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BY C.A.DAWSON SCOTT

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# BEYOND

BY

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POEMS

SAPPHO  
IDYLLS OF WOMANHOOD

NOVELS -

THE STORY OF ANNA BEAMES  
THE BURDEN  
TREASURE TROVE  
THE AGONY COLUMN  
MADCAP JANE  
MRS. NOAKES

PLAYS

PHOCA  
TOM  
ALICE BLAND

TRAVELS

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CORNWALL  
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF DEVON  
*(in the press)*

PR

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TO  
W. H.

917973

Some of these poems have appeared  
in the *Nation* and *Chambers' Journal*  
and are now reprinted by kind  
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## THE FLEET WOODS.

BEHIND the trees a slender moon  
Rose in the quiet sky ;  
Clear gold in the grey night she passed  
The leafless branches by.

The heather like a midnight sea  
Billowed across the plain,  
To where the masts of the red pine  
Sprang, ebon, from the main.

The night-wind murmured in the boughs,  
But never vagrant breeze  
Came ruffling where I cradled lay  
A-dream beneath the trees.

## ETERNITY.

WE build  
A temple to eternity ; but slow  
The silence settles on our faltered prayers,  
The lichen gathers in the clefts, the bee  
On lotus capital and colonnade  
Hangs her defacing nest.

In Nature's lap  
Under her kindly cloak it lies forgot—  
With them that built.

## THE BREAKING OF THE BOWL.

THE smith achieves the bowl, the golden bowl,  
 The sculptor graves and the mysterious tale  
 Of the dim ages gleams upon the gold,  
 While in the curve, a darkness till the sun  
 Fires its dull purple, sleeps the wine. The chain  
 Runs from the treasure-house across the wheel,  
 The ever-grinding wheel and in the sun  
 The artificer is twisting from the fine  
 And golden filigree new links for old.  
 On the white road, beneath an olive tree,  
 The palmer lingers, dropping bead by bead—  
 A prayer, a life—along the silver cord.

The bowl is broken, the bowl beautiful !  
 And the wine sinks into the hungry earth ;  
 The cord that held the rosary is loosed  
 And the told beads are scattered in the dust ;  
 While from the passing chain a filament  
 Slips flashing and the links are whirled aside.

Where goeth man ? The candle on the wall  
 Burns with a steady ray. Cometh a wind—  
 Where in that whelming blackness is the flame ?

## THE SEA-GATE.

HOLPEN by sweet neglect  
 The yellow clock\* has faded to a ghost  
 And clover thickens in the sward. A path  
 Wanders by fern and foxglove to the sea,  
 And near the fading lavender, the gloom  
 Of ilex branches o'er a wall  
 Ruddy and low, branches above the pale  
 And glimmering margent of the tide.

Beyond the garden close—the derrick's swing,  
 The fell destroyer shaping in the slips—  
 But here an ancient chymist who distills  
 Elixir from the breeze, and softly turns  
 The green of poplar into gold.

Unlatch the gate—  
 The water trembles on the weedy stair,  
 And over the full wave  
 Cloud upon cloud the snowy bergs of air  
 Drift in the blue.

Here are but sky and sea,  
 The breath that is not life, the march  
 Majestic of the vaporous multitudes!  
 The ripples turn in light, a sail

\* Dandelion.

Like a grey moth gigantic, glides and glides  
Until the haze of the autumnal day,  
Dimness engulfing dimness, folds it deep  
In swathes of mist.

Here are but dreams !  
Boats at their moorings sleep, a gull  
Idle upon the water, dips and drifts,  
And from the over-arch, the warm  
Late sunshine, as a benediction, falls.

With waning day the fishes argosies  
Fleet o'er the shallows, thro' the veils  
Of opal to the verge, a russet flight  
Caught in the flame of sunset as it drops  
Down the steep tumult of the tides.

Thro' dusk of tropic seas  
The coral builds into the day,  
And with the ebbing tide  
Gathers a broken vision of the whole.  
May I too lose  
The sad perplexities of earth and time—  
When ebbs the tide.

## BED-TIME.

THE bees of rest have drowsed across the sun  
                   Thickening the air,  
 Droning their lullabies of pillow-land  
                   By every stair.

Come from your play, my little heart, the sea  
                   In purple cold,  
 In the far east the raven wings of night  
                   Will soon unfold.

Here is a star will show you to your bed  
                   And in the blue  
 Over your dreams keep silent silver ward  
                   The long night thro'.

