

TO MALICE
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
ALFRIDA TILLYARD

1917



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To Malise
And Other Poems.

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TO MALISE

AND

Other Poems

BY

AELFRIDA TILLYARD

(Mrs. Constantine Graham).

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TO MALISE.

Thy nature is what Youth of Man should be,
Still bright with lingering touch of God's bright
hand—

As when a vessel, newly put to land,
Bears still the salt and perfume of the sea.
Not memory alone created thee,
For there is interwove a stronger strand,
Fabric as men and gods together planned,
Of strong Time blended with Eternity.
Radiant art thou as miracle of dawn,
With might as days that from dark nights are
born.

I watch thy ways and know not where they go.
Nearest of all am I, yet not too near ;
For shall a man mar youth, who holds it dear,
Or guess what changeless-changing years may
show ?

December 29th, 1908.

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DEDICATION.

À toi.

Sonnets.

HOMESICKNESS.

(To C.S.S.)

My sickness lengthens every weary street,
Burns hotter with the sun's tormenting ray,
Drags out, like long drawn sighs, the hours of
day,
Cuts off the gleaming wings from fancy's feet.
Only desires for home are made more fleet ;
And pain-swift thoughts, that once quiescent
lay,
Uprise in flocks upon their homeward way,
Reach yearned-for sights my eyes may never
meet.
My sickness sleeps not with the sleeping night,
But waits unrested for each morning's light.
So ache my eyes to see the green-grown sod,
God's-acre in which home-come souls are blest,
Where home and death shall grant my prayer
for rest—
I cannot raise my longing looks to God.

Odessa, May 10, 1907.

MY PURITANISM.

Forgive me, Lord, the joy I never saw.
I turned my eyes from beauty on this earth,
To which Thy joy in loving us, gave birth.
I bound my life around with ugly law,
Consigned all laughter to the devil's jaw,
Made drouth in summer, in abundance dearth,
And damned as evil all my children's mirth,
Till even joy in Thee was virtue's flaw.
I dared to curse what Thou hadst seen was good,
Dared pray Thou mightst not send me daily
food.
But, as in anger, Thou wouldest naught withhold,
Thou gavest riches, children, woman's love,
To charm my heart too coldly set above.
Forgive my hands they would not touch God's
gold !

Odessa, May 18th, 1907.

TO BEETHOVEN.

To thee was given Pentecostal speech,
Alone to thee, of all men who desire
One flame at least of that undying fire,
Heaven-sent to those whom God ordains to
teach.

Thy music brings to each his dream in reach ;
Strikes for the silent bard a golden lyre,
Bids the blind man his strained-for world
admire,

With waves of music flung on fancy's beach.
Some, listening, see the home they loved in
youth,

Or rest, enchanted, from their quest for truth.
Gold glitters bright before the miser's eye,
The hands of failure rest upon success,
The childless woman hears her baby's cry—
They all see light, and wilt thou show me less ?

Odessa, May 20th, 1907.

ON READING "YEAST," BY CH. KINGSLEY

I tread the path that youth has trod before,
Ask the same questions, and with self-same gaze
Peer out the paths in this dark, world-old maze
Which covers life from birth's wave to death's
shore.

I eager stretch my hand to touch once more
Things touched a thousand times from dawn of
days,
And turn aside to look down all the ways
Men sought and, saddened, left in years of yore.
The old stand by, and, in their time-dulled voice,
Cry "Touch not, seek not; do not dare rejoice
That worlds are young, the fire of life new-lit.
For all is old, and thou art old as we,
And time draws near when thou shalt surely sit
And bless the God who would not let thee see."

Odessa, June 9th, 1907.

TO DEATH.

Strong are thy arms, O Death, and very sweet;
Thy voiceless calling stronger than the sound
Of many-tongued life. And yet I found
Thou knew'st not that thy power was complete
And didst insistently thy call repeat,
As salt wind blows o'er sea-touched dune and
mound
And flings the sea's call in my face, and round
Me makes the earth outstretch, the waves to
meet.

Strong are thy arms, yet softer is thy breast,
With peace as peace of weariness confessed.
Sweet in my nostrils is thy pregnant breath,
When Life has tired my flickering flame to fan.
Yet, since they tear me from the love of man,
I fear, with hate, thy bitter hands, O Death.

Odessa, November 24th, 1907.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

The past stepped by my side with dark-veiled
face,

Her hair trailed like the mists on distant hill—
She never turned my waiting hands to fill ;
She passed, dark-veiled—then light stood in her
place.

The future's cheeks are bright as from a race ;
He moves as swift as floods press through a
mill ;

His laugh is clear as plash of mountain rill ;
Golden his cloak and broidered o'er with lace.

The light the past had left fell on his hair
I held a mirror to him “ See—how fair
Thou art, above the dreams of all mankind
Look on thyself. Thou canst not but adore.’
I marvelled that he still his gaze forebore.
When lo ! I saw his wide-oped eyes were blind.

Brookline, Mass., February 27th, 1908.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER THAT SHE MAY HAVE A CHILD.

Breathe on my earthly love, O Holy Ghost,
Till of its formless gold a child be made.
I only ask a child, whose life must fade,
Thou maker of the whole heaven's deathless
host.

His soul shall not be mine, for at the most
I ask his form upon my bosom laid.

Let me but touch the answer, as I prayed
"Let not my womanhood, O Lord, be lost."

For Thou alone of souls the maker art—
To bring one soul to earth my rightful part.
I turn to Thee, for now the Love-God wild,
Who cried that offspring molten was of fire,
Has failed me. All the heat of my desire
Gives not the power to bear one living child

Brookline, Mass., March 1-2, 1908

THE CITY SPEAKS TO THE COUNTRY.

(To F.M.T and A.R.T.)

Man cut the lids from off my straining eyes,
That from the scorch of life I may not sleep.
Man bared my soul. Henceforth I may not
keep

As secret, aught of man that in me lies.
My loves shout loud, as do my market-cries ;
I hush not when my stricken children weep ;
While, clangring as one vast machine, I reap
The golden harvest of who sells and buys.
Man bade me bend not down my mighty head
Before a God—for let God rule the dead.
Heaven's dome makes not a church for me ;
and in

My streets there is no silent aisle for prayer.
Sweet gloaming have I none. Dark falls but
where

Man needs a shameful night to veil his sin.

Brookline, Mass., March 17th, 1908.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HER CHILD.

I think earth hushed when God's first child was
born,

Whose form was fashioned of God's breath, and
clay.

The night, who had but just loosed hands from
day,

Veiled her fierce eyes, while in the sky the torn
Fire-wrack, prisoned as sunset and as dawn,
Burned soft. From field and forest the array
Of new-made beasts did wondering homage pay.
God smiled upon His last creative morn.

Stainless of future sins was born the man,
In peace divine the noise of life began.

Soothe once again the anguish of the earth,
Let cities hush, let all the hills breathe low,
Tormented tides cease tossing to and fro,
That one hour's peace attend my baby's birth.

Brookline, Mass., April 21st, 1908.

THE FEAR OF THE SEA.

