Nor ever faltered on his race,  
The moon that on her errand burned  
And stars a-dance in the halls of space.

The plant that flowered and yearly fell,  
All things that went and came in dust,  
River and sea, contrived a spell  
To choke the strength of pain and lust.

Till memory rounded life to a whole,  
And fear expanding grew to awe,  
And in a universal soul  
I dreamed a universal law.



IV.

Then in my heart it seemed that God  
    Stooped from his heaven and smiled on me,  
A patron with a kingly nod  
    To greet his slaves aspirancy !

And the dim waves of surging thought  
    Seemed to take substance by his grace,  
As when a sculptor who has wrought  
    His passion into a marble face,

All his imagination feeds  
    From contours moulded by his skill,  
And the reflected glow exceeds  
    The parent spark of mind and will.

V.

Once more all earth and heaven were strange,  
    Strange to the sea the river flowed ;  
But not as on that primal change,  
    When panic launched a quivering goad,

And pricked each naked newborn sense,  
    And drove me with the flail of fear  
Out of the wastes of impotence  
    To build foul temples of despair.

I cried in ecstasy " Rejoice,  
Ye daughters and ye sons of men,  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Do ye not hear the measured strain,

That penetrates and interweaves  
Sand of the sea and earthy clod,  
Which fruit and flower, grass and leaves  
Pour forth unceasingly to God ?

The hills are ordered in due ranks,  
The stars depart not from their course,  
The mighty rivers keep their banks  
Strength of the land and ocean-force

Swing to each other equipoised,  
The space each yields to each restored,  
Hear ye not in their margins noised  
The rhythmic praises of the Lord ?

All beasts that grow from dust at last  
Give back to dust the growth they got,  
Yet gender ere their time be past  
Seed of their kind that faileth not ;

And man who ponders, who repeats  
Songs which the mind of God rehearse,  
Sprung from the dust in death completes  
The balance of the Universe.

How should the world or sea or land  
The senseless grass, the unthinking beast,  
Reach up to God? How understand  
What links the greatest with the least?

Or how should God, who throws afar  
Time's weft across the warp of space,  
Who communes not with any star,  
Nor the sun's radiance finds his face,

Stoop and observe a spinning ball  
His hand in one slight moment twirled,  
Half idly sundering from the All  
That last least particle, the world?

Man's flesh is rooted in the ground,  
Whose mind, yet, reaching up the sky  
Far beyond scope of light or sound  
Commerces with infinity.

Child of the earth, man loves the womb  
That bore, the breasts that gave him food :  
Nor all too much resents the doom  
Which brings to dust earth's myriad brood.

Yet child of God, man greatly shares  
Each thought each passion of his sire,  
And all the brash of earthly cares  
Consumes in elemental fire.

So earth and God, man's parents twain,  
Of diverse nature intertwined,  
In flesh of man, and in man's brain  
Symbol of mystic wedlock find.

Earth for the service of her King  
Does on a radiant purity,  
Deep to her centre passioning  
Mother and nurse of man to be,

And all the soul of God is great  
With transport unimaginable,  
He thrills, he trembles, to create  
Man that has mind to praise him well."

VI.

"There is a chaos throned above the throne  
Law is the servant of no destiny :  
Law is a shadow thrown  
From shapes of things by fires of Anarchy.  
Formless are the fires, unconfined,  
Neither obedient to their own desires  
Nor serving other mind.  
They are and are not ; neither live nor die ;  
Nor quicken, nor consume truth or lie :  
All things reveal them, nothing can illumine."  
So spake the voice on a night,

When the deep vault of heaven opened far  
Reaches of space from star to star,  
And I had flung my sight  
Beyond all barrier of the azure haze,  
The garment of the days,  
Which the sun weaves of shattered light and air—  
The sun deceives,  
Darkness alone all secrets doth declare.

Not when the heart is glad and swells with loud  
Paeon of youth,  
Or triumph of maturer years,  
Can it draw near to knowledge. Tears  
And sorrow, sorrow, are the soul of truth.  
Not because all is sadness  
Inevitably: the joys that do obscure  
Are no less real  
Than sorrows which reveal;  
But joy the spendthrift reckons not in pence  
The things that make his gladness,  
But grief a strict accountant will commence  
To tell base coin from the pure.  
Has any man a friend  
Crowned with delight and full prosperity,  
Who walk together seeming whole  
And interweave caressing arms?  
Let these not boast communion of soul  
Till fate her message send  
Ultimate doom, or terrible alarms,  
And set them naked each in the other's eye,



And all their secrets tell.  
Friendship of delight is dear  
But ever questionable;  
Sorrow alone can fix love over fear,  
Throned upon certainty, all doubts removed.  
Even so 'tis nothing God to have proved  
Mid colours of the day,  
Nothing to find his footsteps in the stars :  
For these are bright,  
Filling our soul with vintage of delight,  
Poured from inexhaustible jars  
Quenching dismay.  
But if man found him in the infinity  
Beyond the infinities of time and place,  
The space that is no space,  
The time that is no time,  
A Law where Law is not—  
That were a God of certainty,  
To make each particle of being chime  
Accordant with its lot.  
Searching the outer gloom  
No God I saw ;  
Only the shadows of my hopes and fears,  
Imaginary triumph, fancied doom,  
No higher law  
Determining the room of space,  
Ranging the years,  
Preordaining time and place.  
Again, again the words  
Pierced to my brain like swords :

“There is a chaos throned above the throne,  
Law is the servant of no destiny :  
Law is a shadow thrown  
From shapes of things by fires of Anarchy.  
Formless are the fires, unconfined,  
Neither obedient to their own desires,  
Nor serving other mind.  
They are and are not, neither live nor die ;  
Nor quicken, nor consume truth or lie :  
All things reveal them, nothing can illumine.”

# CONSTANTINE MICHAELIDES.

## \*THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

RED Admiral, Red Admiral  
On what seas do you roam?  
What are your flagship's colours,  
And what place is your home?

Your sails are spell and magic  
Of black blotched upon red,  
Your wing's shape is fantastic  
And witchly strange your head.

Is your land among orchids  
Where strange petals ensnare?  
Are your dominions hundreds  
Which no adventurers dare?

Is your sea in the air light?  
Your colours are they rays?  
Your sailors girt for flower fight?  
Your shoals a flowery maze?

Your masts are they the grass heads?  
Your guns are they the boom  
Of insects in the marsh beds  
Where day light wars with gloom?

Are you the toy of air light?  
Have you no helm to steer?  
A derelict each air sprite  
To every wind can veer?

Can your guns slay no slayer?  
Your sailors hoist no sail?  
Have you no magic sayer  
To conjure up a gale?

Is the orchid flower your magnet?  
The waving grass your rope?  
Is fickleness your signet?  
Your only harbour Hope?

Oh Admiral, Red Admiral,  
On what sea do you sail?  
What wind doth strain your creaking masts?  
And whither drives the gale?

\*THE FOREST OF MASSACHUSETTS  
BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

THE agelong rest of trees swept wide and far  
Upon the breast of the unwakened earth,  
The silent forest spoke in changeless tongues  
The mystic speech of things as yet unborn,  
Wild roared and broke the sea upon the coast  
Wearing the aging patience of the rocks;  
And out upon her never sail was seen  
To break the flowing pageant of the hours;  
The rivers wound unfettered through the plains  
And told the listless listening forests tales  
Of far-off mountains, and the pathless sea  
Where footsteps live only in the dreams of men.  
At dawn the sun called forth the hosts of leaves  
Marshalled to hail him in bright green and gold,  
Paling before him in the light of noon,  
Rich-clad in evening, as though each still leaf  
Spoke strange dreams to the sky and setting sun  
In speech to men and beasts inscrutable.  
Then night, hushing the day, brought them to sleep,  
And, haunted, woke the phantoms of still shapes  
Tossing their muted shadows 'gainst the sky  
In wild-haired phantasy of plaint unseen.  
Mighty and stern the earthborn trunks beneath  
Bore up the mystic splendour of the leaves.  
Those trunks stood wrinkled with a thousand years  
And stern to seers as sailless masts in gales,



Yet light as maidens in a flower-starred-dell  
They plunged their gnarled hands in the moss-hushed  
earth  
And spread their branches each to each in dance  
As of a host enchanted, seeming still  
To taunt with strange expectancy of life  
And foil with runic mystery of trees.  
Wild beasts fled to the forest glades, whose peace  
Seemed as a haven on a cliff-bound coast,  
Smiling a sunlit smile within the rift  
Of sombre leaf-surged beeches, or of pines  
Stern-trunked and straight as spears of ancient work,  
Sky-piercing, grown to trees by long disuse.  
And trunks half-fallen told in deathless speech  
The tale of lightning, ev'n as riven scars  
Upon the face of warriors grim and old  
Tell tales of fierce blows given in ancient wars.  
And, by their side shimmering their silken leaves,  
The birches smiled in founts of laughing light,  
Whispering to winds who caught them in their arms  
Then fled, because they never would be wooed,  
But still beloved, still smiled a virgin smile  
Most lovable when most unwon; and aspens  
Pretending grief, still trembled in the wind,  
Slavishly wooing the calm lofty beech  
Or weeping to the maples silence-clumped.  
The sunshafts laughed to pierce the guarded beech,  
Glistening past depths of proudly outstretched oaks  
Upon the nameless thickets, sons of trees,  
Or bastards choking the still-teeming earth,

Nightshade and poisoned ivy, hemlock, vines  
Luring the hungry with bright deadly fruit,  
Like poisoned snakes mocking the shapes of plants.  
And birds flew then like living things of light,  
Knowing at worst the arrow swift and free;  
Their voices and the chirp of cicadae  
Seemed then the chain of an unending song  
That interlaced the woods and crowned its dells  
With living coruscations of sweet sound.  
The magic motions of the forest then  
Spanned the free arches of a simple age  
When man was part of nature and his work  
Seemed but a slighter fashioning of her own.  
As once did sleep the present, sleeps the past:  
Who knows whether the same still sentinels of trees  
Await not in some nether depth of time  
The resurgence of their reign of sleep,  
When men shall hail them once again with joy  
A new land watching o'er the unknown sea.

