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SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND
ISLANDS


SONGS OF THE
HIGHLANDS AND
ISLANDS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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2ND LIEUT. R.G.A.


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DEDICATED
TO MY BROTHER
ALFRED S. HILL, M.A., B.Sc.
2ND LIEUT. R.G.A.
WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION
ON
November 20th, 1917

868668

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PART I

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MORAR

OH I have been to Morar,
On a lovely summer day,
When the great white clouds in the azure sky
Were drifting dreamily ;
And the woods, and bracken, and heather
Spoke softly unto me,
Of Morar with the silver sands,
And the blue, blue sea.

Oh somewhere there's a lassie,
I will take with me some day,
O'er the fragrant heaths, and the woody hills,
To that country far away ;
To the sunlit lochs, and the mountains,
And the glens with the rowan tree ;
To Morar with the silver sands,
And the blue, blue sea.

DEPARTURE

WHEN the wind calls,
And the sea calls,
And the passing sail
Speeds toward the dying sunset,—lonely bark,
How dark and brooding is the wave, and hark !
Sad fatal sounds affright the watchers pale,
For the wind calls,
And the sea calls,
And the seabirds wail.

When the wind calls,
And the sea calls,
And I sail at last
Into the boundless ocean toward the sun,
Ah ! Let me hope my voyage is but begun ;
And may I not too fondly view the past,
When the wind calls,
And the sea calls,
And the land sinks fast.

SONG

COME as a tremulous fabric of sleep
My love unknown,
Tho' as a night-mist on the deep
By the wild wind blown,
Thou should'st flee away,
At dawn o' day.

The ceaseless question in my heart
Would far have flown,
For I would know thee—who thou art ;
And if unknown,
My fate I'd greet,
When we should meet.

SONG

THE morning is fair,
When the night's floating hair,
Is blown from the eyes of awakening dawn,
When her dark lover flees,
O'er the western seas,
To return with the stars in his mantle of fawn,
But tho' blithesome and bright,
In the fresh morning light,
Is the sweet face of Nature, thro' garlands of flowers,
More lovely to me,
Is the bloom that I see
On thy cheek, when we meet in the love-laden hours.

The evening is fair,
With the stars shining there,
Like the eyes of the immanent hosts of the sky ;
And the magic of night,
And the dreamy delight,
Steal into my being with marvellous joy.
But no evening divine,
Hath a beauty like thine,
No eyes that are brighter, no magic more rare,
And the wizard-fires' dance,
Flashes pale at thy glance,
With the story I read in the depths that are there.

THE DARK-EYED MAID O' BANAVIE

WHEN moonbeams fall,
And lapwings call,
And night doth hold the stars in thrall,
Come o'er the fragrant hill wi' me,
Thou dark-eyed maid o' Banavie.
The mountain wind
The moth pursues,
The stag and hind
Tread shining dews,
Oh let me tell my love for thee,
Thou dark-eyed maid o' Banavie.

When moonbeams fall,
And lapwings call,
And night doth hold the stars in thrall,
Oh could I hear thy love for me,
Thou dark-eyed maid o' Banavie.
The mountain flower
Two hearts conceals,
The starry hour
Its fragrance steals,
As thou hast stol'n the heart o' me,
Thou dark-eyed maid o' Banavie.

FAREWELL

FAREWELL ! Farewell !
While yet the dying light,
Gleams like a bar of gold across the sky.
Farewell ! Farewell !
How soon shall come the night,
When sinks the sun, and thou art gone, and I
Have sighed farewell !

Farewell ! Farewell !
And is there not a tear,
To save us from a lifetime of regret ?
Farewell ! Farewell !
The same insistent fear
Stills the wild throbbing of our hearts, and yet
We sigh farewell !

Farewell ! Farewell !
The restless autumn wind
Sighs future sorrow in the fading trees.
Farewell ! Farewell !
No haven shall I find,
For life that's derelict on moaning seas.
Farewell ! Farewell !

SONG

OH tell me your meaning, December night,—
December night, with the star-strewn gown,
All shot with the gleaming of boreal light,
That shines in the sky when the sun sinks down.

I list to the breeze, in the leafless trees,
And the sigh of the stream, 'neath the pale moon-
beam,
But your secret stays when each voice hath flown.

Oh tell me your meaning, December night,—
The meaning I sought by the island sand,
When the boreal dawn, with its wondrous light,
Revealed the sea and the brooding land.

No voice you gave, but the cry of the wave,
That foamed afar, 'neath the Arctic star,
But my spirit thrilled to your magic wand.

I gather your meaning, December night,—
December night, with the star-strewn gown;
I gather your meaning, December night,
In your crystal deep as my sight sinks down;
And truth I attain, of the sun and the rain,
Like the dawning gold, when your wings unfold,
And the morning wind on the sea hath blown.

THE SANDS OF GANAVAN

CHESTNUTS green, and withered leaves,
Strewing Nature's bower,
Moaning trees the wind bereaves,
By the ruined tower,—
These the dawning cold and grey,
Saw beside the placid bay,
As a-roving I began,
By the sands of Ganavan.

Agéd legends, ageing year,
To my listening soul,
Spoke in accents low and clear,
Where the breakers roll ;
Perished hero, vanished maid,
In my brooding mind portrayed,
Blended with the Autumn wan,
By the sands of Ganavan.

Where the roses breathed in June,
With the fragrant may,
Time doth find with wingéd shoon,
Red with fruit the spray ;
And in this my spirit found,
Love to Nature's purpose bound,
And a-dreaming I began,
By the sands of Ganavan.

What tho' Morven's shores were grey,
In the lonely mist ;

Sad the story of the day,
By the Autumn kissed.
Foolish dreams with sadness rife,
Love's the golden gift of life ;
And I blessed the wondrous plan,
By the sands of Ganavan.

SONG

WHEN moonbeams glisten on the sea,
My spirit bright,
Doth wing its flight,
O'er the far-off land of mystery,
Above the flickering northern light,
Thro' the vast dim starlit halls of night,
To the land of dreams in search of thee.

When on the glorious wings of song,
My soul aspires ;
And the funeral fires
Of mortal dross are burning strong ;
And when the grip of base desires,
Loosens as each in turn expires,
Then for love doth my spirit long.

When the thrilling organ rolls
A melody,
And the lingering ray
Of the dying sun, thro' the cloister falls ;—
Then in trembling ecstasy,
Thoughts flood in from the faraway,
And I dream that there may be destined souls.

THE BRAES OF ARROCHAR

THE sands are gold by still Loch Long,
The Loch's sweet calm no wind doth mar,
As merrily we rove along,
Among the braes of Arrochar.
Not yet the flow'ry June hath gone,
The broom doth golden gates unbar,
We'd live from dawn, till twilight wan,
Among the braes of Arrochar.

To mountains reaching to the sky,
With heath, and rock, and glistening spar,
We look with wonder, you and I,
Among the braes of Arrochar.
The foaming falls, and wooded streams,
And woodland pathways winding far,—
All Nature's blending in our dreams,
Among the braes of Arrochar.

Sweet lark that singest in the blue,
A farewell to yon fading star,
Your kinsman sings unknown to you,
Among the braes of Arrochar.
Oh thou hast brought a vision dear,
To one from Scotland's mountains far,
And Grief hath shed a burning tear,
For vanished days at Arrochar.

SONG

THE morn uprose from her golden bed in the sea,
The bird of the field and the moorland welcomed
with minstrelsy ;
The breath of the ocean was floating over the lea,
And the beams of the orient sun illumined a sail at
sea ;
And I sought my love !
And I sought my love !

When the sun had risen in flight on his airy way,
And the soaring lark sang on in the golden light of
the day ;
When the winds on the moor were singing right
joyously,
And the ship on the distant sea still sailed on its sunlit
way,
I found my love !
I found my love !

Now the burning orb is quenched in the western
wave,
And the silent singer hath fall'n to the grass as into a
grave ;
The sea doth moan on the sands that its sad tears lave,
And the ship 'neath the dark horizon doth furrow an
unknown wave.
I have lost my love !
I have lost my love !

WHEN THE WIND SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE CORRIE

'Tis the midmost hour of the night,
The fisherman stirs in his sleep,
And but for the hiss of the rain,
The silence is deep.
It is not the rain on the leaves,
Nor the pattering drop on the wave,
That troubles the calmness of sleep,—
'Tis a voice from the grave !

“ When the wind sweeps down from the corrie,
MacNiven, beware !

When the wind sweeps down from the corrie,
MacNiven, beware ! ”

The day broke cloudy and dull,
With a wind that moaned in the glens,
The loch was sombre and wild,
And misty the bens.
The brown boat leaps o'er the wave,
The fisher has fastened the sail,
The storm-wind bursts from the hills,
Oh ! listen the hail !

“ 'Tis the wind that sweeps from the corrie,
MacNiven, beware !

'Tis the wind that sweeps from the corrie,
MacNiven, beware ! ”

On the loch there are films of rain,
And the bird-haunted islands are dim,

But a sunbeam, that flits o'er the scene,
Shows no trace of him,—
Of the fisher that sailed to the sea.
Ah! the waters wash vacantly there,
And the sea-mew moans ceaselessly,
And a sigh fills the air.

“When the wind sweeps down from the corrie,
ye fishers, beware!

When the wind sweeps down from the corrie, ye
fishers, beware!”

THREE TINKER SONGS

I

OUR pony scents the meadow grass,
Our cart sings on the way,
To a birchen glade with tender grass,
Wherein the pheasants play.
Oh love, the day is dying,
And my weary heart is flying
To a shady glen in Moidart, by the Loch of the
Caves.

From the canvas tilt are peeping, love,
Our children's bronzed faces;
'Tis time that they were sleeping, love,
Among the scented places,—
On beds of fern and heather,
All warm and close together,
In a fragrant glen in Moidart, by the Loch of the
Caves.