Sleep little love, if ever in the sky  
                   That star should set,  
 Mother will watch, mother, whose empty heart  
                   Cannot forget—

Who listens for the happy hour to chime,  
                   When she may creep  
 Under the coverlet and clasp you close  
                   In that long sleep.



The toys are broken—scattered—let them lie !

Another day

May bring a different vision of delight

A mightier play.

Another day ? Oh, little tender love

Slumbering deep,

Is there another day for you and me

After our sleep ?

## ANTIEN T TALES.

IF but the antient tales were true, and elves  
 Worked the rose-petals into perfumed smocks  
 For fairies hiding from the languorous noon  
 In honeyed bells of lily, hyacinth !

If when the purple canopy was hung  
 With stars, a naiad trod the luminous  
 Moon-glitter to link hands with Will-o'-Wisp,  
 And dance her crystal slippers into dew !

If in auspicious hour, an antique dame,  
 Red-cloaked, a pointed beaver on her coif,  
 With magic carpet set the gates ajar  
 Of east and west—or spirit pitiful  
 Granted our heart's desire.

Ah, children dear,  
 The snow has folded close the little mound  
 Beyond the church ; but here the flame of life  
 Burns merrily. We warm us at the blaze,  
 Prating of magic and of miracle ;  
 While he—they say he sleeps ! Oh, bitter heaven  
 And earth—

for never antient tale is true.

## HOPE.

THE day hath drawn  
A veil of darkening rain before her face,  
And agèd night  
Spreading a purple pall amid the stars  
To her lorn watch hath left the widowed moon.

Dim in the void  
The tapers burn from dusk to sombre dawn,  
Where in her shroud of drifted snow  
On pillared bier,  
Hope lieth frozen in her dream.

A silence as of crystal solitudes  
Is in the folding of her lips ;  
The peace of smitten waters compasseth  
The wan frost flowers, on a breast  
As cold.

At her feet  
The lyre she hath forgot, the fair  
Blue robe abandoned for a winding-sheet,  
A chalice, empty, over-turned—  
For Hope is dead.

The hearth is black,  
Bent are our heads before the storm,  
And it is night.  
Out of the deeps, out of the utter dark—  
A sigh.

H. D. LOWRY.

*October 21, 1906.*

I.

MY cousin—that I lost  
 Because the hedgerows were too thick a-bloom  
 Because in youth the elfin voices call  
 With promise—  
 Now that thy lyric note  
 Is silenced, all the voices drone, and I  
 Hear once again the beating of a heart  
 That slept.

The dusk is peopled with thy dreams, with ghosts  
 Ethereal, of thy songs unsung—  
 And thou, where art thou ?  
 Waiting in the Great Silence for the hour  
 Of a re-birth ?  
 Or was death but a curtain hung  
 Thick, cloudy, white,  
 Betwixt thee and the sun ?

I have a vision of that withered husk  
 Which is not, was not thou—  
 Thin, grey, the face turned from me, the eyes  
     sunk.  
 A wisp of weed.  
 Flung widely by the breaking seas, flung high

To rot and blacken ere the sun was set—  
The sun of my day as of thine.

I slept and sent my soul in search of thee!  
But if we met  
I know not—I who slept.  
I but remember what the eyes have seen  
The swing in the grey courtyard, the old loft,  
And our first talks, our letters, our big hopes—  
“ Prince Lazy-bones ”—and how we fell apart,  
No reason, none.

O bird of the mid-heaven! Who would bid  
The poet labour, making bricks  
For the Egyptian?  
Yet thro' the weary day  
Trembled the rhythms of the flowers, the wind  
The ocean till they linked  
In notes ethereal  
And from “ a hundred windows \* ” poured thy  
song.

And now the bird is flown, his empty cage  
Hangs on the wall.  
Here was the sod from which he poured  
His lyric rapture, he who now—  
O my lost cousin, leave thy gift with me,  
Drop the faint echoes down the blue  
Into our barren dreams.

\* “ A Hundred Windows,” by H. D. Lowry.

If we but knew! The lily-bud  
Breaks into flower and lies  
Lovely among its leaves until the pool  
Takes it again.

Ay, flower, song! Friend of the long ago  
When life was wonder, has thy shallop crossed  
Uncharted seas or foundered in the deep?

Did I but know——

## II.

O BARD,

Once of our pilgrim company !

Mute is the harp

That was thy golden fardel.

We call to thee

Across the barrens, thro' the wildering mist

And call in vain.

She, who was loved before the silver strings

Were loosened and the harp

Slipped from thy hand—like dust of stars, a pale

Fire-riband gleaming down the blue—

Who blossomed in the dust until thy gold

Evolved a garden from the wilderness,

Can she not hush the choral flutes of reed

And river swelling to a dirge ?