\*TO MY FATHER.

(*Αργύρης Ἑφταλιώτης* author of *Νησιώτικες Ἱστορίες*  
[*Tales from the Isles of Greece*], etc., etc.)

THE haunted image-bearing minds of men  
Born in these northern spheres,  
Are blinded by the crowding of things dreamed  
Upon things seen. To us  
Thought sinks not mistless on the shapes of things,  
Clear as the day; but harsh  
And driven to boldness in the city-night,  
Straining beyond herself  
She makes strange dreams of her bewilderment.  
Of such race are you not;  
For you, untripped by unseen snares, in light  
Can see the simple truth  
As it has been through centuries in those isles  
Which neither live nor die  
But are immortal. The refrains of love  
And death and tragedy  
Seem sad by very changelessness. The world  
In the forthflow of time  
So new, is yet so hopeless and so old,  
That every tear we shed  
Is but a repetition of those tears  
Which perhaps Sappho shed.  
The same chant murmurs in the ageless sea  
As Homer turned to words,

And we who live in the loud age of steam  
Are but the children still  
Of those who ploughed the earth with wooden share  
And ground the sunburnt grain  
With their own hand, or fought with simple  
Sword and shield. The din of men  
Who march, the vanguard of mankind to-day,  
Is far from you; your home  
Is left untortured by the strife of souls  
A strife religion-born,  
For that blind change which we salute in faith  
As progress. Overbold  
Dictating wisdom to a silent God  
We grasp the wrist of Fate  
Immovable, and hearken not her voice  
Save in our own. But you  
Stand in the quiet of unchanging light  
And listen to the truth.



# MARJORY MINES.

## CHRISTMAS.

### *Morning.*

THE light was grey  
When shrill cocks crew—  
They knew that day  
Was peering through  
Her mantle dim, her mantle blue,  
And heard her say:  
“O dear world, help me to count less  
This once, the feet that stray,  
The hands that do not bless—  
That men forever may  
Feel my caress.”

### *Afternoon.*

WE cannot, like the wise men three,  
Journey away to seek and see,  
But we can keep with feast and mirth  
The winter blossoming of earth;  
Nor shut our doors, for we may then  
Shut out the travelling Wise Men,  
Who always tread the mazy way  
Age after age, upon this day,  
Singing the carol of the star.  
Their looks are bright. “Follow!” they say  
“Hand in hand from near and far,”  
And as we, brothers that we are,  
Shake our heads and turn away—  
Wonderful! oracular!  
We see in mother-eyes the Ray.



*Evening.*

'TIS clear and cold  
This Christmas night  
With snows that linger,  
And the great moon  
In her praise-light  
Like jewel worn on God's ring-finger  
Is blurréd, as the church-bell rings,  
By the young angels' wings.

THE SWAN.

THE other lights, the other trees,  
The other houses hung in the pool  
Are his: he is the lord of these.  
It is a kingdom deep and cool.

Preoccupied and white as dreams,  
He bends his head, watching his own,  
His still dominions. Brawling streams  
Could never make for him a throne.

He knows it not, it knows him not,  
This other world hung in the pool—  
Possession is his lonely lot,  
Lord of a kingdom deep and cool.

# HAROLD MONRO.

## AN IMPRESSION.

SHE wakes at sunrise on her little bed,  
Knits her white hands together round her knee,  
Shakes back her tangled hair, lifts up her head,  
And gazes through the casement at the sea.

Full-winged the lovely thoughts begin to glide  
Across the calm blue surface of her eyes.  
The windows of her soul are open wide  
Toward the morning and the summer skies.

Emerging from the portal of the night,  
She lingers with one foot upon the way,  
Then springs, a sudden vision of delight,  
Swift, with her arms outstretched, to meet the day.

GOD.

Characters.

JOHN, a Wanderer.  
JOSCELYN, an Innkeeper.  
HENRY, a Farmer.  
CASPAR, a Sailor.  
ANDREA, a Soldier.  
DIVES, a Merchant.  
LAZARUS, a Beggar.  
LAZARILLO, a Thief.  
PROUT, a Judge.  
INNOCENT, a Catholic Priest.  
CAUSTIC, a Doctor of Medicine.  
JOSEPH, a Minister.  
GEOFFREY, a Poet.  
BERNARDO, a Philosopher.

*Scene: Outside Joscelyn's inn on the high-road near a city. Tables and benches. Joscelyn is standing in the doorway. John approaches feebly along the road, and sinks down on one of the benches.*

*John.* I faint. I can go no further. May I rest?

*Joscelyn.* God! you are pale. Here's liquor.  
Drink! You'll die.

*John.* Alas, I weary of my fruitless quest.

*Joscelyn.* Your quest! What are you seeking?—  
Where, and why?

*John.* What am I seeking? What! I cannot tell;  
And out of that proceedeth all my pain.  
Where! Say, where shall I seek? Where does He  
dwell?

Why!—Often have I asked myself in vain.  
Sir, I have wandered fifty years, have seen  
Him worshipped in the churches of all lands,  
Intently asked wherever I have been:  
“Who—What is He?” But no one understands.  
I have sought Him among men, and in the mart;  
I have sought Him in the sweet and open field;  
I have sought Him in the stillness of my heart—  
But never found Him anywhere revealed.  
I sailed upon the strong and fragrant sea;  
I fought His ancient worship to defend;  
I lived five years an eremite—but He  
Was only more mysterious at the end.  
Often when I would linger all the night  
To meditate the universal doom,  
Suddenly, in a fever of delight,  
I would seem to feel His presence in the gloom.  
But it was fancy: for when daylight broke,  
And rapturously I called upon His name,  
He was not there, He neither heard nor spoke;  
Nor have I ever felt Him twice the same.  
Does He exist?—Sometimes when earth calls:  
“Nay!”

A voice replies from Heaven: “Hast thou forgot?”  
Or sometimes when the world has shouted: “Yea!”  
Then He Himself has murmured: “I am *not*.”

Oh, if there be no God, by whom and why  
Was Consciousness erected from the sod?  
Though I hate life, I swear I will not die  
Until I have discovered—Who is God?

*Joscelyn.* By God, I cannot tell you. If your tale  
Be true, 'tis strange and terrible indeed.  
My only business is to sell my ale——

*John.* Have you no Church and no religious  
Creed?

*Joscelyn.* Church! On the sabbath, surely. In  
the week  
I earn my bread. God knows, I cannot spare  
An hour ——

*John (looking up the road).* Ah, who is this? I'll  
make him speak!

*Joscelyn.* 'Tis Farmer Henry coming from the fair.  
See, man! To help you, this is what I'll do—  
You're lame and dreary, but I like you well;  
So you shall make my clients' answer you;  
'Tis fair-day: surely one of them will tell,  
For ale puts thundering wisdom in a man.  
There'll be a score at least—and if they fail,  
By Jesus, more and more I like the plan:  
In seeking God they'll drink a butt of ale.

[*Henry enters.*

Good morning, Henry. Here's a man has trod  
Some fifty years upon a fruitless quest  
Of God. He cannot find Him.

*Henry.* Not find God!  
Damn it! Draw me a gallon of your best!—



God is the Truth, and, if you doubt it, look  
Into the pages of His sacred book.

*John.* I have read that through and through—

*Henry.* Read once again!

God makes His meaning absolutely plain.  
He demonstrates that, when the world began,  
He made a solemn covenant with man;  
Tells how, and where the fatal tree was set  
In Eden; furthermore, how woman ate;  
Yea, how Eve tempted Adam and he fell,  
Necessitating everlasting *Hell*.

Praise be to Him whose wisdom could invent  
That final word to every argument!  
Thou hast the Light—Join therefore the Elect.  
Avoid His anger, or thou mayest expect  
Damnation. For the Lord will never break  
His covenant. His honour is at stake.

*[Caspar enters from the inn, tankard in hand.]*

Swift is His vengeance, terrible His rod.

Caspar, bear witness!—Who is God?

*Caspar.* God? God!

His rod is feeble and His vengeance slow.

God! What a thing to ask! Why bother me?

I've drunk a bit—that's all I seem to know.

Yet sometimes I have wondered—Who is He?

The everchanging wind and dreamy tide

Rule Ocean; that at any rate is sure.

Make them your gods and you shall learn to ride  
Upon the veriest typhoon secure.

Yet in the tropics, when the heavens melt

Like wax upon the water; in all deep  
Unholy stagnant calm, I seem to have felt  
Him like a presence heavily asleep.  
To me He slumbers without scheme or form,  
Unheeding and indolently calm:  
He never raised a wind, or quelled a storm,  
Or saved a shipwrecked mariner from harm.  
We go our ways. He sleeps; I sail the sea:  
I never heard His voice however dim.  
If He exists, He never thinks of me,  
And so I scarcely ever think of Him.  
Of what avail to worship Him and sue,  
As men are wont in every land I've trod;  
He cannot hear— [Andrea enters.]

Ah, comrade, what say you?

Henry. Aye, thou hast fought His battles—

John.

Who is God?

Andrea. God is all action. It is He who cares  
For each man singly when the battle rolls.  
He loves us so He even counts our hairs.  
He keeps a special record of our souls.  
He guards the nations in adversity;  
He sends them forth on their appointed ways.  
Fear Him! He is the Lord of Hosts—and He  
Listens whenever anybody prays.  
He never sleeps, but watches day and night;  
God is the God of thunder, not of thought:

[Dives enters.]

He draws His sword in every righteous fight—

Dives. Who?

*John.*                      *God.*

*Henry.*                      The righteous God—

*Dives.*                                      God never fought !

*Joscelyn.* Hail, good and learned *Dives*. Tell us  
then—

*Andrea.* Aye, what know you of Him ?

*Dives.*                                      When battles cease

He moves among the busy marts of men,

Revealed in trade, prosperity and peace.

When I was young I put my faith in war,

And felt Him stir like battle in my heart ;

But manhood brought me wisdom and I saw

God in the subtle contest of the mart.

He loves the man of square and stubborn power,

Who bides in concentrated watchfulness

The perfect moment of the perfect hour,

And wears the courage of his own success.

