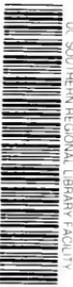


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BY C.A.DAWSON SCOTT

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BEYOND

BY

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT



LONDON

G. J. GLAISHER

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1912

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)

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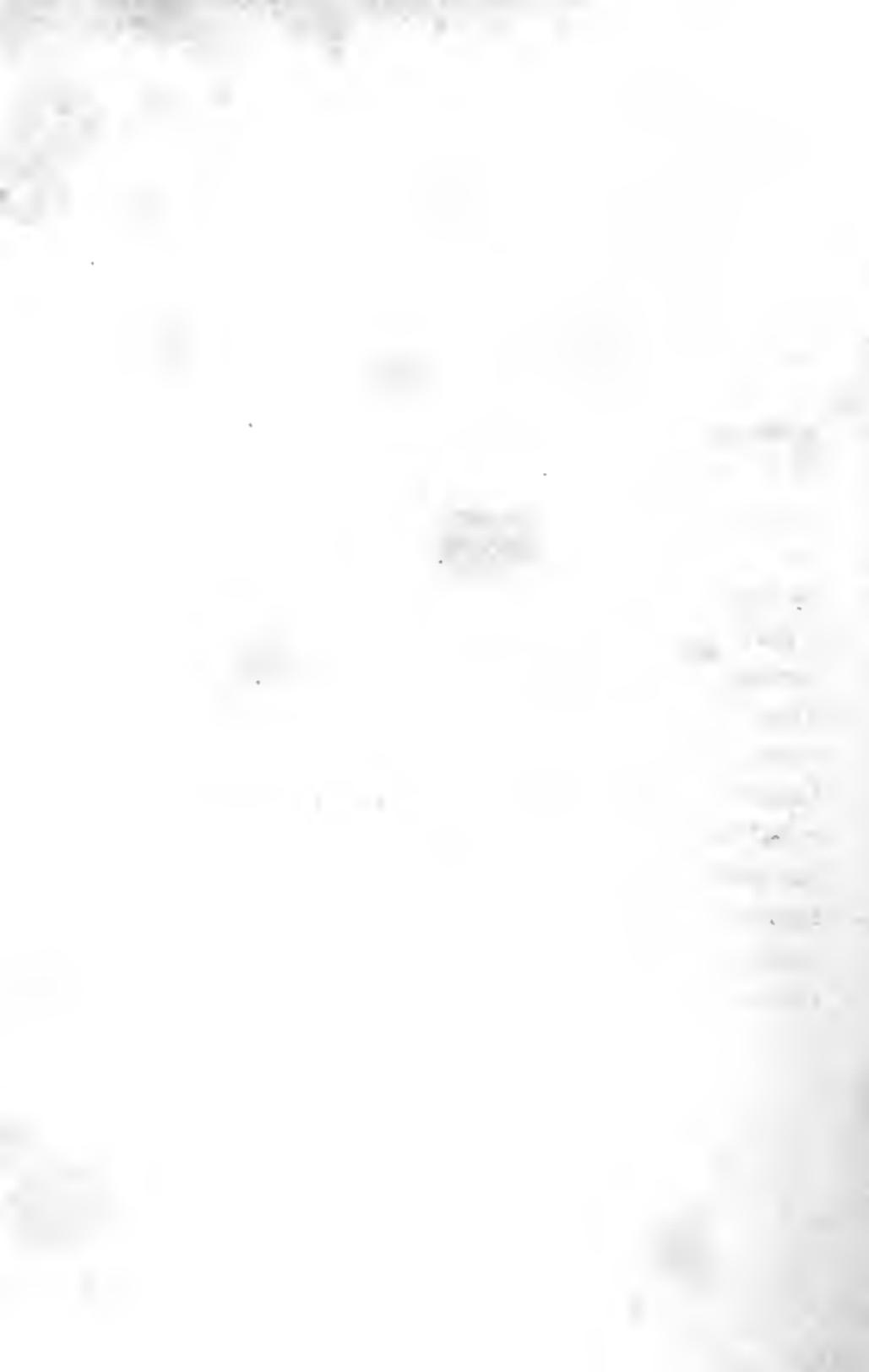
TO
W. H.

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 TALE S.

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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