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POEMS

BY

HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

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POEMS

BY

HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1911

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GIFT

Reinell

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THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

985

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1911

To
CECIL MACKIE HOPKINS

*This collection of
his father's poems
is dedicated by
his mother*

M689076

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POEMS

SONG

Ah, love was sweeter than the breath of flowers
Across the sea, from lands beyond our sight;
And swifter than the footsteps of the hours
That bear our souls in slumber to the light.

Ah, love was cruel as the lurking thorn;
I plucked the rose, impatient of delay,
I plucked the rose, and now I stand forlorn,
The fragrant petals scattered in the way.

JOY

To-day did Fortune turn and smite,
And her lash was the lash of man's despise;
Yet when she deemed I would wince and cry,
I thought of song and knew not why.
Why does the bird in the darkening wood
Sing of his faith that life is good,
His little life of a summer's day,
Dreaming that joy will live away?
Why does the sun return again,
After the night of wind and rain?

Why do I sing?

Come, my harp, for my heart is glad.
Full too oft have our songs been sad,
Full too oft when the good sun shone
I swept your strings to a faithless moan.
Wake, my harp, to a nobler beat:

This man suffered and found life sweet.

Poor he was and of small renown,

Greeted often by Fortune's frown,

But he met his Love and she loved him still,

Till their brief sun vanished behind the hill.

Just one song to the world repeat—

This man loved and found life sweet.

VICTORY

It is not life's brief tenure that I moan,
Its many tears, it vanishing delights,
Nor all the bitterness my heart hath known
In the grim silences of wakeful nights.

Nor doth my spirit in the battle quail,
Dreaming of pleasure and inglorious ease;
My arm would answer mighty flail with flail,
And try results with mortal destinies.

But this my prayer, and this my one request:
That when my wrestle with the foe is done,
It be not said of me, "He did his best,"—
Not that alone, but let them add, "He won."

EPITHALAMIUM

Throw the waiting portals wide,
For she pauses at the door;
Hear the organ's sudden roar
Shout a welcome to the bride!

Shall I say that she is fair,
As a rose at dawn of day,
Or a yellow poppy bright
Luminous against the night?
[Shall I say that she's the vine,
He the oak she doth entwine?]

Nay, a phrase I cannot find,
In my wonderment of mind!
Every simile is dumb
As I see her slowly come
Down the aisle to where he stands,
And the roses in her hands

Seem less innocent and good
Than her wondrous womanhood.

And the bridegroom too is fair,
In his strength and manly grace
In his quietness of face,
And the burdens he will bear;
And I look into the years,
Knowing he will dry her tears
In his sunniness of heart,—
That they, never more will part,
Till the genial years shall bring
Comfort of the easy chair,
Sitting loved and loving there,
Nodding yes to everything!

Symbol of eternal love
Is the ring that he has given,
Blessings brooding like a dove
From the open gate of heaven!

Let the organ louder play,
As they pass adown the aisle,
Sing the glad triumphant way,
Stretching sunny mile on mile!
Yet I hear a wistful strain
Follow close upon the glad,
As a sudden rush of rain
Turns an autumn morning sad,
Sweeps across the yellow grain,
Hides the still ungathered sheaves,
Covering the sodden plain
With a robe of ruined leaves.

Sweeter now the music plays,
Climbing to its final height,
Silently your poet prays,

As you vanish in the night,
And he hears the horses' feet
Clatter down the stony street.

Groom, what happiness is thine,
In the days that crowd apace,
In her loveliness and grace,
Precious, hourly anodyne!
Often in the flitting night
You shall hold her to your heart,
Often in the early light
You shall gaze with lips apart,
Gaze, with eyes unsatisfied,
At the beauty of your bride.

And beware that you repine
Any wrong that you have done;
Still the sifting years refine,
Every day is life begun.
Look not back upon the past,
For she loves you as her King,
Kingly be the love you bring,
Till you triumph at the last!

To you, O Bride, I fain would tell
The thoughts that come, though bidden not,
The thought of one who loves you well,
And stands aside, alone, forgot,
To muse upon a woman's lot.

I saw you smile in girlish wise.
Full many a time, and could not tell,
So blue and cloudless were your eyes,
If any thought of pain might dwell
Within that tranquil citadel.

Then comes this night, when you are wed,
As free from sorrow as from guile,

The marriage-veil is on your head,
And on your lips a sudden smile
Makes sunlight down the sombre aisle.

But life is richer than you know,
It brings us sorrows strange and deep,
It may be that you too shall grow
Like one who has been long asleep,
And wakes from wistful dreams to weep.

And when your hair is streaked with snow,
But more with sorrow than with years,
May this be why he loves you so,
Because, in spite of pains and fears,
He sees you smiling through your tears.

TO TOLEDO

Dear city of the shaded streets, beside the saltless
sea,
Catullus sang of Sirmio, and I will sing of thee,
The river front, the ships, the roofs a-shimmer in
the sun,
The happy doorstep gossiping when summer days
are done!
And then the night, the tropic night, the sudden
cooling rain,
The scurry of a thousand feet, the slamming of the
pane;
And when the thunder dies away, above the gleam-
ing street,
The maples murmur melodies, the stars are shining
sweet.

I love thee in the April dawn, when dew is on the
ground,
I love the wakening of life, the carnival of sound,
The cable-cars and factories, the heaps of ruddy ore,

The schooners heading for the bay, the long retreat-
ing shore,
The autumn winds, the rain of leaves, the winter's
drifting snow—
But best of all, the summer nights when voices mur-
mur low;
And far beyond the balconies and laughter floating
faint,
The frog's eternal orchestra begins the old com-
plaint.

Dear city of the shaded streets, beside the saltless
sea,
I cannot linger by the door where love began for
me,
I can but dream beside the lamp three thousand
miles away,
And think I sit again with her at closing of the day.
Again I hear the cooling rain, the scurrying of feet;
The maples murmur melodies, the stars are shin-
ing sweet.

FRIENDSHIP

I have a friend who loves his Greek
Almost as much as I love him,
And when he comes to me we speak
Of epic tales or legends dim,
Or while a quiet hour away
In reading the Antigone.

But when I talk of meaner things,
Of "mine" and "thine" and of to-day,
His soul takes flight on viewless wings,
Back through the ages far away,
Afar on wistful pinions flies,
Deep in the blue of Attic skies.

Dear friend, I will not vex your mind
With matters of ignoble worth,
But in your presence strive to find
The secret of a fairer earth,
Till I become by slow degrees
Orestes to your Pylades.

THE WATCHER

At his window in the wall,
Where the mottled moonbeams fall,
Sits the watcher, all in white,
Sleepless through the sleeping night,
While the turning heavens swim,
And the distant stars are dim,
And he hears the solemn swell
Of the ivy-steeped bell.

Now he sees the creeping mist,
Paly, powdered amethyst,
And the firefly's flitting spark,
Where the shadows cluster dark;
Through the moonlight, far away,
Hears the watchdog's mellowed bay,
And the rumble of a train—
Then the echoes sleep again.

With unseeing eyes he sees
Mist and moon and brooding trees,
And the drowsy sounds he hears
Fall unheeded on his ears,
While he longs in hopeless pain
For the dreams of youth again,
And the tolling of the bell
Deepens sadly to a knell.

THE OUTCAST

Poor mottled leaper o'er the wayside stone,
The clown of reptiles, and a scorn of men!
I see thee moving in the dusk alone,
Nor can be sure until I look again,
So like thou art, in undistinguished grey,
To the deep dust that wraps the great highway.

And thou hast lighted in thy clumsy fall
With patient, blinking gaze upon the west,
Where now, behind a cloud's fantastic wall,
The burning summer day has gone to rest,
And in thy little eyes, peculiar, bright,
The deep reflection of a lambent light.

But I who muse upon the darkling road
Have come to see in every God-made thing,
From the great ocean to this little toad,
The lesson and the comfort that they bring,
And growing tenderer with aging years,
Am moved by such a sight as this to tears.

Tears for a loveless thing, wherever found,
That views the beauty of the world afar,
Nor ever lifts its head above the ground,
Or knows the truths of nature as they are.
And still He marks the sparrow in its fall,
And still His loving care is over all!

CLOUDLAND

Over the hills at the close of day,
Gazing with listless-seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,
The sunset clouds of the western skies.

Margery sighs with a vague regret,
As slowly they fade from gold to grey,
Till night has come, and the sun has set,
And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.

What are you dreaming, my little maid?
For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know.
What were the words that the wild wind said,
And where in the dark did the cloud-ships go?

Come through the window and touch her hair,
Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
But kiss her softly, and let her sleep.

WATCH THEREFORE

In Palestine the moonbeams shine
Upon the lonely hill
Where shepherds keep their drowsy sheep,
And all the land is still.

But through the night a path of light
Streams out across the way,
And servants feast until the east
Gives warning of the day.

“Full many a year, in hope and fear,
A band of slavish men,
We watch for him with eyes grown dim,
He will not come again!”

Far away, at the dawn of day,
I hear the master come,
And the rhythmic beat of his horse's feet,
Nearer and nearer home.

But no one waits at the castle gates,
And on the castle floor
The sunlight creeps, while the porter sleeps
Till his Lord is at the door.

THE PESSIMIST

I would I could feel for my brothers,
But I dwell in the world all alone,
And know not the sorrows of others,
For my heart is as hard as a stone.

Time was when my life was worth living,
Time was when the tinsel was gold,
When my spirit was light with thanksgiving,
And steeped in the legends of old.

I could weep for the vanished illusion,
But the fountain is dried at the source,
And I see but a world of confusion,
And the march of malevolent force.

Ah, well, I have reached the last pages,
Life turns them with fingers grown cold,
Ere she closes the book for all ages,
A prey to the dust and the mould.

We shall lie in the dark without number,
While the cycles of time crumble on.
What voice shall awake those that slumber,
What magical fingers of dawn?

MOONLIGHT

'T was Sunday night, the last sweet hymn was sung:
"Father, again to thy dear name we raise—"
The benediction said, forthwith outrung
The organ postlude, mighty as the praise
Of angel hosts upon celestial ways.