I fear thee, Sea, as all mankind fear death.
Yet not because thou ownest power to kill,
Nor yet, blind worker of another's will,
Thou'rt led by winds that are a godward breath.
I do not fear thee for thy voice which saith
How human tears thy salty basin fill,
Each tide the twisted anguish of some ill,
Each wave off-broken from the flood of death.—
Thy crests, keen-forked as if of liquid flame,
I love or curse, will leap and glint the same.
Since thou art blind, O Sea, I bear thee hate—
Fear is begotten by the dread in man,
Who dead, with fear unkilled, gave me the span
Of so much fear, to bear and to relate.

Brookline, Mass., April 23rd, 1908.

THE ASCETE.

Thou didst not come to give Thy people peace.
Christ hear! I feel within my heart the sword
Which Thou hast chosen as the fit reward
For all who seek in Truth but strife's release.
Yet in Thy Church Thou bidst not striving
cease.

And to my vain renouncements dost award
No greater prize than knotted scourge of cord—
That lashèd doubts may seem as faith's increase.
But joy is given. It doth not still my cry:
Joy is of earth; the peace I seek, on high.
To Thee, O Christ, there came an end to pain,
And death's grim peace was all Thou hadst to
brave.

Yet rest is found not in the deepest grave,
Since even Christ must needs arise again.

Brookline, Mass., June 23rd, 1908.

AFTER READING "ADONIS, ATTIS, OSIRIS."

(To J. G. F.)

Once, need of bread did force our minds in
prayer

To dream a goddess of the golden grain,
Who, sown in darkness, to be reaped in pain,
Would give her flesh to be our common fare.
And as we saw that she had beauty's air,
We dreamed a lover-god for her. Our gain,
He gave his blood upon our lips as stain
And twined the vine-leaves in our clustered
hair,

Our lives were song, to hail their yearly birth,
And taught each sullen moon to tend our earth.
The old gods die. And this our chiefest loss.
We may not gods from need or fancy learn,
Else we in bread and chalice could discern
The flesh of Him who died upon the cross.

Brookline, Mass., June 25th, 1908.

THE WAY WE SEE.

To some men Beauty comes arrayed in sound,
With rainbow-harmony of notes divine ;
While to another, she in form and line
Of all-majestic sternness, must be found.
For each sense doth she cast her glamour round
And every man with new caress entwine.
Sight is my soul's gift. Sound of music, thine ;
For fiery sight doth thy young soul but wound.
As each man Beauty, so he Truth, must see.
My way be mine, and thy way beckon thee.
When with lured listening, thou much way hast
trod,
Sight shall yet spring in song from future years.
For all the harmonies of all the spheres
Are never worth one moment's sight of God.

Arlington Heights, Mass., July 30th, 1908.

THE MOTHER.

(To C. S. T.)

Lord, make my son to be the peer of Kings.
His brow is pure enough to wear a crown,
Nor need he shrink from bearing that renown
Which weights with shining gems the spirit's
wings.

I know it is obscurity which brings
Perfection to all purity ensown,
And riches mar the flowers that might have
blown
In God's fair garden whence all virtue springs.
But for my son alone I have no fear,
For sins bow down and that pure soul revere.
Yet for myself I needs must make a prayer,
Lest when he seats him on a far-off throne,
And foresight of his pomp was mine alone,
I feel too proud that he be reigning there.

Arlington Heights, Mass., August 7th, 1908.

PERPLEXITY.

Lord, if I cannot see, I still may care,
And pray my blindness may not be in vain,
Nor fret me at the uselessness of pain.—
Sterile the fruit that trees of sorrow bear.—
Can blindness serve Thee? Is inaction fair?
Shall this my mind, a thing most strong and
sane,
Be worthy but of pitying disdain?
Must faith and faith alone be all I dare?
Restless my soul, to give my strivings peace,
Like winds that soothe the sea and never cease.
Yet blest are men, Thou saidst, who seek the
light,
And shall Thy promise fail? To Thee I cry.
Lo, like a shadow, stands the answer nigh,
I see the Truth in Death's all-healing night.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Nov. 5th, 1908.

WHO SINGS OF TRUTH —?

Who sings of Truth? I Lord; I sing. I sing
Of wandering blind through ruined streets of
Man,

Of hope, of thirst, of winds of quest that fan
Some lightless flame that light of Truth should
bring.

I sing of Truth—the shadow of Thy wing,
A passing shadow o'er a pool, which can
But pass, while we, beneath some senseless ban,
The water's marge infatuated ring.

Who sings of Truth? Truth is a barren quest.
Who searches still, shall sing of Truth the best.
Who sings of Truth? I sing. I fear its rod.

I sing of pain, of sun on blinded eyes,
Of bravest sight that may no dross despise.
Be still, O Song. Truth is myself, and God.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Jan. 11, 1909.

ENGLAND.

The love we bear her is a love more strong
Than that called forth to life by man of man.
'Tis born within us, and we no more can
Destroy affection, than we can do wrong
Unto the breath born with it. No mere song
Can speak it. Thought the mightiest can but
fan

The fire that ever burns. This love outran,
Long since, all speech our English hearts among.
Whether we watch her white-surfed coastwise
line

Or see the dark upbelchings of some mine
Or dream of mist, soft-flung o'er dune and fen,
We joy in her fair pride, her work, her peace,
And that her truest life may never cease,
Pray God for her sake make us better men.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Dec. 21st, 1909.

AS A FALL'N COAL—.

As a fall'n coal from out a glowing fire
Dies down when from the mother-heat 'tis rolled,
So doth thy praise upon my lips grow cold.
Thy praise is in the heat of my desire.
If sense were language, then could I aspire
To speak of thee. My eyes were ever bold
Thy charms to hymn. Daily my ears grow old,
Counting the notes upon thy voice's lyre.
Only my touch is silent. Ne'er my hand
Have I put forth—such is thy chill command.
I long to give thy name as child to Fame,
And of my love an earthly child beget.
I swear no man shall easily forget
The song my flesh could sing unto thy name.

Emden, March 17th, 1910.

Early Sonnets.

EPPING FOREST.

In thee life's moments, blended into song,
Have made thee like an instrument to stand,
Played by the year's fantastic eager hand,
With harmonies that to men's moods belong.
Thy springtime stir doth ape a city's throng,
Where chaffering voices, in some dealer's band,
Stamp the one murmur with coarse money's
brand.
Thy summer's sound, like lovers, lingers long,
Whose speech is silence of a starlit night.
The red of autumn, staining leaf and tree
With glamour of a sinful world is bright,
With sin that fearless flaunts it to the end.
Stainless thy song, when winter's touch doth
bend
The wind-swept branches echoing of the sea.

Cambridge.

D'ANNUNZIO'S IL PIACERE.

I need thy soul—to mingle it with mine
As fire with perfume mingled in one bowl.
The body stands between me and thy soul,
Heavy with love that makes thy spirit fine ;
Burning with lusts that through thy soul's
cloak shine.

If love be hell thou art its burning coal,
The flames thy tresses that about me roll,
While highest Heaven enthrones thy soul and
mine.

For as thy body so thy soul is sweet,
Yet hides thy dear form from me, as the sheet
Veiling the dead, marks head and feet and hips.
Yield me thyself for pity and desire,
My flesh and spirit, made as one, aspire
To touch the soul that lies upon thy lips.

Cambridge, April, 1906.