'Twas He exalted me to where I stand ;

I owe my wealth to Him, and without shame,

Have therefore always followed His command,

And every sabbath glorified His Name.

He will not scrutinize, nor question why ;

But trust my general plan. If He, anew,

Perchance may need to fight, utility,

Not glory, will incite Him thereunto.

Lo, in His service all my life is spent

Creating righteous labour, which is bread :

[*Lazarus enters.*

He loves me well, and I am confident

He will receive my soul when I am dead.

*Lazarus.* Thy soul!

*Joscelyn.* 'Tis Lazarus.

*Lazarus.* Dives, thou hast none.

God knows thee not. I speak in no extreme:  
The rich have forfeited their souls—not one  
Can enter Heaven. Do not thou blaspheme!  
Men praise the rich: once I was one of those.  
But, now I know the restfulness of dearth,  
I would not sacrifice my tattered clothes  
For all the gathered fortunes of the earth.

[*Lazarillo* appears.]

God is not found in strife, nor in the mart;  
He is not on the land nor in the sea,  
But deep in the recesses of the heart:  
He dwells in Jesus—Jesus dwells in me.  
Christ is the holy pattern and the way;  
He is the everlasting inner light:  
Oh, wonderful His guidance in the day,  
And beautiful His presence in the night.

*Lazarillo.* The night?

*Lazarus.* The night!—Unmindful of the rich,  
He dwells within the bosom of the poor,  
Comforting them in darkness—

*Lazarillo.* All of which  
I often heard, far better said, before.  
Thy tattered raiment, and thy Christ Within  
Proceed from fear—if thou wouldst but confess.  
Thy God is but thy one besetting sin—  
Innate, unconquerable laziness.  
I, who love all adventure, and the play



Of full strong blood in subtlety and strife,  
Hate the stark, plain, and unadventurous day;  
But in mysterious darkness there is life.  
Look deep into my eyes, and thou shalt see  
Not theory, creed or law, but self-belief;  
Not God or Jesus, but Reality;  
Not poverty or riches, but—a thief.  
Aye, do not start! Not one among you all  
Has my heroic courage; for although  
You have the instincts of the criminal,  
You lack the resolution to be so.  
Search, hypocrites, your hearts, and sound them true:  
I rid the rich of superfluities;  
No man has ever starved through me—but you  
Cheat and despoil the humble poor with lies.  
And as for God; till He convinces me  
By any miracle, or sign, or plan  
That I am worse or cowardlier than He,  
I openly defy—

*Prout (who has entered unobserved).*

Arrest that man!

I stand for God on earth; I am His law,  
And faithfully will discharge my sacred trust.—  
His hand was raised to strike you when He saw  
Me here with mine uplifted—so I must.  
That you have been an enemy to Christ;  
That you have no religion or belief;  
That you may even be an anarchist,  
All that I waive.—For me you are a thief;  
An outcast from society, a blot,



A beast without a home, a coward, a scourge :  
God never would have made you, had He not  
Made me as well to punish and to purge.  
He, by a ruling immemorial,  
Is Master of the judges of the land ;  
My pen inscribes the sentence, but in all  
He stands behind me, and directs my hand.  
Should I invent one truthless explanation,  
Or fail one sacred precedent to keep,  
I could no more kneel down in adoration—  
I think I could not even eat or sleep.  
So, in the name of God, on your confession,  
Thief, I arrest you, that His wrath may fall  
Through me, upon you at the coming session.

[*Innocent enters.*

God is the law—

*Innocent.* Ecclesiastical !  
Secular is as nothing in His sight.  
Outside the Church there is not any hope  
For any man of knowing wrong from right :  
In Heaven God is the Law, on earth—the Pope.  
Moreover learn, O thou vainglorious man,  
That crimson fires in deepest Hell await  
All those unfaithful who refuse to scan  
Him in the mystery immaculate.  
High on a lofty rock one castle stands,  
Which, stormed and battered, shall not ever lurch,  
Impregnable to all the faithless bands :  
Founded on catholic truth—The Catholic Church.

[*Caustic enters.*

And God! High-throned He dwells in farthest sky,  
Into whose presence none shall ever pass,  
Save by the flesh of Jesus Christ, which I  
Reveal to all believers in the Mass.  
Ah, when His Holy Spirit amid fumes  
Of incense lifts me out of self-control,  
No heretic can dream how He illumines  
The innermost recesses of my soul.  
That is a mystery I alone may scan,  
Privileged in my character of priest;  
So now in my capacity of man,  
I ask you all to come with me and—

*Caustic.*

—feast.

*Innocent.* Sir, who are you?

*Caustic.*

A man of good intent:

A leech—a bodily salvation-giver.

That sense mysterious of the sacrament  
Exists not in your soul, but in your liver.

God is a fiction of the nervous cells  
Connected with a portion of the brain.

Religion is disease, and it expels  
Spontaneous thought and renders manhood vain.

How, at the last, you always, in your need,  
Summon the leech to save you, makes me smile.

I diagnose a man's religious creed

By testing the condition of his bile. [*Joseph arrives.*

God, in the end, and heaven and earth will sink  
Back to eternal Chaos whence they came.

Both He and you are tottering on the brink  
Of epilepsy—

*Joseph (quickly)*                      Glory to His Name,  
Which Heaven and earth eternally adore,  
Who was, and is, and shall be evermore!  
He made thy body, and He made thy soul:  
He is Jehovah, everlasting Lord,  
And while eternal ages onward roll  
Creation shall be subject to His word.  
Thee, thou profane, thou double-damnèd leech,  
He had confounded in thy godless mirth,  
But that His unimagined mercies reach  
From earth to Heaven and from Heaven to earth.  
He is the all in all, the first and last;  
In Him the beginning and the end unite;  
He is the future and He is the past:  
He is the finite and the infinite.  
I will not dare His wonder to proclaim—  
Which do not thou endeavour to besmirch.  
Ye who desire to glorify His Name,

[*Geoffrey enters.*

Go —

*Joscelyn.* Welcome poet!

*John.* Who is God?

*Joseph.* —to church

*Geoffrey.* To church! I heard a sermon once in  
spring,

When last I went to church five years ago—  
Such a dry, withered, cracked and crabbèd thing  
As might have made the trees forget to grow.  
To church! God is a spirit, not a creed;  
He is an inner, outward-moving power:

Go to the heart of all, and watch the seed  
Strive godward and at last become the flower.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once, long before the birth of time, a storm  
Of white desire, by its own ardour hurled,  
Flashed out of infinite Desire, took form,  
Strove, won, survived: and God became the world.

Next, some internal force began to move  
Within the bosom of that latest earth:  
The spirit of an elemental love  
Stirred outward from itself, and God was birth.

Then outward, upward, with heroic thew,  
Savage from young and bursting blood of life,  
Desire took form, and conquered, and anew  
Strove, conquered, and took form: God was that  
strife.

Thus, like a comet, fiery flight on flight,  
Flash upon flash, and purple morn on morn:  
But always out of agony—delight;  
And out of death—God ever more reborn,

Till, waxing fair and subtle and supreme,  
Desiring his own spirit to possess,  
Man of the bright eyes and the ardent dream  
Saw paradise, and God was Consciousness.



He is that one Desire, that life, that breath,  
That Soul which, with infinity of pain,  
Passes through revelation and through death  
Onward and upward to itself again.

Out of the lives of heroes and their deeds,  
Out of the miracle of human thought,  
Out of the songs of singers, God proceeds;  
And of the soul of them his Soul is wrought.

Nothing is lost: all that is dreamed or done  
Passes unaltered the eternal way,  
Immerging in the everlasting One,  
Who was the dayspring and who is the day.

*Joscelyn.* Good poet, cease, and quaff some ale  
with me.

*John.* You have not said who raised me from the  
sod.

*Henry.* Your speech is rank and hellish blasphemy.

*Caspar.* Nay, nay,—and yet it surely is not God.

*Andrea.* It's God perchance—but of some other  
nation.

*Dives.* It's nothing better than a poet's dream.

*Lazarus.* It is not Christ.

*Lazarillo.* It's empty declamation.

*Prout.* It's harmless fustian —'tis how matters  
seem.



*Innocent.* Harmless! He shall be burnt in Hell,  
I vow.

*Caustic.* —Though Hell be but a figment of the  
brain?

*Joseph.* Jehovah comes to vengeance even now.

*Geoffrey.* I sing for ever, though I sing in vain.

*John.* Still, still I seek Him: all of you are  
wrong.

He must exist. I cannot understand  
Why He withholds His countenance so long.  
Farewell.

*Joscelyn.* Stay! See, Bernardo is at hand.

*John.* Bernardo! Joy! Come, herald of the dawn,  
Renowned Bernardo, whom men call *the true!*  
The cloud shall lift. The veil shall be withdrawn.  
Hail, prophet, hail! My spirit yearns for you.

[*Bernardo enters.*]

*All.* Hail! Hail!

*John.* Oh, learnèd master, solve our grief!  
By whom were we uplifted from the sod?  
We lean upon thy wisdom: tell us brief,  
Who, who is God?

*Bernardo.* God? God! There is no GOD.

## VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

### UNDER MAGDALEN BRIDGE.

THE lapping, lapping, lapping of the stream  
Makes songs around my lazy-light canoe ;  
The soft brown haze of dusk shines softly through  
The dripping trees, and the damp meadows seem  
A plateau as of lost desire, a dream  
That melts from gold to gray : a soft breeze blew  
Across the brow of waking night, and dew  
Re-bathes the earth that grows a fading gleam.

The sleepy river ripples, ripples ever  
Betwixt the old brown wall and meadows trim ;  
The tideless song of Never, Never, Never  
Lulls the wet woods, and ever growing dim  
The fields are grey with mist, and slip away  
Into the darkness with the dying day.

## THE CREATION OF EVE.

*(After Blake's Picture.)*

**S**OFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes;  
The male still sleeps, the god instructeth her  
Who, with his fellows, did of late confer  
On her, who should complete this paradise;  
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise;  
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,  
For in her being's depths doth slowly stir  
The royal knowledge: she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late  
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,  
The perfect Mother of the Uncreate,  
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be  
The way of carnal birth, the door of fate  
Betwixt the borders of Infinity.