So we'll pass the dusty highway o'er,
And tread the mossy earth;
Oh, now we're by the evening shore,
And yonder gleams the firth.
Sweet breathes the birchen glen,
And the pinewood on the ben,
That shields our home in Moidart, by the Loch of the
Caves.

Oh, turn the pony on the grass,
And near the rippling stream,

We'll camp where woodland odours pass,
 Beneath the slanting beam
 Of the sun that lights the hills,
 Ere the evening vapour chills,
 The fragrant glen in Moidart, by the Loch of the
 Caves.

The gnats are hovering o'er the stream,
 And with the kindling fire,
 There comes the last expiring gleam
 Of ocean's funeral pyre,
 To show the gathering shades,
 That fill the silent glades,
 Of the lonely glen in Moidart, by the Loch of the
 Caves.

The evening meal is over, love,
 The bairns are sleeping well,
 The lapwing's sadly calling, love,
 O'er loch, and stream, and fell ;
 And near the crimson firelight,
 Beneath the filmy starlight,
 We dream of love in Moidart, by the Loch of the
 Caves.

II .

BUY a basket ! Buy a basket !
 Buy a basket ! Lovely lady !
 Pardon me that I should ask it !
 Buy a basket ! Buy a basket !
 Made from willows lithe and shady !
 You will leave the Highland hills !
 You will see them in your dreams !
 Pardon me that I should ask it !
 Buy a basket ! Buy a basket !
 You will see the winding rills !
 You will see the foaming streams !

Buy knife handles ! Buy knife handles !
Buy knife handles ! Lovely lady !
Silver 'tis the lady dandles !
Says that these are fit for Vandals !
But they're good for anybody !
 Buy—and you will ne'er be sorry !
 They were made by Nature for ye !
For we found our store of handles,
Where the day with golden sandals,
Treads the forests, and the grand hills !
 Oh ! they're stags' horns from the corrie !

III

ALL day the long white road,
All day the winding road,
But when the dew falls cold and damp,
The warm fire, and the wayside camp.

Blest be the blue sky,
And the mellow winds, and the cloud !
Blest be the grey,—the rainy sky,—
When the sou'west wind is shrilling loud !

I love the heath, and the fern,
Where the foaming torrents roar.
I love the call of the wheeling tern,
O'er the grey isles, and the loch shore.

But sweet is the camp fire,
When the long day is done,
When night falls, and my desire
Is to sink to rest, like the vanished sun.

Blest be the storm cloud !
Or the calm still stars !
Blest be the wind if he whistle loud !
Or blest be the moon thro' leafy bars !

God send sweet dreams,
If I should dream at all,
Of a sunny road by hills, and streams,
And an ocean sunset ending all !

MY LOVE

THE moonbeams gleam on the wave, my love,
And the fairy northern isles
Are dimly floating in seas of gold,
And the whole world smiles.

Bright are the stars in the sky, my love,
And the moon swings high in the blue,
And I think as I watch that wondrous lamp
That it shines on you.

And oft it hangs in the sky, my love,
When the story of love is told ;
It has beamed on lovers of bygone days,
For the moon is old.

Where boreal streamers fly, my love,
To the odorous tropical night,
The lovely moon with its brilliance brings
Inspiration bright.

And so thy vassal to-night, my love,
When the moon shines clear in the sky,
His fealty swears thro' all the years,
His love cannot die.

SONG

THERE'S the blue sky above with the clouds white as
snow,
And around the dim mountains wherever you go,
And here the warm sunbeams are falling ;
And here in the land of the bracken and heath,
The wind gently wafts the faint odorous breath
Of the moors where the plovers are calling,
Of the moors where the plovers are calling.

Oh merrily sing the winds as they pass,
And blow the fine down from the white cotton
grass,
And a bee's wing some flower is revealing ;
And the pools in the moss, and the clear streams so
cold,
Shine out 'mid the heath, like the brightest of gold,
On the moors where the plovers are wheeling,
On the moors where the plovers are wheeling.

But my heart is in bondage to grief's sullen power,
And it longs for sad eve and the mournful hour,
When the moon her white face is unveiling ;
When the cold clammy mist, in a bosom that chills,
Is clasping the world, and, behind the dark hills,
The sun's dying splendour is failing,
From the moors where the plovers are wailing.

SONG

I WOULD we were where Lomond sleeps
Among the Highland hills,
Bathed in the golden sun, that steeps
The land of moors and rills.
Ah ! could we walk the woodland ways,
As in the olden days !

Oh, do ye mind where Lomond sleeps
Among the Highland hills ?
If Nature smiles, or Nature weeps,
The heart with gladness fills.
Oh, do ye mind where Lomond sleeps ?
For that my memory keeps.

Ah ! go, dear heart, where Lomond sleeps
Among the Highland hills,
Past sandy bays, and silent deeps,
And glens with murm'ring rills ;
Then greet each hill, and flower, and tree,
And bid them think of me.

SONG

OH the plains of the south, and the eastern wold,
I have seen 'neath the Autumn's bright mantle of
gold,
But ever to Albyn my fancy is wed,
When bracken is brown, and rowans are red.

Oh the land of romance is the land I love best,
The northern hills, and the glens of the west!
So give me the dear Highland sky overhead,
When bracken is brown, and rowans are red.

Oh warm is the heart that is waiting me there,
And sweet is the maiden, and tender and fair,
And I'd think not of winter, when summer is fled,
And bracken is brown, and rowans are red ;

For the chill of the year would be mellow as June,
And my spirit would echo the summer's sweet tune,
If I could but cherish that dear little head,
When bracken is brown and rowans are red.

THE LAND O' THE HEATHER

HURRAH for the glens where the dun deer roam,
And the hills wi' the grouse in the heather !
Hurrah for the streams of the rock, and the foam
Hurrah for the Highland weather !
With the loch, and the rill, and the lofty hill,
That is swept by the eagle's feather,
O'er the Highland line, is this heart o' mine,
In the land, the land o' the heather !

Oh the alder, the willow, the rowan tree,
Are found by the tree-lined burn ;
And the hazel green is oft-times seen,
O'er the wave that doth never return ;
And now and then, there's a birchen glen,
With moss and bracken together ;
With many a cool, sun-dappled pool,
In the land, the land o' the heather !

Oh dear are the hills, wi' the foaming rills,
And dear is the windy heath ;
And good to the eye is the summer sky,
And sweet is the myrtle's breath ;
But give me the streams, that fill my dreams,
Where oft we roamed together,
Where the trout yield fun, in the pool and the run,
In the land, the land o' the heather !

Have ye seen the hills, from the plains of the south,
Away on the north horizon ?

To a Highland heart in age or youth,
'Twill aye be a glorious vision.
So fare ye forth to the beautiful north,
'Tis sweet in every weather.
O'er the Highland line is this heart o' mine,
In the land, the land o' the heather !

IN OLD GLENLOY

THERE'S a little gate in the glen road,
At the foot of a garden old ;
And a shieling dear that is nestling near,
More dear as the years unfold ;
And I know that I found my greatest joy,
In the shieling that's sleeping in old Glenloy.

The evening mists on the glen road,
Were settling soft and still ;
And I stood by the gate of the garden old,
With a heart that was heavy and chill ;
But that evening I found my greatest joy,
In the shieling that's sleeping in old Glenloy.

From the little gate in the glen road,
We looked at the evening sky ;
And we blessed the flowers, and the hills, and the
stream
That sang as it rippled by ;
But I know where I found my greatest joy,
In the gloaming so grey in old Glenloy.

And the little gate in the glen road,
At the foot of a garden old,
And the shieling dear, that is nestling near,
Are more dear as the years unfold ;
For I know that I found my greatest joy,
In the shieling that's sleeping in old Glenloy.

THE HIGHLAND GLEN

My love, I could sing of the whispering sea,
In the calm of a winter's night ;
My love, I could sing of the trembling stars,
And the flickering northern light,
And the moon, and the winds, and the barren isles,
With the clinging mists of rain,
But my soul doth flee, o'er the moaning sea,
To a lovely Highland glen.

My love, the restless surges moan
In the gloom of the ocean caves ;
My love, fast falls the waning moon
Beneath the glittering waves ;
I could dream of isles in the tropic seas,
Where Winter's ire is vain,
But my soul doth flee, o'er the moaning sea,
To a lovely Highland glen.

Oh give me the breath of the moorland wide,
On the breast of the azure ben,
Oh give me the boundless sky above,
And the golden burn in the glen.
Show me the birch and the rowan tree,
And the land in sun or rain.
Oh the heath and the bracken call to me,
From that lovely Highland glen.

May I linger there with you, my love,
On a future summer day,

When the great cloud birlinns sweep the blue,
And pass for aye away.
We will breathe the sweets of Nature, love,
And life will not be vain,
Tho' we idly dream by the singing stream,
In that lovely Highland glen.

ORCADIAN BOAT-SONG

SWIFTLY we roam o'er the seabirds' home,
To the isles that are drenched with the white sea-
foam ;
And each wind that blows sings, wild and free,
Over the isles of Orkney.

Chorus

Rolling along, rolling along,
Swept by the south wind brave and strong,
Our vessel reels in the foaming sea,
Rolling along to Orkney.

By the island sides our vessel rides,
Shrinking aghast from the snarling tides ;
And list to the moanings of the sea,
In the green sea-caves of Orkney.

The seabirds scream to the pale sunbeam,
From the cliff sweeps the mist of a falling stream
And the rain, and the sun, and the sky, and the sea
Are dear to the isles of Orkney.

SONG

SING on, merry stream,
Where the foam-flakes gleam—
Sing your sweet song to me ;
For my pulses ring
To your murmuring,
And my heart grows light and free.