The warlike Gloria of Mozart's Mass
The organist upbuilds by swift degrees,
Now soft as falling leaves upon the grass,
Again in volume like the noisy seas
That thunder on the rugged Hebrides.

Now all are gone, and still he softly plays,
Dreaming upon the keys in poet wise,
Knowing full well how Margery delays,
Just where the shadow by the doorway lies,
With love's deep yearning in her hazel eyes.

Until at last, within the rafters' height,
The eerie echoes die upon the gloom;
The sexton turns the one remaining light,
The church is silent as a lonely tomb,
Where sleepers wait their glory or their doom.

With gentle confidence she takes his arm—
Of village gossips there is none to see—
Down the dark road they pass without alarm,
Softly enwrapped in subtle reverie.
Until they reach the shelter of a tree,

It is a drowsy night in early June,
And faint the breath from unseen blossoms blown
Lulls every thought, until, as in a swoon,
All consciousness of time and place has flown,
They dwell in some far fairyland alone.

And while they dream, within the distant east
A dawning glory toward the zenith thrills,
The red and silent Moon, love's lonely Priest,
Mounts slowly upward, till his splendour fills
The sleeping valleys and the brooding hills.

They hear the rising wind among the trees,
Like waves that murmur on a distant shore
Washed by the azure depths of sleepy seas,
And careless what the future has in store,
They fain would sail in dreams forevermore.

It may not be, for now the village bell
Tolls out the midnight chime with measured beat,
The solemn echoes break the magic spell,
The vision vanishes on pinions fleet,
Sadly their trembling lips at parting meet.

He leaves her at her door and turns away,
And still as onward through the night he goes,
Through every sense he feels her subtle sway,
Her sweetness like the fragrance of a rose,
Her kiss that still upon his forehead glows.

Then to his heart there creeps a sudden chill,
The moonlight which of late made fairyland,
Sleeps drear and sinister upon the hill,
He hears strange voices where the elm trees stand,
Dim, ghostly whisperers on either hand.

Pursued by haunting fears he gains the way
That leads him southward toward the city's light,
Above, the golden moon has turned to gray,
Ere he has won at length his window's height,
And knelt in silence to outwatch the night.

A LOVE LETTER

When you are dust, and I am dust,
And time has passed away,
What profit that in sudden pride
You kissed me not to-day?
When you are dust, and I am dust,
Our spirits in the wind
Will wander weary through the world
For love they cannot find.

Or if, perchance, in whirl of snow,
Upon some lonely hill,
Our frustrate spirits meet and know,
And shudder, and are still,
What power to sooth our ceaseless pain,
What hands or lips or eyes,
Before, forever torn in twain,
Our hope forever dies?

So when I come to you to-night
I pray that at the door
I find you standing warm and bright,
As you have stood before;
I pray you let me kiss again
Your hands and lips and eyes.
For us, the life of love, and then
The death that never dies!

RETROSPECT

'Tis not the burden of my sin
That binds my soul in dumb distress,
But that my heart is cold within;
I would I had sinned more—or less.

For while to-night I walk alone,
With flaring torch among the tombs.

I read the lines the years have strown,
Above their dark and silent rooms.

I see the lessons I have learned
As epitaphs upon the soul,
The ashes of the fires that burned,
The shadow of the un-won goal.

I've learned to put the purpose by,
In fear of cold and loneliness—
Too steep the road, the prize too high—
I've learned to wait and acquiesce.

Thus for a space I linger yet,
And watch the slowly dying light:
A little while I must forget,
And sleep the sleep of yesternight.

TWILIGHT IN SAN PABLO VALLEY

Cold is the sleeping mountain,
And cold is the setting sun,
And grey is the road that climbs and climbs,
Till the distant heights are won.
I hear a drowsy murmur,
And the note of a lonely bird,
And a faint wind sighs in the darkling skies,
Like the ghost of a whispered word.

And Fear is in the valley,
It comes with the creeping night,
The fear of the Sphinx-like mountains,
The fear of the keen starlight,
The fear of a Spirit moving
In the breeze's monotone,
The fear of God in the darkness,
Who speaks with the soul alone.

BREKEKEKEX KOAX KOAX

The moon is low in the sky,
And the wind is low in the trees,
And the frogs are trilling high
Their marshy melodies;
And I think of another night,
So many years ago,
When the moon was shining bright,
And the wind was blowing low.

I stood by the dreary pool,
At the end of the silent street,
And the grass was soft and cool
To my bare, unfettered feet;
I heard the marsh-song trill,
And my waiting soul was dumb,
As up the misty hill
I saw the Marsh King come.

TO A FLIRT

'Twas just a glance when first we met,
Our insincerity began;
To play at loving, and forget,
Was then our plan.

We'd often played the game before,
The game To Love and then Forget,
Perhaps we thought, "'Tis one fool more
Within the net."

And we were artists in our way,
We knew the moves and made the signs
Without the hurry or delay
Of other times;

Without the tears, with hearts unfired
By fierce delight or jealous pain;
We both loved love, but were too tired
To love again.

So by the shore, or at the play,
Or when the sun was in the west,
We knew the proper thing to say,
And stood the test.

To-night, upon the moonlit hill,
I held you softly in my arm,
And there you lay, demure and still,
Nor thought of harm,

And there I smoothed your hair away,
And while you watched the stars above
I kissed you, and forgot to play,
And spoke of love.

But you were wise enough for two,
And laughed that I should lose so soon,
You found a kindly thing to do,
And blamed the Moon.

'Twas more than folly, less than sin,
And I've forgotten to forget;
I will not be what I have been,
Since first we met!

So when I come to you again,
I pray that you will be less wise,
And let me read an answer plain,
Within your eyes.

If I be more to you to-night
Than when, at first, I played a part,

I'll know the message, mirrored bright,
Of heart to heart.

Or if you will that I be less
Than I have been to you before,
You need not speak, for I can guess,
And come no more.

ON THE MARCH

Down the canon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd:
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes,
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, welling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drown'd!
Still our pulses beat in time
To the rhythmic roll sublime:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,

Now the marching men have passed,
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears,
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast,
Loves and hates and hopes and fears,
Waking from the sleep of years,
At our country's calling come,
To the rolling of the drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,

So the night comes on apace,
Settles on each solemn face,
While we pray with hearts of fire,
While a wistful, wild desire
Follows where the dangers are,
Where the battles blaze afar,
Till our heroes homeward come,
And we hear the victor drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek tek tek
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,

BY THE BROOK SIDE

Were I a midget manikin,
A-floating down the stream,
Upon a little piece of bark,
How dreadful it would seem!
This babbling brook would be to me
The swirling of a mighty sea,

If I should be so small and thin,
A fairy midget manikin.

Although my years are twenty-three,
And I so wise have grown,
Such fancies often visit me,
When by the brook alone:
The hamadryads haunt the trees,
And Pan comes dancing down the breeze,
Again I am, as I have been,
A fairy midget manikin.

THE DREAM

Deep in the autumn night my Love awoke,
Put out her hand to know if I were near;
I waited in the silence till she spoke,
Her voice to me how dear!

“I hear the children singing in the night,
And down the aisle I see the censer swing,
I see a great procession, all in white,
And hear the church bells ring.”

“The children long ago have gone to sleep,
You only hear the breeze’s low refrain,
You only see the milky moonlight creep
Across the window-pane.”

She smiled, and nestled close against my breast,
And while I wondered such sweet dreams could
be,
The mellow autumn moon had gone to rest
Beyond the western sea.

NEBULAE OF SONG

Dim nebulae of song!
First, a cold star-dust in the spirit's void,
Whirling with measured sweep the shadows
through,
Then more compact, centripetal, and strong,
Swifter and surer and of warmer hue!

Thy brothers wait thee in the blue above,
Far through the silences their songs descend;
Thou too shalt join their ancient choir of love,
And send thy light across the paths of men.

Now the faint music of the early dawn,
Feeling its way with broken chords and slow,
Then the C Major, resolute and strong,
Moving in conscious strength the measures go.

But thou, dim dust, that trailest through the night,
Breasting the waves of that unsounded sea,
Swift be the course of the triumphant flight,
And sweet thy music in the years to be!

THE THREE PILGRIMS

“What good thing has life given each,
Now at our journey's end?
To me, the goal of fame to reach,
And one to call me friend.”

“To me, the knowledge of the past
Has given of precious store,
And I have come to know at last
The great who are no more.”

“But I have heard, when bowed my head
By bitter pain and loss,
The words of comfort He has said,
Who died upon the cross.”

TO AN AMERICAN-MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN

You, in the climbing San Francisco street,
With sun-burned cheek, and easy, open blouse,
Showing a glimpse of broad and burnished breast,
Supple in movement and of rolling gait,
A living lyric of Manila Bay!

I note the willowy, athletic build,
The tangled hair that peeps beneath your cap,
The free, bold glance, like any truant boy
Escaped the humdrum of the school to-day,
To wander with his mates about the town.

Out in the Bay your ship at anchor lies,
Straining her cables in the swelling tides,
The guns all canvassed, and the decks swept clean,
And some few left on guard; while you, ashore,
Live the great day that you have dreamed of long,
For weary months, beneath unfriendly stars.

And now, how free from any thought of fame,
Or that black tragedy which waits on war!
I see you roving through the roaring streets,
Spending your money with a drunken grace,
Simple and brave, heroic, weak, and free!

The mystery of the sailor's life is yours,
The same sweet mystery that in days of old
Haunted the Spaniards in their daring ways,
In search of El Dorado and its gold,
In search of that bright spring of living youth
That flashed far off beyond the beckoning foam.

But we, grown practical in these cold days,
Study the strange old tales in learned books.
You tell the story in your open face,
The tale of cities far in desert wastes,
The tale of ghosts upon the windy deck,
St. Elmo's fire, and terrors of the deep.

And now, farewell, brave sailor of the seas!
I to my duties turn with lagging step;
You, free and fearless as in early days,
Roam the great deep and win our country's fights,
The rich, romantic life of love and war.

Yet often, in the dust of crowded streets,
I once again shall see you roll along,
With open hand, and open heart, and song;
And lifting weary eyes to that pure sky,
So blue and cool above the city's walls,
My soul shall know the same unfettered joy
That thrilled me once upon a summer day,
When first I saw the ocean stretch away
To meet the sky, and all the world was young.