## A LOST SPIRIT.

*(The Spirit seeks re-incarnation.)*

I PASS by darkened windy ways,  
Through bog and dripping heather;  
I flash before the silver rays  
The moon holds tight together.  
I sing beneath the waning moon;  
An ancient god-forgotten rune  
Springs to my lips to taste, and soon  
The way behind with light is strewn.

O silent city silver-lit,  
O rainy roads reflecting  
Tall houses where the old ghosts flit,  
Their shadows thin projecting  
Across my path—the street lamps glare  
Before my soft eyes everywhere.  
Ah! men forget my face is fair,  
The tangled glory of my hair.

O sobbing wind! O hedges dark!  
O hills bereft and lonely!  
They've snatched the hidden boundary-mark,  
And left the ruins only.  
Dimly the flickering shadows stray  
Across the lonely hillside way:  
Why should I weep and howl and pray?  
They sleep, and wait the empty day.

O dream of the red olden time!  
O clash of armour splendid!—  
A string of wind-begotten rime,  
And all their pain was ended!  
O lonely sea! O lonely earth!  
O dying art of glorious mirth!  
My song, my song is little worth  
To bring their bastard seed to birth!

What need of me in thunder-flash?  
What need in battle story?  
What need among the whitened ash  
Of old far-winnowed glory?  
They call me not to birth-bed throes;  
Invoke me not with gold and rose;  
The summer wanes, the summer grows,  
They call me not from fire or snows.

I linger by the cottage-door  
When twilight sings of sorrow;  
I flit around the gorse-strewn moor,  
And all the gold I borrow.  
But in mine eyes my doom is set,  
Yea! in their golden-glooming fret  
Is woven the divine regret,  
And ah! my birth-time is not yet.



A MUSIC PICTURE.

*(Written while music was being played.)*

PALING fires of instant blue  
Throb the lower heavens through ;  
In the higher  
God is fire.

Green the calling of the hills ;  
Silver-noted sing the rills ;  
In the paling east doth rise  
All the fire that flames and dies ;  
In the glowing west is set  
The banner of the lost regret ;  
In the midst betwixt the skies  
God looks through the clouds and dies.

Lying on a bank of green,  
All the grey is clearest seen ;  
All my floating thoughts arise  
To the place where God still lies.  
In my thought I clothe him now ;  
He is born behind my brow,  
And again shall live and die  
In the battle of the sky.

This I knew when long ago  
I came to God suffused in woe,  
And he gave his life to me,  
And he died upon the tree,  
And the tree gave fruit and bloom,  
And it grew a god's green tomb.  
And he rose again to be  
All the pulsing world to me.

\*SEASCAPE.

A CROSS the sandy shallows  
The salt winds cry and mourn;  
The little twittering swallows  
Cry out their notes; forlorn  
The grass at the sea's edge  
On the cliff ledge.

A cold grey sky; the wind  
Rustles through the trees;  
Chilled grasses weep; unkind  
To them the icy breeze.  
Brown hedgerows sway and creak,  
The wind's so bleak.

And rain, gray, ceaseless rain,  
Insistent, nagging, dull,  
Comes, like a dreary pain  
On a face grown beautiful  
By patient suffering.  
Soft rain-drops sting.

The fields are bare; the hills,  
Still barer in the gray,  
Stand stark, and silence fills  
The empty, useless day,  
Silent, save for rain,  
Dead, save for pain.

And the weary, changeless sea  
With spiritless white foam  
Lies level as a lea  
Under the empty dome:  
No life on sea or earth;  
A cold, slow dearth.

But the swallows cry in the rain,  
And a gull that floats on the sea,  
Cries out and cries out again,  
In listless monotony.  
And the wind cries and cries,  
And never dies.

## EPILOGUE

*(To the Triumph of Pan.)*

**B**ECAUSE the fulfilment of dreams is itself but  
a dream,

There is no end save the song, and song is the end;  
And here with a sheaf of songs bareheaded I stand,  
And the light is fled from mine eyes, and the sword  
from my hand

Is fallen; the years have left me a fool, and the gleam  
Is vanished from life, and the swift years sear me  
and rend.

There is no end save the song, and the joy in the singing,  
And song alone may relieve the shadowy pain.

I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,  
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very old.  
Dusk falls on the earth, and Apollo no more comes  
winging

His way to me now; it may be I shall sing not again.

Yet to the dream I was true, and I followed the light  
Till it vanished, and left me in darkness all cold and  
forlorn;

It may be that is the end; I know not nor care.  
If these songs that were wrought in the days of my  
springtide are fair,

Perchance they shall seem to you good in the heart  
of the night,

When you wait for the light that shall come in the  
wake of the morn.

\*SERPENS NOCTIS REGINA MUNDI.

*(Invocation à la Lune. Ballade Argentée.)*

OH lustrous Lady of the luminous lake,  
Moving in magic mazes through the trees—  
The sombre, swaying trees—light-lady, take  
A moment's murmurings; heart-harmonies  
That break my breast: I kneel before thy knees,  
All humbly hesitant; the silver shoon  
I crave to kiss make molten melodies  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady, for thy shadow's sake  
Is slain my slumber, ended all my ease;  
I dream at dawn, nor with the wild-birds wake  
To dulcet day; marred are mine images  
Of lost low lands, of secret summer seas,  
Where grave gold Glamour is so subtly strewn,  
That from that dryad-dream no faerie flees  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady of the Silver Snake,  
Whisper thy worshipper if his pleadings please  
Thine ear; oh, merrier music might I make—  
Murmurs of moonlit meads, of light-green leas—  
Where pagan priests muttered thy Mysteries  
Before the baleful Birth; in their swaying swoon  
They prophesied palely in thy curious keys  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.



*Victor B. Neuburg.*

*L'envoi.*

Oh lustrous Lady, may my memories  
Of the untroubled times ere noisome noon  
Bring back thy secret serpent-sorceries  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

## GERALD H. S. PINSENT.

### THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

THEN silence, and the veil of light is raised  
And darkness seen behind. Now softly sound  
The Angels' herald-trumpets, calling round  
Thunders and mighty winds and powers amazed.  
Now laden with the spirit of man's hand  
There bursts an awful clarion-shout, and brings  
Strange whispering and rushing of strange wings  
Battling, and furtive secrets of command.  
Down from the height and up from the abyss  
Are swept dominion, power, angel, throne,  
For unimaginable ends, and hiss,  
And fall. The heralds trumpet; they are gone.  
Tread softly—'tis in God's house thou hast been—  
And fearfully—'tis God that thou hast seen.

## JOHN PRESLAND.

### THE BALLAD OF A SEA-NYMPH.

WHERE the water meets the sands  
All alone sat she,  
Wrung her hair with chilly hands  
That glimmered mistily.

Phosphorescent were the drips  
From her hair she wrung,  
And like moonlight on her lips  
Were the words she sung.

White she was, as white as foam  
'Neath a moonlit sky,  
And the treasures of her home  
On her brow did lie.

There he found her, he, a man,  
Wandering by the sea,  
And desire through him ran—  
Misty white was she.

There he wooed her, wooed her long,  
Till, within her eyes,  
Where were erst moonshine and song,  
Dawned in slow surprise

Mortal pain and mortal doubt,  
Shades of misery,  
And she turned her round about,  
Facing from the sea.

In his hand her hand she laid,  
As to land they turned,  
And her hand of sea-foam made  
'Neath his fingers burned.

On they went, then, he and she,  
Walking towards the East!  
And her sisters of the sea  
Their bewailing ceased.

As it paled towards the dawn,  
From the light they fled;  
But she laughed with joy new-born,  
"Is this life?" she said.

There was labour of the day,  
Dust upon her feet,  
Scorching of the shadeless way,  
Clamour of the street;

All a human want and pain,  
Laughter fraught with tears;  
Toil, when toil we know is vain,  
Hope, when hopes are fears;

Till this creature of the sea  
At the last became  
Human, in her misery,  
Joy and pride and shame.

With a word he left her there ;  
"Woman that you are,  
Mystery attracts us men  
Draws us from afar.

Sea-nymph as you were, a thing  
Intangible, unknown,  
Like the light the sunbeams fling,  
Where the spray is blown.

Sea-nymph have you ceased to be,  
Forfeited the whole  
Of that moonlight poetry  
Cherished by man's soul.

Still we seek the dim ideal  
As the moth the star,  
How for women can we feel  
That our seekings bar?"

Where the water meets the sands,  
All alone sat she,  
With her head between her hands,  
Facing from the sea.



From her forehead pushed her hair  
Drooping wearily,  
Shivered by the water there:  
"Oh, soul's a curse!" said she.

### RIZZIO'S SONG.

*From "Mary, Queen of Scots."*

WHAT are roses for, my Queen,  
White and crimson, leafed with green?  
What are flowers for, bud and leaf?  
Just to deck the brows of Love,  
An hour brief, an hour brief.

What is life for, O my Queen,  
With its days of shade and sheen,  
Morn's and evening's pageantry?  
Just to glad the eyes of Love,  
Quick to see, quick to see.

What is death for, O my Queen,  
Hungry jaws, and sickle keen,  
Shedding bloom and withering leaf?  
Death's a priest to consecrate  
Love with grief, love with grief.

## A. V. RATCLIFFE.

### FIGURE OF SPEED.

**H**ERE does she sit, her foot upon the wing  
Of a winged wheel, and in one mighty hand  
Holding aloft her golden rod of power;  
And in the other hand a flaming bar,  
With spear-like darting jagged lightning heads.  
Her face is like some ancient hero's face,  
Far-seeing eyes, and brows, where sleep the thoughts  
That shall be born in lightnings, and her lips  
Most smoothly curved, but set too firm that love  
Should dally with his rosy kisses there.  
Her corslet clasps her firm and vital breasts,  
But leaves uncaught her strong and placid neck,  
While her loose cloak like light around her floats.  
The very sandals of her feet are tipped  
With little wings! Oh, I could fly with her  
Into the farthest of her dimmest dreams,  
And grip her heart, and press it to mine own!