Here's thanks for your song,
As you flow along,
Now take this song for me,
And sing my love,
To my lady love,
Oh, she is fancy free.

The sunbeams shower
On the castle tower,
That stands on the heathery lea ;
But if she dream
By thy side, sweet stream,
Oh, sing my song for me.

But she may not come,
Then I'd be dumb,
And scarce she'd think of me ;
So I'll be along,
With a sweet love song,
To greet my love to-day.

SONG

A DREAMER one day,
By the shimmering sea,
On a couch of sea-daisies,—a roseate band,—
Looked out with delight
On the blue and the white
Of the waves that were flouting the Orkneyan sand.
The tremulous swell,
Aye shimmering fell,
On the headlands of Hoy with a rollicking run,
And the clouds floated by,
Thro' the vaults of the sky,
Slow wafted by winds that were warmed by the sun.

The dreamer was young,
And he sought for a song,—
Some mode of expression regardless the theme ;
And bright was his eye,
As he looked at the sky,
And the sea that was gold with a dazzling gleam.
How green was the land !
How golden the sand !
How lovely the flowers on the odorous lea !
And the voices so rare
Of a lark in the air,
And the winds in the grass, and the winds on the sea !

The dreamer grew sad,
Tho' Nature was glad,
He found not a theme that was thrilling to youth ;

And heavy his heart,
Till the flight of his art,
From the boreal snows to the realms of the south.
Then sweet grew his dream,
With love for a theme,—
A theme that inspired him, that made him to sing,
Of the burden of love,
And the meaning of love,
And the joy of the love of a maid in the Spring.

THE SANDS OF THURSO BAY

I

WHITE clouds in the blue are flying,
And the wind is blowing free,
And the foam-wreaths gleam in the golden sun,
And deep is the blue of the sea.
The distant isles are azure,
In the haze of the far away,
And the breakers murmur gladly,
On the sands of Thurso Bay.

Not that—when the soul is weary,
And the outlook drear and grey,
Then I long for the scent of the salt sea-wind,
On a desolate rainy day ;
With the sad sea-mists about me,
And the land all clothed in grey,
And the ocean mourning softly,
On the sands of Thurso Bay.

II

'Twas once on a lofty headland,
At the close of an autumn day,
That I dreamed of a glorious life to be
With a loved one far away.
The corn was rustling strangely,
In the fields where the moonbeams play,
And the starlit ocean whispered,
On the sands of Thurso Bay.

Only a dream,—but somewhere,
There's one I shall meet on a day,
When the past is a story strangely sweet,
On the leaves of memory,—
Who will care for the things I care for,
And cheer with her sympathy,
Then the sea will sing for ever,
On the sands of Thurso Bay.

ARDGOIL

I HAVE seen Ardgoil when the Spring seemed vain,
I have seen Ardgoil thro' the driving rain,
I have seen Ardgoil at the dark day's wane,
And aye to me 'twas bonnie oh !

I have seen Ardgoil in the warm sunlight,
When the broomy hills gave the heart delight,
From the dewy dawn to the fragrant night,
And aye to me 'twas bonnie oh !

We have walked the path at the foot o' the brae,
Where the hazels shade from the sun's warm ray,
And the glittering waves sang cheerily,
Dear heart, but it was bonnie oh !

And from the scented woodland way,
We have seen Ardgoil in the faraway,
With its heathy hills and its rocks so grey,
And oh, but it was bonnie oh !

And so, dear heart, for ever and aye,
In sunny June, or flowery May,
In the heather time, or December grey,
For me 'twill aye be bonnie oh !

THE SEA PATROL

THRO' the night ! Thro' the storm !
O'er the waves that wildly roll !
Away from the land with its foaming bars,
To the sea where the mast sweeps round the stars,
That pierce the cloudy pall !
The gale screams out fell Death's desires,
But Life roars loud in the belching fires,
And the rigging hums like a thousand lyres,
On the ships of the Sea Patrol !

Chorus

So hurrah for the line,
In the foaming brine,
Come one, come all, its deeds extol.
No fireside warm,
But a wild sea-storm !
God bless the men of the Sea Patrol !

Thro' the night ! Thro' the storm !
Old Britain's need doth call !
And some may strike on the dark lee shore,
And some may sink to the ocean's floor ;
But tho' the worst befall,—
Tho' seamen bold by the storm are slain,
Tho' the foe lurks deep in the roaring main,
Old Britain doth not call in vain,
To the men of the Sea Patrol !

Thro' the night ! Till the dawn !
Till the clouds of hate unroll !

When war will be but a vanished crime,
Sunk deep in the rolling seas of Time,
And Freedom's voice shall call !
The children of that future time,
Of every race, and every clime,
Shall learn man's courage high sublime,
From the men of the Sea Patrol !

ARRAN'S HILLS

COME ower the waves tae Arran's hills,
Tae Arran's hills sae bonnie oh ;
Come ower the waves tae Arran's hills,
The dearest hills of ony oh.
There softly sleeps the misty glen,
And streams and moorlands mony oh,
Sae leave the sands o' Girvan then,
For Arran's hills sae bonnie oh.

I feel the salt breeze blowing free,
The waves are wildly brawling oh,
The sun is shining cheerily,
The voice of Life is calling oh.
Sae, dearie, let us ower the wave,
Tae Arran's hills sae bonnie oh,
E'en tho' the ocean tempest rave,
We'll safely steer tae Arran oh.

In thought I see, 'mid waves of fire,
The purple hills at after-glow,
The soaring peaks of our desire,
The Arran hills sae bonnie oh.
Sae, dearie, will ye come wi' me ?
Together let us gladly go,
There's joy upon the foaming sea,
Or ere the sun hath sunk below.

And ere we leave the lovely lands,
For where the sun hath sunk below,

We'll turn and view the Girvan sands,
And whisper of the long ago.
We'll dream of once familiar strands,
And foaming tides that used to flow,
We'll turn and view the Girvan sands,
And whisper of the long ago.

CAMERON OF GLEN LOY

WELL known is his form in the glen,
And his footstep is known on the brae,
And he loves his land from the stream to the ben,
In rain, or the sun's warm ray,
His form is strong, his eye is true,
His friends are many, his foes are few,
And the clansmen love the splendid boy,
Brave Cameron of Glen Loy.

The summons to arms has come,
And Highland hearts are brave ;
And the clansmen leave their beloved home,
To cross the sombre wave.
Tho' hideous war be insanity,
Aggression hath wrung a piteous cry,
And he'll fight, or in life he'll ne'er find joy,
Brave Cameron of Glen Loy.

Who weeps on the bridge so grey,
At the mournful close of day ?
She looks at the hills in the faraway,
And the loch and the silent bay.
Ah ! she looks on the moor and the hill in vain,
And her sigh doth blend with the wind in the glen,
For the death of her love, her gallant boy,
Brave Cameron of Glen Loy.

ANNAT BURN

AMONG the woods of Annat
That clothe the rocky glen,
Where winds the dark secluded stream
Far from the misty ben,
With foam-flecked pool, and roaring linn,
Oft glancing thro' the green,
My love, among the woodlands,
Oh what days have been !

The bonnie burn of Annat,
Away beyond the trees,
We've followed to the purple moor
Where mellow blows the breeze.
There shines the snowy waterfall,
Each silver winding gleams,
As the burn flows o'er the moorland,
In the warm sunbeams.

Ye wand'ring woods of hazel,
And birch and rowan tree !
Ye moors of heath and myrtle green,
Where winds blow free !
Thou stream of sun and shadow dun,
With wide skies above !
Once more I'll seek your beauties,
With the lass I love.

IN DARK GLENCOE

'Twas in Glencoe I met a lass,
When the sun shone on the heather ;
She was so sweet I could not pass,
Till we had talked together.
I know not how, but then as now,
She seemed the best of maids to know ;
And I lost my heart, I will avow,
In dark Glencoe.

'Twas in Glencoe I left a lass,
When the rain-cloud swept the heather ;
And the storm-wind moaned adown the pass,
And the wet sheep crouched together.
The mountains kissed the restless mist,
And the torrents foamed on the rocks below,
And I left my heart with the maid I kissed,
In dark Glencoe.

'Tis in Glencoe I'll seek my lass,
When Time hath drawn my tether ;
But slow the weary moments pass,
Till we're again together ;
But when she's mine the sun will shine,
Where'er my lass and I may go.
Come sun or shower, 'twill aye be fine,
In dark Glencoe.

THREE HIGHLAND BOAT-SONGS

I

SAIL on, bonnie bark,
'Mong the tern-haunted isles,
Where the blue waves so brightly are foaming.
Sail swiftly, sweet bark,
To the dark wooded shore,
For blithe is my heart to be homing.

Wild screams the white tern,
In the clear azure sky,
O'er the land, and the wave that is foaming,
Above his dear home,
Near the line of the foam,
A welcome to him that is homing.

Oh lovely Loch Eil,
With thy heath-covered hills,
Thou wert dear to my spirit when roaming!
The mists on the bens,
And the dark wooded glens,
In dreams called my heart to be homing.

And oh, bonnie bark,
When we tire of the sea,
How swiftly we'll come in the gloaming,
To the dark silent bays,
When the sun's dying rays
On the bens joy the heart that is homing!

II

AWAY ! Away !
At the dawning o' day,
O'er the sea silver grey,
 Let us go !
 Ohee ! Oho !
 Let us go !

Blow ! ye winds, blow !
Ye merry tides flow !
For our harvest we'll go,
 We will go.
 Ohee ! Oho !
 We will go.

Sing ! Sing !
For the hollow sails ring.
Like a bird on the wing,
 She doth go.
 Ohee ! Oho !
 She doth go.