A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

I give thee all—because thou askest all.
I give myself and give the will that gives,
A death-born sacrifice of all that lives.
At peace I now before thy altars fall,
Where God's death lies beneath a golden pall,
The flesh that pardons and the blood that
shrives.

My flesh is broken and my soul revives
With all the life that God's sweet voice can call,
To die with Christ once more in priestly hands,
While God in bitter-glad expectance stands.
Take my surrender with my new soul's birth,
That my abasement may my vileness lift
Into thy courts, my Church, who hast the gift
Of life that dies not—and of death on earth.

Cambridge, April 22nd, 1906.

KING MIDAS.

(Midas of the Golden Touch did not die, but lived to become a convert to Christianity, and made his treasure-house into a hermit's cell.)

The sun has bowed the trees with golden ore,
The air, time's sand, falls thick in gilded rain,
Golden the light that flames upon the plain,
Lapping in gauzy waves upon a shore
Of towns, whose golden eyes the sun adore.
Within, four walls resist the noon-sun's stain;
Within—my head upon the gold down-lain—
I scatter gold in suns upon the floor.
Gold! live thou with the life that love can give,
My flawless adoration makes thee live,
I made thee god, and now I suppliant stand,
Suppliant of all the strength I gave to thee.
May I thy image stamp on all I see,
Bless thou with golden power thy servant's
hand.

SAINT MIDAS.

Gone is my gold, and there where shining lay
Coins, thick as star beyond unnumbered star,
Cups, queen's crowns, gold in heavy clod and
bar,
Such dust as never strewed a king's highway,
I kneel, my evening orison to say.
My treasure, freely cast for God afar,
Decks the pale glory of His triumph car.
Dark is the cell in which I meekly pray,
And sad art Thou O Christ upon the cross,
God of my sorrow and my riches' loss.
In nakedness, Lord, fit me for Thy fold,
Oh wrench my love of gold and me apart.
If meet for life eternal is my heart,
Make of its pain a harp of purest gold.

Cambridge, July 22nd, 1906.

WHITCHURCH VALE.

(To Jessie.)

The sun lies sick upon the country side,
Weary that no man doth in worship call,
Where soul's unto sun's flame once fiercely cried.
The earth is sated of the work she plied,
The heavy-resting sun her fields appall,
His sweetness and his stricken strength recall
Past glory of his will and might allied.
Yet is the sun's touch life to living earth,
Giving of riches from his riches' dearth,
Like unto God who, sad in lonely sky,
And sick at heart of casting gifts on man
—Who made the gifts, not Him, their spirits'
span—
Meek in man-sickness on this earth did die.

Whitchurch, Dorset, July 21st, 1906.

ECCLESIA PROHIBET.

Touch not the stoup beside the open door,
Water alone slakes not thy burning soul,
Nor can the sign of Jesus make thee whole.
Kneel not, as if my pardon to implore,
Nor bow thy head the altar-light before ;
Judgment, not mercy, shall my might extol,
And righteous anger be my only dole.
Nor wrath nor grace doth thy poor soul adore.
Raise not thine eyes lest thou behold thy Lord,
Shut thou thine ears lest they should hear His
word.
His body and His blood thou shalt not see.
Stand thou without ! May darkness gird thee
round,
With Judas and with Pilate be thou found,
As now Christ dies for men—but not for thee.

Whitchurch, Dorset, August 17th, 1906.

WRITTEN ON THE BEACH, SEATON
DORSET.

Hell is not fire, for here on earth is fire,
Full glory of all passion finely fed,
Or God's hand resting on His prophet's head,
And all things made of faith and of desire.
But the untiring waves of death conspire
To quench the flame that life on men hath shed
And sullen sea is Hell for sullen dead.
More racked they lie than limbs on flaming
pyre,
Each crested wave a stricken soul in prayer,
Each depth a baffled plea's unvoiced despair.
The fierce foam crumbling on the blinded shore
Flung down in pain of unrepentant sin,
For timeless torment luring souls doth win,
And God's eternal sternness doth adore.

Seaton, Dorset, August 21st, 1906.

ONE OF THE MUSINGS OF A
PIOUS GIRL.

Heaven is not sweet to those who here on earth
Are in all longing fully satisfied,
Whose easy joys do scornfully deride
My ceaseless hope that gives our life its worth.
I see in life but unfulfilled birth,
Perfection is but perfectness implied,
Beauty but beauty's shadow—what beside?
Earth's laughter but the mime of unknown
mirth.
If hope of God incarnate was in man,
Should His Heaven, too, not come within our
span?
Is here or there my restlessness' release?
In life or after death doth love's bud blow?
What the broad sea to which faith's rivers
flow?—
Joy in earth's strife—or hope of heavenly peace?

Cambridge, December 23rd, 1906.

A GIRL TO HER LOVER DROWNED
AT SEA.

Thee in a sunlit storm the sea did bare;
In purple darkness of a cloudstruck wave,
With life, to thee serener calm she gave,
And restless beauty shed to make thee fair.
Thou liest on her bosom, and thy hair
Turns back to foam. The arched breakers' cave
Curves with thy limbs' curve. All thy motions
suave
Give back their vesture for the waters' wear.
The moonlight melts the very soul of thee,
And all thy speech is scattered on the sea.
Thy words are music of the voiceless deep,
Living, thou hast o'erstepped the bounds of life.
God, who to dead men gives release from strife,
Never to soul of oceans granteth sleep.

Cambridge, January 12th, 1907,

Other Poems.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love I know well enough,
Friendship I do not know.
I know Love's golden wings,
Swift flight and swift-strung bow.

What garb does Friendship wear,
King's robe or beggar's dress?
Does he disguised go,
Or proud himself confess?

Love I see everywhere,
Friendship I cannot find.
First in men's hearts I seek,
Then search their soul and mind,

Love's words like sunlight shine,
Bright words each moment said.
Will Friendship silence break,
When pretty Love is dead?

Odessa, May 28th, 1907.

The tale that all these years the sea hath never
told ;
The silence of summer nights when the moon
grows old ;
The sun's caress upon a grey-green stretch of
fen ;
Rivers that made the mountains break to
tangled glen ;
The harmonies of wide-curved hills to wider
sky—
Let all these try, with speech and silence let
them try
To speak the love that lies within one woman's
heart.

Odessa, May 18th, 1907.

THE EMPTY TEMPLE.

I made her heart a temple,
And thought to dwell therein,
Bringing with me as offering
My laughter and my sin.

She said that in her temple
None e'er might dwell but God.
Its shrines still stand deserted,
Its pavements still untrod.

Odessa, June 16th, 1907.

DEATH AT SEA.