Then, like Magellan on his lonely deck,
Watching the steady stars with poet's eyes,
I too shall hear the swashing of the waves
Against the foaming bow that cuts the night;
And day by day shall see the horizon edge
With nought to break its everlasting line,
The perfect circle of the watery world,
Till, like a vision, on some quiet morn,
The roofs of China dream against the sky!

OFT IN THE MORNING

Oft in the morning when I sit me down
With learnèd book, and mean to labour well,
When from the coolness of my early bath
My body is a temple of repose,
And when my pipe is fragrance and delight,
There comes upon a sudden to my mind
A thought of that great world beyond my room,
The open road, the sun and blowing wind,
The music and the mystery of life.

The book becomes a husk of empty words,
For I have heard the wagons in the street,
The venders' cries, melodious and strong,
The crowing of the cocks in distant barns,
The shouting of the children at their play;
And grandly then a picture of the world
Comes floating in upon my waiting soul.

I know the bay spreads tranquilly afar,
To meet the purple slopes of Tamalpais,
I see the Berkeley houses dot the hills,
White as a group of spotted dice outthrown
From some great hand that left them there in play;
And many whirring windmills fleck the sky,
And blur the blue and hum a droning song.

So, when I feel the breeze upon my breast,
And drink delight with every sparkling breath,
Ah, what to me are Grecians, Romans, bards,
All peoples that have tasted joy and died?
The passion of mere living now is mine,
As if I looked the first upon the light,
As if I had been born this very day,
Nor ever had seen anything before,
Or heard the music of the morning wind;
So wonderfully fresh the feel of life,
So beautiful the world that is my home!

DISILLUSION

I read in some quaint wonder-book
The legend of a miser grim,
Who by the means called "hook or crook"
Did fleece the folk that trusted him.

But when the miser came to die,
And when his heirs would count the gold,
A heap of withered leaves and dry
Is all that his great coffers hold.

So when I turn me to my book,
To count the treasures of my mind,
Some witch's wand has changed their look,
And withered leaves is all I find.

THE NORTH WIND IN CALIFORNIA

Now, to the wonder of the waiting night,
The arid North comes stealing o'er the hills,
First in slow puffs, and then the whole house thrills
With steady blows of that mysterious might.
How strange to hear, beneath the hot starlight,
The same wild note that comes with driven snows
Against New England panes, where warmly glows
The dark green holly and its berries bright!
And what the meaning of the wild refrain,
And what the message that the North Wind
brings?
It sings of cactus on a desert plain,
Of bones that bleach beside the sand-choked
springs,
Of strange, red mountains, unrefreshed by rain,
A land of gruesome and forgotten things.

THE WILD DUCKS OF ILLINOIS

O swift wild ducks that northward flew
Across the skies of Illinois,
When April came, and life was new
With sweet, unconscious joys,

How wistfully, these later days,
Among the haunts of alien men,
I search in vain the trackless ways,
To find your trail again!

For often, in that little town,
When all the world was wet with dew,
A faint, wild cry came dropping down,
From out the liquid blue,

And looking from the open door,
I watched you wing your steady flight,
Till your long lines were seen no more,
Within the dizzy height.

Then all the golden summer days
My truant thoughts would northward roam,
And wait the autumn's purple haze,
And you, returning home,

Your tireless columns backward spread,
To pierce the waves of day and night,
Your leader straining on ahead,
In his unerring flight.

And when the night was still and dark,
I saw you blot the starlit sky,
And paused upon the road to mark
Your sweet, discordant cry,

As one who stands upon the shore,
And sends his heart with ships that sail
Across the seas, to come no more
Upon the homeward trail.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN

The boats are turning up the silent river,
And there are tender meetings on the shore,
But I shall see her by the willow never,
Nevermore.

O winds that waft me to the dim Hereafter,
Still sing your siren songs as oft before,
And through the starlight bring the low, sweet
laughter
From the shore.

And though no more for me at my returning
Will shine those eyes with mystic light divine,
Though I shall never feel her dear hand burning,
Claspt in mine,

Let no man dream I think not for my brothers,
For since I am bereaved by His great will,
I feel the joys and sorrows of the others
Deeper still.

And when from my last voyage unreturning,
My bark is borne upon the rolling surge,
Beyond the stars in tender pity yearning
At the verge,

Though now grown old with years of weary rang-
ing,
Through scudding tempests and the breakers'
roar,
I know she waits me with a love unchanging,
On the shore.

SONNETS OF BURIED NIPPUR

The Man

Reeling away beneath the brazen skies,
The giant tempest, black with stinging sands
Pauses and breaks and falls with whirling hands
Upon the mound where buried Nipper lies.
There the long sleep; above, the lidless eyes
Of stars cold-gazing on the race of man:
There, where the drama of the world began,
The lights are out and all the music dies.
Four thousand years before the sons of Greece
Pillared the hills beyond the azure sea,
Lugalzaggisi forced his fearful peace
Upon a world that cowered at his knee,
Lugalzaggisi, first in power and fame—
The patient scholars have unearthed his name.

The God

When Turgu reigned, and Abraham was dead
A thousand years, the revellers in a hall
Above the buried Nippur heard a fall
Of masonry, and their loud laughter fled.
With flaring torch the trembling menials led
A wondering way adown a broken stair,
Beat back the darkness of the stagnant air,
Where Sargon slept upon his crumbling bed.
And far below, within a deeper gloom,
They came upon the great god Bel alone,
Ruling sole sovereign in a little room,
Whom once the World had scarce sufficed to
throne.
Silent they stood within the echoing tomb,
Frozen before those sightless eyes of stone.

ALONG THE BAY SHORE

The broad yellow waters stretch dimmer and dimmer
From the shore with its long-fringed mantle of green,
And I watch the strong form of the forthgoing swimmer,
The sea and the sky and the lighthouse between.

I see his white body sink lower and lower,
Till only his shoulders reflect the red sun,
His tentative steps ever slower and slower
Through westerling breezes that ripple and run.

I see a great ship to the harbor returning,
A streperous tug with a bone in its mouth,
And crossing a cloud iridescent and burning,
The wild duck awing for his home in the south.

MY HEART HATH SUNG OF THEE

My heart hath sung of thee,
All the soft hours of the slumbrous day,
As through the arch of tree and tree,
'Mid Springtime's wooing volubility,
One fuller, more insistent note,
From unseen, love-pained throat,
Comes down the leafy way.

Here, hour by heedless hour,
Upon the moss-stained fence I lean,
And wonder at the sudden shower
Of blossoms on the rippling green,
And watch the hand of God unfold
The poppy and the marigold.

The rose is lovely, and the fleur de lis,
And apple blossoms dear to thee and me;
But now I choose those richer-coloured flowers,
Lifting gold faces to the golden hours.
My fancy is robust as they: one sweet, warm kiss
Befits a day like this!

THE BATTLE-LINE

Lonely I lie upon the sodden sands,
Stunned by the steady, cannonading roar
Of rushing ranks that reach along the shore
The ghostly menace of despairing hands.
What grim resolves, whose merciless commands,
Still drive you on in unimagined might,
Through countless centuries of day and night,
To pour your battle on the stubborn lands?
Far, far away, the careless hosts of men,
In lonely house or many-streeted town,
Sleep in their simple faith secure, nor ken
On what another sight the moon looks down.
But here I see the maddened foes entwine
Along the world's unending battle-line.

THE TRUCE

High noon, and peace, and wide-flung window pane
Framing a square of land and sea and sky;
Somewhere, a meadow-lark's ecstatic cry
Piercing the stillness with its thin refrain.
The sparse, pale grasses ripple toward the main,
The winding sands a yellow pathway gleam,
Beyond, the ocean's fleck'd and flashing stream,
And then the blue, unmarred by cloud or stain!
Last night I lay as facing furious foes
That swept the ramparts with a savage roar,
And dreamed of final cataclysmic woes,
The world o'erwhelmed beyond the beaten shore.
And can this peaceful, sparkling river be
That mighty, menacing, remorseless sea?

THE ESTADEA*

A white mist rose from out the sea,
The sullen sun sank all too soon,
The level moor stretched endlessly
Beneath the rising moon.

Three watchers stood as shadows stand,
When no wind moves across the sky,
They saw the mists on either hand
Come stealing softly by.

Like stardust drifting overhead,
They saw a thousand dancing lights,
The candles of the ancient dead
Who walk in autumn nights.

From George Borrow's "The Bible in Spain," pp.
422-3. Guide:

"What do I mean by the *Estadéa*? My master asks me what I mean by the *Estadinha*.* I have met the *Estadinha* but once, and it was upon a moor something like this. I was in company with several women, and a thick haze came on, and suddenly a thousand lights shone above our heads in the haze, and there was a wild cry, and the women fell to the ground screaming, '*Estadéa! Estadéa!*' And I myself fell to the ground crying out, '*Estadinha!*' The *Estadéa* are the spirits of the dead which ride upon the haze, bearing candles in their hands. I tell you frankly, my master, that if we meet the assembly of the souls, I shall leave you at once, and then I shall run and run till I drown myself in the sea, somewhere about Muros."

**Estadinha*—diminutive.—Note by Editor.

Ah, woe to those that chance to meet
The Estadéa passing by,
Who wander with unburied feet
Between the earth and sky!

Ah, woe to those that chance to stray
At night upon the lonely shore,
For never do they see the day,
And they are seen no more.

The white mist passed from out the sea,
Across the moor and up the hill,
The risen moon shone drearily,
And all the land was still.

LOVE IN APRIL

We met at dawn of day,
In an April long ago,
When the lilac bush was gay,
And the apple boughs were snow,
And Love, in April's guise,
Lured us on with April's wile,
For her rain was in your eyes,
And her sunlight in your smile.

We parted long ago,
In an agony of pride,
When the world was white with snow—
Ah, the bitter world was wide!
Till I sent a little song,
Like a dove across the sea,
And the silent days were long,
But it came again to me.

O sweet and far away,
Whom I have loved so well,
My heart is glad to day,

With a joy it cannot tell,
For your love has come at last,
With the ships across the sea,
And the Aprils of the past
Are the life that is to be.