Home ! Home !
O'er the wave we will roam,
With wealth from the foam,
 We will go.
 Ohee ! Oho !
 We will go.

III

THE fisher is weary,
 The evening is dreary,
 The air is so heavy and chill ;
 And o'er the long miles,
 Sweeps the rain to the isles,
 And the sea-mist lies low on the hill.

How grey is the ocean,
 That's ever in motion !
 Its moaning doth strike the heart still,
 As it frets on the sands
 Of the shadowy lands,
 When the sea-mist lies low on the hill.

The seamew is crying,
 The grey day is dying,
 The night brings forebodings of ill,
 As, with a faint sigh,
 Floats the wind thro' the sky,
 When the sea-mist lies low on the hill.

But welcome that gleaming,
 To one sadly dreaming,
 His heart doth with holiness fill ;
 'Tis the light in his home,
 And it shines o'er the foam,
 When the sea-mist lies low on the hill.

A NORTHERN LOVE-SONG

NIGHT—and the shivering stars in the sky,
Wildly the boreal streamers fly.
 From its cloudy bed,
 In the sky o'erhead,
Chill breathes the wind with a mournful sigh.

My love, in the night there are fierce desires,—
They speak from the curtains of changing fires,
 In the seabirds' wail,
 From the planets pale,
In the stars, when the crimson light expires.

And the wind, as on æolian lyres,
Breathes on the ocean chords, and the choirs
 Of the booming wave,
 My soul enslave,
My love awake, with its passionate fires.

But, love, I am not as the thistle-down,
On the storm wind of passion lightly blown,
 I'd love thee, dear,
 I'd love thee, dear,
With a beautiful love,—wert thou mine own.

Wert thou mine own ! Wert thou mine own !
And on the wind the thought has flown,
 Out o'er the sea,
 My love to thee,
From one who is waiting here alone.

But should there never dawn the light,
And my shattered life be lost in night,
 No beauteous choirs,
 No boreal fires,
No moon, no stars,—to make it bright.

Ah ! should the Heavens be lost to sight,
Should the winter storms rage thro' the night,
 I'll love thee still,
 I'll love thee still,
Will love—till my soul hath ta'en its flight.

The sun in the sky shall fade away,
And the stars shall moulder and decay,
 And the planets fall,
 Thro' the night's dim hall,
The darkness reign without hope of day ;

And God in Heaven shall our love betray,
Immortal Hope shall flee away,
 Ere my love shall die,
 Ere my love shall die,
Or I for thy joy shall cease to pray.

DIRGE

WHEN the primrose springs in the glen,
And the river sings in the glen,
I know that river and flower speed on before,
And return no more !

The hill of the stream in the glen,
Where the soft clouds dream of the glen,
I know hath borne the fleeting mists of yore,
That return no more !

When the red leaf falls in the glen,
And no bird calls in the glen,
I know that the soul of the year is flying o'er,
To return no more !

What cares my heart in the glen,
When joys depart from the glen ?—
But I weep for the lad that is gone to return no
more !
To return no more !

ANNAT GLEN

At the end of a beautiful summer day,
The Annat glen was still,
For the spirit of peace that brooded there,
Scarce heard the sounding rill ;
And after many a weary year,
Once more we'd wandered there,
And our hearts beat high with hope and joy,
As we breathed the mountain air.

Oh Annat glen !
Dear Annat glen !

The sun was slowly sinking down,
And the western sky was gold,
And the old, old hills were ruby red,
And their beauties manifold ;
And oh the scent of myrtle and heath,
And the woods, and the bracken so green !
Ah ! grief was far as the southern star,
From that sweet Highland scene.

Oh Annat glen !
Dear Annat glen !

But what of the white tern's warning voice,
As he wheeled o'er the dark Loch Eil ?
And a mournful influence filled the glen,
And we saddened as darkness fell.
A blackbird screamed as he flew thro' the fern.
Forbidding was each sombre deep ;

And the chasms were haunted by shadowy things,
But Death did silence keep.

Oh Annat glen !
Dear Annat glen !

Ah me ! There's a soldier's lonely grave,
Away beyond our ken ;
And never more we two shall rove
In our own dear Annat glen ;
And oh for me shall there ever be
A happy day again,
By the snowy fall, and the dimpling pool,
In the lovely Annat glen ?

Oh Annat glen !
Dear Annat glen !

The rowan trees that kiss the breeze,
And the flight of the swift sunbeam ;
The lonely stream bright on the heath,
Or dim as a hazy dream,
In a shadowy glen, with dreamy pools,
And the sombre trees above,
And the song of the thrush, in the evening hush,
Will ne'er my sadness move.

Oh Annat glen !
Dear Annat glen !

PART II

SONGS

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SONG

WHEN Summer treads the flow'ry meads,
With pollen-dusted feet ;
When minstrels call, thro' leafy hall,
With perfumes rich replete ;
When morning mist the zephyr cools,
That floats o'er lily-haunted pools,
Unto the rising sun my eyes take wing,
And my glad soul doth sing.

Did Fortune's guile become a smile,
Had I the storéd sweet,
From fragrant bells, within the cells,
The wintry times to meet ;
Could I a golden dawning see,
The herald of a lovely day,
Then my fond Muse would ply her dearest string,
And only thee I'd sing.

AUTUMN

SWIFTLY o'er the harvest fields,
Walks the Autumn fair ;
Stalks of golden grain she wields—
Poppies in her hair.
By the brimming stream she moves,
O'er the landscape that she loves,
And she hears the lark's last song,
As she swiftly moves along.

Lo ! She leans upon the bridge,
O'er the brimming stream ;
Listens to the moaning sedge,
Where the waters gleam.
Then she casts, into the foam,
Crimson poppies from her home,
Saying : " Passion's flowers I see
Floating seaward silently."

Withered flower, and leaf that dies,
Mark the golden year ;
Yellow land and hazy skies,
Both to Autumn dear ;
And the maid, in gold and brown,
Walks again by vale and down,
Pondering on life the while,
With a sad and wistful smile.

SONG

WHEN the swift wheels high,
In the evening sky,
And the rooks are home in the wood ;
When the sun is seen,
Thro' the elm-tree green,
And the hour's in a pensive mood ;
'Tis then I'm fain,
For the country lane,
With shadowy trees, 'mid fields of grain.
I'd love to stray,
At the close o' the day,
With a lass that's far away.

When the moon doth rise,
In the crystal skies,
And floods the land with light ;
When the stars unclose,
To the wondering rose,
Those eyes for ever bright ;
Then hand in hand,
In the dear home-land,
In the glen, on the hill or the pale sea-sand,
We two might stray,
At the close o' the day,
Dear lass—so far away !

SONG

WHERE the ouzel dips his wings,
In the stream ;
Where the bluecap lightly swings,—
Azure gleam ;
Soothed by willow whisperings,
Let me dream,
Belovéd !
Let me dream !

As the Autumns in their fall,
Beauty gain ;
Golden leaves, and waterfall
White with rain ;
So the love that conquers all
Is not vain,
Belovéd !
Is not vain !

THE RAIN ON WESTBURY DOWNS

I PASSED from the road, thro' the wood so green,
And the stubble field where the grain had been,
'Neath the open sky with its silver sheen,
And I saw the rain on Westbury Downs.

Out on the hill ! Out on the hill !
Breathing the rain-wind, sweet and chill,
Cleansing the soul of every ill,—
I saw the rain on Westbury Downs.

Mists of grey ! Mists of grey !
Blown from the seas so far away !
Changing the hills to blue and grey !
I saw the rain on Westbury Downs.

Scented rain ! Scented rain !
Filling the Southron heart with pain,
But bringing me dreams of home again,
Oh sweet was the rain on Westbury Downs !

SONG

I WALKED in the May-time fields,
'Mid daisies and cups of gold,
In the magic the season wields,
In ways that are manifold,—
The wash of oceans of leaves and grass,
The song of a thrush on high,
The lapwing's call on the winds that pass,
The birth of the things that die.

I saw the sun, and the sky
Deep blue with clouds of snow ;
And perfumes drifted by,
Upborne by the winds, that go
To bush, and grass, and flower, and tree ;—
From a thousand ports near by,
Bearing across an invisible sea,
The souls of the things that die.

What hath immortality ?
The deeds of the souls that are great,
That perfume silently
The devious ways of Fate ;
And the pleasant fields of the minds of men
Are sweet tho' the ages fly,
And life in Heaven will flower again
With the blooms that will never die.

DIRGE

COME in the radiant dusk of a summer eve,
Unto the bridge that spans the silent stream !
Enter the fabric that my fancies weave,
And cheer my sadness with some lovely dream !
Come, oh my love, and this frail life redeem !

The golden moon is rising over the height ;
I seem to hear a sound as of feet that pass
Over the carpet green of the hall of night,
Crushing the sweets from violets and from grass,—
But the gliding stream doth speak of the souls that
pass.

The king-cup scatters his petals on the stream,
And the primrose is faded and dead in the mossy dell,
And the odour of dying violets fills my dream,
And in the wood, each withering hyacinth bell
Is ringing the death of life with a mournful knell.

Soft breathes the soul of the night on responsive
strings,
My heart with the whispering sedge doth sigh in tune.
It echoes the ceaseless moan of the plover's wings,
As he wheels in his airy circles round the moon ;
And an endless grief doth wail in the winds that
croon.

SONG

OUT on the dusty road,
In the cool clean sweep of the wind,
Out on the dusty road,
Ere the sun hath grown unkind,
Past bushes green, and budding trees,
And verdant fields like emerald seas,
To the burn this sweet May morning.

Oh brown is the Earn stream,
Or as amber a delicate gold ;
Oh brown is the Earn stream,
'Neath the yellow marigold.
We'll leave the road, ere the sun be high,
For the fields where the purple violets lie
In the dew, this sweet May morning.