I died at sea, and from the side of a great ship
they cast me,
And dimly in a dawning mist its black hull
floated past me.
Around my corpse the stubborn sea, as if
reluctant parted,
And livid-gleaming fish at play, around me
blindly darted.
I sank and sank, until the light had almost left
the water ;
The shadow of the ship was lost, though sun-
shine struck athwart her.
The hand that holds the deep in grasp lay ready
to receive me,
The waters sounded in my ears like thoughts
that never leave me.
And yet the dull sea was as dead, and I alone
had motion ;
When lo ! I saw a mighty host that peopled all
the ocean.
They lay upon the ocean's floor in sodden sail-
cloth wrappings,—
For when death's sea-horse rides abroad of such
must be his trappings—

A thronging crowd of dead they were, with
ne'er a sod to hide them,
Children, and men, and mothers, too, who held
their babes beside them.
More fearful than the covered ground, the
waiting space around it
Searched passive for its coming prey and in its
waiting found it.
But e'er I took my destined place in this the
drowned men's city,
The God of all the Seas came forth, and in his
eyes was pity.
In majesty of wave-green robes, with foam-bright
glint enlusted,
He stretched to me his trident grim, which all
these dead had mustered.
And cried, "Look on my subjects here, so many
none can number,
"And see what still and mournful shapes my
palace pavements cumber.
"For these are they who loved their flesh and
would in nowise lose it.
"Thy lot may be the same as theirs ; yet stay e'er
thou dost choose it."

And as he spoke, the faces of the dead appeared
to harden.

He turned away and led me forth into a wondrous
garden.

For in a blaze the ocean round at once became
as living,

And weed and flower and rock and shell some
glittering life were giving.

The waves, like wind, swept mutely past, and in
the current drifted

The many radiant stars of sea, while, through
the ocean lifted,

A light shone forth from silvered sand and
made the waters glisten.

I stood in light from head to foot, while Neptune
spoke thus: "Listen!

"This life is made of flesh of men who feared not
here to scatter

"The part that God assigned to them of un-
destroyèd matter,

"And lost their form to live again in wave and
stone and flower,

"Say, will thou choose such life for thine, or
shall death be thy dower?"

I said "O King, from my poor flesh my soul
must surely sever,

"I care not where my body lies, so *that* may live
for ever."

Then Neptune took his green-gold crown and
on the sand he laid it.

"Thy soul," he said, "Must needs return unto
the God who made it.

"Yet these are they who held their flesh e'en
than their spirit dearer."

He ceased. The garden faded too ; the hosts of
drowned drew nearer.

I cried "O King, make me the waves that crown
thy wondrous waters,

"Whose tossing foam men call the hair of the
wild sea-god's daughters.

"Give me to roam where moon and tide and
lashing wind shall call me,

"To feel once more the sun and air—what better
could befall me."

* * *

The ocean breathes, and of its breath to me a
share was given

When into waves, as I had prayed, my eager
limbs were riven.

I lie beneath the wide blue sky and let the day
caress me,

Or float behind the mystic moon, and mock the
stars to bless me.

I rise, and round the liner's side I fill my throat
with screaming,

And then again at dawn I rest, my curves like
pewter gleaming.

The strong ships plough athwart my breast and
break my back unseeing,

Yet every moving wave at sea was once a human
being.

Odessa, November 25th-26th, 1907.

THE BLIND GREEK.

(To C. C. M.)

Look on my face. These bright unseeing eyes,
Behind whose gaze there lags a deep, gray mist,
Nightless and dayless, once beheld the world.
I saw the deep, blue, perfumed night, deeper
Than the sea whose quick stars flash surface-
ward

When sunlight strikes the ripples ; the night
Whose sky is made of mist, and sheen of flowers,
And perfumed shadow from a woman's hair.
I looked on day, the wide blue eyes of noon,
The childlike, bright, enchanting eyes of day.
I saw a woman, and her luring form
Was white as foam tossed from a rock-cut sea.
Her breasts were warmer than the sleek, soft
sands
Which bask by waters on the Lesbian shore.
Her look was quiet as the gaze of hills
Far off, serene, who know their tops touch
Heaven.

All this was mine to see. The world was fair,
Fit home for gods and for the sons of men.
I knew the gods' best gift to man was sight ;

Yet was I not content. Oft when the sun
Climbed down to sleep behind the flame-rimmed
west,

When the white temples on the hills shone still
With shafted light, and all the woods were full
Of gold-rained dust that never falls to earth,
I'd set my face towards the dazzling sun
And walk, with senses dazed, towards the light.
Seeking a Light more perfect, or what men
Have called The Truth. And so one even I met
A sallow brown-frocked man ; his narrow head
Was bent, his face was turnèd from the sun.

“Turn !” I cried, “stranger, and look on the
light.”

“Turn rather thou. For what thine eyes
behold,”

He said, “is vanity. Turn to the Truth.

“Bend thou thy head ; bend thou thy stubborn
knees ;

“Clasp thou thy hands. Cast beauty from thy
soul.

“Leave the blind lords of earth, and do thou pray
“The Lord of Heaven that He may give thee
sight.”

I was afraid, and down I sadly knelt,

Leaving the sun to seek the west alone
Unheeded, and its flames to ashes turn.
But lo ! as in a flash, I saw all Truth.

* * *

I raised my head. My eyes were stricken blind.

Brookline, Mass., March 12th, 1908.

A LITTLE CHEAP PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Joy is like budding flowers,
Which, when you pluck them, fade.
Leave them to bloom untouched,
'Neath Hope's sun-tangled shade.

Hope is a tree erect,
Cleaving a passive sky,
Its spines and mastlike-stem
Rise upwards like a cry.

Faith is a wide, pale sky,
Over the earth 'tis bowed,
In fear that 'tween the two
There once might float a cloud.

Life is a moving earth,
Hurled, spinning on a race.
Life is a tiny ball,
Hung by a thread in space.

Brookline, Mass., April 3rd, 1908.

À LA MORT.

Tes mains, Ô Mort, sont façonnées de cire.
 Je sais—tes yeux sont vides comme les rêves
 Terribles que l'on oublie. Mais sur tes lèvres
 A passé la belle lumière d'un sourire.

Le sang des hommes ne tache-t-il pas ta main ?
 Et dans tes yeux ne doit-on pas voir l'ombre
 Des murs qui flambent et du navire qui sombre,
 Et sur ta bouche pour tous nos cris—dédain ?

Peut-être, Ô Mort, tu souffrais trop de voir.
 Peut-être tu prias Dieu ainsi “Je veux
 “Que tu ôtes toute la puissance de mes yeux,
 “Afin que sur mes lèvres je garde l'espoir.”

Brookline, Mass., April 4th, 1908.

ART. A LEGEND.

A man came first unto the magic rock.
Far out at sea the light of his desire
Flashed and was gone. He took him mighty
stones
An altar built, and knelt before its fire.

Again a man came to the ancient rock.
He saw the vision thence ; and caught a rod
Half-charred amid the ruins of the fire,
And on the stone he drew an imaged god.

But when in later years man sought the rock,
His eyes were dimmed with search. Yet all
around
Sea and sky sang. Then, glad as if with sight,
He wove the vision into golden sound.

Last came a woman. And of what she saw
She neither church, nor song, nor picture made ;
But on the rock she bore a living child,
That now, made flesh, the vision may not fade.

Brookline, Mass.

OLD AGE. A MOOD-PICTURE.

"The fire burns low. How chill the embers seem !

The flames are cold as firelight in a dream,
Woven of wind as phantom fires at sea.

I think the evening falls. The nights drag long
And echo through the days ; beat out a song
From which my shuffling senses may not flee.

I cannot flee my thoughts, nor bid them go.

Some day I shall be old, but Time is slow,
And weary is the lifelong road to Death.

God set Death's city on a far-off hill,
Its golden portals made of human ill
And, for its keys, doth still demand our breath.

I have been young. But, when the sun is high,
I only see the years march past to die.