COME NOT, FAIR SPRING!

Come not, fair Spring, come not as yet
To drive the snows away,
And bid my truant heart forget
The vows of yesterday;
For much I fear your winning eyes,
Your fragrant hair afloat,
The witchery of your surprise,
The languor of your throat.

I've walked with Winter, many days,
And braved his boisterous moods,
And learned to love his epic lays,
His shrilling interludes;
And will you come to bid me rest,
Before my strength is spent,
To love your laughing lyrics best,
Inglorious and content?

The last white flake is but a tear
Upon the window pane,
I fling the casement wide and hear
The unfamiliar rain,
The river rushing to the sea,
The blackbird screaming high,
A whisper in the apple tree,
And know that you are nigh.

Oh come fair Spring, oh come at last,
And drive the snows away!
Too long I've battled with the blast,
And I would rest to-day;

I hear your step upon the hill,
Your laughter in the rain,
And can my heart be recreant still,
When you have come again?

TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Columbia, our mother fair,
Above the city's smoke and roar,
I thrill to see thee standing there,
Upon thy hills forevermore!

Presiding Spirit of our youth,
Within thy temple's pillar'd height
Thy sons shall learn the way of truth,
And burn to battle for the right.

Not such as once in Samothrace,
The sculptor wrought of gleaming stone,
The Nikée of a warlike race,
With garments by the tempest blown;

A wiser Victory be thou!
A Victory in civic strife,
To smite Corruption down, nor bow
Before the stress of modern life.

And standing there, serene and pure,
Where countless homes thy vision greet,
While that great, troubled life endure,
And surge about thy steadfast feet,

Thou still shalt point the wiser way,
Thou still shalt turn from little things,
Thine eyes upon the coming day,
Its light upon thy lifted wings!

I STOOD IN DREAMS BESIDE THE GATE

I stood in dreams beside the gate,
Where'er that gate may be,
Where souls released from earth's estate
Pass on eternally
From out this whirl of strife and hate,
On death's untroubled sea.

From battle-field, and flood, and fire,
And lingering beds of pain,
Purged of importunate desire,
And white without a stain,
I saw them pass, an endless choir,
Hymning a glad refrain.

The aged man, his youth renewed,
The child with wondering eyes,
The youth with flaming hopes endued,
Seeking a high emprise,
Winging in happy certitude
The pathway of the skies.

METEMPSYCHOSIS

So many lives unlived,
And half this brief course run,
So many joys untasted,
So many deeds undone,
So little time for living,
Snatched from the toil of life,
And for the heart's outgiving,
Shut from the noise and strife!

Only to live on earth,
When this dear life is done,
To view again, a mortal,
The great, immortal sun,

Ever to earth returning,
Like day that follows day,
With clearer eyes discerning
The Poet and his Play!

THE PRISON BUILDERS

In youth we rear with walls of fire
The mansion of our heart's desire,
The towers are all of moonlight made,
Rising above the darker shade;
And through the open windows see
The world—a wondrous pageantry!

Each year we build the house again,
More like the homes of other men,
Strengthen the frame with bolt and beam,
And learn to scorn the early dream,
Grow wise at last, and shut the door,
And think of former loves no more.

And after many years are flown,
And we are grey in service grown,
The earlier vision lures in vain;
We only see an endless train
Of petty duties passing by,
Throwing their dust against the sky.

O Thou who didst't from day to day
Travel with men the common way,
'Tis not by sin we lose Thy path,
But by life's daily toil and scath,
And wearily we build the bars
That hide thine immemorial stars.

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

Sweet children of the far, forgotten spaces,
Dear children of my fancy long since dead,
Who rise again with wan, reproachful faces,
Tonight, about my bed,

When sin is slain and folly is forgiven,
And eyes are dry that once with tears were wet,
Why do you come to one in mercy shriven,
Bringing an old regret?

I knew not that our hearts were cleft asunder
Till suddenly a silence seemed to fall,
And Music, with her passion and her wonder,
Had passed beyond recall.

Sweet children of the far, forgotten spaces,
Dear children of the years I thought so dead,
Linger awhile with bright, immortal faces,
Tonight, about my bed.

GOD'S LOVE

I stood among the hills before the day,
And listened to the silence all about,
The shadows hovered on my upward way,
Within my heart the shadow of a doubt.

But suddenly a tender, azure light
Came moving like a spirit on the hills,
And backward fled the phantoms of the night,
Strange unrealities of human ills.

"Dear God," I whispered, as I felt the glow
Bathe eyes and forehead in a warm embrace,
"Thus in the after-life my soul will know
The loving splendour of my Father's face.

And still, despite the sins of other years,
Though yet in alien paths my feet many roam,
Clear-shining through the mist of human tears,
Thy love's sweet radiance will guide me home."

SUMMER DAWN IN NEW YORK

When morning from the crimson eastern skies
Spreads warmly o'er the city's stony waste,
Swifter than thought, in silent, burning haste,
Above the roof whereon my pillow lies,
I start from sleep, and with half-dreaming eyes
See the tall chimneys in the glow embraced,
See the red smoke, like sunset clouds enlaced
In wavering masses, ere their beauty dies.
And far above, the gulls in circling flight
Float in the depths of the eternal blue,
Their wings all tipt with golden spears of light,
Of evanescent, ever-changing hue.
It is a prayer to gaze on such a sight,
A soul's thanksgiving, tender, deep, and true.

SENEX MOROSUS

Now the Century is old,
And bewildered are his looks,
And his shaking hands are cold,
As he fumbles o'er his books.
Where they lie in dust and mould,
In their half-forgotten nooks.

Looking from his window's height,
Comes no tremor from the east,
Comes no finger-tip of light,
Where the foam is white as yeast,
Writing letters burning bright,
Like the Writing at the Feast?

What renewing shall he find,
Now his flaming words are said?
For the fancies of his mind,
Like the autumn leaves, are dead,
And they flutter in the wind,
'Round the old forsaken head.

1889

THE CAT

My step is swift and silent,
Like that of the wind-blown dead,
I sit and dream in the firelight's gleam,
While the night-winds cry o'er head;
I have strange powers of vision,
My mystic eyes shine deep,
And my droning purr is like the whirr
Of wings that pass in sleep.

My master sits and studies,
Till his weary lamp burns dim,
And he starts in affright in the weird half-light
To feel my eyes on him;
He thrills to see me creeping
Across the gusty floor,
When I see the ghost of the friend he lost
Peering behind the door.

The night is growing older,
At last he has gone to bed,
But the wind is loud, and phantoms crowd
About his wakeful head;
And when the Moon is dying,
He dimly sees me stand,
So gaunt and still, on the window-sill,
And my shadow on his hand.

I know the elves of darkness,
I'm the spirit of unrest,
A secret I keep, so strange and deep,
Within my burning breast;
I tell my tale to the grasses
That winter beside the stream,
And palsied with fright they hiss to the night,
Like a snake in a troubled dream.

And then in my desolation,
I raise a mournful wail,
The house dog quakes, my master awakes,
His cheek is cold and pale;
But none can guess my story,
Nor the fate that follows me,
Until I atone for the dark deed done,
And my soul at last is free.

TO THE LATE-LINGERING MOON

Thou poor pale ghost of midnight's mellow Moon,
That peerest o'er the mountain's rounded rim,
How comfortless thy countenance and dim,
Against the chilly sky of winter noon!
Last night I heard the heavens all atune
With music such as Plato heard of old,
What time his daring fancy strove to hold
Its secret, while the morning came too soon.
But now the music and the mirth are dumb,
Thy starry guests are gone upon their way,
The board is bare, the morning light has come,
And staring dreamily upon the day,
Alone and motionless I see thee stand,
The golden goblet fallen from thy hand.

THE MORNING WATCH

Be resolute, my soul,
And battle till the day,
My strength is manifold,
If only thou be gay;
Since friendship takes its flight,
Since love is far outgrown,
Here, in the silent night,
 I watch alone.

And sing a song, my soul,
A bitter song and bright,
While fleeting hours unroll
The enigmatic night;
The pessimist must sing—
Ah, happy those who weep!
So laugh till death shall bring
 Unending sleep.

'Tis good to see the sun,
'Tis good to feel the air
In vibrant billows run—
 And beauty everywhere!
'Tis good to greet the storm
That beats upon my face,
And still the dawn is warm
 With tender grace.

So let me lie at peace
On Nature's kindly breast,
Since human love must cease,
And life is all unblest,
And watch the stars outspread
Within the brimming blue—
But Abraham now is dead,
 Who saw them too

And millions, ages hence,
Shall watch the steady stars,
And question why and whence,
Behind their prison bars;
But if no love shall give
A light upon the way,
How can they dare to live
 Until the day?

Be still, my soul divine,
No heed the heart that cries!
I know that love is mine,
The love that never dies;
The bitterness is gone,
Be happy now, and weep,
See, yonder comes the dawn,
 And I can sleep.

BUBBLES

As a little child at play
Blows upon a pipe of clay
Bubbles, evanescent, bright,
With their iridescent light,
So I fling upon the wind
Verses of the bubble kind.

And my friend with eyes of blue
Looks my fragile verses through,
Pausing from his books awhile,
With an intellectual smile;
For my fancy seems as nought
To this man of deeper thought.

Still I plead as my excuse:
"Even bubbles have their use.
They are perfect while they live,
And their short career may give.

As they shimmer and are flown,
Some suggestion for our own.

Let their beauty, pure and glad,
Make another soul less sad,
And, as upward they are whirl'd,
Let them show their little world
Floating clouds and perfect sky,
Warmly mirrored, ere they die."

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

Dear Love, the years have come and gone,
The dreams of youth have passed away,
And each tomorrow finds undone
The task of yesterday.

The songs that I had hoped to sing
Have died within my longing heart,
The honours I had thought to win
All silently depart.

For each succeeding day has shown
The nearer duty to be done,
Has put the greater deed aside
And left the heights unwon.

Till I have come to see at last,
That life itself might be a song
And that by little deeds is won
The battle of the strong.

And thou hast given year by year
Such gifts as only women give.
And that unfevered view of life
That makes life sweet to live.

The daily service meetly done
Has shown the wiser way to me,
And all I am is thine alone
What have I given thee?