Oh saw ye the snow-white may,
And the dainty cuckoo-flower ?
Oh saw ye the snow-white may
Gleaming on Nature's bower ?
Oh come wi' me to the Earn stream,
Which winds 'neath the warm sun's golden beam,
Thro' the fields this sweet May morning.

Oh hear ye the lark on high ?
He sings to the vibrant dawn ;
Oh hear ye the lark on high ?
He'll sing till the sun hath gone ;
And then we'll home 'neath the shimmering stars,
The merry stars, the faithful stars,
O'er the road that awaits this morning.

SONG

GOLDEN gleam of yellow bunting,
Thro' the grey and wintry air ;
Redbreast in the hawthorn hunting,
'Mid the crimson brilliance there ;
These did charm the way along,
But my spirit sang no song.

Night had strewn the land with crystal,
Gleaming on the violet spray,
Shone in Nature's golden missal,
Amber, white, and green, and grey.
Glittered the autumnal throng !
But my spirit sang no song.

Soon I saw the fruit of roses,
Passion-coloured cloud above ;
And I knew what time discloses,
That there's nought so good as love.
Blithely then I moved along,
For my soul had found a song.

SONG

THOUGHT was a fairy, and she stole,
From a quiet nook by the chestnut bole,
Thro' the blades of grass in the sunlit field,
Where the spider spun, and the midges wheeled,
To a yellow flower—her goal !

Thought was a lover, and she said,
To the gallant youth with the golden head :
“ Art ever here, my noble sir ? ”
Quo' he : “ Fair maid, I may not stir
From this, my fragrant bed.”

Thought was a dreamer at the cry :
“ Soon, lovely maiden, I must die ;
But think not that my life is vain,
For tho' I earn the fool's disdain,
Sweet flowers will spring from me.”

And Thought was pensive as she stole
To her secret place by the chestnut bole,
And ere she slipped to her silent bed,
She quaintly sighed, and she quaintly said,
“ Ah ! What is Life's great goal ? ”

PARTING

FRAGRANT flowers in the dewy night,
Glimmering stars in the dusky light,
Dying day in the western sky,
 And parting—you and I!

The eastern sky shall send its light,
To fire the sombre wings of night,
Yet morn for me shall only rise,
 To bring dark brooding skies.

Still—as the night finds fragrant flowers,
To scent the dim slow-passing hours,
So Love and Hope, when sunlight dies,
 Will find sweet memories.

SONG

OH the autumn wind is blowing,
 Wild and snell ;
And the brimming stream is flowing,
 In the dell ;
And from willows fall the golden leaves.

O'er the wave the branch is leaning,
 I can tell,
For the stream a harvest's gleaming,
 From the dell ;
When from willows fall the golden leaves.

On the heath the wind is keening,
 On the fell ;
But I read the Autumn's meaning,
 In the dell ;
When from willows fall the golden leaves.

Oh for Beauty hearts are aching,
 At the knell ;
When the withered trees are shaking,
 In the dell ;
And from willows fall the golden leaves.

SONG

WHEN in the mystic silence of a moonless night
I gaze from star to star,
Tho' I may hear the voicings of the cosmic might,
Floating from light to light,
Dearest, thou seemest far !

But in the dreamy stillness round the chamber fire,
Hid from the mighty sky,
I hear the mellow chanting of an angel choir,
Yielding my heart's desire,
Telling that thou art nigh !

THE SONG OF THE WORLD

THE world sings loud
To the reeling cloud
That shrouds the frosted poles ;
And the sweet world smiles,
When the sun beguiles,
Where the tropic ocean rolls.
Thro' the snow, and the rain, and the mist, and the
cloud,
And the sun, and the winds that cry aloud,
The earth swings round with its myriad souls.

What is its song,
As it sweeps along,
Half-lit by the flaming sun ;
Thro' the frigid night,
With the one great light,
On a path that will never be done ?
It sings to the hearts of women and men :
“ There is little of pleasure, and much of pain,
But the gleaming peaks have yet to be won.”

AUTUMN SONG

To the flame of crimson fruit,
To the flash of bluecap's wings,
With the wail of woodland lute,
And the foam of springs,
Hark! The mournful Autumn sings!

Golden bracken! Misty glens!
Snowy stream that seaward foams!
Fallen leaves in woody dens,—
Summer's haunted homes!
There the spectral Autumn roams!

Rainy hills with cloudy domes,—
Mothers of the ribald springs!
Ghostly sea that softly foams
When the sea-wind sings!
Thence the brooding Autumn wings!

SONG

By the foaming stream in the ruined glade,
'Mid the smould'ring ash of the things that fade,
In the misty aisles of the woodland way,
The ivy bloomed on the leafless tree.

So when chill times descend on life,
And winter wins the bitter strife,
Faith blooms upon the withered tree,—
The symbol of the joys to be.

SONG

Two butterflies float o'er the grass where the flowers
unfold,
White gulls of the oceans of green that are breaking
in gold,
And I watch their sweet quivering flight as they dally
with love,
With the grass and the flowers beneath, and the blue
sky above.
Ah! Love, thou wilt ever be young, tho' the world
be old.

Lo! Now thro' the realms of my soul an echo is
rolled,
From the dimness of time, from its strange and
mysterious hold ;
And I feel my blood stir at the lilt of the wonderful
song.
Ah! Life is so lonely, dear heart, but 'twill not be
for long.
Sweet Love, thou wilt ever be young, tho' the world
be old.

SONG

“ WHY sing of Love, fond youth ? ”

Thus spake dark bitterness,

And age with snowy tress,

And the dead world that knows nor hope nor ruth.

“ Hast heard the thrush that sings,

When Spring, with waves of green,

O'erwhelms the icy sheen ? ”

Then smiled Romance and swept triumphant strings.

“ Of Love the warbler sings ;

But the strange human song

May sweep the snow as strong,

Or rise when ash fruits spread their tiny wings.”

THE SONG OF SIR LANCELOT

FAIR Guenever ! Ah, thou art fair !
The fairest in our northern lands !
Like the yellow corn thy shining hair,
Or golden like the sunlit sands !
And thine eyes are sparkling waves on moonlit
strands !

The roses breathe their love to the wind,
And the perfumed airs sing low in tune.
The nymphs their fragrant hair unbind
In the dusky woods, and softly croon,
Where the fount throws gleaming diamonds at the
moon.

Sun of my day ! Moon of my night !
Fame have I won in many a clime !
Love yields a loftier delight.
Come drink of the crimson draught sublime,
For our Summer breathes away in the arms of Time.

THE DAFFODIL

WHAT doth the daffodil think of, pray,
Nodding her head in the wind all day ?
Is it the sun, or is it the rain,
That she loveth,—or doth the sweet disdain,
In the tossing head, betoken the pain
Of love for the fleeting amorous wind,
Who stirs the hearts of all her kind ?

Fair daffodil he comes with a song,
And sweet is his voice as he moves along,
But great and strong is the silent sun,
And he loves thy face that he looks upon,
From the golden dawn till the day be done.
Ah ! Blest is the flower that he looks upon !
Ah ! Happy the flower that he looks upon !

SONG

Oh came ye by the Lendal stream,
When golden gorse was on the hill,
When bloomed the primrose by the rill,
And here and there a daffodil,
Beneath the spring sun's beam ?

Oh have ye looked adown the vale,
Across the land of green and brown,
And breathed the wind from ocean flown,
And watched the seabird wildly blown,
And viewed the passing sail ?

And have ye walked the pebbled shore,
Where o'er the stones brown Lendal sings,
To where the surge of ocean rings,
A knell which wistful memory brings,
Of loved ones gone before ?

SONG

I HEARD the cry of the children,
That were born in the years gone by,—
A wild cry, a wailing cry,
That filled with pain the affrighted sky :
“ Alas ! Alas—for our destiny ! ”

I heard my soul's wild question :
“ Why is there misery ?
Wherefore such cruel misery ?
And when shall Beauty strong and free
Find birth in the foam of Life's wild sea ? ”

I heard the song of the children,
From out of the womb of Time,—
A song that swept thro' every clime,
And sounded the death of the infamous crime,
And told of the links of a Love sublime.

WERT THOU BUT KNOWN TO ME !

WERT thou but known to me !
Not cold the dulcet word,
But sweetest music that our lives have heard,
The song of love that I should sing to thee !

Wert thou but known to me !
All the protecting things,
The grass for violets, or the mother's wings
For nestlings, symbolise my heart for thee !

Wert thou but known to me !
What depths of tenderness !
What joy of voice, and form, and sweet caress !
What joy in sacrifice, and life for thee !

CELANDINE

BRIGHT Celandine !
Oh golden star of Spring !
As ruby wine,
You bring a heartening.

Bright Celandine !
By streamlet murmuring,
'Mid mosses fine,
You tell a wondrous thing.

Bright Celandine !
Ere Winter hath ta'en wing,
In rain or shine,
Your songs of promise ring.

SONGS OF THE FISHERS

I

OH we have been to the fishing,
In the bleak Spring-time ;
O'er muddy roads, and sodden fields,
By the wood which its leafless sceptre wields,
Beneath grey skies,
Where the chill wind flies,
In the bleak Spring-time.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In the bleak Spring-time ;
Beside the brown and flooded stream,
Which shines 'neath the pale sun's watery gleam,
By leafless hedge,
And withered sedge,
In the bleak Spring-time.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In the bleak Spring-time ;
In the rain, and the sleet, and the cold March breeze,
O'er the last year's grass, 'neath skeleton trees,
In the April showers,
That bring the flowers,
In the bleak Spring-time.