But now the night sets free the prisoned past.

Did some one speak ?—Mother !—I'll say my
prayer—

I thought I heard—No ! there was no one there.
The silence speaks. When all are dead at last
How full of voices will these regions be,

And all speech meet as waves are fused at sea.

Death once seemed night, but now I see it day.

Daybreak or rest ! Answer to all its cries
Or all-blest nothing, for the soul that dies.

Dawn ! Dawn ! How night-time lingers on her
way ! "

Brookline, Mass., May 23rd, 1908.

A VERY FEMININE ARGUMENT.

I know that in the great eternity to be
This soul of mine as all-unbroken Self will live.
Were it merged in the Absolute, how could I
give
Myself in love, through all eternity to thee?

Brookline, Mass., June, 26th, 1908.

THE FORESTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The midday sun rests heavy on my leaves,
Wrests grudging gladness from the storm-tossed
boughs,
Who, breathless from late buffeting of winds,
Seem unbelieving that their fight must cease ;
Their silence waits but to be lashed again
By winds that rouse the whispering waves at sea.
I brood in sadness o'er my teeming soil,
Where summer bids a thousand lives be born,
That life may prey on life, and chase to death,
Till all my depths are with their struggles torn
And in my nostrils is the smell of blood.
How fierce the sun shafts through my quivering
leaves !

I pray now for the cold white balm of snow
To lay its stern relief upon my wounds.
I hear the crooning murmur of my pines,
The fall of snow, light-hovering and unstaunch'd,
I bend my boughs before its stainless touch,
As all things living bend before their God.
Then comes the first free breath of wind. I raise
My head, athirst the battle to begin
With you, O winds, my strong and glorious foe.
See how I strike my branches in your face,

Hear how I scream defiance at your heels.
The white snows watch, and all the grim grey
sky
Bends low upon the yearly fight renewed.
When once a crashing bough falls to the ground
The winds shout out their triumph, but my
trunks
Pierce their swift feet and tear their streaming
hair.
At last the deep-voiced pines grow dumb. Only
The snow, with wings of silence, lights again
Upon the proud and weary battle-ground.

* * *

These things I wait for in the year's good time.

Brookline, Mass., June 30th, 1908.

A SHOE FOR CHILD.

What for child shall mother do?
She shall broider thee a shoe.
We must make it very sweet,
Fit to kiss thy baby feet.
Choose its colour radiant blue,
'Tis the sign that love is true.
Cut the shoe with scissors bright,
For the world is full of light,
But the things which brightest gleam..
Cut and drown—like steel and stream.
But the thread I use is gold,
With a sheen that grows not old,
Golden as thy baby hair
When my kisses nestle there ;
Golden as the big new sun
When the world was just begun ;
Golden as the looks of love
Strewn on earth from heaven above ;
(Tools which God once left behind
And which new creators find)
Golden is my twining thread
As the portals of thy bed,
Where the dreams in bright array,
 Crowd in haste with child to play ;

Golden as thy life shall be,
If my prayers may follow thee.
Next I broider shoe with pearls,
As are fit for dukes and earls,
But each pearl is like a tear,
And I weave it in with fear.
See! I give thy shoe a heel,
That thy strength thou mayest feel.
Crush all wrong beneath thy foot,
Stamp thy shoe on evil's root;
So the pearls shall brighter shine
On that baby shoe of thine.
Now in gold I sew a cross,
Sign of greatest gain and loss,
Sign of Him who came to save,
Sign at last to mark thy grave,
Sign of death and future joy,
Word of God to baby boy.
So I touch thy broidered shoe
With a sprig of rose and rue.
May it be a life-long charm—
Not to shelter child from harm,
But that good from harm may spring,
So good fortune shoe shall bring,

Arlington Heights, Mass., August 1st, 1908.

COMMONPLACE THOUGHTS ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

The child is here. His cry has answered mine,
And from my flesh has come this soul divine.
I, all unknowing, have most god-like dared,
Not spared myself, and thee, my child not
spared.

All these my pangs shall not spare thee one
pain.—

Is Love then strong, that Love may not refrain?
Had I not loved, I had not dared to give
This prey to Life, that Love anew might live.
But life moves not alone, as thou wilt know.
Who soweth Life, the seeds of Death must sow.
And, as with God's inexorable breath,
I give thee Life, and needs have given Death.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Oct. 4th, 1908.

THE BALLAD OF HAILSTONE HALL.

(My lady of Hailstone Hall met a cavalier on her way to church, with whom she stopped to dally.

While she was away her son and heir fell into the lake and was drowned.)

All silver gleamed the dewy grass,
And golden dawned the day,
When through the woods at early morn
My lady rode to pray.

The church was grey, the church was far ;
My lady felt no fear,
When down the flower-strewn woodland path
There rode a cavalier.

He cried “ Alight, my lady fair,
For joy lies at your feet.
The mirror says my lips are red,
Come taste if they be sweet.”

She looked upon his lovely face,
And said “ I go to pray,”
But never pushed the hand aside
That did her palfrey stay.

Then down she bent as if athirst,
Lips parted in a sigh,
And as she kissed the lover's lips—
She heard her baby's cry.

"I go, I go! Now let me go"
She cried in her dismay.
But though she urged her restive steed
She could not move away.

And then the horseman turned to go
With fear within his eyes,
Crying "I see, I dare not see
The little one who dies."

But as they both stood rooted there,
Within that woody dell,
From far away and from the hills
There tolled the church's bell.

And lo! there passed a tiny child,
With flowers around his head;
His hair was wet with trailing weed—
They saw that he was dead.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Oct. 17th, 1908.

A FRAGMENT OF DECADENT VERSE.

La Nuit et le Désir se sont endormis,
Du sommeil profond de deux êtres unis ;
Un beau ciel étoilé enlace la terre ;
Tout dort comme un enfant au sein de sa mère.
Le poète n'ose presque pas toucher sa lyre,
De peur de réveiller le triste Désir. . . .

Arlington Heights, Mass., Nov. 9th, 1908.

THE SONG OF BIG LOVE.

For the birthday of Malise.

Love is the wind that stirs thy hair,
Love is the light that makes thee fair,
Love is the sun that smiles on thee,
Love has filled up thy splendid sea.

Love is the fare that thou must eat,
Throned in Love now take thy seat.
Wrap him in Love for Love's sweet sake !
Give him of Love his thirst to slake !

Love has usurped the place of Fame,
Love is a power and Love a name.
Surely of Love shall loved-one write,
Love is his song and his delight.

Love has brought forth a lovely child.
Wrought it of passion but undefiled.
Love is the grape for the wine of life,
And this is the cup whose name is

Wife.

Arlington Heights, Mass.

VARIETY IN ALL.

If I were a bird,
I would not have one note,
But in my tiny throat
There should be heard
A thousand harmonies of notes divine.

If I were a poet—
I'm not, that I know it—
I would not sing one song
All the day long,
Rain or shine.

If I were a lover,
I'd try to discover
Charms in another
Mistress than mine.

Love's golden gate has a thousand bars,
Each little pool reflects the myriad stars.

And why not mine?

Arlington Heights, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1906.

WHY ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE
A BOY.

I said "If the child is a boy,
"All his life shall be spent in joy."
God sent a girl. Like any other
Good woman, she must be a mother.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Jan. 4th, 1909.