But dear Love crept into my arms
And put her cheek against my cheek
"And is not love enough?" she said,
"For love is all I seek."

A MORNING THOUGHT

The quiet streets in sunlight blue
With early mists still rolling through,
Seem, as I watch them dreamily,
A city far below the sea,
And overheard, long fathoms high,
The white cloud-ships go sailing by.

The great cloud-ships, they sail away
On waves of ever-lasting day,
Often I hear their happy crew
Singing of things that once I knew,
And echoes of their song I find.
In whispers of the morning wind.

IN THE STARLIGHT

We are but little children in the night.
Beneath the great cathedral-dome of heaven,
And looking up our solemn faces light
With silent awe by kindly angels given;
We are but little children, standing where
We see the mighty ages passing on,
And find a hope and quiet courage there
That strengthen us until life's night is gone.

ENIGMATICAL JENNIE

Quaint little Jennie, delighting to tease,
Sits while I read to her under the trees
Her mischievous eyes solely bent on the book
With a prim and demure intellectual look,
But when I attempt to imprison her hand
Quaint little Jennie does not understand!

When I say she is "distant" she tries to look grave
Pray, how in the world would I have her behave?
Then I artfully seek to make matters more clear
By showing that "distant" means "not very near"
My sage definition in vain I extend,
For dear little Jennie does not comprehend!

When she plays the piano with exquisite art
Revealing the wealth of her womanly heart,
I muse in my soul if she ever can know
Why a nocturne of Chopin should sadden me so
'Tis the little musician, I long to explain
Who's the cause of my vague, indefinable pain.

Then she gives me a pansy, ere homeward I go,
In my buttonhole daintily fastened, just so;
But what says her heart when I tell her the thought
Which the magical touch of her fingers has wrought?
Should I question a sphinx it would answer as well,
For wise little Jennie refuses to tell!

THE YEARS SO FEW

The years so few, so very few
Since thou hast come to me,
And still too few, though they extend
Through all eternity,

The days so short, so very short,
That once had been so long,
With here and there a sorrow shared
And here and there a song.

The little things of every day
So little and so great,
With which, upon our pilgrimage,
We weave the web of fate,

All this I fain would sing: but thou
With understanding heart
Dost sing a far more perfect song
By being what thou art.

THE BUGLE CALL

I, from the bed where I had slept
With vagrant dreams the long night through
Arose, and to the window crept,
What time the bugle blew.

There in the hollow vault of dawn,
Across the still November frost,
I saw a phantom army drawn,
And shadow banners tossed.

The racking drum, the bugle's blare,
Grew faint beyond the listening wood,
A spirit climbed the narrow stair
And touched me where I stood.

"What dost thou here? Though drum nor fife
May lift thy soul to meet the fray,
Thou too go forth; the sword of life
Is in thy hand to-day!"

THE VIRGINIA REEL

I saw her standing in the dance,
Waiting our turn to start,
Watching with reminiscent glance
The half-forgotten art.

Fairest of all she seemed to me,
Sweet as a yellow rose,
Deep in whose heart the culprit bee
Seeketh a night's repose.

And scarcely could I dare to say
This maiden was my wife:
So love reneweth day by day
The rich romance of life.

THE RAIN

In the night so dark and dreamless
Dreamless and dark and still,
There comes a gracious presence,
Stepping across the hill,

Stepping across the city,
Over the waiting lawn,
Journeying on and onward
From darkness into dawn

Lo, in the April morning
I look from my window's height,
And I see her fast retreating,
Lost in the halls of light;

Just a ghost on the hillside,
The smoke of her dusky hair,
The wealth of a million jewels
Shimmering through the air.

Hail to our gracious Lady!
Her kindly work is done
And the whole round world is laughing
Under the rising sun!

A SONG TO MY BELOVED

Sing me a song of my Love today,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
Here in the liquid light of May,
Where the roses' odours are softly blown:
The shadows ripple along the grass
And out from the mumurous, moving leaves
I watch the flashing sparrows pass
To their noisy haunts in the ivied eaves.

Sing of her eyes that are velvet brown,
And the hand that nestles within my own,
Sing of her dark hair straying down,
And her gentle arms about me thrown;
Sing of the tears of a deep surprise
And thoughts too sweet for the minds of men,
For the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

Sing me a song of perfect rest,
After the weary, waiting days
When her dear head slumbers upon my breast,
(Oh, the ways of a woman are wondrous ways!)
At her sweet lips' pressure upon my own
My pulses pause and my senses swim
As when, in the twilight church alone,
My heart is hushed by the vesper hymn.

Sing me a song of my Love today,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
While morning brightens upon the Bay,
And the roses' odours are softly blown;

Sing of the light of love's surprise,
That shines but once in the hearts of men,
When the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

TO THE RAILROAD TRAIN

I saw thee first, I do not know
How many, many years ago,
But in a dream I seem to stand,
Holding my father's steady hand,
And watch the mighty railroad train,
With swinging bell and clank of chain,
Speed onward where I long to go,
To see the world that glimmers grand,
Beyond the gates of Wonderland.

And through the thieving years have come,
And stolen from my store of dreams,
The wonder is not wholly gone,
Whene'er thy ruddy headlight gleams,
Or, when adown the narrowing track,
I hear thy voice, and looking back,
I see a speck that grows and grows,
Until the lessening distance shows
The throbbing wheels, the hurrying train,
Like some mad demon of the brain.

And when, before the dawn of day,
I pause upon my homeward way,
And hear the breezes sigh and pass,
The crickets pulsing in the grass—
The long night's murm'rous quietness—
There comes, afar, a droning sound,
A tremor springs along the ground,
The droning wakens to a roar,
Till round the curve,
With sway and swerve,

With headlight blazing on before,
Sweeps grandly down the night express!
The solid pavement quakes and reels,
Beneath the great convulsive wheels,
A whirlwind follows down the track
With showers of stone—then all is black.
Afar, across the pasture bars,
I hear the watchdog's mellowed bay,
I note the paling eastern stars,
Just a faint hint of coming day,
I hear the breezes sigh and pass,
And crickets pulsing in the grass.

Now, in the wintry afternoon,
Enveloped in the whirling drifts,
With trailing smoke that spreads and lifts,
To vanish from my sight too soon,
Bearing thy wealth of joy and woe,
How splendidly I see thee go!
And often in the summer night,
While half awake I lie and dream,
Watching the ghostly bars of light
Along the swaying curtains gleam.
I hear the rumble of the train
Crossing the bridge beyond the town,
A sudden wail of fear or pain,
And then the silence settles down.

But, best of all,
To watch the world,
Glide backward past
The window-panes
While nearer, nearer,
Nearer whirl'd,
The fever burning
In my veins.
I homeward fly
Across the plains!

Then swing, ye lamps, and ring, ye bells,
And speed, O, train, along the rail!
Through burst of sun or rain or hail,
Sweep on with great clean giant stride.
Across the prairies, dim and wide!
(No knight that sought the Holy Grail
E'er harboured such an eager quest
As that which burns within my breast)
The rocks that wrap the mountain-side
Shall waken from their age-long dreams,
What time thy head-light redly gleams,
And thunder down the darkened world.
The sleeper, turning in his sleep,
Shall hear the echo down the vale,
And still the lamps their watches keep
While thou in triumph onward sweep,
Their faithful watch that shall not fail
Until beneath the echoing dome,
At dawn of day thou bring me home.

THE CRY OF THE WORKERS

The babblers in the temple made with hands
Sat talking, talking, talking, all the day,
Of rectitude and justice, and the way,
The world should walk, obeying their commands
And while the glass recorded golden sands,
And shadows lengthened in the busy street,
There came a sound of swift determined feet,
And blows upon the portal's brazen bands,
And then a voice, relentless and elate:
"We care not for your arguments and creeds,
We care not for your pity or your hate,
We clamour not for theories, but deeds,
Then give us of the heart, and not the head
Then give us for our toil, not stones, but bread!"

COMING HOME

Oh, the road is dark,
And the stars are stark
In the heaven wide and still,
 But youth is strong,
 Though the way be long,
For Love lies over the hill.

Soft in her dewy sleep she lies,
 Wrapt in a web of dreams,
Hiding the light of her liquid eyes,
 Till the flame of my candle gleams.

Here in the awe of the autumn night.
 Strangely my fancies stir,
Swift as the course of the wild duck's flight
 Winging their way to her.

Ah, slow, too slow, are my eager feet.
 Nearer and yet more near,
Still does my heart to my heart repeat,
 The woes of a witless fear.

Long is the day
I have been away
But heart of my heart, be still,
 For fear is past,
 And I see at last
Where my Love lies, over the hill.

THE SONG OF DEAD CITIES

I played a gay Italian air,
And Venice swam into my soul
With laughter of the young and fair,
And swinging barcarolle.

But presently my song grew mute,
For beat on beat I heard arise,
The silvery note of harp and flute
Beneath Italian skies,

But all the streets that round me spread,
With cosmic voices like the sea,
Gave back the dirges of the dead
That are and are to be!

AMBITION

She dwelt with me in days when life was young
Beneath the tiles, and shared my meagre lot,
And when my heart with bitter pain was wrung
She sat beside my cot.

Then came another who was called Success
Deckt like an harlot, and did drive her thence.
The dear companion of my toil and stress,
And my sweet recompense.

So day and night I lived like other men
With song and wassail and with friends a score,
And ever dreamed that she would come again
And enter at my door.

But still she came not, while Success grew cold,
And ceased to smile as in her early days;
My hand grew feeble, and my heart was old
And clouded were my ways.

But one fair morn when all my store was spent
And all my hopes were crumbling into dust,
Success took back the gifts that she had lent,
And left me with my crust.

Yet not alone, for through unusual tears,
I saw her enter whom I thought so dead.
Star-eyed Ambition of my happier years,
With promise garlanded!

MY DARLING SLEPT AN ENDLESS- SEEMING SLEEP

My darling slept an endless-seeming sleep,
Her hands so meekly folded on her breast,
Till through the blinds I saw the daylight peep
Upon her silent rest.
It touched her lips, half-sighing and apart,
And wrought a golden mist upon her hair,
And suddenly a woe assailed my heart,
To see her lying there.