II

OH we have been to the fishing,
In sunny June ;
By the amber flood, with the sunlit stones,
And the singing streams, with their dulcet tones,

By the silent deeps,
Where the brown trout sleeps,
In sunny June.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In sunny June ;
O'er violet fields, where the white lambs played,
By the river brink where the cattle strayed,
When the lark in the skies
Made paradise,
In sunny June.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In sunny June ;
When waved the broom, and the meadow-sweet,
And the buttercup ; and, beside our feet,
The brown stream rolled,
'Neath the marigold,
In sunny June.

III

OH we have been to the fishing,
In the autumn days ;
On cold clear days, with a sky blue-grey,
When 'neath the bright sun's cheerless ray,
The chill winds pass
O'er the withering grass,
In the autumn days.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In the autumn days ;
The golden woods grew dark and thin,
And more and more of what lay within,

We could surely tell,
As the red leaves fell,
In the autumn days.

Oh we have been to the fishing,
In the autumn days ;
When the mists of night came up the vale,
And wrapped the stream, and the sunset pale,
And the moor, and the hill,
In a vapour chill,
In the autumn days.

IV

OH we'll go no more to the fishing,
These are vanished days.
On an autumn eve, on the bridge so grey,
We bade farewell as we moved away,
And the sedges sighed,
And a lone bird cried,
In the autumn haze.

PART III

SONNETS

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MY MUSE

I SAW my muse upon a tangled path,
Chased thro' the night by tragic forms uncouth ;
She bore the traces of her wasted youth ;
She sensed lost hopes' and passion's aftermath.
What followed ? Cruel War, with brow of wrath
And bloody hands,—Doubt with its gnawing tooth,
And Love with empty arms, and Fate sans ruth,
And ghosts of all the losses that life hath.
“ Farewell ! ”—But as I spoke she fleeing turned,
And waved her hand and pointed to the stars ;
I looked thro' woven branches, and beheld
Dawn's paling blue. Then she, with eyes that
burned,
Escaped the clutching hands, and sweetly called :
“ Meet me when Joy thy prison gate unbars ! ”

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN

I

MOON-SILVERED frozen lands, and icy stars,
And bitter winds inscribing boreal runes,
Amid dead leaves, with rustlings, and with tunes
Heart-broken, sounding thro' arboreal bars !
Children of night whose sleep no singing jars !
Donors ye are, to vanished times, of boons
All unperceived while flame transcendent noons,
In thought prospective that no boding mars !
But when the spirit fields show blackened sheaves,
And the soul, levin-blinded, faltering,
Falls in the whirling wreaths of autumn leaves,—
Life, in a ruthless chaos altering,
Sees in the retrospect the golden vales,
And grieves in silence till the darkness pales.

II

NIGHT, the Astrologer, scanned the shimmering
 skies,—
Night, old and cold, with icicles in his beard !
With azure gown, star-silvered,—slow he fared,
And, at his solemn tread, sad harmonies
The chilling winds intoned, thro' leafless trees.
Lo ! At his touch the earth's ripe bosom bared
Froze to moon-sparkling crystals,—as he stared
Afar, as one who past and future sees.
Day followed, with autumnal joy elate,
To dream in harvest fields no dreams of fate,

Of the sweet present only,—covetous !
Listening the lark that woke the tremulous air !
Slow-moving,—lovely with her auburn hair !
Fragile in robes of mist diaphanous !

III

AUTUMN was woo'd by Winter agéd, grey,
Withered and cold, and with a hungry eye,—
Autumn the dreamer, 'neath a moveless sky,
Hazy and strange, illusive, far away !
But she unyielding fled, in sweet array
Of orange robes, and crimson flowers that die
But in her red bronze hair. She thought to fly
To woodland depths unknown to curious day.
Thro' ruined glades she sought oblivion,
Stealing away o'er paths of rustling leaves,
To popped rest within her piny cave.
But silent Winter swiftly followed on
With the cold kiss that his own love bereaves,
Only to place a wreath on passion's grave.

PREVISION

WHEN in a moment of perception keen,
The future thunders at the mortal gates,
And whisperings, of the fortune that awaits,
Blow from the gulfs of time but dimly seen,
Oft do I think the conscious broad demesne
Of living owes but little to the fates,
That, when the mind its active life abates,
Press on the soul with powers of the unseen.
What doth it profit, when the mortal veil
So dims the image of the future scene,
That we are helpless till the thing hath been,
And so arise from sleep disturbed and pale,
Crushed by the imminence of indefinite things,
To wait with wonder what the future brings ?

TO A. W. F., ON HEARING THE INDIAN
LOVE LYRICS

BLEST songs that hearing oft we never tire !
Of such to me are these. I cannot tell
If thou hast woven a dreamy Eastern spell,
Of breathings of dead love, and deep desire,
Or if thy music strikes but lyric fire
From quick imagination. Oh how well,
If not of Orient, sounds thy lyric bell !
For in strange lands I see the sunset fire,
View dusky faces, flowing garments white,
High temples, mosques, and minarets tipped with
flame,
And hear wild music greet the flying night.
And thy sad strains are tuned to tragedy,
Lost love, and death,—and many a well-loved name
Rings in my heart ere recollections die.

ON LOST ILLUSIONS

I

YOUTH of the great illusions—banish these,
And thou may'st sip life's nectar in the flower !
Else looking onward hour by weary hour,
Thou ne'er shalt see dawn pierce the forest trees.
Youth, I behold thee ere the madness flees,
Opening the portal of thy father's tower,
Tripping to Summer's blossom-haunted bower,
To scan the dawning gold on eastern seas.
Youth dreaming aye of women, wondrous fair,
Lovely in mind and form,—and one thy love ;
Visioning chainless life, and glory rare.
Fool ! Amid vain things doth thy fancy rove.
Grief, pain, death, loss, and love the years impair,
Haunt the approaching night of thy despair !

II

OH Youth, with all thy grand imperial fire,
Leaving thy sheltered home,—“ Omnipotence ”
The watchword on thy pennon,—serried, dense,
The ranks of hope, enthusiasm, faith, desire,
That march attendant to disaster dire,—
Soon thou wilt stand bereft of all defence,
With no return, and, all indifference,
Viewing thy shattered hosts' funereal pyre.
Who are the foes that bring thy fetters vile ?
Environing things, thy training, lack of gold,

Lost faces, and false woman's serpent wile,
And vain ambition,—these beleaguer thee,
And clog the functionings of that spirit bold,
Which dreads the mutterings of the changeless
 sea.

ON VISITING A DRUID MONUMENT

I

HAST thou not had a wonder dream of Eld ?
Come then unto the heathy moor, and see
The old grey stones, rain-scourged relentlessly,
Until the mystic rings are scarce beheld.
See'st thou the pillars ? Some are prostrate,—felled
By the rude blows of Time. On this wild lea,
These raised their ancient heads and scanned the
 sea,
Ere to these lands the Roman galleys held.
Think of the withered hands and eyes,—the minds
That called these into being ;—and each soul,
With daily cares—an individual life.
So thou wilt sense the expanding thought that
 binds
The generations,—peoples, creeds, and strife
Unfolding destiny as ages roll.

II

THIS was disclosed by man's revealing hand,
The trace of fish or reptile in the stone,
Speaking of age-long life in forms ill-known,
When all around was spread the ocean sand.
And in the wilds these silent pillars stand,
Whose grandeur doth for silence scarce atone,
Expressing mutely some idea flown,
On Time-given wings, from out the agéd land.

The generations fade. More slowly pass
 The changing modes of man's expression. Lo !
 The ages pass more secularly still.—
 Life manifest in man, or brute, or grass,
 The birth-throe of a thought,—and units go
 Unheeded, when the eternal pulses thrill

III

THERE is a destiny—some mighty goal.
 The purblind gropings of evolving life
 Are governed by a purpose. There is strife,
 Yet unity, within the cosmic whole.
 Sprung from primeval slime, as ages roll,
 Life thro' wild agonies of brutal strife,
 Evolved all types unto the king of life,
 Perchance hath crowned that being with a soul.
 But individual joys, and hopes, and fears,
 Are nought in the insensate flight of years.
 The acts contributory to the end,
 Alone are valid for Man's destiny ;
 And the great movements, in evolving, lend
 A glory unto those who live and die.

ON A CINEMA FILM

IN the cheap cinema of this dull town,
I saw a tragic film with stupid name,
In which a frail sweet girl to grievous shame
Is almost brought by some hot-blooded clown.
“ She trusted God ! ”—so was it written down !
I thought of Life, with savage thought aflame,
To point the legioned women brought to shame,
Unaided by Divinity—alone
Encircled by brute men ! Aye in the war,
Ye women of these isles—tho’ ye may say
“ What boots the bloody strife ? ”—ye have been
saved.

All war is madness,—but begun,—the star
Of all pure women burns, by night and day,
O’er the dear bones with which the earth is paved.

ON LUST AND LOVE

I

YES, there are women similar in mind
Unto these men. No prudish attitude
I entertain—nor call one bad or good,
For truths that govern sex are hard to find.
Still there exists in noble types of mind
A hate of wallowing in passions crude.
Is this a secret impulse toward the good,
Or does asceticism freedom bind ?
If there's a destiny in human things,
The aim—perhaps unconscious—of great deeds,
Great thoughts, great lives, great sacrifices—all
That makes life good,— tho' there are human
needs,
Still, lives given up to lust have missed the call,
And thro' all time the condemnation rings.

II

WOULD that our love was as the love of flowers—
Pure, wondrous sweet, and natural. Behold !
Humanity the sensual fetters hold,
And loveliness in hopeless horror cowers.
Where is the glory that in life is ours ?
Yon odorous blossom hath the story told.
It breathes of russet dawns, and sunset gold,
And fragrant love the joy of sunny hours.