Some Gods.

THE GOD OF THE JEWS.

I am Jehovah. Earth and the broadest Heavens
Are shapen by my hand; made from my breath
is man.

Look up! on them I writ my law; and in his
heart

I breathed eternal obligation to obey.

Some Gods.

INDIA'S GOD.

I rule a people plunged in ageless sleep.
Hush ! wake them not. Closed eyes can never
weep—
And thus in peace my holiest watch they keep.

Some Gods.

THE CHILD'S GOD.

I made the birds, the kittens and the sun,
I give sleep when the long day's play is done,
Bless papa and mama, make girlie good,
And smile when children thank Me for their
food.

Some Gods.

GOD IN FRANCE.

I was and am not. Truth is ; logic is ;
Law, metaphysics, commerce, craft and art,
Nature the Whole, and Nature's every part.
Above all, Man is ; all these things are his.
I have no realm ; My people have no king.
An unknown God, I am not anything.
See ! wise men rob My church—fools bend the
knee
Before some wayside shrine in Brittany.

*Some Gods.*THE GOD OF THE CHRISTIAN
SCIENTISTS.*(To Mrs. McK. H.)*

Within My mind there is no thought of sin.
Be still, my sons. A dream is all your din.
God fights not shadows, e'en though God should
win.

Some Gods.

MINERVA OF THE GREY EYES.

Pain I know not, nor hateful lust,
Nor motherhood. I know the Truth.

January 25th, 1909.

A WARNING TO THE MASSACHUSETTS HILLS.

Ye lonely hills that lean towards the West,
Since ye have taught me all I know the best,
I warn you—Man will mar your age-long rest.
Guard all your secrets ever safe untold,
Lest, in your soil, men come to dig for gold.
Accurs'd are you if ever bought or sold.
Here where the silence clothes your stately side,
A noisy god shall take unrest as bride,
In pit and gulch and mining-shaft abide.
The men who cull your gold, O mountain grey,
Will cut your contours with a broad highway.
It leads to Riches, so the signposts say.
Men love the hills for what the hills can yield.
Here in the forest-aisles where none has kneeled,
The first-come man an impious axe shall wield.
Your pines that to the setting sun would frown,
With crashing cry before this man fall down.
Your crest shall be his bawd in tarnished gown.
Your trees their fragrant leaves in autumn shed,
On soil where men shall thrust defiling dead.
Hush o'er the graves with grass—the birds have
fled.

But are ye helpless, O ye mighty hills?
Can ye not stir to chase away such ills?
The patient hills that face the dying sun,
Defenceless wait before man's work begun.

Arlington Heights, Mass., Feb. 23rd, 1909.

SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY,
CONCORD, MASS.

Here lies a peace too heavy
For ever a sound to break.
Though the last trump sound on the hills
around,
Not ever a soul shall wake.
The angels come for the dead,
But the grass shall dull their feet,
Though they raise their cry between earth and
sky
It touches not this retreat.
For the banks are breathed by the dead
And every tree is a dream,
The pale star-flowers are forgotten hours,
And all things are not, but seem.
Oh, dark is the hush that broods
O'er hollow and shade and hill,
Let the mists enshroud from the living crowd,
Till the dead have dreamed their fill.

Arlington Heights, Mass., July 27th, 1909.

ANÆSTHETIC. (*Probably Ether.*)

(*To C. W. du B.*)

I go alone unto the tower of sleep,
And all alone I climb its winding stair,
And there I weave a tapestry of dreams
To deck the chamber walls that else were
bare.

Here neither soul nor sense can enter in
And words, like wind, break baffled on the
stones.

But to the music that my heartbeat drones
The dream-shapes pass fantastic on the walls.

Now if I cry no man will move to help,
For every man is powerless as I.
And those pale maids with moonbeams in their
hair,
They cannot stir to aid me if I cry.

I am the god of these unbidden dreams.
From me they passed and from me had their
source.

If I forget them they are dead indeed.—
But see them move, like stars, upon their
course !

Could they but snatch me in their phantom
arms

And whirl me in the mazes of some dance,
Their touch might tell me if they truly live—
Yet what is life or death within this trance?

Now I have left the wanton loom of dreams,
And pass down trembling through the door
of pain.

Lo! in the dark my tower has vanishèd,
And I must face the bitter day again.

[He wakes.]

Arlington Heights, Mass., Dec. 1st, 1909.

THE SEA-LADY.

All alone with the wind and the sea,
All alone till thou camest to me,
All alone now thou art dead.
No—not alone, if the truth be said.

For I caught thy hair and made it foam,
And lashed to the waves where the seagulls
roam.

It tangles the feet of the passing ships
And blows like a sting on the mermaids' lips.
Only to me is it soft and white,
Only to me a thing of delight.

I made thy eyes the depths of the sea,
And now for ever they gaze on me.
I killed thy body and they are sad.
Thy eyes were the fairest thing I had.

The sound of the wind is like thy voice ;
I made it so, and so I rejoice.
But why dost thou call to me thy wife
To render thee back the gift of life ?

Thou wast a thing of a day and a year,
And now thou hast an immortal bier.
Thou hast the life of the one all-god,
And livest wherever Life's foot has trod.

I keep thy best to weave in the sea,
And so thou still belongest to me.

I was alone till my love I found
All alone with the waves around,
All alone with the wind and the sea,
All alone till thou camest to me.

Arlington Heights. Mass., Dec. 22nd, 1909.

POEM TO AN UNBORN CHILD.

(To A. C. A. G.)

I bring thee all the thoughts within my soul,
The unborn thoughts, and all the drifting
dreams
That lie like mist upon the hills of thought.
—They gather as I gaze upon the world—
Once needs my thoughts grow ripe for painful
birth
And come forth words, naked and sore afraid.
Now thou who liest in my body's womb,
Touch thou my soul's womb too. Behold, its
store
Lies open to thy hand. Take treasure thence.
I garnered all the beauty of the world,
The peace of home, the radiancy of love,
The mystic joy of pain, all these lie there
Unborn. Take thou my silence as thy speech.
Forge into words the drifting light of dreams
To make a crown unto thy poet head,
And to thy mother rear a graven stone.

Fordfield, Cambridge, June 28th, 1909.

WHAT A MOTHER FEELS ABOUT HER
FIRST BORN—THOUGH SHE COULD
NEVER TELL HIM.

(To E. M. A. G.)

Thou art not merely as a child to me.—
Thou, firstborn, art the holiest hush of love,
The light that was when first his life and mine
Touched and were one. Thou art the nine long
months
When timid hope, and faith, her brighter twin,
Helped me to bear the burden of the days.
Thou art the love that triumphed over death,
The love that took my pleading cries of pain
And made therefrom a purest song of life.
Thou, little one, whom for one noble year
I suckled at my breast, art all the dreams
I dreamed above thee then—that thou might'st
have

The strength I never had, the power to serve,
The will to be divine, the vision too
Of God, the which for many years I strove.
Art thou not all the joy, the virtue, grace,
Not mine? What wonder that I love thee so?

Fordfield, Cambridge, June 18th, 1909.

ABOUT AN ITALIAN STUDENT OF MARINE ZOOLOGY.