“Awake, my Love, the sun is in the sky,
And drives the phantoms of the night away!
I fear your sleep, nor know the reason why;
Awake, and see the day!”

TO AN OBSTRUCTIONIST

This would I say to you, dull brow of woe,
Mourning our county's loss of noble aim,
Framing a lengthy bill of surly blame
Against the stouter men who face the foe;
Not such as you, in that loved long ago,
Rose in the might of their majestic scorn,
And full of faith in us, as yet unborn,
Won us the country that you cherish so;
But such as you sat at the chimney-side,
Cursing the folly of their fellow-men,
Praising the “good old times” while others died
That Liberty entombed might rise again.
And now their sons, with that same flag unfurled,
March down the widening highways of the world.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY

Marred as the tattered flags they bear,
Here in the joyous morn,
Behind the bugle's cheering blare,
I catch a note forlorn.

For fewer now than yester year,
With halting step and slow,
Nursing a memory grim and dear,
The waving columns go.

These, in their splendid boyhood days,
Seared by the battle's breath,
Winning imperishable praise,
Walked arm in arm with death.

And, oh, the day when they returned
To meet their great reward,
And through a thousand cities burned
The bayonet and the sword!

Now, yearly, in some grizzled face,
We read the tale sublime,
And wistful fancy still may trace,
The record of that time,

The faith that in those epic years
Left no great deed undone,
Until this land, through blood and tears,
They welded into one.

THE HEART'S DESIRE

At dawn and noon and set of sun,
Seeking my heart's desire,
I count the minutes one by one,
Till I see the west, when the day is done,
Flame like a forest fire.

What is the burden of my request?
What are the wild wind's ways?
Where is the goal of the heart's unrest.
Seeking the thing that it loves the best,
Its uneventful days?

Much have I loved in the hours of dawn,
Much in the hours of noon.
What, when the shadows are longer drawn,
And the last red banner of day is gone
And night is coming soon?

Only the chance of a fight to win,
The deed that my soul loves best,
Only the call of the battle's din,
And then the peace of the heart within
The bourn of the soldier's rest.

ON ENTERING A NEW HOUSE

Peace to this house where we shall enter in,
Here let the world's hoarse din
Against the panels dash itself in vain,
Like gusts of autumn rain;
Here, knowing no man's sway,
In the brief pauses of the fight,
Let music sound, and love and laughter light
Refresh us for the day.

The window waits where I shall sit me down
And sing a quiet song,
When sleep descends upon the darkening town,
And winter nights are long.
Then with the dawn I'll fling the casement wide
And o'er the brimming tide
I'll send it forth as Noah sent his dove
Across the world of waves on wandering wings of
love

TEUCER

When Teucer fled his native land,
Dear Salamis, his ancient home,
He thus addressed his mournful band,
Long wont with him to roam:

"To-morrow we shall spread our sails,
And try again the rolling deep,
To-night we will not fear the gales
That through the darkness sweep.

Then pass the cup from each to each,
Let faces in the firelight glow,
Though in the intervals of speech
We hear the tempest blow,

And raise the song to Fortune's praise,
Far kinder than my sire is she,
And she will guide our lonely ways,
Upon the trackless sea!"

So Teucer spoke, and with the morn
He shook the flapping canvas free,
What time the new moon's fading horn
Dipt down into the sea.

Full many days and nights he sped,
Across the heaving midland tide,
The stars that whirled above his head
Reflected at his side.

And some companions, fearing sore,
Turned back from that heroic quest,
Grounding their galleys on the shore,
In an inglorious rest.

But he pressed on with comrades ten,
Who oft had suffered graver ills,
A band of tried and trusty men,
Upon the Trojan hills.

And still his prow was pointed west,
And still the rolling of the surge
Rained the salt spray upon his breast,
And beckoned toward the verge,

Until he reached a desert land,
Embosomed in the boundless blue,
And on the foaming length of strand
Began his life anew.

A ROMAN REVEL

We started in the evening with our torches burning
bright,
With a recklessness of purpose, in a whirlwind of
delight,
And our grappling-hooks were ready for the feats
of mimic war:
"Galatea, Galatea, we will batter down your
door!"

There was Remmius Palaemon, ablest master of the
schools,
He could teach the Roman epic, for he knew the
epic rules,
And the lyric poet Bassus, second Flaccus of our
days,
And my own dear friend Lucanus, singer of
heroic lays.

Now we jeered a rustic aedile as we passed him in
the street,
Then we seized a one-eyed beggar and we tript
him off his feet,
But he called the city watchman and we heard them
come apace,
And I lost my crown of roses as we scattered
from the place.

I lost my crown of roses, and we lost Palaemon too,
When we reached the vile Subura he had van-
ished from our view,
Then Lucanus met a damsel he had worshipped long
before,
Neither prayers nor threats could move him, so
we left him at her door.

In the vinous cloud enveloped still we wandered on
our way,
And I heard the voice of Bassus as he sang a lyric
lay,
Sang of brave old King Aeneas in a mystic misty
glow,
When he went to see Queen Dido in the days of
long ago.

But his voice grew faint and fainter, and the torches'
fitful fire
Showed a face all worn and weary with the rav-
age of desire,

Till he fell upon the pavement with a deep, de-
sponding groan,
And the servants bore him homeward while I
held my way alone.

Night was verging toward the morning when I
past the city gate,
Half a thousand paces farther, and I paused dis-
consolate,
For the silence of the country fell upon me with a
chill,
And the tombstones straggled upward by the road
across the hill.

But I wrestled with my terror, and when day began
to break
I could see the little villa in the woods beside the
lake,
And I thought with sudden sorrow, as I neared the
wished-for goal,
How the beauty of the springtime mocked the
winter of my soul.

Then I pictured to my fancy how I sat in robes of
white,
With a ring of rare sardonyx, as befits a Roman
knight,
How I read my bitter satires, and above the cries of
all
Heard the "Euge!" of Lucanus thunder through
the crowded hall.

What to me were all the honours that had crowned
my fevered youth?
What the rules of wise Cornutus, in the face of
simple truth?

Just the shadow of phantom that would lure my
 footsteps on,
 Leave me weary by the wayside when the morn
 of life was gone.

Thus I pondered, walking slowly, then I raised my
 heavy eyes,
 Saw my darling running toward me with a cry
 of glad surprise,
Bare of foot, with hair unloosened, in her simple
 girlish grace,
 And the shadows fled my spirit in the sunlight of
 her face.

HYMN TO MINERVA

Standing in thy simple splendour,
 Mother of a matchless world,
We have come in sweet surrender,
 Long by bitter tempests whirl'd,
'Mid the thoughts that swarmed and darkened,
 And the doubts that drove us dumb,
We have heard thy voice and harkened,
 See thy tired children come.

Though we heard thee in the morning,
 Yet we feared thy perfect grace,
Till the season's somber warning
 Threw a shadow on our face;
Sick at last of modern longing,
 Wearied of the trump and drum,
Up thy gleaming stairway thronging,
 See thy tired children come.

Through the Parian portals streaming,
 Sleeps the sunlight on the floor,
In the twilight, grandly dreaming,
 Stand the gods forevermore;

Like a vision climbs the city,
Through the azure Attic air,
While we pause and crave thy pity,
Thronging up they gleaming stair.

Pride triumphant over passion,
Mind triumphant over man,
Faith transcending flitting fashion,
Let him love the gods who can!
Let him leave the valleys lying
In the drifting shroud of night,
Greet the goddess, the undying,
Armed and helmeted with light!

Standing in thy simple splendour,
Mother of a matchless world,
We have come in sweet surrender,
Long by bitter tempests whirl'd;
We are sick of modern longing,
Wearied of the trump and drum,
Up thy gleaming stairway thronging,
See thy tired children come.

THE MESSAGE

Dear sister, I am fain to rest awhile
Upon this little temple's marble stair,
And watch the moon beyond Aegina's Isle,
And feel the breezes blowing back my hair.

So fair the night! Here let us sit in peace,
And count these apples mellowed by the sun,
A gift for Nisus, that he may not cease
To prize the love his own sweet words have won.

I cannot tell what thoughts are his to-night,
Or whether any thought of love there be,

I only see the morning shining bright
Upon the eyes that looked so kind on me.

You saw him, sister, in the rapid race,
Fly far afront, like Eurus in his might,
You saw the eager beauty of his face,
The flashing of a free and fierce delight.

Ah, how I love the pride that scorned defeat!
Yet, when my tongue would praise him with the
rest,
My spirit failed, and in confusion sweet,
I hid my burning face upon your breast.

So, when the songs of triumph all are sung,
Go, lay these apples at his open door,
And say Aglaia chides her silent tongue,
Nor loves him less than those who praised him
more.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW

From Catullus

Little sparrow, her delight,
With your eyes of amber bright,
At a word
You will fly your golden cage,
When her grief she would assuage
With her bird.

When I see my darling smile,
Holding up her hand the while
To your bite,
Can her gentle heart divine,
Can she know what woe is mine,
At the sight?

Could she know the love that stings,
When she folds your little wings
In her breast,
Surely she would grant to me
One sweet moment's ecstasy,
There to rest!

PARIS REDIVIVUS

Two thousand years ago, at Sulla's word,
A cargo of Greek deities
Swam on the wide blue spaces of the seas.
Blithe as a bird
The good ship dashed the spray,
Winging her azure way,
And unafraid the sailors' song
Rang on the waters as she sped along.
But near Cythera's Isle
The blue sky ceased to smile,
And night came down too soon,
Veiling the splendor of the autumn moon.
Then in the dark a sudden wail of fear,
And frenzied prayers to ears that could not hear;
Till, just as morning broke upon the sea,
Sailor and carven deity
Plunged the last time beneath the climbing foam,
And left still unadorned great Sulla's splendid
home.

Sulla was gone, and these were soon forgot.
Wrapt in their sad sea dreams they heeded not
The great world's little great.
They knew not of that gentle light which brake
Upon the world in Bethlehem's lowly shed,
Nor heard the words they spake,
Those angels bright above that sacred bed,
Whose song the gods' sure conqueror heralded.