There is a beauty in the dual life,
That dies consumed in supersensual flames,
But lives immortal, nurtured on great aims,
And purity of thought, and majesty
Of sound and scene, surroundings void of strife,
And glorious faith in some great destiny.

IN BARRACKS

TO-DAY the sunshine, after days of cloud,
Poured o'er the stony streets, and into lanes,
And fetid courts splashed with incessant rains,
Joying the spirit with new strength endowed.
To-night my form is o'er this pallet bowed,
Lost in subconscious dreams,—a joy that pains,
And the strong links of time and space disdains,
So lost in thought I almost cry aloud :
“ Alas the life that's spent 'mid stone and lime !
A hateful routine ! Poetry is dead,
And Art ! Only the blue sky overhead !
These ask no more, but I in fancy seem
To see the sun-glint on a Highland stream,
And the red evening on some peak sublime.”

PEOPLE OF THE CITIES

OH unimaginative race that springs
From city pent! Unnumbered toilers bound
Unto the wheel of Fate,—a hopeless round,
If nought but toil your sad existence brings.
What know ye of the thousand grander things
That make life sweet—the broader vision found?
No art, your song a maze of tawdry sound,
No music, no dim sense of ultimate things.
Aye, and what thought divine to starv'd souls,
Comes on the wind that moans amid the trees,
Floats on the mighty surge that landward rolls,
Wafts o'er some sombre loch with mountains high,
Wheels with the wind-blown seabirds in the sky,
Or flies with boreal fires o'er northern seas?

SONNET

SUNS that illuminate the boundless night,
Orbs with whose beams some secret message flies,
Thro' the abysmal spaces of the skies,
Rousing a sense of mystery and might,
Ye bring a vision to the inward sight—
A glimpse of what is ultimate. It dies
Indefinite, as ghostly memories
Flitting athwart the gloom of mental night.
The wondering murmur inarticulate
Ceases,—the subtle thought unsaid, and straight
The spirit touched to awe doth turn to love,
The strange expression of the principle
Of life, thus carnally eternal,—still
With a potential spirit life above.

NIGHT AND THOUGHT

O'ER the deep stillness of the ethereal sea,
Tho' night is lost in vapours cold and white,
I catch the twinkling of full many a light
That gleams on some hope-laden argosy.
Ye agéd stars, I know not what we see.
Nay! 'Tis a feeling that is born of sight,
When griefs come flocking with Death's nearing night,
For all those ties that cruelly cease to be.
Looking to Heaven what volume doth outpour,
From the deep founts of feeling. There are things
Beyond us,—that we cannot understand,—
And "Life is not in vain," the message rings.
So the sweet singing in a sunlit land,
Stills the loud surge on Death's eternal shore.

ON LOVE

I

LOVE ? We who talk so much shall never feel
The rapture that we dream of. Let me smile
My tolerance of the mood, akin to guile,
That prompts me many a doughty blow to deal,
For love enduring thro' life's woe and weal.
Aye in the background, pondering the while,
Stands my sarcastic self, that scorns the wile
Of passion that unslaked can never heal.
Love ?—I believe not in it.—'Tis a thing
To dream of—adoration such as they
Who versify might picture. But the wing
Of Time is fleet, and interests of the day
Are pressing. Shall I then a-dreaming go,
Or seek the Lists of Life to meet the foe ?

II

“WHAT would you ask of Love ?” my spirit
said.

“Ah ! Censure not the thing you do not know.
The secret longing of your heart doth show
Life's balance sweeping air, by Love outweighed.
Blame not on Love, the debt by Life unpaid !
Love's consummation you can never know,
Until the Fates have learned their stubborn
foe,
And Life shall fear your spirit unafraid.

Ask not too much,—women are human too !
Frail even as you ! And, when of Love you dream,
Dream too of human sympathy the while,
And comradeship, and home ; and oh, I deem,
That in the Lists of Life, whate'er you do,
You'll be the braver for a Lady's smile."

TO SCOTLAND

ALBYN ! I cannot sing your loveliness,
Without the use of banal commonplace.
Who hath not sung the streams that wildly race,
The glens, the hills, that oft the clouds caress,
The misty lochs, the moors, the loneliness ?
But Albyn, only we who know to trace
Romantic ages that have lined thy face,
The soul of beauty in thy ruggedness,
And our own lives in thee,—we only see,
And bless the meanest line that breathes of thee.
Homeland ! The dawning sky, like rippled sand,
O'er-spreads me, and a wondrous glory pours,
From the great sun, upon this alien land.
Oh ! What a dawn must greet thy eastern shores !

TO GERMANY

O LOATHSOME ghoul that hovered in the night,
And threatened worldly peace with warlike ire !
Now you are bathed in blood, your heart's desire,
And brotherhood's gold dawn is out of sight !
O pariah of nations ! Thou whose might
Hath scorned not every meanness, cruelty dire,
To compass hideous aims. Dost thou aspire
To majesty, and scorn all truth and right ?
Nation whose bond is binding as a hair !
Nation whose word is worthless as a straw !
O renegade ! O brute without a flaw !
Thou ! Thou !—of world dominion noble heir ?
Behold thy harvest in the awful years !
Ruin and hatred,—blood and blinding tears !

TO FRANCE

OFT have I searched, oh France, the clouded glass,
For dim foreshadowings of thy destiny,
But, to my sleepless, strained, and weary eye,
No vision cometh of the years to pass.
Vain Hope lies bleeding on the withered grass.
A hideous, bitter,—a distracted cry
Streams from the multitudes unto the sky,
And hordes of men the eternal portals pass.
I had a dream,—but it was fancy fed!—
Spring with the ploughshare, Autumn with the grain,
And humble homes with happy lives again.—
But Christ! The flame, the blood, the thunder-
shades!
And the vain screams, the moans, the cannonades
That shake the marble stillness of the dead!

ON HEARING HANDEL'S LARGO IN
CHURCH

THE mountain torrent thunderous in song,
The singing stream within the moonlit glade,
The rustling grasses where the sunbeams played,
Beside Life's river as it flowed along,
While wingéd Hope soared grandly, sure, and strong,—
All sang of sadness, loneliness—the aid
To lofty thought,—of gladness undismayed
By Fate, of destiny—a wondrous song !
Ah ! Soothing sweet unto the soul that's tired,
The wild thought-music that is swift inspired
By Nature,—yet expression seeks in vain !
Yet felt I now a more bewildering pain,
And at the thought of the lost happy years,
Low, low I bowed my head to hide my tears !

ON POETRY WRITTEN DURING THE WAR

WORKS of our splendid youths alive and dead !
Words of a beauty unimpeachable !
These in my spirit's wild abysmal fall,
Have I perused, with wonder as I read.
Marvellous thoughts to which their yearnings led !
Gems of unsullied minds in fatal hell !
Like the clear tinklings of a wave-swept bell,
That tells of safety,—tho' the foam's o'erhead !
Born in the awful throes of human-kind !
Sounding the transience of the cruel oppression !
Sweet was it in those bitter times to find,
Exultant thro' a frightful impotence,
All youth electric with its soul's suppression,
Flashing in literate magnificence !

SONNET

Two babes were christened in the church to-day,
And oh!—my heart, within that sombre fane,
Grew big with tenderness. To entertain
Sad thoughts, dull thoughts my soul was borne away.
Ah me!—and ye can follow day by day,—
Ye heavy-hearted mothers of the slain,—
The lives of those ye lost. There is a pain,
That memory aye will bring,—an agony!
Aye—ye will ever feel in piercing thought,
The tiny being hugged unto your breast,
And feel small hands that play with face and hair.
Grief! After years of love and tender care,
When youth had won its honours bravely sought,
To find on alien soil untimely rest.

SOLILOQUY OF A BLIND SOLDIER

BLIND and disfigured ! I—a hideous thing !
I, who had worked and built, while others played,
Plunged into Hell's wild chasm—unstrung, afraid,—
Ravished of all by War's envenomed sting !
Shrieks of the damned throughout my being ring !
Love ?—It is lost ! Christ ! Christ ! canst Thou
not aid ?

I pray, pray, pray as I have never prayed !
But well I know my fair hope's shattered wing.
Clutching the air with writhing arms I moan,
Feeling them empty, " Christ ! Alone ! Alone ! "
And love bereft of soul doth turn to lust,
Tigerish in hunger gnawing at my mind,
Dragging in this dark struggle,—hopeless, blind,
My aimless being faltering to the dust.

SONNET

I SAW my youth upon the golden sands,
Playing with friends beside a summer sea,
Watching the waves that murmured lazily,
Laughing with youths, with maidens joining hands,
The snowy clouds went by in merry bands,
That scarce disturbed the sun's serenity,
I heard the lark that sang above the lea,
I felt the odour of the fruitful lands.
I watched my youth upon the fatal shore,
Scanning the storm that racked the midnight sea.
The lightning-stricken corpses round him lay
Of friends,—the maids had fled the tempest's roar.
Alone he faced the storm without a fear,
But the wild moon disclosed his bitter sneer.

THE MOON AND THE MOUNTAIN

THE crescent moon lay in the mountain's arms.
Diaphanous clouds half-hid their sweet delight,
Swaying unheeded in the winds of night,
For in oblivion deep lay all alarms.
Urged by the coyness that sweet passion warms,
The moon fled gaily thro' the starlit night,
Leaving the mountain's bed of rich delight,
Baring to all the world her wondrous charms.
How dark and sullen then the mountain lay,
Until she smiled to him at dawn o' day,
Ere fleeing to the gloomy tower of night.
Now lies he sleeping in the light of day,
Dreaming of her pale beauty wondrous bright,
And of the future and the past delight.