BARDEN TOWERS.

BARDEN TOWERS in a mist of rain,  
The trees all green and yellow and gold,  
A wistful gloom on the hills of pain,  
And a tale of sadness told.

She was sweet and he was fair,  
He was stirring and hale and glad,  
She was proud of her handsome lad,  
And he of her wide gold hair.

He was merely a yokel lad,  
But his heart was a passionate rising fire,  
And his hallo along the rolling wold  
Was a sound to make the sun aspire,  
And the summer mend and hold.

But a gallant sergeant came at length.  
He spoke to her lad; "You'll lend your heart  
To a stirring deed, to a stalwart part,  
The country's low for lack of strength,  
And of men that care to smart."

Oh what could a lad whose heart was fire,  
And what could a lass whose heart was fond,  
Yea he must out to his country's bond,  
And she must crush her soul's desire,  
—And the year lay down her wand!

The war was weary and ended not,  
And the news was sparse and vague and sad,  
"Oh what is the fate of my handsome lad,  
And what of his heart so wild and hot,  
And what of his lips so mad?"

"What of the fate of my lad whose song  
Was all for love, and for joy of love;  
Whose vows in the gold of my hair were wove,  
As his nesting arms grew sweet and strong,  
And the starlight swam above?"

Nay, lovely lass, with thy proud gold hair,  
Nay, lovely lass, so love forlorn,  
Who standest with thy heart shred-torn,  
And lean'st thy gaze on the grim hills there;  
The sad grim hills of morn.

Nay, lovely lass, 'tis well, 'tis well,  
Upon the third wan winter's noon,  
That thou goest listless by the dune,  
And deep into the forest dell,  
And moanest for thy tune.

Oh match thee with the birchen bark,  
And let thy feet touch dead, dead leaves,  
And gaze thou in yon stream that grieves,  
To see thine eyes so sad, so dark,  
And thine hair like golden sheaves.

Nay, lovely lass, 'tis well, 'tis well,  
Thou floatest white in the dark pool's arms,  
Thou drownest deep thy dark alarms,  
And liest peaceful in the hell  
Of thine hair, that floats and charms.

He sleeps, thy brave, thy handsome lad,  
Who sang awhile on the rolling wold,  
He lies deep down, in his red suit clad,  
He dreams with his heart that once was glad,  
And his mad red lips are cold.

Barden Towers in a mist of rain,  
The trees all green and yellow and gold,  
A wistful gloom on the hills of pain  
And a tale of sadness told.



# SAROJINI NAIDU.

## DIRGE.

WHAT longer hath she need of loveliness  
Whom Death hath parted from her lord's  
caress?

Of glimmering robes like rainbow-tangled mist,  
Of gleaming glass or jewels on her wrist,  
Blossoms or fillet-pearls to deck her head,  
Or jasmine garlands to adorn her bed?

Put by the mirror of her bridal days . . .  
Why needs she now its counsel or its praise,  
Or happy symbol of the henna leaf  
For hands that know the comradeship of grief,  
Red spices for her lips that drink of sighs,  
Or black collyrium for her weeping eyes?

Shatter her shining bracelets, break the string  
Threading the mystic marriage beads that cling  
Loth to desert a sobbing throat so sweet,  
Unbind the golden anklets on her feet  
Divest her of her azure veils and cloud  
Her living beauty in a living shroud.

Nay, let her be! . . . what comfort can we give  
For joy so frail, for hope so fugitive?  
The yearning pain of unfulfilled delight,  
The moonless vigils of her lonely night?  
For the abnormal anguish of her tears,  
And flowering springs that mock her empty years?

THE FESTIVAL OF SERPENTS.

SHINING ones awake ; we seek your chosen temples  
In caves and sheltering sandhills and sacred banyan  
roots ;

O lift your droning heads from their trance of ageless  
wisdom

And weave your mystic measures to the melody of  
flutes.

We bring you milk and maize ; wild figs and golden  
honey,

And kindle fragrant incense ; to hallow all the air  
With fasting lips we pray, with fervent hearts we  
praise you,

O bless our lowly offerings and hearken to our prayer.

Guard our helpless lives and guide our patient labours,  
And cherish our dear vision like the jewels in your  
crests ;

O spread your hooded watch for the safety of our  
slumbers,

And soothe the troubled longings that clamour in our  
breasts.

Swift are ye as streams and soundless as the dewfall,  
Subtle as the lightning and splendid as the sun ;

Seers are ye and symbols of ancient silence

Where life, and death, and sorrow, and ecstasy are  
one.

BANGLE SELLERS.

**B**ANGLE-SELLERS are we who bear  
Our shining loads to the temple fair. . . .  
Who will buy these delicate, bright  
Rainbow-tinted circles of light?  
Lustrous tokens of radiant lives,  
For happy daughters and happy wives.

Some are meet for a maiden's wrist,  
Silver and blue as the mountain mist,  
Some are flushed like the buds that dream  
On the tranquil brow of a woodland stream;  
Some are aglow with the bloom that cleaves  
To the limpid glory of new-born leaves.

Some are like fields of sunlit corn  
Meet for a bride on her bridal morn,  
Some, like the flame of her marriage fire,  
Or rich with the hue of her heart's desire,  
Tinkling, luminous, tender and clear,  
Like her bridal laughter and bridal tear.

Some are purple and cold-flecked grey,  
For her who has journeyed through life's midway,  
Whose hands have cherished, whose love has blessed  
And cradled fair sons on her faithful breast,  
Who serves her household in fruitful pride,  
And worships the gods at her husband's side.

GOLDEN CASSIA.

O BRILLIANT blossoms that strew my way,  
You are only woodland flowers, they say.

But I sometimes think that perchance you are  
Fragments of some new-fallen star;

Or golden lamps for a fairy shrine,  
Or golden pitchers for fairy wine.

Perchance you are, O frail and sweet!  
Bright anklet-bells from the wild spring's feet?

Or the gleaming tears that some fair bride shed  
Remembering her lost maidenhead.

But now, in the memoried dusk you seem  
The glimmering ghosts of a bygone dream.

## ERIC M. SILVANUS.

### \*EVENING ON THE DOWNS.

**M**AJESTIC as lone ruins reared of old,  
They stand in the still twilight gathering  
Over their sunset slopes. Around them cling  
Deep-tinted clouds, and vesture-like enfold  
The dark, low downs, that loom as waves storm-  
rolled  
Unbreaking in mid-ocean. Echoing,  
Faintly amid their unseen hollows ring  
The bells of sheep that muster to their fold.

Beneath the rampart of the low, long range  
Green Sussex sleeps, nor fears that Time or Change  
Shall mar the music of her hill and lea;  
Secure that nothing ever shall estrange  
Her children's love, eternal as the sea  
That crowns her infinite serenity.



# JEAN ISABEL SMITH.

## \*EASTERN WINTER.

**B**ITTER and shrill, O wind, bitter and shrill,  
Spare us no slashings of thy frozen blade;  
Most potent slayer, stunning heart and will,  
Thought-numbing, grinding, searing, unafraid;

Scourge of the iron sea and snow-dumb ways,  
Whirl the white stinging dust through lifeless skies;  
We wear the shackles of relentless days,  
Give us thy keenliest-whetted cruelties:—

Then, when we flee, by shadowy ways and far,  
These mindless shapes bereft of mystery,  
And fare through lands where scents and colours are,  
Yea, we—whose souls are small exceedingly;

When buttercups' largesse on sultry plains,  
And sun-dried mowings lying sweet and grey,  
And opal benison of quiet rains  
Have satisfied the reeling sense with May;

Grant us remembrance—(lest we fail to know  
One lavish moment's poignant loveliness,—)  
How in the grey streets passeth to and fro  
Shrill-crying, lost, night-blinded bitterness.

## J. C. SQUIRE.

### ON A RAILWAY STATION.

AS I stand waiting in the rain  
For the foggy hoot of the London train,  
Gazing at silent wall and lamp  
And post and rail and platform damp,  
What is this power that comes to my sight  
That I see a night without the night,  
That I see them clear, yet look them through  
The silvery things and the darkly blue,  
That the solid wall seems soft as death,  
A wavering and unanchored wraith,  
And rails that shine and stones that stream  
Unsubstantial as a dream?  
What sudden door has opened so,  
What hand has passed, that I should know  
This moving vision not of trance  
That melts the globe of circumstance,  
This sight that marks not least or most  
And makes a stone a passing ghost?

Is it that a year ago  
I stood upon this self-same spot;  
Is it that since a year ago  
The place and I have altered not;  
Is it that I half forgot,  
A year ago, and all despoised  
For a space the things that I had prized:  
The race of life, the glittering show?

Is it that now a year has passed  
Of vain pursuit of glittering things,  
Of fruitless searching, shouting, running,  
And greedy lies and candour cunning,  
Here as I stand the year above  
Sudden the heats and the strivings fail  
And fall away, a fluctuant veil,  
And the fixed familiar stones restore  
The old appearance-buried core,  
The moveless and essential me,  
The eternal personality  
Alone enduring first and last ?

No, this I have known in other ways,  
In other places, other days.  
Not only here, on this one peak,  
Do fixity and beauty speak  
Of the delusiveness of change  
Of the transparency of form,  
The bootless stress of minds that range,  
The awful calm behind the storm.  
In many places, many days,  
The invaded soul receives the rays  
Of countries she was nurtured in,  
Speaks in her silent language strange  
To that beyond which is her kin.  
Even in peopled streets at times  
A metaphysic arm is thrust  
Through the partitioning fabric thin,

And tears away the darkening pall  
Cast by the bright phenomenal,  
And clears the obscured spirit's mirror  
From shadows of deceptive error,  
And shows the bells and all their ringing,  
And all the crowds and all their singing,  
Carillons that are nothing's chimes  
And dust that is not even dust.

But rarely hold I converse thus  
Where shapes are bright and clamorous,  
More often comes the word divine  
In places motionless and far;—  
Beneath the white peculiar shine  
Of sunless summer afternoons;  
At eventide on pale lagoons  
Where hangs reflected one pale star;  
Or deep in the green solitudes  
Of still erect entrancéd woods.