She gazes into deepest pools
Until her eyes gleam blue,
She veils them with the ocean mist,
And bends to gaze on you.

The pools are full of silver fish,
And tangled weeds there be,
And slate and silver fleck her eyes
When them she turns on me.

Grey mist is made of subtle spell
And love is wrought of blue.
I never looked on eyes so full
Of love, as hers for you.

But purple is the shade of hate,
And silvered swords there be.
Oh, eyes that stab and eyes that kill,
Such eyes she turns on me.

Fordfield, Cambridge, August 3rd, 1910.

AN EVENING PICTURE.

The evening is the time of weariness.
The crying of the tir'd child on my knee,
Blends with the murmur of the tired sea.
The evening is the time to seek redress
For all the past has held of loneliness.
Let me forget I once was young and free,
For now the world has shrunk to you and me.
The night mists make the sea's confines grow
 less,
And all the sea appears a little thing
Asleep, beneath the sky's unsleeping wing.
Give me the narrowing weariness of night
That merges into hush and sleep at last.
Look ! all the sea has narrow'd to the mast
Where hangs, upon a ship, a brooding light.

Emden, 1910.

Poems not to be taken
quite so seriously.

(Reprinted from "The Military and Civil
Journal.")

IL MIO CUORE.

(From the Opera of Santo Diavolone.)

Il mio cuore,
 Lacerato d'amore,
 Frema e palpita, pieno d'angoscia.
 Son' io forte,
 E pronto a morte,
 Cuore, che sguarcia con gridi la coscia ?

La mia bella,
 E lucida stella,
 È andata splendere sola in ciel' ;
 Ed io nel mondo,
 Fangoso, profondo,
 Piango, versando torrenti di fiel'.

Tutto finisce.
 La gioia vanisce,
 La mattina per altri è notte per me.

Il giorno oscuro
 È il mio futuro,
 E l'ora presente è priva di te !

*From Les Auteurs Français.**Victor Hugo.*

Une ombre à bras maigres, profonde et misérable,
Penche sur la terre blême sa froide face
vénérable :

Frappant sur les hommes des coups mystérieux
Qui, les bras retordus, et l'effroi aux yeux,
Roulent dans un abîme, que jamais torche
n'éclaire,

Plein de hideux cris, de mort, de froid polaire.

Là sur toute la terre rugit une guerre infâme :
À chaque instant cruel éclate la haine d'une âme.
Et dans la nuit obscène et lugubre de peine
Hurle et disparait la liberté humaine.

From Les Auteurs Français.

G. C. C.

(1) LA NUIT.

La nuit est comme une rose.

Ô rose bleue de mon désir,
Ouvre-toi à mes soupirs,
Ô rose bleue.

La nuit est comme une vierge, . . .

Ô vierge, ô vierge languissante,
Je t'aime de mon âme mourante,
Ô nuit si vierge.

La nuit est comme une âme . . .

Ô ame, d'un tendre souffle créée,
Perdue dans le bleu où tu es née,
Donne-moi ton âme !

From Les Auteurs Français.

(2) À LA SOEUR QUE J'AURAIS DÛ
AVOIR.

Ô petite soeur, toi qui n'es jamais née,
Toi que j'ai tant voulue, et tant, hélas, pleurée,
Ô âme douce, remplie de soupirs,
Pure et chaste, parmi les rouges désirs,
Où es tu? L'air est lourd et morne,
Mon coeur est plein de tristesses n'ayant borne,
Que ma tête est lourde, comme si sur mon
front

Pesait de l'or trop beau et trop pesant.
En ces jours de silences sourds je souffre,
Comme s'il y avait dans mon âme un gouffre
Rempli de maintes choses si vagues, si blêmes—
Ô soeur, tu m'aurais aimé tout de même!
De tes blanches mains tu m'aurais fait un gîte
Et ah, les paroles qui tu m'aurais dites!
Je vois ton blanc regard comme dans un rêve,
Et de mes desespoirs je sens un trêve.
Ah pourquoi n'ai-je pas une petite soeur?
Ah pourquoi n'ai-je pas un plus chaste coeur?
Ô soeur, ô âme, ô tête, ô pureté,
Ô paroles sourdes, silences et chasteté. . . .

From Les Auteurs Français.

AMOUR ET DESTINÉE

(Poème moderne.)

Oh, pouvoir aimer autre que soi,

Se subir à l'extase d'une loi,

Pencher son âme sur un paroi,

Poser à l'aube un simple, "quoi?"

Non, c'en est trop ! Empêchez moi . . .

Tes fidèles lèvres de bon aloi,

Qui m'aiment, me parlent tout bas de toi,

Tournant au ciel ma naissante foi.

Cueille-toi, toute seule, les fleurs des bois :

Rapporte-moi maintes odeurs de pois,

Amie, à qui tout, tout, je dois.

La lune renait une fois chaque mois,

Signant le mystique nombre trois.—

Donne-moi la main.—Ainsi je crois.

From Les Auteurs Français.

À QUI LA GLOIRE?

(Poème moderne.)

Se couchant sur l'aréneuse plage,
 En extase du divin ramage,
 Te cherchant dans l'esprit du sage,
 De tout, mon silence est le gage.

Oh ! Chercher un radieux langage,
 Fuir les villes du fou tapage,
 Fier aiglon de difforne ramage,—
 Et être un héros sans bagage.

Oh, parole éclatante d'un sage !
 Je suis un oiseau dans une cage,
 Une souris rongeant un fromage. . .

Mais à tes pieds, perdu sans gage,
 Je cherche les ravissements du mage.—
 La vie est loin. Qu'on tourne la page !

SAUSAGE SONG.

“From the German.”

(Reprinted from the “Granta.”)

Would that my songs were sausages,
To hang upon a string,
Rounded and fat and full and soft—
Fit to my love to bring !

Oh, that my thoughts were sausage too,
In silvern covers clad,
To hang before a gay shop-front,
And make my Hausfrau glad.

Full as a sausage is my heart
With things of many kind :
Within its tightly stretchèd skin
Much fatness you will find.

Be thy sweet heart as sausage soft,—
This is my dearest wish,—
And may our lives together lie,
Like two Wurst in a dish !

PSYCHOLOGY ON THE SANDS.

Argument. A suburban gentleman goes to Hunstanton, and standing on the beach, with his hands in the pockets of his new 36s. 6d. flannel suit, soliloquises as to whether he shall bathe.

1 After Swinburne.

To leave the firm sand and my new suit, to
 plunge in the waves of the sea ;
 To become a thing most strange and striped,
 hardly to be thought of as me !
 As a bubble that breaks in a beaker, or bows to
 a broader bowl's brim,
 As a song that swells sweet till it cease, or the
 moan of the hush of a hymn,
 So my courage will break in the foaming and
 fretting and froth of the wave ;
 The gulls will glide down for my gizzard and
 the sea will yawn up like a grave :
 Like a graveyard, where ghosts, ghouls, and
 grubs live ; and darkness is deeper than
 death,
 Where blossom the flowers of the gloaming,
 that smell with a stench of dead breath . . .

2 *After Herrick.*

A little hat best fits a little head,
A little thought best fits the little said :
As my small price best fits that little shed.

A little hand best fits a little tip,
A little flask best fits a little sip ;
As my small will best fits my little dip.