The cloud-enfolded earth

Turns on her midnight path, the censers sway

Wafting the amber myrrh and ancient death

Under thy window-sill hath called the hour.

To thee our lamentable cry

Must seem as but a cheeping in the walls

That sheltered sleep ; and we—

The moths of a forgotten dusk.

The scrollèd valves of time are locked—

Thy cast attire

Flung to the moth and the grey worm !

Perchance, a naked poor adventurer

Thou art reborn into some tender arms,

To find the ship of wonder, laden deep

With dreams, at anchor in the roads.

## THE ARTIST.

THE street of life  
 Is a Venetian waterway,  
 Palace and fane of the dead hand ;  
 But for the gliding gondola, the air  
 Salt of the sea.

The pictures live along the wall, but he  
 Who dipped his brush in flower-tints or graved  
 A victory on primordial bone  
 Is "dust of earth." The seer who raised  
 A taper in the dwindling dark  
 Sleeps in his shrine of jade and amethyst ;  
 While sands of time are blowing over man  
 The dreamer, over sphinx and pyramid,  
 And in Cæsarian halls  
 Echo is seneschal.

The thought creative lives !  
 But he who wrought,  
 He whose dim moon of pearl is set,  
 Hath he "no knowledge, nor device,  
 Nor wisdom—in the grave ?"



## THE CHESTNUT WOOD.

GREEN roof of vibrant leaves, thro' which the sky  
 Glimmers or fair or foul the day ;  
 Green tapestry about the pillared aisles—  
 The woodland pathway's brown inlay.

A dim green hall beneath the verdant flood  
 When heaven is scattering sunflower grain,  
 A sanctuary—with one clear chorister—  
 From the pale arrows of the rain.

Cascades of emerald shadow, breathed aside  
 By northern airs, until the night—  
 Folding the glad earth in a dream of stars  
 Has trimmed her lanthorn's cadent light.

Beneath the vaulted darkness, earth to earth  
 The leafy generations lie—  
 While thro' the glooming aisles a presence flits  
 The wraith of a forgotten sigh.

A faint embodiment of echoes old  
 Trembling upon the midnight air,  
 A haunting memory of the hopes and dreams  
 The tragedies of those who were.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fasten the narrow casement on the dark !  
 Stir the red log until the spears  
 Of flame are hurtling on the phantom host—  
 The flying shadow of our fears.

## AFTER.

IN the dim watches of the night, we hear  
 The gallop of the spectral steed, our hearts  
 Thud with the hoofs, our fears acclaim the grim  
 Inexorable summons. Who would take  
 The silent road whereon each lonely walks  
 And no man comes again? Yet at the call,  
 Stumbling, sobbing, shuddering, they file  
 In shadowy multitude across the moon  
 Into the outer dark.

But is it void,  
 Or doth a shining as of greater light  
 Than either moon or star or sun can give  
 Pulse faintly on the margins of the world?  
 Ye that have eyes behold the rim is black  
 Against a paler sky, this scudding earth  
 Is but an opalescent gleam in space,  
 And past the silver galleon purple-drowned  
 Of the last planet, is the dream.

Cloud-wrack,  
 Th' eternal menace of the tumbling seas,  
 Grey-bearded, grim, the driven winds of storm,  
 Earth-quake and bolt and levin-brand, the stir  
 Which heard amid the harmony of spheres  
 Swinging in mighty rhythm can but seem

A reedy piping—yet usurps our ear—  
And the diapason of the To Be  
Reverberates unheard.

Or if a note,  
A clarion echo filters thro' the murk,  
The folk, in hoddenn drudgery of doubt,  
Listen—and turn again.

## I KNOW.

I KNOW

Behind the cloudy curtain of the day  
 The cosmic solitudes are fair  
 With the blue light of stars, I know  
 For I have seen.

Green is the daisied sward and golden-green  
 The roof of leaves. A shelter from the rain,  
 Till a sweet babble gives a sweeter name ;  
 And we forget  
 The spectral roll of worlds invisible  
 The last discovered planet hung about  
 With dim and pearly moons, forget—  
 Even the Fear.

The dying suns  
 Sink glimmering thro' the tides of time,  
 As the remorseless grave  
 Gathers the lonely to her breast,  
 Gathers the blossom with the fruit.

And those who crave  
 Re-union other than of mingled dust,  
 Can they believe—  
 Whoever cries unto their hearts : “ I know  
 For I have seen ? ”

## THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

A DAY shall break—the widening rose of dawn  
 Petal on petal lifting from the gold  
 Until the neutral earth is green, the stars  
 Reborn as dew—that day shall break  
 And thou sleep on.