O, in the woods alone lying,  
Scarce a bough in the wind sighing,  
Gaze I long with fervid power  
At leaf and branch and grass and flower,  
Breathe I breaths of trembling sight  
Shed from great urns of green delight,  
Take I draughts and drink them up  
Poured from many a stalk and cup.



Now do I burn for nothing more  
Than thus to gaze, thus to adore  
This exquisiteness of nature ever  
In silence. . . .

But with instant light  
Rends the film; with joy I quiver  
To see with new celestial sight  
Flower and leaf and grass and tree,  
Doomed barks on an eternal sea,  
Flit phantom-like as transient smoke.  
Beauty herself her spell has broke,  
Beauty, the herald and the lure,  
Her message told, may not endure;  
Her portal opened, she has died,  
Supreme immortal suicide.  
Yes, sleepless nature soundless flings  
Invisible grapples round the soul,  
Drawing her through the web of things  
To the primal end of her journeyings,  
Her ultimate and constant pole.

For Beauty with her hands that beckon  
Is but the Prophet of a Higher,  
A flaming and ephemeral beacon,  
A Phoenix perishing by fire.  
Herself from us herself estranges,  
Herself her mighty tale doth kill,  
That all things change yet nothing changes,  
That all things move yet all are still.



I cannot sink, I cannot climb,  
Now that I see my ancient dwelling,  
The central orb untouched of time,  
And taste a peace all bliss excelling.  
Now I have broken Beauty's wall,  
Now that my kindred world I hold,  
I care not though the cities fall  
And the green earth go cold.

### THE THREE HILLS.

THERE were three hills that stood alone  
With woods about their feet.  
They dreamed quiet when the sun shone  
And whispered when the rain beat.

They wore all three their coronals  
Till men with houses came  
And scored their heads with pits and walls  
And thought the hills were tame.

Red and white when day shines bright,  
They hide the green for miles;  
Where are the old hills gone? At night  
The moon looks down and smiles.

She knows the captors small and weak,  
She knows the prisoners strong,  
She hears the patient hills that speak :  
‘ Brothers, it is not long ;

‘ Brothers we stood when they were not  
Ten thousand summers past.  
Brothers when they are clean forgot  
We shall outlive the last ;

One shall die and one shall flee  
With terror in his train,  
And earth shall eat the stones, and we  
Shall be alone again.’

F. W. STOKOE.

WE TWO ARE ON THE SELF-SAME  
PLANET . . .

WE two are on the self-same planet,—  
And were you over the gulf, on Mars,  
Would I not try a bridge to span it  
And dare the cold between the stars?

But you are here where skies are grey,  
And shivering trees are bleak and brown,  
And field and fen stretch far away,  
Mile on mile, from Cambridge town.

They've made a road from me to you,  
And lit their lamp-posts all along;  
And there is nothing left to do  
But sing my ineffectual song.

\*THREE SONGS TO FIDELIO.

I.

**I**F you will meet me where the moon  
Is quiet on the moorland reaches,  
Or in the shade of dappled glade  
Beneath the haunted beeches—  
If you will wait, O faery boy,  
I will not linger.  
So wave your hand from Faery Land  
And beckon with your finger.

“Awake! Awake!” I hear you cry.  
And now your reedy pipes are shrill  
Far, far away, beyond the day,  
Beyond the Faery Hill.  
But wait, but wait, O faery boy,  
I come by height and hollow.  
For now I hear your music clear  
Cry: “Follow! Follow! Follow!”

II.

I may not catch you with my hands,  
Your voice is just beyond my ear,  
And vision cannot reach the lands  
Where I might see you clear:  
They are so far, so near.

My longing has no shape or name,  
My joy is fleeting as the dew :  
Who heard a footstep as it came ?  
Or, when it vanished, knew  
Which way he might pursue ?

At ebbing noon-tide on the hill  
You come—ah, surely you are there :  
So near you are, so near—and still  
I seek you everywhere,  
Nor find you anywhere.

### III.

Pipe me a silver song,  
A fleeting strain,  
Like shining wind along  
A leafy plain—  
Swift sunlight caught among  
Shadows and rain.

Calling loud and calling still,  
Over mossy bank and rill,  
Piping soft and piping shrill.



Pipe me your golden notes  
Of noonday sound,  
Luring the sunny notes  
In magic round  
Where summer quiet floats  
In glooms spell-bound.

Calling clear and calling low,  
Deeper down the woods you go,  
Piping soft and piping slow.

Pipe me the call at last  
That is for me :  
Sudden and soaring fast  
And stooping free,  
Over the hills it passed  
Beside the sea.

Calling, calling, wild and sweet  
Whither went no mortal feet,  
Piping soft and piping fleet.

\*MARY FORD AND JIMMY PRICE.

A GHOST STORY.

**J**IMMY Price was twelve, and played  
Where the chestnut cast a shade  
Near the crumbling house of God,  
Anno Domini, Nineteen Odd.

Mary Ford, at twenty-five,  
Gave up pretending to be alive:  
This, says her tombstone under the tree,  
Happened in 1743.

Now, as Jimmy plays alone,  
All his pretty fellows gone  
Home to supper, home to bed,  
Mary rises from the dead.

Just her very self again  
Mary rises, prim and plain.  
Jimmy, scared to death almost,  
Shut his eyes to hide the ghost.

Mary cried to him: "Never fear,  
I won't hurt you, Jimmy dear:  
It's only Mary, poor Mary Ford,  
Tired of resting in the Lord.

Look, they say I fell asleep :  
I didn't, though they laid me deep,—  
I've waked and watched, year in year out,  
The living people walk about.

When I was living in this land  
I found them hard to understand ;  
And now I'm dead I often lie  
Wondering whether they're mad, or I.

I like the rain and wind and trees  
And birds and flowers and cows and bees,  
Who work and play and make no lies  
To prove that they are good and wise.

I like the children best of all  
And watch them playing till nightfall ;  
And when they've left me, Jimmy dear,  
I feel so awful lonely here."

Jimmy opened his eyes again :  
Mary looked so prim and plain,  
He couldn't really feel afraid  
To think she'd watched them as they played.

" I had a young man once. When he  
(Said Mary) came a-courting me,  
I thought I knew what folk were after  
With all their tears and looks and laughter.

But if I did, I soon forgot  
When he went off with Alice Scott,  
And I was pitied for what he'd done,  
In 1741.

But Jimmy dear, you mustn't cry;  
Those bad old times are long gone by.  
And now I watch the children play  
And never grieve till they're away.

You little boys are bold and strong  
And after mischief all day long;  
Your pretty bodies, swift and free,  
Your shrilling voices, call to me.

Oh Jimmy dear, will you away  
With Mary Ford to come and play?  
That I may have you for my own,  
And never more be all alone."

And Mary stretched her arms to him,  
Till Jimmy shook in every limb;  
He shook for pity, he shook for fear,  
He shook for love of his Mary dear.

He loves her dear as she smiles to him,  
Poor Mary Ford, so plain and prim;  
His eyes are all for Mary's face,  
He longs for Mary's still embrace;  
He weeps and sighs and cannot move.  
And Mary comes to take her love.

As Jimmy's mother came seeking him  
He sobbed and moaned in the churchyard dim :  
"Oh Mother, you've frightened poor Mary away,  
Poor Mary, who wanted so much to play.

She was standing there by the old tombstone ;  
And now poor Mary must play alone."  
So Jimmy Price went home to bed,  
And Mary joined the restless dead.

### THE MAD MAGICIAN.

I BUILT a palace, high up in air,  
Tower and gallery, hall and stair.

Marble I wrought in, iron and gold.  
Ever and ever this house will hold.

When I had made it fair and strong  
I set it drifting the wind along

While I went seeking by hall and stair,  
Sure of finding my darling there.



But silent the hall was, and empty the bower;  
It was only an echo that sang in the tower.

I went to the window and saw them stare  
At my palace hanging serene in air.

I know they hate me: I hear them cry,  
"The mad magician has learnt to fly!"

"What, I have found you? This is your face,  
Clear in the gloom of the market-place:

"Quiet and clear in the turbid crowd,  
You, like a star in a wrack of cloud.

"Now you have seen me—now the surprise  
Dawns in the dark of your dreaming eyes.

"You,—oh for you the palace, the song,—  
You that I built it for fair and strong,

"Will you come to me? Answer me while you may,  
Ere the wind has caught my palace away."

Loud laughed the throng as I drifted by:  
"The mad magician has learnt to fly."

\*ODE TO EARTHLY JOY.

PAUSE, Joy! I cannot follow. Just a space  
Turn through the dusk the candour of your face  
To cool my burning eyes.  
You made no halt in your relentless race  
Since I was driven out of Paradise  
And torn from your embrace.

Is this pursuit of you for ever vain?  
To hold you once and never hold again  
Through all the breathless years,  
To strive where never mortal shall attain  
And still be fooled in laughter and in tears,  
Is more than human pain.

I followed ever, where by land and sea  
Vanishing lovely shapes have haunted me,  
Swift touches, sounds, and gleams—  
Hints of a perfect splendour, that must be  
Your very self, as tender as my dreams,  
As rapturous and free.

The spell of loveliness on wood and hill  
Is yours, and morning happiness, and still,  
Unfathomed bliss of night,  
And seasons moving at their various will:  
The cup no human thirst can drain outright,  
No god can ever fill:

The skies, the clouds, the winds, the unmeasured  
spaces,  
Rivers, and cragged mountains; upland places  
And sloping tall hillsides:  
All that our heart in tremulous pride embraces,  
And subtler influence of moods and tides,  
And sense of shadowy traces.

You touch with wonder our desire and mirth,  
All aims and pleasures of imperfect birth,  
The very pang of lust;  
And love, that comes before all power and worth,  
Might scarcely shape such beauty out of dust  
Did you forsake the earth.

And yours the wonder of all times and lands,  
Of tongues, and work of human hearts and hands,  
Of thought, and deeds, and art.  
Only to you the unbroken temple stands  
That human love has wrought in every part  
To endure among the sands.