The sands crept on apace
Above each classic face,
And seaweeds' slimy strands
Wrapt the white fingers of those marble hands.
Instead of suppliant's tread
That once had echoed in their pillar'd hall,
They heard the seamew's call
By their unhonored bed;
They saw the strange, dim monsters sailing by
Between their deepening grave and that far,
changeless sky.

Great Rome became a legend to men's ears.
Another race, with other hopes and fears,
Watered the fertile earth with their dear blood and
tears.

One morning, on the Aegean's heaving floor,
There broke a sudden roar;
Turk and Venetian in a grim embrace
Drove by in battle din above that place.
Surely, Zeus thundered on his ancient throne,
Surely, he spake again
Among the race of men,
And by his angry bolt the shattered wrecks were
strown!

These too were gone their unreturning way,
Kings of an hour and kingdoms of a day.
The world grew round; above man's wondering
head
Star-dust and comet whirl'd, and suns unnumberèd.
Homeric dreams came true and man once more,
Scorning the labor of the sail and oar,
Sped in Phaeacian ships, nor feared the unfriendly
shore.

At last a diver, seeking scanty gain
Along the marge of that unfruitful main,
Searching the rocks where swaying sponges clung,
Bent lower down,
And found the gods that Sophocles had sung:
Grey-eyed Athene of the violet crown,
Hermes and Hera in confusion thrown,
With matted weeds o'ergrown,
And marred by centuries of sands above them blown.

Strange was his tale, the resurrection strange!
Again from out the caverns of the deep,
Battered and wasted in their age-long sleep,
Monstrous they rise to view a world of change.
Themselves how changed! Upon the dripping
shore
Shapeless they lie whose once surpassing line
Had breathed a soul divine,
Before whose sacred door,
In darkened days of old,
Men brought their prayers and gold,
Nor dared the murmurous gloom of that seques-
tered shrine.

And these were dead indeed; but one remained,
Shattered and marred and stained,
Though lovely still.
And when, with subtle skill
And patient art,
The workman's hand restored each broken part,
Forming the bronze anew,
Splendid he stood in all his youthful prime,
As when Lysippus stayed his master hand,
And on his raptured view
Paris arose, a mortal youth triumphant over time.

Eager his poise, and in his outstretched hand
The golden apple for his goddess fair;
No hint as yet is there
In that bright face
Of treason's searing brand,
Of Ilion in the whirlwind flame's embrace;
Nor of that day, of evil days the best,
When he shall stem the crested waves of woe,
And in the ranks hard pressed
Shall lay Achilles low,
Speeding the wingèd shaft from his unerring bow.

But these are figments of the poet's art.
He, in a strange and unimagined wise
Restored to human eyes,
Stands ever thus apart,
Viewed by the restless, transitory throng
That pass the echoing corridor along.
There, in a mood divine,
He lifts his radiant head,
Joyous as at the first,
Though centuries have fled,
A mortal youth for maiden's love athirst,
Mortal, yet deathless when the gods are dead.

CATULLUS TO LESBIA

As many as the stars of night,
That from their deep, impassioned height
View stolen loves of men,
Or as the sands beside the sea,
So many kisses kiss thou me,
Again and yet again!

SONG

(Suggested by Ovid)

It was the glorious Junetime,
And all the world was still,
The slumber of the noontime
Lay over vale and hill.

The languid sheep were on the shore,
The lizard sought the stone,
And I, within my darkened door,
Lay weary and alone.

And as I lay a-dreaming,
The door was opened wide,
I saw the sunlight streaming
Across the countryside.

But brighter than the sun of noon,
And fresher than the sea,
And sweeter than the rose of June,
Corinna came to me.

Go, laurel wreath, about my brow,
And sing, triumphant lay,
Within my heart she's captive now,
Forever and a day!

LAMENT OF THE THEBAN VIRGINS FOR ETEOCLES AND POLYNICES

Chorus

Omnipotent Zeus, and gods of our land,
Who have saved our towers with outstretched hand,
Mighty preservers!

Shall I sing as they bring glad news from afar,
How our soldiers stood 'mid the waves of war,
Dauntless defenders?
Or shall dirges arise, as with streaming eyes
I mourn for the light of Thebes that dies?
For the heroes twain in the fierce fight slain
Let the salt tears flow, as sad and slow
We wail for the dead who have gone below,
Equal offenders!

Strophe

O sad the fate that comes, though late,
To the sons of Oedipus, sons of hate!
And to my heart what terrors dart,
As Thyad-wise with phrensied eyes,
I raise my unavailing cries!
I raise a dirge for the fallen head,
The twain who fought, the twain who bled,
Alas! now numbered with the dead!
The fateful song of luckless spears
Is ringing, ringing in my ears,
I mourn with unavailing tears!

Antistrophe

Accursèd sire! thy fell desire
Brought woes incredible, sword and fire!
Alas, the horror passing faith!
Alas, the brothers' double death!
And slowly through the city street
I hear the muffled marching feet.

Strophe

Ah, true alas! the message, for a double-dealing
doom
Has fallen on our heroes, and I see them born along

The unreturning journey, while the sorrow of the
tomb
Now comes to dwell beside the hearths that once
were glad with song.

Antistrophe

But, O my dearest friends, before a storm of sighs,
Ply about the head an urging stroke of hands,
And send the black-sailed ship on which the hero
lies
Adown the stream of Acheron to unseen, sunless
lands!

THE SMOKER'S REVERIE

Had Horace known tobacco's pleasure
He never would have wasted measure,
And wealth of epithet divine,
On Lydian maid and Massic wine,
For smoking brings us twice the gladness,
Without the headache or the madness.

When Thaliarchus brought the cup,
And Horace heaped the driftwood up,
When all without was night and snow,
And all within was cheerful glow,
Their happiness, though great indeed,
Still lacked the comfort of the weed.

The poets often spend their hours
In writing verses about flowers,
They sing of lotos, eglantine,
Geranium and jessamine;
To me the weed is fairer still
That nods upon the sunny hill.

Deep-rooted in the fruitful earth,
It slowly grows in size and worth,
And one by one come heavenly dreams
To hide within its leafy seams,
And what is best in earth and air
Combines to make the gift more rare.

At last it hangs upon the wall,
Where dews at evening gently fall,
The western breezes softly blow,
And sing sweet songs of long ago,
The noonday sun comes blazing down,
And turns it beautifully brown.

And now I fill my meerschaum pipe
With nature's gift, serene and ripe,
And though the ashes, cold and dead,
May symbolize the hopes now fled,
Yet once again the smoke shall rise,
Like aspirations, to the skies.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit
cras amet."

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,*

*Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

Spring has come, the sunny Springtime: Jupiter
was born in Spring:

Now the cupids come a-courting, now the birds their
nuptials sing;

Now the grove her hair unloosens for her fruitful
lord, the rain,

And to-morrow through the shadows Venus comes
to earth again.

She will build a woodland bower from the myrtle all
her own,
While Dione rules her subjects, seated on a lofty
throne.

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,
Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

Pleasure makes the country fruitful, Venus there
her sceptre wields,
Love himself, Dione's darling, Love was born in
sunny fields,
And Dione took her darling to the shade of scented
bowers,

In her bosom gently bore him, showered him with
purple flowers.

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,
Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

She herself upon the hamlets that regard her kindly
power

Scatters rosebuds, zephyr-nurtured, in a bright and
fragrant shower,

And the dews which night departing leaves a-glim-
mer on the ground

Are the gems Dione flings us as she wings the world
around.

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,*

*Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

See the tears that start and tremble, shimmer there
though yet unshed;

See the flush a rose resemble, as the maiden hangs
her head!

Dews upon her lashes linger like the dews of quiet
night,
Till at length her heart unprisons all her bosom's
fair delight.

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,*

*Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

And the goddess has commanded that the nymphs
together go

To the grove of sacred myrtle where the breezes
murmur low:

Ah, but Love is found among them, and they ques-
tion in dismay,

"If he carries bow and arrows is he keeping holi-
day?"

Onward, nymphs! for Love is harmless, he has laid
his arms apart;

Stripped of all his golden arrows, can he wound
a maiden's heart?

Yet beware, dear nymphs, beware him! Little Love
without his bow

Wanders fully armed among you: fair is little Love,
I trow!

*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,*

*Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

Delia, Venus sends thee maidens like thyself in
purity:

Yet we beg thee, leave the forest; Cupid's rites are
not for thee.

Let the altars flame and flicker in the dusk of dis-
tant bowers;

Leave the maidens to the Muses and the fragrance
of the flowers.

Venus fain would have thee present, have thee view
the sacred rite,
See the maidens dance a measure through the starry
summer night,
Yet she fears it is not fitting that thy virgin eyes
should see
Floral crowns and myrtle bowers in the grove so
dear to thee.
She will summon fruitful Ceres, Bacchus with his
ivy-rods,
And Apollo will be present, lyric poet of the gods.
They will keep the sacred vigil, listen to the harp's
delight:
Delia must leave the forest; Venus rules the world
to-night.
*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,
Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

She has ordered her tribunal to be heaped with
Hybla's flowers,
And the Graces will be present through the night's
ambrosial hours,
And the maidens from the mountains, underneath
the spreading trees,
With the happy hamadryads, will come dancing
down the breeze.
Thus she bids the gentle maidens to be present;
every one,
But beware her wingèd darling for the mischief he
has done.
*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,
Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

See beneath the growing shadows, where the herd
has gone to rest:
In the woods the birds are mating at the goddess's
behest:
And the swans that float reflected, they have felt
her subtle sway,
They are singing o'er the water, down the wind
and far away.
They are singing, we are silent. When will come
my gracious Spring?
May Apollo grant his favour to the songs that I
would sing!
*Let him love a maid to-morrow who has never
known love's ways,*
*Let him love again to-morrow who has loved in
other days.*

HYMNUS ACADEMICUS MATUTINUS

Nunc iubar solis trepidans rubescit,
Nosque surgentes, animis reffectis,
Laudibus claris hilares canemus
Omnipotentem.

Ut Deus nostras studiis diei
Roboret mentes, tacitae per umbras
Noctis ut servet vigilans, fideli
Corde precamur.