TO —

THINK not too much of beauty, lovely maid !
Thy beauty is sweet Nature's splendid dower.
Ah ! 'Twas not anything within thy power,
That sent thee hither so divinely made.
That thou art lovely cannot be gainsaid—
And yet, bethink thee, lovely is the flower,
Whose beauty waneth from the fatal hour
When it is loveliest, ah !—too soon to fade !
But beauty liveth in the noble mind,
And in the soul profound. Its certain trace
Endures for ever in deep thoughtful eyes,
Transfigured thou wilt find the homeliest face ;
And beauty shall with love immortal bind
His heart in life, and where the spirit flies.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

OLD joys, old sorrows,—what a wistful pain !
Sharp fruit with wondrous sweetness at the core !
Viewing the retrospect, no clouds are o'er
The sunny lands we would not tread again.
So with the year whose sands so swiftly drain.
The Spring—the Summer foamed upon Earth's shore
In waves of brilliant bloom,—the surgings o'er,
In sober green was spread the grassy main.
Then, at the birth of a late summer day,
Earth knew the close embrace of autumn mist,
Whose breath was cool, and sweet, and strengthening.
Then did I sense invisible decay,
And feel soft grief, but my o'erladen breast
Knew no desire to stay Time's fleeting wing.

THE QUEST

I SCAN the faces in the city street,
I seek her in each woman that I see,
For strong desire pursues relentlessly,
And a sweet vision draws my faltering feet.
“Where art thou? Face and form and spirit meet
For Heaven are thine!” For ever wearily
I seek her who with these will love but me,
And all my baser part and thought delete.
“I seek thee—inspiration of my life!
I seek to lavish love, to work for thee,
Who breeding loftier hope will quell desire.”
“Ha!”—sneered my soul, with scorn splenetic rife,
“She lives but in the thought that’s haunting thee.
No woman shines with such celestial fire!”

PART IV

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

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MARWICK HEAD

THE wild waves gleam,
The foam flies free,
And the surges boom
In the caves of the sea.
The tall cliffs loom
Thro' the mist and the gloom.
Like the cry of doom,
Is the surges' boom,
In the caves of the sea.

Sad roll the waves
O'er seamen's graves,
And hopelessly
The white surge moans
In ocean caves,
Its awful tones,
Like the dying groans
Of the men whose bones
Are whitening the stones,
In the caves of the sea.

THE FISHER

HE moves on the marge of a rippling stream,
And the silken cast floats light on the breeze,
And life moves on like an odorous dream,
For the hawthorn whitens the trees.

On and on thro' the long green grass,
To the low-hummed song of a bee that drones,
To the voice of a lark on the winds that pass,
And the stream's on the sun-kissed stones.

There is gold in the marsh where the marigold grows,
And the king-cup dips in the amber rill,
And gold are the fields where the buttercup blows,
And gold is the broom on the hill.

The hyacinth glades are blue as the sky,
And the pansies hide where the grass is tall,
And the speedwell looks with its azure eye
From the foot of the mould'ring wall.

On and on to the moor so wide,
Where the scented wind sings wild and shrill,
And the stream, like a silver path, doth glide
From its source on the distant hill.

How wild is the plover's restless scream,
And mournful the curlew's tremulous call !
And sad is the flight of the warm sunbeam,
But a sweetness comes from all.

So till the eventide doth come,
And the fading land is hushed and still,
The fisher then to his valley home,
Doth follow the winding rill.

The sun sets red in the luminous west,
The plover wails as for grief designed,
And the gnats, o'er the sedge, with a strange unrest,
Are hovering in the wind.

Down, down to the bridge so grey,
To the old white road that leads him on ;
And home 'neath the stars, that follow the day,
And watch o'er the world till dawn.

TO THE SEA

THOU Ocean,
Dim and shadowy as a dream !
Grey, grey, so grey and without rest,
Thou dost for ever roll.
The ground-swell heaves thy breast,
Like the slow breathings of a mighty being ;
And as the flesh commingles with the soul,
So art thou melted in the skies ;
And where the union lies,
Is in the dimness far beyond our seeing.
Grey, grey, so grey the filmy rain-mists sweeping,
Across thy breast like tears of Nature's weeping,
Obscure the misty isles,
Dim, spectral in the grey immensity.

Ye shadowy isles that float 'twixt sky and sea,—
Eternity and Life,—
Ye are our hopes for future things,
And ill or well,
Barren or fruitful, we shall only find,
By toil and strife,
And weary journeyings.

Grey,—grey the sea and sky,
And, in the ocean caves in sorrow rings,
The mournful surge,—a deep sonorous knell.

AUTUMN AND NIGHT

I SAW a glorious scene of sky and wold,
On which the autumn sun, with bounteous hand,
Scattered the splendid largess of his gold,
To clothe in brighter hues the fading land.
The crimson leaves became as ruddy bronze,
And as o'erheavy fell to weary earth,
Which hailed the sunshine with a languorous
mirth,
While blithely rang some lark's melodious songs,
As in the season of his passion's birth.

With what a slumberous pleasure I beheld
The farms amid the waste of stubble field ;
The ricks of ravished grain which man had felled,
Where from the north the sunning poultry shield ;
And in the grass the flocks of sheep and kine,
And lo !—that way a bluetit swiftly fled,
Thro' bronzed hawthorn, with the berries red,
'Mid the last leaves that tremble at the whine
Of Boreas,—silent now with drowsy head.

Thro' azure skies unswept by filmy rains,
O'er stream and fell, and hamlets here and there,
O'er golden woods, and travail-weary plains,
The flaming sun doth traverse leagues of air,
Disclosing Nature bright with amber stains.
But as he speeds Time's mandate to obey,
To share the funeral pyre of lovely day,
There comes the mystery that light disdains,
And in the haze the sky fades far away.

Land full of distance and of mystery,
Replete with strangeness as the realms of sleep ;
The quivering gnats, beneath the holly tree,
Break not the feeling of quiescence deep ;
A rook cries harshly from a fading elm ;
Then stillness brings again its drowsy potion ;
So when the sun hath sought the western
ocean,
The haunting silence all doth overwhelm,
As by a rising tide with soundless motion.

Oh when the last late lingering crimson bar,
Of daylight shows afar the wooded hill ;
When, as a wondrous lily, yon pale star
Shines from the heavenly lake so pure and still ;
Aye when the day hath gone, and all the night,
With starry bloom resplendent is and bright ;
And when the moon the airy chasm doth scale,
Then do I feel ethereal delight,
And all man's majesty is mean and frail.

LINES TO ——

FAIR hair,
And blue-grey eyes,
A pale ethereal face,
A tender glance,
As when the dim cloud-shadows chase
Across the sunlit land,
Or glimmering moonbeams dance
Upon the waves.
All joy and tears—
Those eyes have all the merriness of life,
And all the pathos of the passing years.

Sweet voice,
Soft as the sighing of the breeze,
When on the purple seas,
A dying sunbeam slowly languishes.
Soft as the autumn wind
Amid the grain,
Sounding sad symphonies ;
When, in the dusky skies,
Diana winds her horn,
And mystic shadows vanish at her call,—
The moon, the stars, the winds, the rustling corn,
Making a perfect pastoral,
That yields a thrilling joy akin to pain.

Calm soul,
Pure as the amber light,
That ushers in the dawn,
And guides the night

To her dark rest beneath the western wave.
Pure as the mountain air at dewy morn,
Made cool by gleaming snows,
And odorous with the pinewood's fragrances.
Pure as a limpid well,
Thy gentle life a crystal river flows,
Across a smiling land to sunlit seas.

My love,
Thou art so pure, so calm, so fair,
I murmur lowly as a brooding dove,
I sing my passion in a lofty strain,
As doth the mavis in the evening air,
Thro' trembling with his love,
And making eve melodious with his pain.

THE PLANET AND THE STAR

IN the deep azure of the sky above,
The star unto the golden planet told his love.

“ Oh golden planet turn thine eye to me,
Thy fainting love, o'erwhelmed by the immensity
Of separating space,—a boundless sea.
Look at me, love, for then the midnight shadows flee.

“ Thy gentle glance is to thy love forlorn,
As radiant as a streamer from the Arctic morn,

“ Sending some subtle message thro' the night,
To fill the watching spirit with a sweet delight.

“ Listen ! the wind breathes peace without alloy,
The sea is singing sad sweet songs replete with joy.

“ Yea ! Dearest ! While I thus my wish respire,
The night doth sweep the strings of her resounding
lyre.”

Ah ! With what fervour of a vain desire,
Murmured the trembling star and shone with crimson
fire.

“ Alas ! Thou heedest not,—so cold and pale ;
And is my fervent passion then of no avail ?
Ah ! there is meaning in the seabirds' wail,
And there are strains of sadness in the moaning gale.

“ Love ! I but wished to die beneath thy glance,
And not the touch material to break the trance ;

“ And, till I die, I will remember you.”
And as he spoke, he, trembling, pale and paler grew,
Until at length upon the mortal view,
The star with tender ecstasy shone wondrous blue.

Then to himself he murmured with a sigh,
“ There's *one* among the starry myriads of the sky,
And when—between—the amorous glances fly,
Each changeth countenance to flush responsively.

“ But nay, she crimsons not, for she, I ween,
Is too well versed to let the pangs of love be seen,
Yet will there many a message flash between.”
—And at the thought the tortured star shone vivid
green.

THE VISION

DARK was the night,
Not a star alight,
And loud was the hissing rain ;
And the night-wind wailed,
To the clouds that sailed,
Far away o'er the heavenly main.
On the withered grass the rain fell fast,
And the brown leaves sighed as the wind flew past,
And my desolate heart was full of pain.

A mournful thought,
To my lonely cot,
I took as I went to sleep ;
And I may have dreamed,
But it surely seemed,
That in the stillness deep,
I saw a well-belovéd form,
And felt a hand-clasp firm and warm,
And heard a voice say, " Cease to weep."

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