For you beyond all earthly good we crave,  
Loveliest of spirits visiting us, save  
Your shy and seldom brother  
Who dwells beyond the silence of the grave;  
And well it may be, you but serve that other,  
And his the best you gave.

## AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

### \*MYSELF.

SOMETHING of joy I feel and something fear  
When to my soul's own depths I gaze adown.  
'Tis dark and fiery like a living town,  
And cries and strivings rise as I bend near.  
Yet from the shadowed murk of streets there rear  
Full many a pure church cross and spire that crown  
And cast a halo o'er the city's frown,  
Or make a star by which the vessels steer.  
Touched are they not by all the strife below;  
Still and erect they stand; God made them so.  
But in and out the crowded streets, it seems,  
Is heard the laughter of a little child,  
And, clasped about the city sin-defiled,  
There lies the magic country-side of dreams.

\*FOR MY MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

I SHALL not see your ship put out to sea,  
Nor stand to watch its smoke grow less and less,  
Nor long, in some half-choking words, to bless,  
And say "Let winds and waves all kindly be."  
But oh, when you leave England on your lea,  
Know there are tears 'tis folly to repress,  
And there's a kind of sudden loneliness  
That comes to those who watch the coast-line flee.  
But I was born to see my ships set sail,  
And sit at home and shiver in the gale.  
And I was born to see my loved ones go,  
And set my hopes a-sail through mist and rain,  
Knowing that love, which burns at parting so,  
Shall be a light to draw them home again.

\*THE PRAYER.

AS when the lone sea calls  
With swift strong voices of the ebbing tide,  
And the river, deep between its borders,  
Goes hurrying down to the remorseless sea—  
So flowed my life away. And the sea lay  
Grey as the wings of God's death-angel are,  
Certain as time, and than despair more still;  
While I, adown th' enchanted drowsy stream



Was all resistless borne.

I oped my eyes. There were two doctors near,  
Resolute and grave. To myself I seemed  
No more myself but some strange battlefield,  
Whereon they fought against an unseen foe.  
I saw my mother; and him whose love had made  
My life an ecstasy of joy and pain.  
Between these two an angel stood, all grey,  
With grey wings softer than a seamew's breast  
And eyes all shrouded from the gaze of men.  
"Lo, this is Death," I mused, "all robed in grey."  
And still th'enchanted drowsy stream flowed on,  
Beating some rhythmic music in my ears  
Until the sea should silence all at last.

Overhead my children slept. And I thought  
"What when they wake, and, calling for me,  
Find that there is no longer Mother there?"  
Then gathered I my strength and fashioned it  
To prayer, and took my love and made it wings  
Wherewith to fly to God's far-distant throne.  
I felt that with the gift of that one prayer  
I surely gave my children all I had.  
While lower, swifter sped the drowsy stream  
While yet the angel stood all hooded, by my bed.  
And here, there, with anxious decided steps,  
The doctors walked. My left hand lay in yours.

The day broke, and the pale light all unreal,  
Came creeping in my room. Then all the birds  
Chorused with deafening clamour from the trees,  
The sun weighed down the earth with heavy bars

Of light. Sudden a laugh, and a quick patter  
Of footsteps overhead. The children wake!  
The ebbing river ceased its drowsy flow,  
I saw the angel spread his sombre wings,—  
And he was gone. Op'ning my eyes, I saw  
Dim faces round me, and there the doctor  
Sitting stiffly, his fingers on my pulse. . .

**\*THAT TWO PERSONS CANNOT BE ONE.**

**T**HE years have judgement given. They have done  
Slowly to death the hope that was in me  
That I could fuse my life with life of thee—  
Such life was withered e'er it had begun.  
Yea, when we thought our bodies' love had won  
Our very souls from longing to be free,  
And we were one, as waves and deep are sea,  
Time knew he gave such glory unto none.  
O love of mine, if I may not be thou,  
If all myself was never mine to give,  
If lone as we were born, we lone must live,  
'Twas better, finer, to misunderstand  
The ways of love, than coldly touch thy hand,  
Content with chilly lips upon my brow.

\*TO A KING'S MAN.

WHEN gazing deep down in your eyes  
I feel your look is like a touch  
To wake the love that sleeping lies.  
When gazing deep down in your eyes  
I see the limbs of love arise  
And shrink back lest I see too much.  
When gazing deep down in your eyes  
I feel your look is like a touch.

\*ARCHITECTURE.

I STOOD within a city church at eve,  
And from the street outside there rose a roar,  
That beat in many a wave against the door,  
As if some sea of torment sought reprieve.  
I almost feared the flood of sound would cleave  
My gates and steal away their quiet store.  
But all the church was still from roof to floor,  
And stillness did the dusk of evening weave.  
Dim pillars stood like steadfast souls at prayer,  
And never a light lit up the altar stair.  
Then I was glad that I was there alone  
To learn what meant the church that man had made.  
And I took strength from stall and arch and stone  
To face the world's deep anguish unafraid.

\*A MOTHER, ON HER SON'S 21st  
BIRTHDAY.

**M**Y son is mine no more. He is a man,  
And as a man he meets his life alone.

I'm grown as some madonna carved of stone,  
To kneel before, to honour, and forget.

He was the child I made—and now a man—

I thought his very blood was mine ;

I made his soul and with it did entwine

My soul, my life, my very self—and yet

He is not I, he stands alone, a man.

He cannot see I made him as he is,

Gave him the breath of beauty with my kiss,  
Taught him the tune of pain, with eyelids wet.

He loves me, but he needs me not. A man

Needs but himself, and right ; but I—but I—

I need a child ; I need to hush its cry,

And be the god on whom its eyes are set.

\*THE IRISH POET.

**M**Y eyes are blue with gazing on thy deeps,  
My hair is rippled by thy wind, O sea,  
My lullaby thy song that never sleeps,

As thou art limitless, so am I free.

O sea, O mountains, make my song to be  
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.



Now as I stand above thy flowing tide  
I see a Spanish galleon take the bay  
So come my dreams upon my soul a-ride,  
As waves are ridden by the tossing spray.  
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be  
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

The sea grows leaden as the sun goes down,  
The mountains shudder forth their breath in mist,  
But the highest hill-crest wears a golden crown,  
So crowned are men who to their dreams may list.  
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be  
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

O western hills, the cradle of my race,  
Ye mountains cold, their marriage-bed and shroud,  
Than yours I'll seek no other wife's embrace  
If I may speak your stormy soul aloud.  
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be  
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.



\*LOVE NOT THE DEAD O'ERMUCH.

**L**OVE not the dead o'ermuch. You hold them  
here

When, king-like they should come into their own,  
And, in some spirit-mother's womb resown,  
Be sons of life, sans darkness and sans fear.  
But, as in sombre waters of a mere,  
The stars their image from afar drop down,  
The dead shall light your soul, the dead whose crown  
Makes up the light of every starry sphere.

But know, when e'er the dead can hear our grief  
They linger all our barren earth around,  
And touch us with the wind's too-plaintive sound,  
Whispering back our grief within our ears.  
Then gather of your pain the ripened sheaf—  
Turn to the living—they need all your tears.

\*THE DIFFERENCE.

**I**F ever thou didst turn aside  
Or could'st unfaithful be,  
And then re-tread the wayward path  
And bring back love to me,

I never could be glad again  
Or light of heart, but yet  
I'd put my hands upon thy eyes  
And help thee to forget.

I'd plant a hedge of briar-rose  
Across the paths that stray,  
Until at last thou wouldst forget  
That thou hadst walked that way.

But yet if e'er I durst to look  
Into some strange man's eyes,  
Thou wouldst be just as Jewish God,  
Impassive as the skies.

\*TWO THINGS.

TWO things I ask of you, and they are these,  
When all my little deeds and I are dead,  
And life's last wave has gathered o'er my head,  
Forget me, as you would forget the breeze  
That sudden stirs at nightfall in the trees  
And with the first bright peep of stars is fled.  
My soul starts out alone without a dread  
And longs to drink oblivion to the lees.  
But if from out my sombre life I flung  
Some spark of song that sprang afire and sung  
Such strains as woke your song to answer mine,  
Memory be brazier for the sacred fire,  
And unforgetting praise your priests' attire.  
I would be mortal and my words divine.

# EDMUND VALE.

## OLD JAPAN.

I CAN hear the children clapping,  
Hidden in the misty morning,  
On the shores of Old Japan.  
I can see the junk sail flapping,  
Red with light that's ruddier dawning,  
On the snows of Fuji San.

While the filmy haze is lifting,  
I can see through many a rifting  
Shaggy fir trees, little islands,  
Like a painted Nipon fan,  
Like a fan that's silver rounded,  
For the bay is sandy bounded,  
Stretching to the flowery highlands  
Of the heart of Old Japan.

Here are things that Westerns share not,  
Here business, time and haste compare not  
In the dull or in the clever  
With the peace of mind of man;  
Here with joy in mist and glamour,  
Droning chant and ringing clamour,  
Naked children play for ever  
Simple games of Old Japan.

Play on then till bats are dipping,  
Till the shades of night come tripping  
And your souls in dark are hidden,  
Sweet Kodomo and Nésan,  
For a darker shade approaching  
From the Westward is encroaching,  
Pressing onward unforbidden  
Round the shores of Old Japan.

And while temple gongs are booming,  
By Pagodas dimly looming  
And by many an ancient Tori  
And by paper lanterns wan,  
Progress comes with fingers stealing  
Without mercy, without feeling,  
Waiting but to grip your story,  
Then he'll close it, Old Japan.

\*THE WINDMILL.

“COME to where the wind is sighing,  
Where the bats are thickly flying,  
Where the red lights lie a-dying,  
And the evening droops its shroud

"Come upon my sails and wonder  
At the mystery of my thunder,  
At my groaning  
And my creaking,  
As the cloud of night comes reeking,  
Casting me about and speaking  
Wild and loud.

"All the day I work in silence,  
Half asleep my sails go round,  
But at night I think and listen  
To the thoughts the stars have found,  
For the day with all its brilliance  
Has not half the truth of night:  
Children plight their love in darkness  
But they veil it in the light.