Praesidem doctum et iuvenes et omnes
Rore doctores benedictionis
Ille suffundat pater angelorum,
Hic et ubique,

Semper ut nobis liceat canamus
Ad thronum stantes penitus beati,
Ut volens sanctos Deitas redemptos
Fronde coronet.

LEAVES

It rained all night, and the wind was loud,
The shutters shivered against the wall,
The trees by the sidewalk strained and bowed,
And the gutters roared with the waterfall.

I sat alone in my little room,
And my spirit stirred with a fierce delight,
As I looked from the window and saw the gloom,
And a swaying blur of electric light.

That night the storm with its solemn beat,
Its pitiless patter upon the pane,
Seemed like the march of myriad feet,
The midnight march of the misty rain.

And I turned on my side with a deep content,
Soothed by the drowsy lullaby,
Till night was gone, and the storm was spent,
And the sun shone clear in a cloudless sky.

"Since we all are leaves on the tree of life
I care not a whit," to myself I said,
"If my lucky neighbour endure more strife
With the rough east winds in the boughs o'erhead.

A little sunshine, a little rain,
A few brief moments of wind-tossed pride,
By the first fierce breath of the autumn slain,
We go fluttering downward, side by side."

THE GREAT GRAY ARCH

(Cathedral of St. John the Divine)

Thou promise, like the promise set of old
Among the clouds above a world laid waste,
Illumined by the sunset's fringe of gold,
From yonder heat and haste

To thee I come, after long pain and scath,
After long buffeting upon that sea
Whose hollow billows foam immortal wrath,
And sad mortality.

See where the city with its million eyes
Mirrors the last long light of lingering day,
Its streets tumultuous with mingled cries
Of passion, toil, and play!

And what its thought, if any thought is stirred
By thee, deep-bedded on thy rocky height,
Thou silent symbol of the spoken word,
And gateway of the light.

To eyes incurious that hurry fast,
Or blinded by the gloom of golden greed,
Art thou the ruin of a prisoned past,
And of an outworn creed?

Not thus they will who build thy bastions here!
But theirs the older faith, without a name
Save His who lived on earth, yet knew no fear
Of earthly praise or blame.

Lo, where the red, reluctant sunbeams slant
Down through the grove, I see a white-robed choir,
And hear the swelling of an ancient chant,
Voicing the world's desire.

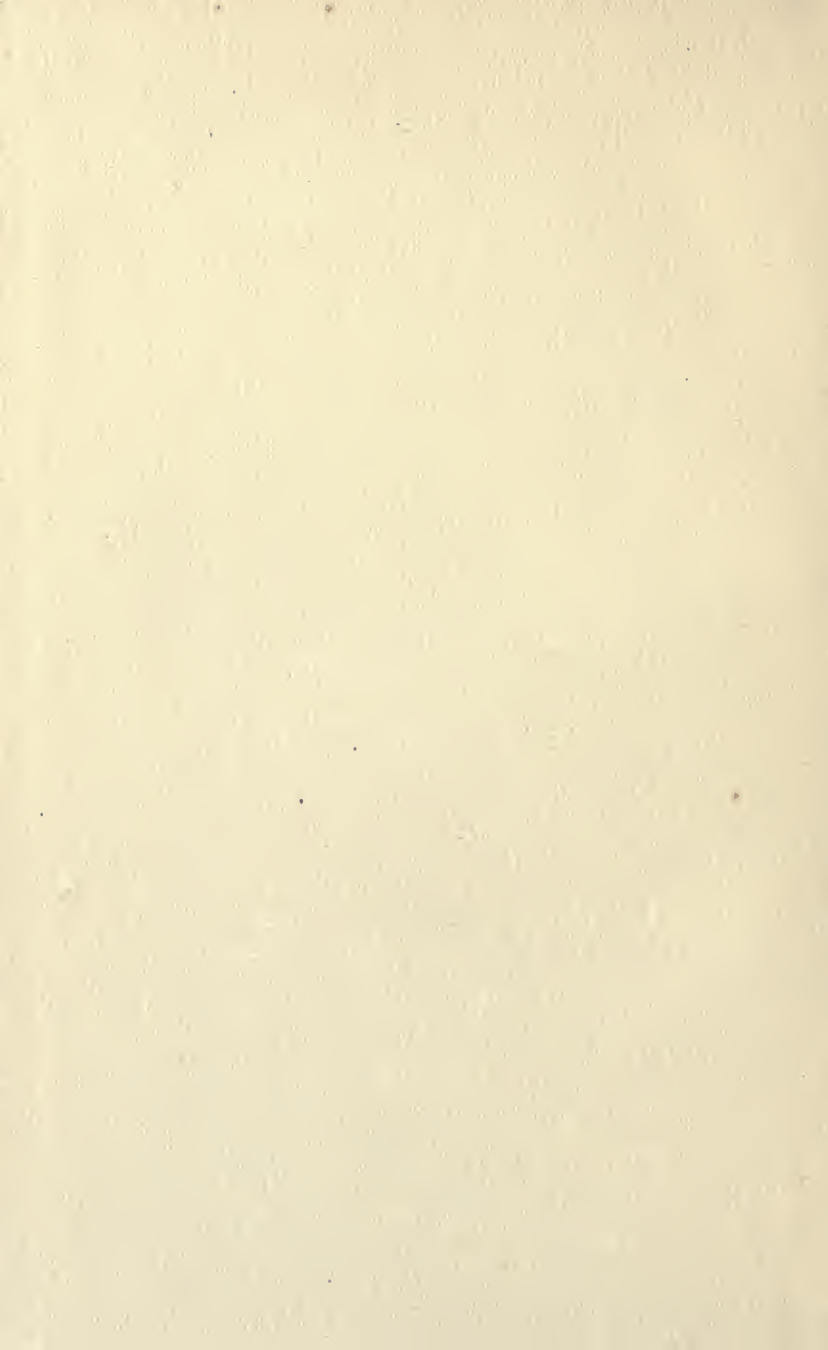
The drowsy birds that stirred the air but now
With their last evensong are silent grown ;
Still from the wind is every reaching bough,
Still as the carven stone,

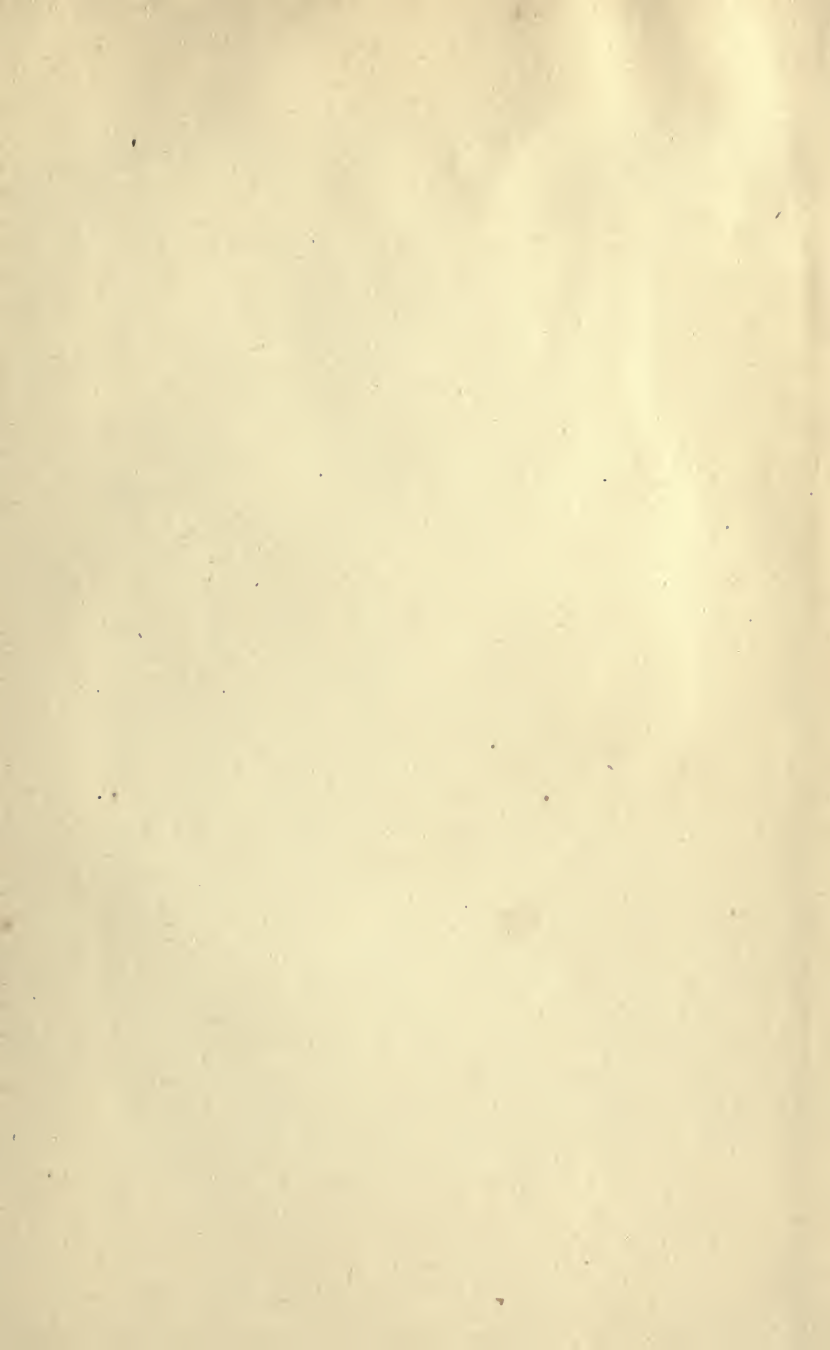
While through dim eyes I see the echoing aisle,
Pillar and nave and climbing window rise,
And high above the song-created pile
The Cross against the skies.

IN EXTREMIS

Those little hands that I so oft have kissed
That trembled in her terror and delight,
Those little feet that kept her lover's tryst
In the sweet silence of the summer night—
How strange the memory of that starlit way
In the grim menace of the garish day!

For that was sweet indeed, but sweeter still,
This moment in the pause before the fight,
Her faith undreamed, the all-enduring will
That sends me forth her lover and her knight,
This story of the Spartan wife retold
Living again within her heart of gold.





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