Sleep so serenely that the pitcher left  
 To brim and overflow, the scattered ash,  
 The needle rusting in the seam  
 Shall be as recollected play ;  
 So deeply not the push  
 Of dimpled fingers at thy breast  
 May lure thee back.

Beneath a coronal of bloom, the fruit  
 Is ripening ere the petals fleet  
 Thro' quiet airs  
 A fragrant generation at a breath.  
 When is fulfilled  
 The law, the purpose of our earth—  
 We too may wing into the vast.

The sacred fire  
Smoulders upon the hearth, tho' red  
On circling wall the pageantry of hell !  
Within the shrine  
The priestess pours libation, till the years  
Are numbered, and a younger vestal brings  
The oil and wine.

From the low house of clay we look  
Thro' storied window of the creeds ;  
From the low house of clay—the altar lit  
Or black with dying brand—we step  
Into the light.

## A SONG OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE spring has hung a veil of green  
 Mine eyes and the dark wood between,  
 The leaves have cloaked the poplar tall—  
 Dear leaves, I shall not see them fall.

When rude November's organ breath  
 Peals the wild gallop of their death,  
 Did all the winds of autumn blow  
 About my bed—I should not know !

The thick rank grass will wave above  
 My dreaming earth and if thy love  
 Pass with my passing be it so,  
 Faithful or false—I shall not know !

“ If love should call to love ? ” Dear heart  
 We cannot be so far apart  
 But that the welcome cry would grow  
 Out of the hush—and I should know.

## CORNWALL.

RHYTHMS of lonely Constantine—the arc  
Of the wide bay, the billowy dunes, the long  
Atlantic roll.

To look on the translucent green, the blue  
Deepening to purple where the weed is dense !  
To hear the homing call as the brave sweep  
Of wings is folded on a sea-girt rock !  
To lie in golden warmth, while tow'ring waves  
Break with a lazy roar along the beach—  
To lie and dream.

A perfect dream ! That I  
Might sleep for ever by the ruined church  
Whose threshold is the sacrificial stone  
Of a forgotten people, if such dream—  
Were mine.



## AN EPITAPH.

UNDER yon hillock lies  
A cloak with which the wind has rioted  
Thro' wanton Junes, a cloak  
Abandoned to December tears,  
By one who felt the lure of widening seas.

## THE SHIP OF SOULS.

"The conscious self with which we are familiar in our waking life is but a portion of a 'more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty which for the most part remains potential, as far as regards the life on earth,' but which may be liberated in full activity by the change we call death."—*Psychical Research*, by W. F. BARRETT.

THE cup of ocean is a-brim with tears  
Beneath the mist ; but the grey ripples ebb  
And over-sea are sands of morning pearl.

Thralls of the earth, we take with covered eyes  
The way of prayer, or between bar and bar  
Follow the drama of a day, till death  
The wandering gleeman harps of liberty  
At curfew. Sweet and passing sweet the wind !  
The sails are filling and the phantom ship  
The ship of souls is borne thro' lucent gold,  
Thin, magical, thro' star-light and the Gate.

The mourners go about the streets, but man—  
The barley brown upon the slope, the share  
Deep in the furrow and the gate a-swing—  
Man goeth home. Grey-kilted and grey-shod  
Handmaiden Dawn hath sundered the black webs  
And flung the casement wide. As ruddy day  
Smiles in his sleep and every little hill  
Flushes with early fire, a shadow glides  
Into the sapphire roads.\*

\* Anchorage.

Now is the house  
 Of bondage dwindled to a grassy knoll  
 Across the gulf. So with the sorry years  
 Dew-crystals on the thread of time that melt  
 Into a rainbow shower.

Errant, vague,  
 Our hopes are beaten silver that the sun  
 Shall gild. Upon that strand of morning pearl  
 The glamorous dreams that burgeoned but to  
 fade  
 Shall bid us welcome ; on that honeyed lea  
 In those deep meadows the desire of youth  
 Be linked with holy vision. Like a bride  
 Fulfilment waits us, the deep ecstasy.  
 We have not known, the knowledge hid, the art  
 We could not compass. On the stem of life  
 The clustered trails of blossom, lilies white  
 And golden, the blue ring o' bells, the rose !  
 Thus are we gathered to the mystic heart  
 One with the quenchless altar-fire, yet each  
 A separate flame ; and man, the wanderer,  
 Man goeth—home.

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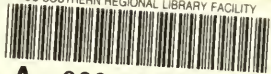
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