"I have heard the boys at day prime,  
I have seen the men at noon,  
And the grey-beards pass me silent  
In the hush t'wixt sun and moon.  
They have sought the truth in day-time  
While I slept and let them play,  
But when night came down they found it,  
For there is no truth in day."



THE KING'S WHITE DAUGHTER.

BEHOLD! "The Bride's Descent," a thousand  
steps to a great river,  
Decked all with garlands for nuptials soon to be—  
Old towers and gateways leading up for ever  
Through ancient Courts of Silence to the Kingdom  
of Faerie.

And the wild swans flew up that sunny water,  
And the wild swans flew down;  
And high above the lawns where walked the King's  
White Daughter  
They flew and took the sunlight which sparkled in  
her crown.

And on the lawn she saw them, their long V'd  
shadows slanting,  
While beside her walked the peacocks, and behind  
her strolled the page;  
And she cried with her hands clasped, "Why should  
these go flaunting?  
They kill the pretty sunlight! 'Tis the sign of  
Death and Age!"

"There is nor age nor death for thee, my Lady,  
Thou art enchanted"—and up he took his bow.  
"True!" she cried laughing, "but still more persuade me,  
Strike them through their long necks, through their  
long necks all of snow!"

Another shadow—a shadow swift and narrow  
Yea, so swift and narrow, she saw it not at all—  
Fled across her sunny crown,—’twas but the page’s  
arrow.  
And she looked up and laughed, to see the wild  
swan fall.

And still another shadow between the lawn and sun-  
light—  
The shadow of a red streak falling through the  
air—  
Down in the river is the wounded swan’s death fight;  
But his blood has splashed on the King’s White  
Daughter fair;

Splashed on her peacocks and on her pretty Page-boy,  
And lo! there steals a music calling soft and faint  
Through the great gardens and orchards of the King’s  
joy  
From the ancient terraced thousand steps—“The  
Bride’s Descent.”

Behold! her true love is a prince enchanted,  
And he has turned wild swan, to see his love at  
play:  
And lo! her page has shot him, but his Fairy Sire  
has granted  
His death’s wish—He’s a galleon to bear them all  
away.

At the Bridal Steps he waits to bear his love in  
Himself, a round prowed galleon, white as drifted  
snow,  
But no reflection swims upon the iris'd margin,  
No shadow falls on the smooth flood below.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the thousand steps when the day was sinking  
Came the King's White Daughter, her peacocks,  
and her page,  
And before them moved the players of the charmed  
music singing,  
Death on the one hand and on the other Age.

On the last Bridal step when the moon was on the  
river  
—Purple dark, with white stars, shining through  
above—  
The Princess took her gold crown and cast it off for  
ever,  
Because for her gold crown she had slain her love.

Forth from the thousand steps on the gleaming  
water,  
Leaving Death and Age in the Kingdom of Faerie,  
Sailed the page, the peacocks, and the King's White  
Daughter,  
Silent through the wild swans asleep upon the sea.

# OLWEN WARD.

## SONG.

LOVE with light step passes,  
And returns not ever—  
As wind among the grasses,  
As wind upon a river.

The grasses lean and listen  
Where the wind has beckoned,  
Stoop and sway and glisten  
For a fleeting second.

Only one, in token  
Of that light-foot lover,  
Only one is broken  
And the rest recover.

So Love comes and passes,  
As the wind comes, shaking  
Lightly many grasses,  
And one only breaking.

\*TO A LECTURER.

O WHAT, alas, can yet delay,  
Or what recall the hours  
That while I grasp them fade away  
Like dreams, like friends, like flowers.

There is a wisdom that endures  
After the teacher dies—  
Not so the wisdom that is yours,  
Of tones, of smiles, of sighs.

And when the vivid voice is still,  
And the eloquent face is gone,  
Dull memory is mute and chill,  
The ecstasy is flown.

O could the gods immortalize  
The one remaining hour,  
The mind's delight, the soul's surprise,  
And your elusive power!



## \*ENID WELSFORD.

“ My grief on the sea,  
How the waves of it roll!  
For they heave between me  
And the love of my soul !”

*(Douglas Hyde. From the Irish).*

Look above, look below, look around on every side!  
Dank grass, bent trees and nothing else you see,  
Why talk you then so wildly of the rolling of the  
tide,  
The wind that stirs bad weather up, a ship that  
sails the sea?

Do you see him, do you see him? He's standing by  
the mast.  
Come back, come back! Oh will you never hear?  
He stands upright, half smiling, with his face towards  
the blast,  
My voice is weak and cannot reach as far as you,  
my dear.

Hide your eyes, hide your eyes, and look from him  
if you can!  
His face shines pale beneath the moonlit skies  
For he is sick at heart for home, yet proud to be a  
man—  
But oh his guileless baby mouth, his open childlike  
eyes—

*Enid Welsford.*

Look above, look below, look around you far and wide  
Dank grass, bent trees and nothing else you see!  
He is too young to be alone, I should be at his side—  
And oh that I were there with him beneath the  
rolling sea.

# IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

## AT MUSIC.

TO and fro, and out and back  
The music swings me, lying slack  
And limp and tired; and now it's day,  
And now it's night, and I'm away  
With queer inconsequential things,  
While still the music swings and swings.  
I hardly listen to the sound  
Which yet slips in and laps around  
Work-sodden brain and listless sense . . .  
"An ecstasy for eighteenpence"  
I think—and then I wonder why  
I thought of that. Perhaps I try  
To listen, and I watch the flies  
Dancing about the light, till eyes  
Grow dazed and numb . . . Then suddenly  
The music grips me, thrills to me  
With little shudders up my flesh,  
Like sunsparks where the wind is fresh,  
That scatter out across a lake,  
When day is new and just awake.

\*HESITANCY.

OH heart, how long shall we serve errantry  
Among the mazes of uncertain youth?  
How long be hampered round with this uncouth  
Grotesque array of half-fidelity,  
Half-love, half-wisdom; all this misery  
Of wondering? But when shall we with smooth  
And easy mind say "Look! for here is truth,  
Here love, and here the godhead certainty."

Shall that god come? or must we bear about  
With us the torment of a sleepless wit?  
Still shirk acceptance? Still desire to prove?  
And even in life's best moment, paled with doubt,  
Between the passion and the chill of it  
Be cursed with wonder "Is this really love?"

\*THE LITTLE OWL.

*(On the Upper River, Cambridge.)*

WE glide and are still on the stream  
In quiet that drugs the wit,  
The sun has charmed our hearts  
As the day is charmed with it;

And the little owl in the willow,  
So passionless, still, we seem,  
As little fears our passing  
As he fears the passing stream.

The sun has charmed our hearts,  
Our sense, to tranquility—  
Quiet as weeds in the river  
Or the little owl in the tree.

### LA VECCHIA.

*(To Walter Sickert, for his drawing.)*

I THINK that that sad look of yours to-day—  
That dreamy gazing at the distances,  
Which keeps you standing rapt and motionless  
In that near present of the far away—  
Is full of memories and interplay  
Of thoughts of many days of happiness  
When you were swift to dance and bright of tress,  
That now are heavy-limbed and old and grey.

Perhaps it is the chatting of the birds  
In the new sun that brings to you again  
The thought that on a day just such as this  
You should have seen him come, have heard his words,  
Have felt—No. Only guessing at your pain  
I watch you gaze upon your memories.



LOVE DEMONIANC.

(*A Grotesque.*)

FIRST a vague walking through the half-dark wood,  
An aimless feeling in the torpid blood ;  
A white blur growing through the black pine trees ;  
A gasp staccato, trembling in the knees,  
At more distinction of the coming face ;  
A cry to send the darkness round the place  
Reeling—"Ah shining lamp" . . . "Ah fellow flame,  
There was great darkness here until this came,  
This splendid rush of love demoniac."

. . . . .

And then—a sudden shiver down the back.

# ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

## FIRST LIGHT.

A HARBOUR light in a storm,  
A well in a waste of sand,  
A beacon light on a hopeless night,  
A friend in an alien land.

A twilight flush in the East,  
A star in a clouded sky,  
A loyal blade for a cause betrayed,  
A breath from an age gone by.

Sweet in a loveless world,  
Pure in a tainted air,  
Oh, who could see and not worship thee?  
Lose thee and not despair?

\*WHEN WAR WAS THREATENED TO  
ENGLAND

LOOK down, O Lord, on this our Motherland,  
Thine England of the Seas; below the verge  
Her foes are gathering, even as the surge  
Musters its long dark lines to storm the sand.  
What worth have we or valour to withstand  
The shock of hosts, what merit to emerge  
Pure from the flame? yet grant to us the scourge  
But spare the bolt in Thine uplifted hand.

Great God, Who dost not doom the sins of men  
With cold, grey justice of a human eye,  
Have not our fathers glorified Thy name?  
Hath she no service yet? O grant us then  
This respite, gracious Lord, or else to die  
Before our dear, dear country owns her shame.

\*CAMBRIDGE UP TO DATE.

LITTLE don Perkins,  
Social psychologist,  
Proved after hall  
To old Dowbiggin  
(Master of Arts and Doctor of Science)  
That time and space and matter and motion  
(In short, God's universe)  
Were just a machine of one, two, three,  
Known unto Perkins  
Revealed to Dowbiggin.

While over the court, the naked universe  
Arched with its laughter of a million suns,  
And every orb, out of the sea  
Of that unfathomable night blue,  
Sang—*Gloria in excelsis deo!*

While little don Perkins  
Played double dummy,  
And old Dowbiggin  
Slumbered sonorous.

## EPILOGUE.

**I**F there be breath of God in ocean's rise and fall,  
If there be God behind the stars and sullen blue,  
If all our dreams that we would proudly hold as  
true  
Are shadows from the light of God who is the All;

If we who looked adoringly in Nature's eyes,  
And we who find in Love the highest truth we  
know  
And bear the blazing torch of song aloft to show  
Divinity indwells the lovely forms we prize;

If we, then, poets, dare believe as we dare see  
The God above, among us, who is God indeed,  
O Thou, who gave us voice and vision to our  
need,  
Take to Thyself the songs that had their birth in  
Thee.

*Sarasvati.*





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