A little curse best fits a little wrong,
As sweetly—let me say it strong—
This small occasion fits my little song.

FROM A SYMPOSIUM ON THE SERVANT

QUESTION.

Blake.

1. Little maid	In the hall
Unafraid	Maid doth fall,
With a plate	With the fish
Coming late,	On its dish,
Nine has struck	And the ham
On the clock :	And the jam
Mistress calls,	On the floor
Master bawls,	With a roar—
Noisily, noisily to usher	Noisily, noisily to usher
in the meal.	in the meal !

2. Servant, servant, dressing bright,
Thro' the dark of London night,
From what ruddy lion's lair
Hast thou caught thy tangled hair?
Like what bird or parrokeet
Flamest thou from head to feet?
From what dew of flowered meads
Got thy neck its circling beads?
Like what wasp or bee tight-laced
Thine attenuated waist?
Whose the fashion? whose the chain?
Who perverted thy poor brain?
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made "the Queen," make thee?

A CHEAP LINE IN POETRY.

Couplets for young men and maidens who
are unable to write love-songs for themselves.
An unlimited supply always on hand.

Where could I find a better place,
To kneel, than at the feet of Grace?

The best of all invented dances
Is one called "sitting-out"—with Frances!

Bright shine her boots, but brigliter shine
The limpid eyes of Catharine. (Clementine,
Josephine, Bernardine, Edoline, Ambrosine,
Eglantine, etc.)

De bonheur j'aurais une belle tranche,
Si je me mariais avec Blanche.

Perchè la vita mi è cara?
Dio! È perchè amo Zara.

Non è che una bella cosa
Nel mio giardino—Rosa!

Tutto il mondo sempre manda
Gridi d'amor' per la Yolanda !

À table-d'hôte ou à la carte
De toutes les vierges je choisis Marthe.

Comme vers le fleuve se penche le saule,
Mon âme te cherche, adorable Paule !

Jest liquor up, and toast my lady,—
You reckon she's real lovely,—Saidie !

O half-past nine ! O country lane !
Oh meet me down it then, my Jane !

O trist' è ogni ora nera,
Che passa senza bella Vera.

En bas de soie, ou bas de laine,
J'embrasse le pied de Madeleine !

O clarté nâle du reverbère,
Tu pâlis pres des yeux de Claire !

La tua crudeltà affanua
Quello che ti adora, Anna.

Di te aspetto la sentenza,
Che fa morir o no, Prudenza.

Povero è ; ma non ci bada :
È ricco nell' amor' di Ada.

From Hampstead N. to Southern Chelsea
What champion can compare with Elsie?

Oh, could I prig a poet's pose,
And perfume all my path with Rose !

Schön ist der Schwann, und stark die Gans :
Sieht schöner aus und stärker Hans.

THE KALEVALA, OR NATIONAL EPIC
OF FINLAND.

NEW FRAGMENT.

Rune XXV.

Then arose fair Kalitüti
 Fairest bride in Kalevala,
 Looked upon her aged husband,
 Looked upon the sleeping minstrel ;
 Then she spake in sighing accents :
 “ Tired am I of Wainamoinen,
 Tired of baking honey-biscuits,
 Tired of spicing beery potions,
 Tired of cooking flashing salmon.
 Why have I not a French servant,
 Cordon bleu to cook my dinner ?
 Had I but a snorting “ auto,”
 Had I but a Paris modiste,
 Costly, stylish, longed-for modiste,
 Had I but a daily paper,
 Had I but a younger husband,
 Happy then were Kalitüti ! ”
 Then up spake old Wainamoinen,
 Oldest bard in Kalevala :
 “ Thou art cruel, O my fair one,

O my wondrous snowflake maiden,
 Maiden from the icebound Northland,
 From the further north than Nansen."

857 lines of Wainamoinen's prayer are hereby omitted: also 1053 lines of Kalitiüti's cruel reply.

* * * * *

From the cottage rush'd the minstrel,
 Aged sea-born Wainamoinen,
 Sought the dwelling of the Sun-God,
 Sought the House of strong Paione.

Rune XXVI. The Change of Wainamoinen.

51117 lines of his prayer to the Sun-God, who gives him something in a black bottle. Wainamoinen drinks.

Then a wondrous alteration,
 Came upon old Wainamoinen.
 Straightway all his age fell from him.
 He became a youthful hero,
 Fairest man in Kalevala.
 On his head there grew a silk-hat,
 On his back there grew a frock-coat:
 Leather shoes upon his small feet,

Shining patent-leather shoelets.
In his eye a monocle sparkled,
In his hand a cane was dangling,
Round his mouth a moustache curling,
Such as grow by Edwardes' Harlene.
By his side there puffed a motor
In the latest Paris fashion,
With a chauffeur, and a horse-power
Of some 25 or 30.
In the motor sprang the minstrel,
Sprang the youthful Wainamoinen ;
By his side sweet Kalitüti,
Now the loving and the faithful. . . .

CHINESE POEM—LOVE.

To sit me down on cushions fine,
And taste the sweet raw fish,
To chase my rice with chopsticks chaste,
Was all that I could wish.

Then back to work and books again,
To read for the exam.,
And make myself a mandarin
By simple force of cram.

But now I sigh, and moan, and dream,
And care not what I wear,
Because I am as other men,
And Fuleta is fair.

I cull a rose and paint its face,
To find I've wasted skill,
And all my days are useless, as
They drag me to the hill.*

* Fasumi, the Hill of Death.

I care not for the peaches' bloom,
That gaily decks my tree,
For sadness dwells upon my heart,
Like storm upon the sea.

Had I the button men call best,
Or pigtail three ells long,
I'd give them to a beggar-maid,
Could'st thou to me belong !

THE POPULARIFICATION OF POESY.

To revive the noble, and sadly decadent, art of poetry, it is proposed to start a propaganda to make everyone speak in rime, thus:—

IN THE KITCHIN.

About the dinner, Jane, what *shall* we say?
 Is that the mutton left from yesterday?
 I think in rissoles it would make a dish,
 If supplemented by a piece of fish.
 I think it would be nice if you would buy
 Two pounds of cod-steaks, sixpenny, to fry.

IN SOCIETY.

What lovely weather for the time of year!
 But days will draw in quickly soon, I fear,
 And then last night there was a little rain,
 Which made the streets quite dirty once again.

IN COMMITTEE.

Now, sirs, the resolution has been read:
 You all have heard, I hope, what has been said;
 Will those in favour of it please say "Ay,"
 Signifying the same in the usual way?

COUNTY NEWS FROM FENNY END.

Last night the infant son of Mr. Jones,
Had a narrow escape of breaking his bones.
Having been sent to the pond to water the horse,
The animal refused to budge, and worse—
Shewed some inclination to LIE DOWN !
With the assistance of the Fire Brigade of the
town,
The babe was rescued from his precarious
Position. His injuries were found to have been
chiefly vacarious,
For, as I have been personally assured,
His mother cannot leave her bed until she is
cured.

A SOCIALIST ORATOR.

Down with the bloated h'aristocracy,
Burn all red-tapeism and bureaucracy !
Ain't every man as good as his neighbour ?
Where are your lords when it comes to labour ?
The one way to get each man his crust is
The Eternal Principles of Liberty and Justice !

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